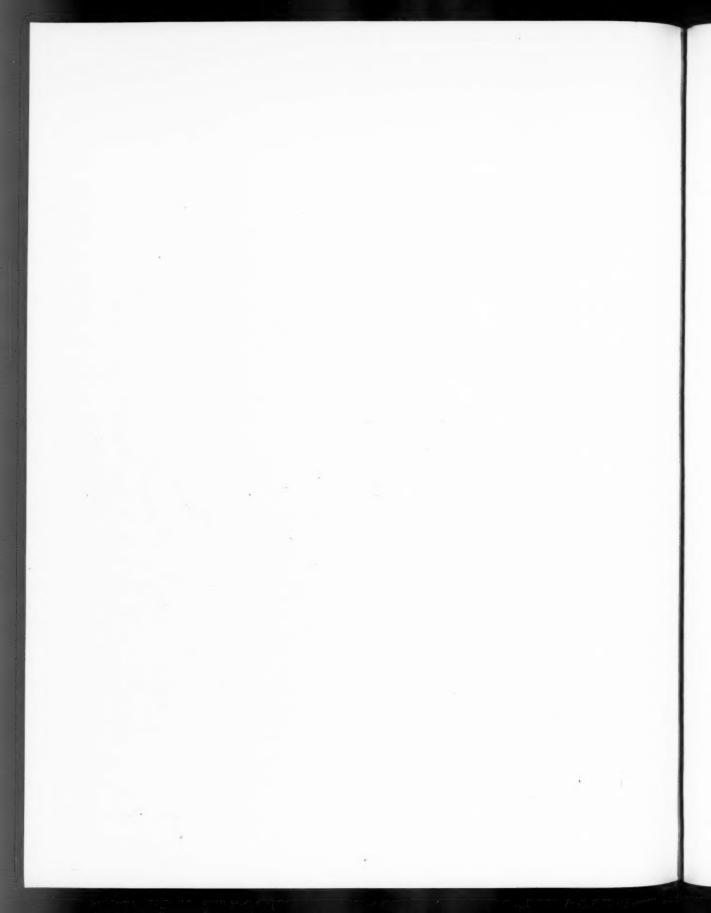
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PROGRESS.

["Giving evidence recently before a Select Committee of the House of Commans, Miss C. E. Collet, of the Home Office, said the commercial laundry was killing the small hand laundry."—Evening News.]

The little crafts! How soon they die!
In cottage doors no shuttle clicks;
The hand-loom has been ousted by
A large concern with lots more sticks.

The throb of pistons beats around; Great chimneys rise on Thames's banks;

The same phenomena are found In Sheffield (Yorks) and Oldham (Lancs).

No longer now the housewife makes
Her rare preserves, for what's the
good?

That still excorate my hide;
That steam reduces to such states
What once was marred by human

The factory round the corner fakes Raspberry jam with chips of wood. 'Tis so with what we eat and wear, Our bread, the boots wherein we splosh; 'Tis so with what I deemed most fair, Most virginal of all—the Wash.

"Tis this that chiefly, when I chant,
Fulfils my breast with sighs of ruth,
To think that engines can supplant
The Amazons I loved in youth.
"Maud."
This is, indeed, a striking change;
I sometimes wonder if the world
Gets better as the skies grow stran

That not with tender care, as erst
By spinster females fancy-free,
These button-holes of mine get burst
Before the shift comes back to me;

That mere machines, and not a maid With fingers fatuously plied, The collars and the cuffs have frayed That still excoriate my hide;

That steam reduces to such states
What once was marred by human skill;
That socks are sundered from their mates
By means of an electric mill;

That not by Cupid's coy advance (Some crone conniving at the fraud), But simply by mechanic chance,

I get this handkerchief marked "Maud."

This is, indeed, a striking change;
I sometimes wonder if the world
Gets better as the skies grow strange
With coils of smoke about them
curled.

If the old days were not the best Ere printed formulas conveyed Sorrow about that silken vest For all eternity mislaid;

Ere yet the unwieldy motor-van Came clattering round the kerbstone's brink,

Its driver dreaming some new plan To make my mauve pyjamas shrink. Evor.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

THERE are warm days in London when even a window-box fails to charm, and one longs for the more open spaces of the country. Besides, one wants to see how the other flowers are getting on. It is on these days that we travel to our Castle of Stopes; as the crow flies, fifteen miles away. Indeed, that is the way we get to it, for it is a castle in the air. And when we are come to it Celia is always in a pink sun-bonnet gathering roses lovingly, and I, not very far off, am speaking strongly to somebody or other about I said modestly. "The way the chimsomething I want done. By-and-by I shall go into the library and work . . with an occasional glance through the open window at Celia.

To think that a month ago we were quite happy with a few pink geraniums! Sunday, a month ago, was hot. "Let's take train somewhere," said Celia, "and have lunch under a hedge."

"I know a lovely place for hedges," I said.

"I know a lovely tin of potted grouse," said Celia, and she went off to cut some sandwiches. By twelve o'clock we were getting out of the jolly.

course, and Celia had to drag me past it. Then we came to a wood, and I had to drag her through it. Another mile along a lane, and then we both stopped together:

"Oh!" we said.

It was a cottage, the cottage of a dream. And by a cottage I mean, not four plain rooms and a kitchen, but one surprising room opening into another; rooms all on different levels and of different shapes, with delightful places to bump your head on; open fireplaces; a large square hall, oak-beamed, where your guests can hang about after breakfast, while deciding whether to play golf or sit in the garden. Yet all so either. And there's another thing—we cunningly disposed that from outside don't know his initials, or even if he's it looks only a cottage or, at most, two cottages persuaded into one.

And, of course, we only saw it from outside. The little drive, determined to get there as soon as possible, pushed its way straight through an old barn, and arrived at the door simultaneously with the flagged lavender walk for the humble who came on foot. The rhododendrons It may have been in the family for were ablaze beneath the south windows: a little orchard was running wild on the west; there was a hint at the back of a clean-cut lawn. Also, you remember, there was a golf course, less than two

miles away.

"Oh," said Celia with a deep sigh, "but we must live here."

us. I bent down and patted it, "With towards the east and north, as I a dog." I added.

"Isn't it all lovely? I wonder who santly cool at lunch-time. it belongs to, and if-

"If he'd like to give it to us."

admired us very much," said Celia hopefully.

"I don't think Mr. Barlow is that sort of man," I said. "An excellent fellow, but not one to take these sudden fancies.

"Mr. Barlow? How do you know day?" his name?"

"I have these surprising intuitions." neys stand up-

"I know," cried Celia. "The dog's collar.'

"Right, Watson. And the name of the house is Stopes."

She repeated it to herself with a

said. "Just Stopes."
"Stopes," I said. "Stopes, Stopes. If you keep on saying it, a certain oldworld charm seems to gather round it. Stopes."

We said it ten more times each, and The first thing we came to was a golf it seemed the only possible name for it. Stopes-of course,

"Well?" I asked.

"We must write to Mr. Barlow," said Celia decisively. "Dear Mr. Barlow, -Dear Mr. Barlow. Yes, it will be rather difficult. What do we want to say exactly?"

"'Dear Mr. Barlow,-May we have your house?"

"Yes," smiled Celia, "but I'm afraid we can hardly ask for it. But we might rent it when when he doesn't the golf-course.

want it any more."

"'Dear Mr. Barlow," I amended, "have you any idea when you're going to die?' No, that wouldn't do either. And there's another thing-we a 'Mr.' Perhaps he's a knight or a— a duke. Think how offended Duke Barlow would be if we put '--- Barlow, Esq.' on the envelope.

"We could telegraph. 'Barlow. After

you with Stopes.'

"Perhaps there's a young Barlow, a Barlowette or two with expectations.

"Then we -- Oh, let's have lunch." She sat down and began to undo the sandwiches. "Dear o' Stopes," she

said with her mouth full.

We lunched outside Stopes. Surely An Irish terrier ran out to inspect dining-room looked the other way; space.—Ep.]

pointed out to Celia, thus being plea-

"Ha, Barlow," I said dramatically. "a time will come when we shall be "Perhaps he would if he saw us and lunching in there, and you—bah!" And I tossed a potted-grouse sandwich to his dog.

However, that didn't get us any

"Will you promise," said Celia, "that we shall have lunch in there one

"I promise," I said readily. That gave me about sixty years to do some-

"I'm like-who was it who saw something of another man's and wouldn't be happy till he got it?"

"The baby in the soap advertiscment."

"No, no, some king in history."

"I believe you are thinking of AHAB, "What a disappointing name," she but you aren't a bit like him, really, Besides, we're not coveting Stopes. All we want to know is, does Barlow ever let it in the summer?"

"That's it," said Celia eagerly.
"And, if so," I went on, "will he "Stopes," said Celia. "It is rather lend us the money to pay the rent with?"

"Er-yes," said Celia. "That's it."

So for a month we have lived in our Castle of Stopes. I see Celia there in her pink sun-bonnet, gathering the flowers lovingly, bringing an armful of them into the hall, disturbing me sometimes in the library with "Aren't they beauties? No, I only just looked in—good luck to you." And she sees me ordering a man about importantly, or waving my hand to her as I ride through the old barn on my road to

But this morning she had an idea. "Suppose," she said timidly, "you wrote about Stopes, and Mr. Barlow happened to see it, and knew how much we wanted it, and-

"Well?"

"Then," said Celia firmly, "if he were a gentleman he would give it

Very well. Now we shall see if Mr. Barlow is a gentleman. A. A. M.

Correspondence.

"Equal Rights." writes :-

"Dear Sir,-Why are descriptive names confined to boxers, such as Bombardier Wells and Gunboat Smith? Why not Rifleman Redmond, Airman Churchill, Solicitor George, Golfer Asquith, Bushman Wilding, Trundler Hitch, Dude Alexander, Bandsman Beecham, Hunger - Striker Pankhurst? Or, to take Editors-

if Earl Barlow had seen us he would The rest of this communication is have asked us in. But no doubt his omitted owing to considerations of



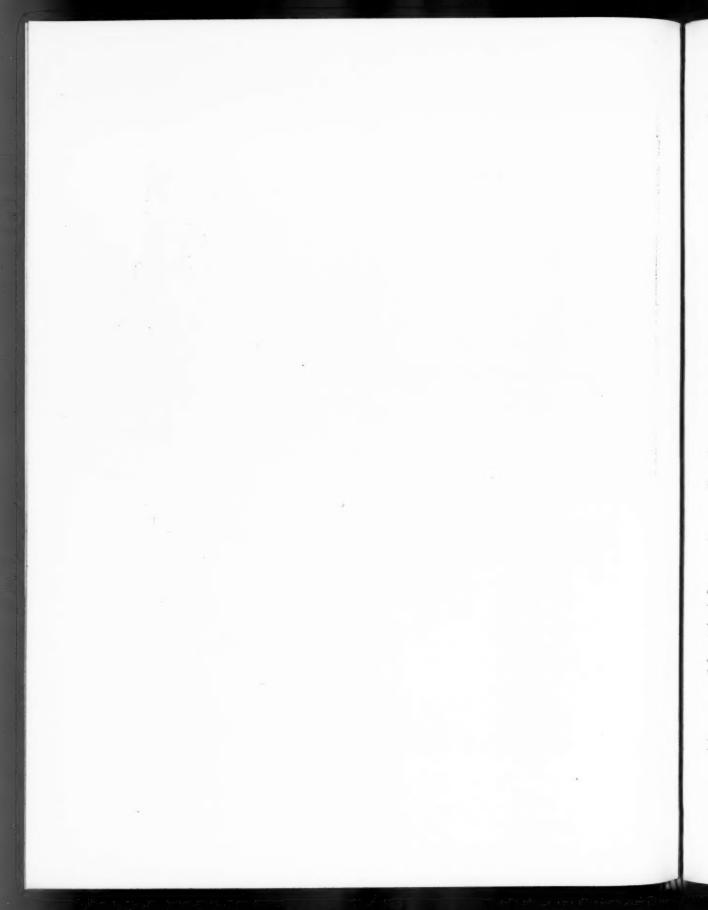
WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME.

GREECE, "ISN'T IT TIME WE STARTED FIGHTING AGAIN?"

TURKEY. "YES, I DARESAY. HOW SOON COULD YOU BEGIN?"

GREECE. "OH, IN A FEW WEEKS."

TURKEY. "NO GOOD FOR ME. SHAN'T BE READY TILL THE AUTUMN."





"WE BE GIVING OUR PASTOR A NEW DRAWING-ROOM CARPET ON THE OCCASION OF HIS JUBILEE. SHOW ME SOMETHING THAT "HERE IS THE VERY THING, MADAME-REAL KIDDERMINISTER." LOOKS NICE BUT ISN'T TOO EXPENSIVE."

EGYPT IN VENICE.

"LA LEGENDE DE JOSEPH."

THOSE who know the kind of attractions that the Russian ballet offers in so many of its themes could have easily guessed, without previous enlightenment, what episode in the life of Joseph never have guessed that Herr Tiessen, author of a shilling guide to the intentions of the composer, would attach a transcendental significance to the conduct of Potiphar's Wife. "Through the unknown divine," he informs us, "which is still new and mysterious to her, an imperious desire awakens in her to fathom, to possess this world" the world, that is to say, which Joseph's imagination creates in the course of an exhibition dance. If this is so, I can only say that her behaviour is strangely misleading.

The scene opens at a party given by Poliphar in Venice. Venice, of course, was not Potiphar's home address; and I marvel a little at the change of venue when I think how much more harmony once that I was wrong.

could have been got out of an Egyptian recalls the canvases of VERONESE, but with discordant notes of the Orient and elsewhere. Potiphar himself, seated on a dais, has the air of an Assyrian

and a bout between half-a-dozen Turkish boxers. But it was a decadent and has found God"? I don't blame the boy blaze company, and something more for not knowing the rule that forbids of an original dance by the fifteen-year- Herr Strauss, who must have been old Joseph, whom my guide describes as well aware that, for the conveyance of "graceful, wild and pungent." He was any but the most obvious emotions, introduced in a recumbent posture, and mute dancing can never be a satisfacasleep, on a covered stretcher, and at tory substitute for articulate poetry. first I had the clever idea that he was the customary corpse that appeared at better instructed than I was, for they Egyptian feasts to remind the company threw off their apathy and took quite an of their liability to die. But when he intelligent interest in Joseph's pas seul. woke up and began to dance I saw at Indeed, one young man (the episode

I now know all about the interpreta-But then I remind myself tion of Joseph's dance; but I dely anythat the Russian ballet is nothing if not one to say at sight and without a showbizarre. The long banqueting-table man's assistance what precisely he was after. In the Third Figure (according to my guide-book) "there is in his leaps a feeling of heaviness, as if he were bound to earth, and he stumbles had been selected for illustration last bull. By his side Mme. Potiphar wears once or twice as one who has missed week at Drury Lane. But they could breeches ending above the knee, with his goal;" but how was I to guess that white stockings and high clogs.

For the entertainment of the guests there was a dance of nuptial unveiling when in the Fourth Figure he "leaps" piquant was needed for their titil- one art to trespass on the domain of lation. This was supplied in the shape another; but there is no excuse for

> However, Potiphar's guests seemed escaped me at the dress rehearsal, but I

have it in the guide-book)—one young becomes luminous under great pressure a spiritual significance in what is mere man, "sobbing, buries his head in his hands, upsetting thereby a dish of fruit." of limelight; and most of the east, hands, upsetting thereby a dish of fruit." including a ballet of female dervishes, As for Potiphar, it failed to stir the are abashed to the ground. sombre depths of his abysmal boredom, up and take notice, and at the end of the dance she sent for Joseph and supplemented his rather exiguous costume star. As a matter of fact he walks with a gross necklace of jewels, letting down the main staircase to the ground to which my guide refers when he her hand linger awhile on his bare neck. floor. Approaching Joseph he takes speaks of his realization of a "poignant Already, it will be seen, she was intrigued him by the hand and "leads him longing for divine cheerfulness,"

with the "unknown divine." Joseph, on the contrary, received her attentions without

empressement.

In the next scene—after a rather woolly and unintelligible interlude—we see Joseph retiring to his couch in an alcove behind the place where the banqueting table had been. You will judge how urgent was the lady's keenness to probe the mys-teries of his divine nature when I tell you that she could not wait till the morning to pursue her enquiries, but must needs visit him in his chamber at dead of night, and wearing the one garment of the hour. At first, still half dreaming, he mistakes her for an angel (he had already seen one in his sleep), but subsequently, growing suspicious, he repels her with a dignified disdain. For I must tell you that, whatever the guide-book may allege about the loftiness of her designs, the music gave her away. It reverted, in fact, to the motive of those passages which had already accompanied and illustrated the nuptial dance, the dance (as DAWG?" Herr Tiessen calls it) of "burning Love-longing."

At this juncture, Potiphar and his minions break upon the scene. heavenwards" by the same flight of His wife, after denouncing Joseph, is steps; and we are to understand that, distracted between passion of hatred in the opinion of Herr Strauss, the and passion of love, and there is some boy's subsequent career, as recorded play (reminding one of L'Après-midi in the Hebraic Scriptures, may be has just been dissolved.' d'un Faune) with the purple cloak treated as negligible. which Joseph had discarded. Presently I should like, in e she eludes her dilemma by fainting.

we anticipate the worst. Joseph, however, who has ignored these preparations and maintained an attitude of
superbly indifferent aloofness, suddenly

selves to the drama of disappointed
passion. My only serious protest is
against the hypocrisy which pretends,
with regard to Potiphar's Wife, to see A gay lot, these Canadians.

but his wife, whose ennui had hitherto entresol at the back of the stage, an lent the only touch of superfluity to been of the most profound, began to sit archangel. The guide-book is in error her night attire, and was carried out

I ought, by the way, to have said that, in a spasm of chagrin, she chokes Now appears, on the open-work herself with the pearl necklace which



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A NICE LITTLE

"No, thanks very much. He looks as though he would bite." "'E WON'T BITE YER IF YOU BUY 'IM, GUV'NEB."

I should like, in excuse of my own flippancy, to assume the same detach-Meanwhile it has been the work of ment, and to regard this ballet-theme last Parliament bearing the same name a moment to order up a brazier, a pair as having practically no relation what- as the present Lord Chancellor. of pincers, a poker, a headsman and ever to Biblical history, but being just an axe. The instruments of torture one of many themes out of Oriental waste no time in getting red-hot; and lore, mostly secular, that lend them-

ENIGMA.

My love to me is cold. And no more seeks my gaze: I wonder why! The smile of welcome that I loved of old

No longer lights her eye.

One little week ago I asked no surer guide than Cupid's chart:

I said, "Your eyes reveal the depths below,

And I can read your heart."

She let her shy gaze fall, And smiling asked, "Is then my face a screed,

My brow an open love-letter, where all

The world my thoughts may read?"

Said I, "The world, I'll

Is blind! Myself alone may see the signs,

And know the message written on your brow:

I read between the lines."

My dear to me is cold; Gone somewhere is the lovelight from her eye;

And, when our ways meet, stately she doth hold Her course. I wonder why.

"Curiously, the Australian Minister of Defence in the last Parliament bore the same name as the Prime Minister in that which

Westminster Gazette. A similar curious coincidence happened in England, the War Minister in the

"MEN FOR THE ANTARCTIC.

105 CANADIAN DOGS TO GO WITH SIR E. SHACKLETON." Daily Express.

A SCANDALMONCRIAN ROMANCE.

(By Francis Scribble.)

The following article, specially written for us by the Author of "Ten Frail Beauties of the Restoration," "Talcs Told by a Royal Washerwoman, etc., is another important contribution to the literature of the Royal Dirty-Linen Bag.]

A DAY or two ago a short notice in the papers told of the death of Mrs. Maria Tubbs at Cannes; but few, if any, of those who read that brief announcement will have recognised in it the close of one of the most amazing careers of the nineteenth century. Yet little surprise need be expressed at this general ignorance, for who would think to find under that somewhat commonplace name the ravishingly beautiful Maria Cotherstone, who, forty years ago, was swept by Fate into the track of the late King of Scandalmongria, and well-nigh caused that singularly unstable bark to founder? It is with the kindly object of rescuing her romance from oblivion that this brief chronicle is written.

In 1873 the Scandalmongrian Minister in London was requested to find an English lady to take charge of the two children of his Royal master, and, after searching enquiries, he was successful, and Miss Maria Cotherstone turned her back on England never more to return. She was just twenty-two, fresh and blooming, possessed of the gayest of spirits, delightful manners and the highest accomplishments. Quietly she assumed control of the Royal schoolroom, and by her charm no less than by her firmness she quickly won the respect and love of her charges. Well had it been for her memory if her influence had never spread beyond the walls of her schoolroom; this article had then been unwritten. But alas for human nature! One day His Majesty's eyes fell upon the person of his children's governess, and then began one of the most sordid intrigues it has ever been my pleasure to recall. [A large statement, as readers of our author's Gleanings from a Royal Dustbin will readily acknowledge. However, the succeeding three-quarter foundation for the remark.]

... And so their romance ended, and His Majesty returned to the bosom of his family and became once more the claim; but, when one or two highly-



THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Mistress. "That's a nicely-made dress you have on, Jane. It's like the new PARLOURMAID'S, ISN'T IT?"

Jane (a close student of the fashion catalogues). "OH NO, MA'AM, THIS IS QUITE A DIF-

damnable offence.

the footsteps of their Sovereign, and virtues. Who so staid and respectable to recall.

were in consequence banished irre- as Madam? Who so charitable to the vocably from his presence, Scandal- poor? Few, it is to be feared, will have mongrian Society realised with a pained recognised in that handsome old lady, so of a column of details, here omitted, surprise that what is venial in a regular in her attendance at the services prove that there is at least some monarch may, in a subject, be a of the English Church, the beauteous Maria Cotherstone whose name was And what of Maria, the charming, once on the lips of everybody from one fascinating, much injured Maria? For end of Europe to the other. It nearly several years she is lost, and then we happened, indeed, that she went down righteous upholder of the sanctity of hear of her marriage at Rome to "John to her grave with all her scandalous, the marriage tie. At first his easy-going Court smiled somewhat at the again she vanishes, only to turn up her only the fragrant memory of her many years later at Cannes. She is a later life. But I have saved her. It is placed officials presumed to follow in widow now, and a model of all the a queer story, quite interesting enough

CHARIVARIA.

It is not only misfortune that makes strange bedfellows. Both Earl BEAUin the recent Honours List.

By-the-by, it is denied that Sir Joseph BEECHAM was in any way responsible for the Government's "Pills for Earthquakes," by which it was hoped to avert the Irish crisis.

A New York cable announces that the Duke of MANCHESTER is interesting himself in a cinematograph proposition of a philanthropic nature, and that the company will be known as the "Church and School Social Service Corporation for the Advancement of Moral and Religious Education and Social Uplift Work through the medium of the Higher Art of the Moving Picture." It will of course be possible for the man in a hurry to call it, tout court, the "C. & S.S.S.C.F.T.A.O.M. & R.E. & S.U. W.T.T.M.O.T.H.A.O.T.M.P."

The penny off the income tax came just in time. It enabled several Liberal plutocrats to buy a rose on Alexandra

The balance sheet of the German Company which has been running a Zeppelin airship passenger service has just been issued, and shows a loss of £10,000 on the year's working. This is not surprising. The difficulty which all aircraft experience is to keep their balance.

At the launch of the liner Bismarck last week, the bottle of wine which was thrown by the Countess HANNAH VON BISMARCK missed the vessel, whereupon the Kaiser hauled back the bottle, and with his proverbial good luck hit the target.

Five shots were fired last week at Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD. At first it was thought that this was done to stop the author of Crasus from writing more plays, but, when it transpired that the assailant was a man who objected to the "Rothschild Cheap Milk Supply," public sympathy veered round in favour of the Baron.

Messrs, Selfridge and Co. were last week defrauded by a well-dressed man, who obtained two dressing-bags with silver fittings by means of a trick with-out paying for them. This is really out paying for them. This is really abominable. It is bad enough when merely commercial firms are victimised: to best a philanthropic institution in this way is peculiarly base.

"MEXICAN REBEL SPLIT." Morning Post.

Now perhaps the other civilised Powers will intervene. We have heard CHAMP and Sir Joseph Beecham appear of many inhumanities marking the war in Mexico, but this treatment of a rebel is surely the limit.

> It is not often, we imagine, that the British Navy is used to enforce a change of diet. H.M.S. Torch has just been ordered on a punitive expedition to Malekula Island, where certain of the natives have been eating some of their compatriots.

> An American woman, according to The Express, has a serious complaint about the London policeman. She declares that she walked all the way from Queen's Hall to Piccadilly Circus with three buttons of her blouse undone at the back, and "not a single policeman" offered to do it up for her. No doubt the Force was reluctant to interfere with what might turn out to be the latest fashion. A Boy Scout who offered, the other day, to sew up a split skirt got his ears soundly boxed.

Meanwhile the glad tidings reach us that women's skirts and bodices are to fasten in front instead of at the back. Husbands all over the world who have on occasions been pressed into their wives' service as maids, only to learn that they were clumsy boobies, would like to have the name of the arbiter of fashion who is responsible for this innovation, as there is some thought of erecting a statue to him.

Some distinguished German professors have been discussing the question of the best place in which to keep a baby in summer. It is characteristic, however, of these unpractical persons that not one of them suggests the obvious ice-safe. * *

"One of the first things the rich should learn," says Dean INGE, "is that money is not put to the best use when it is merely spent on enjoyment." It is hoped that this pronouncement may lead wealthy people to patronise our concert-halls more than they do.

"£1,600," a newspaper tells us, "were found hidden in the cork leg of HARRY C. Wise while he was undergoing treatment in a hospital at Denver." now, we suspect, HARRY's friends will always be pulling his leg.

"Have you seen Pelleas and Melis-

"No. Is it as funny as Potash and Perlmutter?"

THE COLLECTORS.

My dinner partner was a self-made man and not ashamed of it.

"Do you take an interest in china, ma'am?" he asked me.

I felt that if I said "Yes" I should have to buy some. So I said "No." but he didn't wait to hear what I said.

"I think I may say," he continued, "that I have the finest collection of old Dresden china in London."

He went into the figures, explaining the cost price and the difficulty of storage.

"Oh." said I, "if you find it a nuisance, I've a parlour-maid I could recommend to you; just the girl to help you to get rid of it."

At this point I think he had some idea of having the finest collection of parlourmaids in Middlesex, but he made it small dogs instead. Was I interested in these? No, but I supposed I'd have to be if he insisted.

" I don't think I should be far wrong," he began, but I hustled him through to the end of his sentence.

"Finest collection in-?" I asked. "England," he said.

He went over their points, and in an expansive moment I marvelled. This was imprudent, as it caused him to search his mind for some further spectacular triumph wherewith to amaze and delight.

"That," he said, looking up the table, "is my wife."

" Marvellous," said I.

He took this in the best part. "You refer to her diamonds?" he said.

"Did I?" said I.

"The finest collection in Great Britain," he declared, and spread himself over the subject.

Later, in a mood of concession, he inquired as to my specialities. I had none, at least none that I could think of. Determined to extract something noteworthy, he questioned me on every possibility. Was I not married? That was so, I agreed, but then so many women are.

"You have sons, ma'am?" he persisted, with that implacable optimism to which, among other things, he no doubt owed his success in the world.

I thought of Baby. "Ah yes, of course," I said. "The finest collection in Europe."

"'In Norway,' she says, 'we do not eat one-third the quantity that the English eat; our meals are simpler and shorter. I believe that this is the cause of the enormous amount of indigestion that is suffered by the English." Daily News and Leader.

So our doctor, who attributed our indigestion to lobster mayonnaise, was wrong again.

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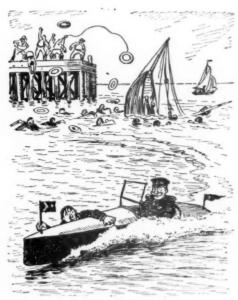
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KINDNESS TO SUBJECTS.

One of our illustrated papers recently published a picture of the King of Spain in a motor-car which had broken down. The ear was being pushed along by some helpful people, and the comment on the picture was, "It is these thoughtful little acts that make royalty so popular nowadays." Lest it should be thought that the other potentates of Europe take less trouble to make themselves beloved by their subjects, we hasten to give a few instances which have come to our notice.]

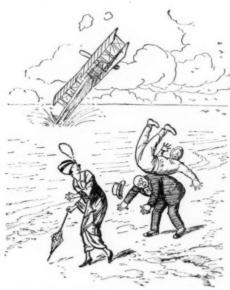


LAST WEEK THE KING OF CADONIA HAD HIS HAT BLOWN OFF IN THE BLUMENGARTEN (THE BEAUTIFUL PARK NEAR THE ROYAL PALACE). THIS KINDLY ACT SHOULD DEEPEN THE AFFECTION IN WHICH THE MONARCH IS HELD BY HIS PEOPLE.



YESTERDAY PRINCE JOHN OF PUMPENHOSEN INADVERT-ENTLY COLLIDED WITH A PLEASURE-YACHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR OF KREBS WHILE TRYING A NEW MOTOR BOAT. ALL THE PASSENGERS WERE SAVED AND THE PRINCE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF FEAR.

THIS SHOULD ENHANCE HIS GREAT POPULARITY, IF SUCH A THING WERE POSSIBLE.

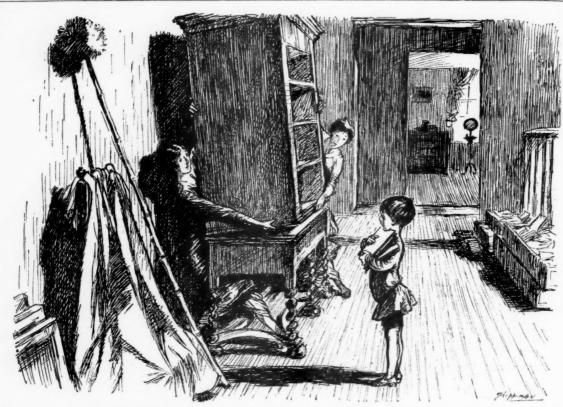


A FEW DAYS AGO THE CROWN PRINCE OF SCHLOSSRATTENHEIM HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH HIS AEROPLANE, WHICH OVERTURNED NEAR SCHUTZMEER. FORTUNATELY HIS ROYAL HICHNESS FELL ON A RETIRED WUERST-HAENDLER WHO WAS WALKING ON THE BEACH.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S DEVOTION TO HIS BELOVED SUB-JECTS IS WELL KNOWN, AND THIS TACTFUL DEED WAS ONLY ANOTHER INSTANCE OF IT.



KING STEPHAN III. OF SERVILIA, WHILE PLAYING ON THE LINKS AT NIBLIKSK LAST WEEK, INITIATED ONE OF HIS EQUERRIES INTO THE HUMOUR OF THE GAME. BY THIS THOUGHTFUL ACT HIS MAJESTY ADDS TO THE DESERVED LOVE AND REVERENCE IN WHICH HE IS HELD BY THE SERVILIANS OF ALL CLASSES.



Alan (to his mother, who is busy with a heavy house-cleaning). "Please, Mother, read me a story."

THE WALKERS.

There were eight pretty walkers who went up a hill;
They were Jessamine, Joseph and Japhet and Jill,
And Allie and Sally and Tumbledown Bill,
And Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They were all in good training and all of them keen, And their chief wore a coat and a waistcoat of green; He was always a proud man and kept himself clean, Did Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They intended to lunch when they got to the top On a sandwich apiece and a biscuit and chop. The provisions were carefully bought in a shop By Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They were jesters of merit—the sort who can poke Funny tales in your ribs till you splutter and choke; But the best of the lot at a jibe or a joke

Was Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

It was ton of the clock when the walking began, And they started with Tumbledown Bill in the van; And the rear was brought up by that excellent man, By Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They went off at a pace I am bound to deplore, For they did twenty yards in a minute or more And a yard or two over, a capital score For Farnaby Fullerton Rigby. They had all that pedestrians fairly can ask:
Smooth roads, sunny weather and beer in a cask,
And a friend who could teach them to stick to their task,
Viz.: Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

Yet I somehow suppose that they hadn't the knack, For in spite of it all they have never come back, And I own that the future looks dismally black For Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

Now the walkers who seem to be stuck on the hill, They are Jessamine, Joseph and Japhet and Jill, And Allie and Sally and Tumbledown Bill, And Farnaby Fullerton Rigby. R. C. L.

King Peter of Servia.

(From The Daily Mirror.)

"The proclamation, however, as given in a later message, reads thus:—To My Beloved People: As I shall be prevented by illness from exercising my royal power for some time, I order, by Article 69 of the Constitution, that so long as my cure lasts the Crown Prince Alexander shall govern in my name. On this occasion I recommend my dear fatherland to the care of the Almighty.

(Signed) Peter."

"On this occasion" is perhaps a little invidious.

Two consecutive books in The Western Daily Press list of publications received:—

"RING STRATEGY AND TACTICS. CHARLES DICKENS IN CHANCERY."

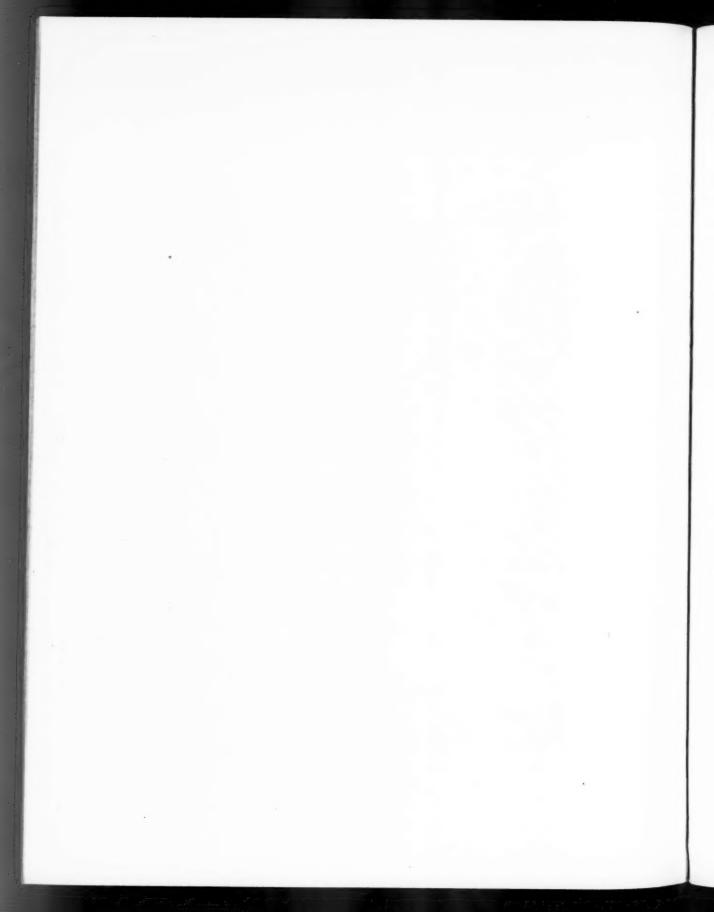
The boxing boom continues.



THE EMERGENCY EXIT.

Scene-A Tight Place.

CHILD HERBERT (to "Wicked Baron"). "MY LORD, I HAVE EVER REGARDED YOU AS A PESTILENT VILLAIN—NAY WORSE, AN HEREDITARY IMBECILE. I THEREFORE RELY ON YOUR BENEFICENT WISDOM TO FIND ME A WAY OUT OF THIS SINISTER WOOD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 22. -Great muster of forces on both sides. Not wholly explained by second reading of Budget Bill standing as first Order. A section of Ministerialists. purists in finance, took exception to proposed procedure. Holt, spokesman at mouth of new Cave, put down amendment challenging CHANCELLOR of Exchequer's proposals. Here was chance for watchful Opposition. If some thirty Ministerialists would go with them into Lobby it would not quite suffice to turn out Ministry; but it would be better than a Snap Division, with its personal inconvenience of preliminary hiding in bath-rooms and underground cellars.

Casser, adding to Parliamentary reputation studiously attained, raised subject on point of order. Underlying suggestion was that Budget Bill should be withdrawn and reintroduced under amended form of procedure. SPEAKER, whilst admitting irregularity, stopped short of approving extreme course. Pointed out that the matter might be put right by moving fresh resolutions.

This disappointing. Worse to follow. The INFANT SAMUEL, making fresh appearance in new part of understudy of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, conceded point of procedure made by Radical Cave. Promised objection should be fully met. Holt, amid ironical cheers from Opposition, said in these circumstances would not move amendment. Incident reminded WALTER Long of story of the Colonel and the opossum up a tree.

"Don't shoot!" said the opossum; "I'll come down."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had come down. No need for Colonel HOLT to discharge his gun.

Thus threatened crisis blew over. Members, cheered by promise of reduction by one half of proposed increase in Income Tax, got away early to attend various functions in honour of King's birthday.

Business done.-Second reading of Budget Bill moved.

House of Lords, Tuesday.-London season in full fling. May be said to reach dizziest height in this birthday week. Social engagements numerous and clashing. To-day House of Lords magnet of attraction of surpassing force. The thing for grandes dames to do is to go down to the House and be present at opening of fresh tourney round Home Rule Bill. Accordingly, the peeresses, alive to thinking and simple living, flock down taste and conviction, suitably clothe,'



Wicket-keeper (Mr. CASSEL). "How's that?" Umpire (Mr. SPEAKER). "Out!"

Batsman (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE). "Rotten antiquated rule!"

["I did not expect . . . that hon members would go rummaging in the dustbins of ancient precedent to find obstacles to place in the way of these proposals."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on his Budget.]

feathered hats.

Seats on floor also crowded. Patriotic peers arriving late, finding no room on the benches where the Union Jack is kept flying, cross over. Temporarily seat themselves among the comparatively scanty flock of discredited Ministerialists. Bishops muster in exceptional number. Their rochets form wedge of spotless white thrust in centre of black-coated laity seated below Gangway on right of Woolsack. Space before Throne thronged with



"Bill presented to Lords as a sort of laytheir responsibility as leaders of high figure, which they may, in accordance with

to Westminster, filling side-galleries Privy Councillors availing themselves with grace, beauty, and some finely of the privilege their rank confers to come thus closely into contact with what is still an hereditary chamber.

In centre of first row Carson uplifts his tall figure and surveys a scene he has done much to make possible.

Perhaps in matter of dramatic interest the play did not quite come up to its superb setting. Principal parts taken by CREWE and LANSDOWNE. Neither accustomed to move House to spasms of enthusiasm. LEADER OF HOUSE, introducing what is officially known as Government of Ireland Amending Bill, made it clear in such sentences as were fully audible that scheme does not go a step beyond overture towards settlement proffered by PREMIER last March.

LANSDOWNE expressed profound disappointment at this lack of enterprise. "Rather a shabby and undignified proceeding on the part of a strong Government," he said, "to come down with proposal they know to be wholly inadequate, and to hint that we ought to assist them in converting it into a practical and workable measure."

Actual condition of things could not with equal brevity be more clearly stated. Bill presented to Lords as sort of lay figure, which they may, in accordance with taste and conviction, suitably clothe. No assurance forthcoming that style and fit will be approved when submitted to House of Commons, final arbiters.

Meanwhile Bill read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

CHEQUER that ever sat on the Treasury up till half-past eleven. Bench." LLOYD GEORGE's retort courteous looked forward to with interest. Budget.

House of Commons, Wednesday .terests at stake enormous. Situation all persons using titles, enlivened for Opposition by quandary Idea not absolutely solitude and CHIOZZA MONEY.

his legs. Soon there was crowded audience. Sound of cheering and countercheering, applausive and derisive, frequently broke CHANCELLOR in fine fighting form. Malcontents in his own camp are reconciled. Hereditary foe in front. Went for him accordingly. WALTER LONG seated immediately opposite conveniently served as suitable target for whirling lance. Effectively quoted from speeches made by him at other times, insisting upon relief of the rates so

imperative necessity.

"After these lavish professions of anxiety to help local authorities, I did not," said the CHANCELLOR, "expect

ancient precedent, to find obstacles to nominal sum. place in the way of proposals of reform.'

Carried away by his own eloquence, the Chancellor, whilst sarcastically complimentary to WALTER LONG, went so far as to call him "The Father of Form IV." The putative parent blushed. There were cries of "Order!" and "Withdraw!" SPEAKER did not interpose, and CHANCELLOR hurried on to another point of his argument.

Quite a long time since our old friend Form IV., at one time a familiar impulse to party vituperation, was mentioned in debate. This unexpected disclosure of its paternity made quite a stir.

SON AUSTEN followed CHANCELLOR

Business done.—The Commons still in brisk speech that led to one or two harping on the Budget. TIM HEALY interludes of angry interruption across enlivened proceedings by vigorous per- the Table. When he made an end of sonal attack on "the most reckless and speaking, debate relapsed into former It is the English Folk Dance Society, incapable Chancellor of the Ex-condition of languor. Talk dully kept and their performances at the Royal

Business done .- Further debate on

Thursday. - CHANCELLOR OF Ex-Wh.n, shortly after half-past five, Chan- chequer admittedly allured by what the salacious quality of some of the CELLOR OF EXCHEQUER rose to take he describes as "attractive features" of themes of our exotic visitors, but part in debate on new development of proposal to raise fresh revenue. It is certainly it would be difficult to find a Budget Bill, House nearly empty. In- simply the levying of a special tax on stronger contrast to their ruling passion

of Government. But afternoon is hot, established in case of citizens displaying and from the silver Thames cool air crest or coat-of-arms, What is novel is air that Iulled Titania to sleep all blows over Terrace. Accordingly thither suggested method of taxation. Differing through the winter at the Savoy, was Members repair, leaving House to from the dog-tax, levied at a common the most popular, with its ring of a Benches rapidly filled when news shall, in this fresh recognition of together into the centre of their circle, went round that Chancellor was on their lofty estate, be dealt with on a as if to honour some imaginary deity-



GARDEN CITY WASHING-DAY.

OUR SENSITIVE ARTIST INSISTS ON A HARMONIOUS COLOUR-SCHEME.

heavily burdened as to make it im-sliding scale. A duke will have his (with no Amazon assistance) raced ceptionally high rate of taxation. Marquises, earls and a' that will be mulct on a descending scale, till the lowly "Lady's Pleasure," a Morris-jig for knight is reached. He will be compention on two men, lays hold of you at the first the right hon, gentleman and his friends sated for comparative obscurity in the bar, and again with a fresh grip and would go rummaging in the dustbins of glittering throng by being let off for a a tighter as the music slows up for

> adopt proposal this year, a way of the piano and Miss Avril at the fiddle. putting it which seems to suggest that year's Budget.

Business done. - HAYES FISHER'S Amendment to Budget Bill negatived by 303 votes to 265. Reduction of Ministerial majority to 38 hailed with boisterous burst of cheers and counter-

The LORD MAYOR (on hearing a certain PEEL): "Turn again (in your grave), Whittington."

New song for old Cantabs. :-"O. B., what can the maté be?"

RUS IN URBE.

No, this is not the Russian ballet. Horticultural Hall at Westminster the other day showed that the Russian ballet is not to have things all its own way. I am not going to moralise upon than is presented by the purity and Idea not absolutely new. Principle simplicity of these country dances.

"Sellinger's Round," danced to an

possibly Mr. CECIL SHARP, director of the Society, who has collected and revived the airs to which they dance.

Then there were the Morris - dances, "Shepherd's Hey" (with nothing about a "nonny-nonny" in it), and "Haste to the Wedding." There might perhaps be a greater propriety in the latter if it were confined to men; but at least it raised no apprehension that anybody was going to "repent at leisure." In the "Flamborough Sword" dance, the men

possible to carry out social reforms of pre-eminence recognised by an ex-through the figure and out again, eight of them, armed with bloodless wooden swords-a finely ordered riot.

> the dancers to do their "capers"-all CHANCELLOR fears it is too late to to the music of Mr. Cecil Sharp at

The object of The English Folk we may hear more of it in next Dance Society is to teach rather than to perform in public. Hence the rarity of their displays, and the better reason why we should seize, when they come, our chances of assisting at these delightful exhibitions of an art whose revival has done so much to restore to the countryside the unpretentious joys that gave its name to Merrie England.

[&]quot;It was the time when Henry III. was batting with Simon de Montfort and his Barons."—Straits Times.

But not at Lord's, which has only just celebrated its centenary.



ARE YOU LIKE

THEN ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT WITH JONES

ANTITUM

WILL MAKE YOU LIKE THIS TO

ARE YOU LIKE THIS?

THEN THREE LARGE

GARGOL

WILL MAKE YOU LIKE THIS



GREAT ECONOMY EFFECTED BY CO-OPERATION IN ADVERTISEMENT.

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Etna Lodge, W.

Mrs. Bangham Smasher, having entered into partnership with the Misses Burnham Blazer, as General Agents of Destruction, begs to inform the public that the firm will be prepared to execute commissions of all kinds, at the shortest notice, on the very moderate terms given below:—

	£	S.	d
For breaking windows, per window	0	7	6
For howling, kicking, or biting during service			
in church, per howl, kick, or bite	0	10	6
For sitting on doorsteps of obnoxious per-			
sons, per hour, if fine	0	15	0
For sitting on doorsteps of obnoxious per-			
sons, per hour, if wet	1	1	0
For damaging golf greens, per green		11	6
For throwing shoes at magistrates in court,			
according to size and weight of shoe,			
from		2	0
For beating officials connected with gaols .	3		0
For slashing and hacking valuable pictures,			
from		7	0
For bombs not intended to explode			
For burning down a house, according to value	,		
and social position of owner, from		0	0
For insulting exalted Personages, per insult			
For burning down a modern red-brick	20	20	
church	15	15	0
For burning down a specially valuable and			
interesting ancient one (eleventh and			
twelfth centuries extra)	21	0	0
For bombs warranted to destroy an ordinary			
church	30	0	0
For bombs suited to wreck really superior	30	0	
buildings, such as Westminster Abbey			
and St. Paul's		0	0

For disturbing public meetings and the general harassing and annoyance of all peaceable and decent people . . . No charge.

Bangham Smasher, Burnham Blazer & Co. beg to assure their patrons that all the choppers, hammers, bombs, stones, etc., employed in their business are of the very best quality, and only refined paraffin and wax matches will be used in burning down any building.

Being in a position to offer such exceptional advantages they trust to receive a large measure of support in their elevating and enlightening work.

If none of the above is found suitable to the needs of intending clients, a further list of assorted outrages will be supplied on application.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

My happiness is in another's keeping,
My heart delivered to a maiden's care,
And she can cast it down or set it leaping
(The latter process is extremely rare);
Ah, would that love indeed had made me blind,
That I might put her image out of mind!

Yet if I looked at her with eyes unseeing
Her voice and laughter would not pass unheard;
I should not be a reasonable being,
I still should tremble at her lightest word;
How could I then gain freedom from the spell
Unless I turned completely deaf as well?

So, blind and deaf, I might perhaps recover A partial peace of mind, but all in vain, For memories pursue the luckless lover, And only death can ease him of his pain. Thus, having proved that I were better dead, I think I'll go and talk to her instead.

BALM FOR THE BRAINLESS.

["If one man has more brains than another, which enable him to outstrip his fellows, is not that good fortune? What had he got to do with it? If your brain is a bad one, it is not your responsibility. If your brain is a good one it is not your merit. Some men have greater physical, mental, moral strength than others that enables them to win in the race. That is their good fortune and they ought to be grateful for it; and the one way they can best show their gratitude is by helping those who are less fortunate than themselves. Men endowed with any, or most, or all of these fortunate conditions ought not to be stingy in helping others who have not been so fortunate as themselves."—Mr. LLOYD George at Denmark Hill, June 20.

As a result of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S vivid and convincing pronouncement on the responsibilities of the fortunate, we have been deluged with appeals from all sorts and conditions of unlucky correspondents. We select the following from among the most deserving cases in the hope that our opulent readers may avail themselves of the chances thus offered of redressing the partiality of fortune.

THE CRY OF THE CRACKSMAN.

The Sanctuary, Crookhaven. Sir,—Endowed by nature with an imperfect moral sense and a complete inability to discriminate between meum and tuum, I was irresistibly impelled at an early age to adopt the precarious profession of housebreaker. I have just served a sentence of three years, and was on the point of resuming my career when I read Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S epoch-making speech at Denmark Hill, in which he clearly defines the duty of the State to redress the inequalities of moral as well as material endowment by which so large a proportion of the community is penalised. I am the master of a fine literary style and admirably suited to discharge any secretarial duties, but it is only right that I should clearly explain at the outset that it is no use offering me any post unless it is so well salaried that I should never feel it was worth while to explore or appropriate the contents of my employer's safe.

Respectfully yours, RAPHAEL BUNNY.

THE LUCK OF THE LAW. Railway Carriage Bungalow, Shoreham, Sussex.

Sir,-It is precisely thirty years since I was called to the Bar, and several of my contemporaries have already been elevated to the Bench, while Sir John Simon, who is considerably my junior, is in the receipt of a salary probably double that drawn by an ordinary Judge. My earnings for the last ten years have exempted me Too many.

from income-tax, but this is but a poor consolation when I consider that were it not for the caprice of fortune I should probably be returning £400 or £500 a year to the Exchequer in super-tax. But not only have I been badly treated in regard to mental equipment; I have been further handicapped by hereditary conscientious objection to pay any bills. An annuity of £500 a year, or only onetenth of the salary of a Judge, is the minimum that my self-respect will allow me to accept in payment of the State's long-standing debt to

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM WEIR.

THE CRUELTY OF COMPETITION.

Sir,-I confidently appeal for your support in the application for a grant which I am forwarding to the PRIME MINISTER. My son, aged 14, has failed to win an entrance scholarship at Winchester and Charterhouse, not from any fault of his own, but simply owing to the unfair competition of other candidates more liberally endowed with brains. At a modest estimate I calculate that the extra drain on my resources for the next eight years in consequence of this undeserved hardship will amount to at least £600, which I can ill afford owing to unfortunate speculations in Patagonian ruby mines -another example of that bad luck which, in the noble words of the CHAN-CELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is the privilege of the prosperous to remedy.

I am, Sir, yours expectantly, (Rev.) J. STONOR BROOKE.

VIS INERTIE.

Lotus Lodge, Limpsfield.

SIR,-A victim since birth to congenital lassitude, which has rendered all labour, whether manual or mental, distasteful, nay, intolerable to me, I find myself at the age of 41 so out of touch with the spirit of strenuous effort which has invaded every corner of our national life that I am anxious to confer on the State or, failing that, some meritorious millionaire the privilege of providing for my modest needs. A snug sinecure with a commedious residence and a good car-cheap American motors are of course barred-represent the indispensable minimum.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, EVERLEIGH SLACK.

Some day, says the President of the Aero Club, we shall be able to go into a shop and buy a pair of wings. But we can do that already; the only difficulty is to fly with them.

"Gentleman, middle aged, would be glad of a few correspondents (40 to 60)."

T. P.'s Weekly.

THE SILENT CHARMER.

[Speaking of flowers a contemporary recently remarked :- "These careless-looking creatures filling the air with delight, robbing tired brains of tiredness, are a delicate texture of coloured effort that has prevailed out of a thousand chances, aided in all that effort by man. Without man they would be but weeds-a profusion of Nature's quantity."]

My dearest Thomas, I would not Deny the fact that you are clever: You've taught Dame Nature what is what

At horticultural endeavour (She has not got that useful thing, The shilling book of gardening).

She has her merits, but, of course, Her wild attempts won't stand com-

With such a floral tour de force As that geranium you are wearing: Yon chosen emblem of your skill Must surely make her wilder still.

But give me Nature; when we meet She does not prattle of her posies, Dull facts of what begonias eat, The dietetic fads of roses,

And how she strove with spade and

Or nipped the green fly on the bud.

Tis she that really soothes the brain, Spreading her weeds in bright pro-

And never troubling to explain How much they owe to her collusion, While, Thomas, your achievements seem To be your one and only theme.

Mr. J. C. PARKE, writing in The Strand Magazine on the best way to beat WILDING, says :-

"Personally, after close observation and from playing against him, I would suggest a determined attack on the champion's forehead from the base-line.'

That ought to learn him.

"His Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity of an Earldom of the United Kingdom upon Field-Marshal the Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, P.G.C., B.O.M.G.C., S.I.G.C.M., G.G.C.I.E."

Newcastle Daily Journal. The old orders change, yielding place

to new.

From a magazine cover:-

"This magazine has been the turning point in many a man's career. Spend twopence and half-an-hour on it.... Price Threepence." We would rather pay the threepence.

"In our report of the wedding of Mr. Lee Kwee Law to Miss Chan Siew Cheen we in-advertently left out the following, who also sent presents:——"—Straits Echo.

And then they inadvertently left them out again.

THE CURE FOR CRICKET.

THERE is no longer any doubt that golf is threatening the supremacy of our national game. Judged by the only true standard—the amount of space allotted to it in the daily press-it is manifest that the encroachments of this insidious pastime have now reached a point where the cricket reformer must bestir himself before it is too late. We are convinced that so far we have been taking much too narrow a view. The time has come to look for light and leading outside the confines of our own Book of Rules. There are other games besides cricket. Let us call them to our councils.

In the first place a valuable hint may surely be found in the development of Rugby football. It is common knowledge what immense results have followed the introduction, some twenty years ago, of the Four Three-quarter System. No spectator (and we cannot exist without the spectator) would ever dream now of returning to the old formation. Very well. The same formation. Very well. principle can be easily adapted to our requirements in the form of the Three Batsmen System. The pitch would become an equilateral triangle, and we should suggest that the bowler have the option of bowling (from his own corner) at either of the two outlying batsmen (at theirs). Lots of interesting developments would follow, as, for instance, the institution of a sort of silly-point-short-mid-on in the centre of the triangle. (Should he be allowed to wear gloves?)

Golf has also a lesson to teach us. We are all familiar with the huge strides that have been made by the introduction of the rubber-cored ball. We don't want to plagiarize, although idea. Why not aim at the opposite extreme and try a ball "reinforced" with concrete? The tingling of the batsman's fingers which might result could be neutralised by the use of a rubber-faced bat. This reform would, we believe, have one happy consequence. People wouldn't be so keen to play with their legs.

Asto lawn tennis—another dangerous rival—we hear a good deal in these days about "foot-faults." That seems to show the trend of modern thought. If we are to be in the swim we shall have to reconsider our no-ball rule. Why not make it a no-ball every time unless the bowler has both feet in the air at the moment when the ball leaves hurdle - nothing obtrusive - only a matter of a few inches high.



"ARE YOU MRS. PILKINGTON-HAYCOCK?"

" No." "WELL, I AM, AND THIS IS HER PEW."

a rubber-cored cricket ball is a nice even be done by borrowing from hockey by negotiation. In time to come, of which a goal may not be shot. The shall all be familiar with such announce-whole pitch might be enclosed in a ments as the following: circular crease-which would look uncommonly well in Press photographs. (We cannot exist without the Press.) No fielder inside the magic circle would be allowed to stop the ball with his

Finally there is the case of billiards, to cricket, but one from which much from skittles and ping-pong. great principle of "barring" certain best of everything. strokes. Here we have got on to something really valuable. We propose to go one better, and draw up a schedule his hand? One might put up a little of the different conditions of barring under which matches may be played. and hardly a person present did not contribute. Mgr. Benson's sermon went to the hardest It will only remain for secretaries, when heart there. Even the journalists contributed." We believe that something might fixtures are made, to arrange the terms

the principle of the semi-circle, outside should we be able to carry our point, we

Notts. r. Surrey. (Cut-barred.) Gentlemen v. Players. (L.b.w.-barred.) England v. Australia. (Googly-and-yorkerbarred.)

We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, but we have made a start. We must look about us. Something not a game that is very closely allied may be learned, we firmly believe, even may be learned. How has billiards national game cannot afford to exclude brightened itself? By adopting the special features. It should have the

Professional Candour.

"The sermon over, a collection was taken,

THE HERE, THERE AND LONDON LETTER.

With apologies to "The Westminster Gazette."

THE HOME OF THE SOUTH SAXONS.

Sussex, the county for which Mr. C. B. FRY (who hurt his leg in the Lord's centenary match) used to play before he moved to Hampshire, is an attractive division of the country to the south of London with a long sea border. Mr. KIPLING has praised it in some memorable verses, and among frequent visitors to its principal town, Brighton, is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The word Sussex is a contraction of South Saxon. All will wish the old Oxonian a speedy recovery from his strain.

A MONETARY PROVERB.

The origin of the old saying, "Penny wise, pound foolish," which has come into vogue again in connection with the revised income tax—for who can deny that the saving of the penny is wise?-is lost in obscurity; but there is no doubt that it is very ancient. Many nations have the same proverb in different terms as applied to their own currency. In France the coins to which the saying best applies would be the sou and the louis; in America, the cent and the dollar: and so forth.

CORDIALITY BEFORE PARTY.

The circumstance of Mr. Lulu Har-COURT'S unveiling a memorial to Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN at the Albert Dock Hospital is not without precedent. On more than one occasion party differences have been similarly forgotten. Thus several golf players contributed to The Daily Telegraph shilling fund in honour of the great W. G. GRACE some few years ago. Such sinking of private shibboleths is a very excellent thing and goes far to show how thoroughly sound and healthy English public life really is au fond.

THE NAMES OF COLLEGES.

Exeter College, Oxford, which has just celebrated its six hundredth anniversary, is not the only college which bears the same name as that of a city. Pembroke is another. Keble is, of course, named after the hymn-writer and divine; and Balliol, where C. S. C. played the wag so divertingly, after Balliol. A propos of Oxford, it is a question whether that extremely amusing book, Verdant Green, is still much read by freshers.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LITTLE MINISTER.

Sir James Barrie, who is said to "Yes, isn't it?" replied the first self, "In tooth and claw."

have written a revue for production this sparrow. "Can you understand what autumn at a West-End Theatre, must it says? not be confounded with the French sculptor, BARYE, in spite of the similarity of name. Barre is famous pose. We shan't have a tree to call our chiefly for his bronzes of lions, and for- own soon.' tunately, in making his studies of these dangerous animals, he escaped the fate which so often befalls the trainer of wild beasts whose animals suddenly turn upon him.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE ALIEN.

ONCE upon a time a poet was sitting at his desk in his cottage near the woods, trying to write.

It was a hot summer day and great fat white clouds were sailing across the sky. He knew that he ought to be out, but still he sat on, pen in hand, trying to write.

Suddenly, among all the other sounds of busy urgent life that were filling the warm sweet air, he heard the new and unaccustomed song of a bird. At least not new and not unaccustomed, but new and unaccustomed there, in this sylvan retreat. The notes poured out, now shrill, now mellow, now bubbling like musical water, but always rich with the joy of life, the fulness of happiness. Where had he heard it before? What bird could it be?

Suddenly the poet's housekeeper hurried in. "Oh, Sir," she exclaimed, "isn't it a pity? Someone's canary something beautiful."

"Of course," said the poet—"a canary;" and he hastened out to see it. But before he could get there the bird had flown to a clump of elms a little way off, from which proceeded sweeter and more tumultuously exultant song than they had ever known.

The poet walked to the elms with his field-glasses, and after a while he discerned among the million leaves the conscious of the highest rectitude. little yellow bird, with its throat trembling with rapture.

But the poet and his housekeeper were not the only creatures who had life and music return. heard the strange melody.

"I say," said one sparrow to another, "did you hear that?"

"What?" inquired the other sparrow, who was busy collecting food for a very greedy family.

"Why, listen," said the first sparrow. "Bless my soul," said the second. "I never heard that before."

"That's a strange bird," said the first sparrow; "I've seen it. It's all yellow."

"All yellow?" said the other. "What awful cheek!"

"Not a note," said the second. "Another of those foreigners, I sup-

"That's so," said the first. "There's no end to them. Nightingales are bad enough, grumbling all night, and swallows, although there's not so many of them this year as usual; but when it comes to yellow birds-well."

"Hullo," said a passing tit, "what's the trouble now?'

"Listen," said the sparrows. The tit was all attention for a minute while the gay triumphant song went on.

"Well," he said, "that's a rum go. That's new, that is. Novel, I call it. What is it?

"It's a yellow foreigner," said the sparrows.

"What's to be done with it?" the tit asked.

"There's only one thing for selfrespecting British birds to do," said the first sparrow. "Stop it. Teach it a lesson.

"Absolutely," said the tit. "I'll go and find some others."

"Yes, so will we," said the sparrows; and off they all flew, full of righteous

Meanwhile the canary sang on and on, and the poet at the foot of the tree listened with delight.

Suddenly, however, he was conscious of a new sound-a noisy chirping and has got free, and it's singing out here harsh squeaking which seemed to fill the air, and a great cloud of small angry birds assailed the tree. For a while the uproar was immense, and the song ceased; and then, out of the heart of the tumult, pursued almost to the ground where the poet stood, fell the body of a little yellow bird, pecked to death by a thousand avenging furies.

Seeing the poet they made off in a pack, still shrilling and squawking, but

The poet picked up the poor mutilated body. It was still warm and it twitched a little, but never could its

While he stood thoughtfully there an old woman, holding an open cage and followed by half-a-dozen children, hobbled along the path.

"My canary got away," she said. 'Have you seen it? It flew in this direction.

"I'm afraid I have seen it," said the poet, and he opened his hand.

"My little pet!" said the old woman. "It sang so beautifully, and it used to feed from my fingers. My little pet.

The poet returned to his work. "In tooth and claw," he muttered to him-



UTILISE THE ART OF "SUGGESTION."

THE DOCTOR, SIX DOWN AT THE TURN, "SUGGESTS" TO HIS OPPONENT THAT THEY ARE PLAYING CROQUET, AND WINS BY TWO AND ONE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

an original twist in it. I never met a story that conveyed evidently knows them. so vividly the nastiness of a summer holiday that isn't nice. The holiday was in Brittany, just the common round, Cherbourg, Coutances, Mont St. Michel, and the rest of it: motto, Respice finem, are so common amongst novel readers she was more or less in love with two men, Dragotin Voino-

various plage-hotels in August, the noise, the crowds, the long hot meals, the sunshine and constant wind, the sand on the staircase, and the general atmosphere of wet bathing-Tents of a Night (SMITH, ELDER) is a quite ordinary story, gowns-all these are a luxurious delight to read about about entirely commonplace persons, which has however in a comfortable English room. Miss MARY FINDLATER

and the holiday-makers were Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn, their that Patricia Wentworth will only have herself to thank niece Anne, and a rather pleasant flapper named Barbara if many who are unfamiliar with her work fail to do justice whom they had taken in charge. Anne is the heroine and to a book nine-tenths of which is thoroughly interesting central character of the holiday; and certainly whatever and excellently well-written. As a boy, the hero of Simon discomforts it contained she seems to have done her successful hest to add to. "This is a beastly place!" was her written comment upon St. Michel; and it was typical of her the heavy and vulgar papa, the child's emotions (as, for attitude throughout. Of course the real trouble with Anne instance, when he pretends that the storm of his parent's was something deeper than drains or crowded hotels or the wrath is the ordeal of the Inquisition or some far-away smell of too many omelettes: she was in love. Apparently battle of paladins in which he is contending) are finely conceived, and many of the later passages in Simon's lifevich (whose name was a constant worry to Anne's aunt, and I am bound to say that I share her feelings about it) with his grandmother and with William Forster, the schooland Jimmy Fordyce, a pleasant young Englishman who master—are quite engrossing and give occasion for memorpulls the girls out of quicksands and makes himself able sketches of character. It is when the natural end of generally agreeable. In the end, however—but on second the story is reached, and Simon has come into his own and thoughts the end, emotionally speaking, of Anne is just has just been wedded to his proper affinity, that the strucwhat I shall not tell you, as it is precisely the thing that ture seems to me to fall with a crash. I might perhaps, redeems the book from being commonplace. This you will though not without reluctance, have pardoned an impertienjoy; and also those remarkably real descriptions of nentrailway accident which leaves the young man apparently

crippled for life, but the last chapters, in which he finds her strictly dishonourable proposals. Maria drew herself dancing dervishes or the rites of Voodoo.

DEMETRA VAKA has melted my literary heart. By way of homage to her I eat the dust and recant all the hard and bitter things I said and thought in my youth concerning

and her success is abundant. Whether it is attributable to the romantic particulars of the Turkish household or to the ingenuous personality of the Greek girl, I hesitate to say, since both are so captivating; but this I know, that, considered as descriptive sketches or personal episodes, each of the twenty-two chapters is a separate delight. For the ready writer material is not wanting in the Near East; a fine theme is provided in the national ambition of the Greek, who cannot forget his glorious past and be content with his less conspicuous present. As for the love interest, who should supply this better days of cosmopolitanism

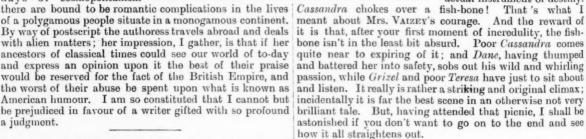
By way of postscript the authoress travels abroad and deals with alien matters; her impression, I gather, is that if her ancestors of classical times could see our world of to-day and express an opinion upon it the best of their praise would be reserved for the fact of the British Empire, and the worst of their abuse be spent upon what is known as American humour. I am so constituted that I cannot but be prejudiced in favour of a writer gifted with so profound a judgment.

The creatrix of Pam must look to her laurels. Slovenliness is the aptest word to apply to the workmanship of Maria (Hutchinson), the latest heroine of the Baroness VON HUTTEN. Maria has the air of having been contracted for, while that fastidious overseer who lurks at the elbow of every honest craftsman, condemning this or that phrase, readjusting the other faulty piece of construction, has frankly abandoned the contractor. Maria was the daughter of an artist cadger (name of Drello), friend of the great and seller of their autograph letters, whereby he was stute enough to make a comfortable living. Maria had a skipping around."—Hawaii Educational Review. astute enough to make a comfortable living. Maria had a ness, who fell very abruptly in love with Maria and made movements.

spiritual comfort and (after the doctors have given up hope) up, compelled him to apologise and go away, until the complete anatomical readjustment through the ministra- nineteenth chapter, when she made similar proposals to the tions of faith healing, alienated me entirely. From the highness, now a duly and unhappily married King of outset the obvious scheme of the novel is to bring the hero Sarmania. But she is saved by the chivalrous love-lorn back happily to the home and, if you will, the rustic church dwarf, Tomsk, who, with the irascible singing master of his ancestors; and, though the science of Christian Sulzer, is responsible for the chief elements of vitality in healing may do all that its adherents claim for it, it has this rather suburban romance. And I found myself never about as much to do with the case of Simon Heriot as the believing in Maria's wondrous beauty and quite sharing Sulzer's poor opinion of her singing. But this of course was mere prejudice.

In Grizel Married (MILLS AND BOON) Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY exhibits the highest-handed method of Ancient Greece; especially I apologise, on behalf of myself treating Romance that ever I met. For consider the and my pedagogues, for ever regarding its language as a situation to be resolved. Dane Peignton was engaged to dead one. A Child of the Orient (LANE) has taught me Teresa, but in love with Lady Cassandra Raynor, whose better, though the last object the author appears to have in husband, I regret to add, was still alive. Dane and Casview is to educate. This "Greek girl brought up in a sandra had never told their love, and concealment might Turkish household" writes to amuse, entertain and charm, have continued to prey on their damask cheeks, if Mrs.

VAIZEY had not (very naturally) wished to give us a big emotional scene of avowal. It is the way in which this is done that compels my homage. Off go the characters on a picnic, obviously big with fate. Teresa goes, and Dane and Cassandra, the fourth being Grizel, whom you may recall pleasantly from an earlier book; but, though she fills the title rôle in this one, she has little to do with its development. Of course I saw that something tragic was going to happen to somebody on that picniccliffs or tides or mad bulls or something. But I don't suppose that in twenty guesses you could get at the actual instrument of destiny.





than the Turk? In these fifty miles; water-cooled engine; owner giving up driving.

[&]quot;At 9.30 o'clock, as the fog lifted somewhat, the rescuing steamer Lyonnesse had sighted the Gothland, fast on the rocks, with a bad list to starboard, and apparently partly filled with pater." Daily Chronicle.

[&]quot;Our Special Correspondent's" father seems to be a big

[&]quot;While the class watches, the teacher pronounces all the words.

dull brother named Laertes, who accidentally met a high- A pretty scene, if the teacher is a man of graceful

CHARIVARIA.

LORD Brassey is said to be annoyed reminder, " Ars est celare artem." at the way in which his recent adventure at Kiel was exaggerated. He landed, it seems, on the mole of the Kaiser Dockyard, not noticing a warna mountain out of the mole.

Mr. Roosevelt's American physician, Dr. ALEXANDER LAMBERT, has have four months' rest and must keep named The Suffragette.

out of politics absolutely for that period; and it is said that President WILSON is also of the opinion that the distinguished invalid owes it to his country to keep quiet for a time.

At the farewell banquet to Lord GLADSTONE members of the Labour Unions surrounded the hotel and booed loudly with a view to making the speeches inaudible. As the first serious attempt to protect diners from an orgy of oratory this incident deserves recording.

There appear to have been some amusing misfits in the distribution of prizes at the recent Midnight Ball. For example a young lady of pronounced sobriety, according to The Daily Chronicle, secured a case of whisky and went about asking if she could get it changed for per-Whisky is, of course, essentially a man's perfume.

There are One Woman Shows as well as One Man Shows in announces :-

"ATHLETIC SPORTS AND DISTRIBUTION of Prizes by Lady ----."

Some surprise is being expressed in non-legal circles that the actress who lost the case which she brought against SANDOW, LIMITED, for depicting her as wearing one of their corsets, did not apply for stays of execution.

Quite a number of our picture galleries are now closed, and it has been ciling the public to this state of affairs, BOWMAN CUTTER, a wealthy widow of this hot weather.

there shall be displayed conspicuously seventy, living at Boston, Massachuat the entrance to the buildings the setts, eloped with her 21-year-old Red-

The Gentlewoman, by the way, which is publishing a series of articles en-titled "Woman's Work at the 1914 veiled at Nottingham last week. Should ing to trespassers—and certain of our Academy," omits to show us photos of this idea of doing honour to defeated newspapers proceeded at once to make Mr. SARGENT'S and Mr. CLAUSEN'S British heroes spread to those of to-day paintings after certain women had our sculptors should have a busy time. worked upon them.

confirmed the advice of his European rumour" the report that one of our week: it sank up to the bonnet and physicians that the Ex-President must new first-class destroyers is to be was washed by the sea before it was

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Remantic Tripper. "TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER PICKED UP ANY BOTTLES ON THE BEACH?"

Boatman. "WERRY OFTEN, MISS!"

Romantic Tripper. "AND HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING IN THEM?" Boatman, "NOT A BLESSED DROP, MISS!"

these days. An invitation to be present The Sin of David, we are to see GLOU, C. PAPAZONGA and C. PAPAZAat a certain function in connection Cavaliers and Roundheads. This will GLOU respectively. But it gives the with a certain charitable institution be a welcome change, for in most of "Victor Ludorum" cup to a new compreponderance of Deadheads.

The Illustrated London News adver- we believe?

Photogravure Presentation Plate of GENERAL BOOTH AND MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH LIONS PHOTOGRAPHED AT 5 YARDS' DISTANCE.

Once upon a time Red Indians used carried by 178 to 136."-Daily Chronicle.

skin chauffeur. * *

A memorial to a prize-fighter who

A visitor to Scarborough nearly lost The Admiralty dismisses as "a silly his motor-car in the sands at Filey last hauled to safety by four horses.

Neptune is said to have been not a little annoyed at the car's escape, as he realises that his old chariot drawn by sea-horses is now sadly démodé.

A new organisation, called "The League of Wayfarers," has been formed. Its members apparently consist of "child policemen," who undertake to protect wild flowers. How it is going to be done we do not quite understand. Presumably, small boys will hide behind, say, dandelions, and emit a loud roar when anyone tries to pluck the tender plant.

When The Yorkshire Post and The Hull Daily Mail differ, who shall decide between them? The Hull Daily Mail asserts positively that A. PAPAZONGLON won the long jump at the Bridlington Grammar School sports and that C. PAPAZONGLON was second in the 100 yards and High Jump. Its contemporary, however, unhesitatingly

In Mr. Stephen Phillips' play, awards these positions to C. Papazonthe theatres nowadays one sees a petitor, C. Papazouglou, and again differs from The Hull Daily Mail, which knows for a fact that it was The intrepid photographer again! won by C. PPAZONGLON. Whom shall

> "ASQUITH DENIES MILITANT PLEA. Receives Working Women but Won't Introduce Bill."—New York Evening Sun. We are left with the uneasy impression that William is a snob.

"On a divan the motion for rejection was suggested that, with the idea of recon- to kidnap Whites. Last week, Mrs. W. Our politicians are right to take it easy

A PATRIOT UNDER FIRE.

(Observed during the recent heat wave.)

PHILIP, I note with unaffected awe How, with the glass at 90 in the cool, You still obey inflexibly the law

That governs manners of the British school; How, in a climate where the sweltering air Seems to be wasted from a kitchen copper, You still refuse to lay aside your wear Of sable (proper).

The Civil Service which you so adorn Would lose its prestige, visibly grown slack, And all its lofty pledges be forsworn Were you to deviate from your boots of black; Were you to shed that coat of sombre dye, That ebon brain-box (imitation beaver) Whose torrid aspect strikes the passer-by With tertian fever.

As something far beyond me I respect The virtue, equal to the stiffest crux, Which thus forbids your costume to deflect Into the primrose path of straw and ducks; I praise that fine regard for red-hot tape Which calmly and without an eyelid's flutter Suffers the maddening noon to melt your nape As it were butter.

"His clothes are not the man," I freely own, Yet often they express the stuff they hide, As yours, I like to fancy, take their tone From stern, ascetic qualities inside; Just as the soldier's heavy marching-gear Conceals a heart of high determination, Too big, in any temperature, to fear Nervous prostration.

I cite the warrior's case who goes through fire; For you, no less a patriot, face your risk When in your country's service you perspire In blacks that snort at Phœbus' flaming disc; So, till a medal (justly made of jet) Records your grit and pluck for all to know 'em, I on your cliest with safety-pins will set This inky poem. O. S.

"THE PURPLE LIE."

"ARABELLA," I said, examining the fuzzy part of her which projected above the dome of the coffee-pot, "I perceive that you mope. That being so, I am glad to be able to tell you that I have been presented with two tickets for The Purple Lie to-morrow evening."

"Sorry," she replied, "but it's off."
"Off!" I exclaimed indignantly, "when the box-office is being besieged all day by a howling mob, and armoured commissionaires are constantly being put into commission to defend it. Off!"

"What I mean to say is," said Arabella, "that we're dining with the Messington-Smiths to-morrow evening."

I bowed my head above the marmalade and wept. "Arabella," I groaned, looking up at last, "what have we done that these people should continue to supply us with food? We do not love them, and they do not love us. The woman is a bromide. Her husband is even He is a phenacetin. I shall fall asleep in the the Messington-Smiths are either—now." middle of the asparagus and butter myself badly. Think,

moreover, of the distance to Morpheus Avenue. Remember that I have been palpitating to see The Purple Lie for weeks."

"So have I," said Arabella. "It's sickening, but I am

afraid we must pass those tickets on."

I happened that day to be lunching with my friend "The last thing in the world I want to do," I said to him, "is to oblige you in any way, but I chance to have—ahem!—purchased two stalls for The Purple Lie which I cannot make use of. I had forgotten that I am dining with some very important and-er-influential people to-morrow night. When a man moves as I do amid a constant whirl of gilt-edged engagements-

"Ass!" said Charles, and pocketed the tickets.

On the following morning I perceived a large crinkly frown at the opposite end of the breakfast table, and, rightly divining that Arabella was behind it, asked her what the trouble was.

"It's the Messington-Smiths," she complained. "They can't have us to dinner after all. It seems that Mrs.

Messington-Smith has a bad sore throat."

"Any throat would be sore, "I replied, "that had Mrs. Messington-Smith talking through it. I wonder whether Charles is using those tickets."

"You might ring up and see."

To step lightly to the telephone, ask for Charles's number, get the wrong one, ask again, find that he had gone to his office, ring him up there and get through to him, was the work of scarcely fifteen minutes. "Charles," I said, "are you using those two stalls of mine to-day?"

"Awfully sorry," he replied, "but I can't go myself. I

gave them away yesterday evening."

"Wurzel!" I said. "Who to?" "To whom," he corrected gently. "To a dull man I met

in the City named Messington-Smith."
"Named what?" I shricked.
"Messington - Smith." M for Mpret, E for Eiderdown

"Where does he live?" "21, Morpheus Avenue."

For a moment the room seemed to spin round me. I put down the transmitter and pressed my hand to my forehead. Then in a shaking voice I continued — " Of all the doublebarrelled, unmitigated, blue-faced-

"What number, please?" sang a sweet soprano voice. 1 rang off, and went to break the news to Arabella.

She was silent for a few moments, and then asked me suddenly, "Whereabouts in the stalls were those seats of ours?"

"Almost in the middle of the third row," I replied mournfully.

Arabella said no more, but with a rather disdainful smile on her face walked firmly to her little escritoire, sat down, wrote a note, and addressed it to Mrs. Messington-Smith.

"What have you said?" I asked, as she stamped her letter with a rather vicious jab on King George's left eye. "Just that I am sorry about her old sore throat," she

replied. "And then I went on, that wasn't it funny by the same post we had been given two stalls for The Purple Lie to-night in a very good place in the middle of the third row? She will get the letter by lunch-time," she added pensively, "and it will be so nice for her to know that we shall be sitting almost next to them."

"But we aren't going to The Purple Lie at all," I

"No," she said, "and as a matter of fact I don't suppose

I left Arabella smiling triumphantly through her tears,

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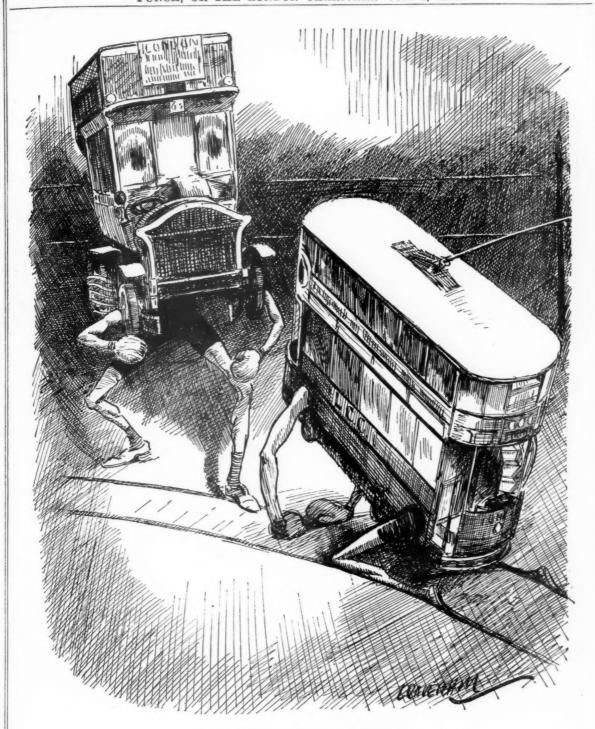
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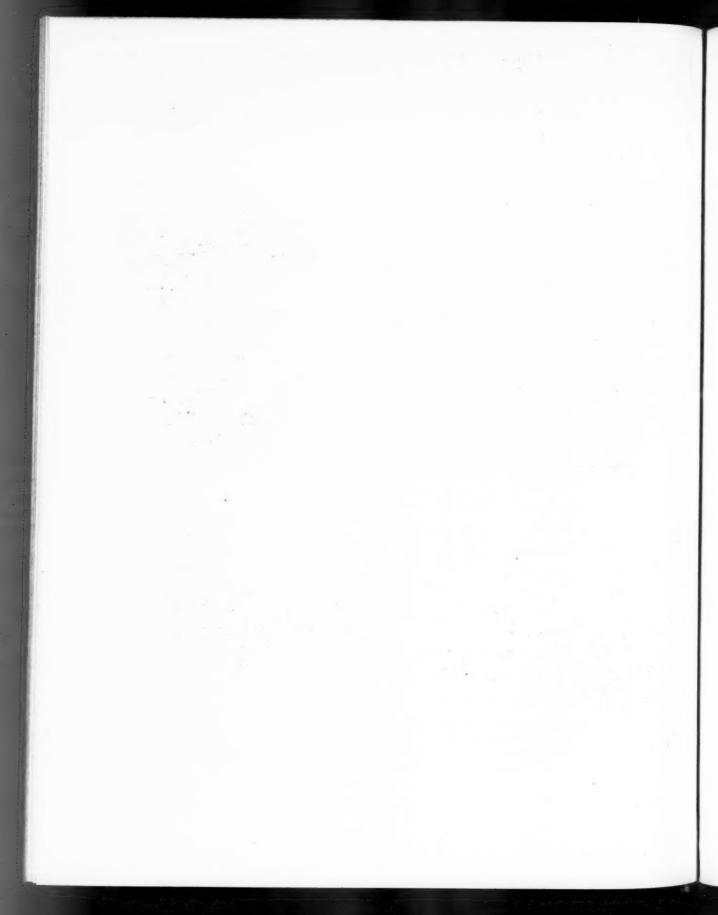
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BEATEN ON POINTS.

L.C.C. TRAM. "HARD LINES ON ME!"

MOTOR-'BUS. "YES, IT'S ALWAYS HARD LINES WITH YOU, MY BOY. THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER; YOU CAN'T SIDE-STEP."





"Who's THE LITTLE MAN HOLDING HIS BACKET THAT FUNNY WAY?" "OH, THAT'S MR. BINKS. HE TAKES THE PLATE BOUND IN CHURCH, YOU KNOW."

but when I returned in the evening the breakfast-time frown had reappeared with even crinklier ramifications.

"Why," I asked, "are you looking like a tube map?"
"Mrs. Messington-Smith," she answered with a slight catch in her voice, "has just been telephoning."

"I thought the receiver looked a bit played out," I said.

"What does she want with us now?"

"Well, she has got a sore throat after all. You could tell that from her voice. And she isn't going to The Purple Lie either. She never even meant to. "But the tickets," I gasped.

"She and her husband quite forgot about them till to-day," said Arabella. " And now they have given them away to some friends. But they weren't given away at all till this afternoon, and-

She broke off and gave a lachrymose little sniff.

"And what?"

"And she knew, of course, that we're disengaged to-night, and when she got my letter she was just going to send them round to us.'

Commercial Candour.

From a testimonial:-

"I have had this cover on the rear wheel of my 31 h.p. Humber Motor Cycle and have ridden same 7,000 miles, six of these without a puncture."—Advt. in "Motor Cycle."

"MRD. CPL., temporary."—Advt. in "Daily Mail."

When we tell you that the mystic letters mean "married couple," you will share our horror.

WOMAN AT THE FIGHT.

In ancient unsophisticated days Women were valued for their cloistered ways, And won at Rome encouragement from man Only because they stayed at home and span; While Pericles in Attic Greek expressed The view that those least talked about were best. There were exceptions, but the normal Greek Regarded Sappho as a dangerous freak, And CLYTEMNESTRA for three thousand years Was pelted with unmitigated sneers, Till RICHARD STRAUSS and HOFMANNSTHAL combined To prove that she was very much maligned.

But now at last these cloistered days are o'er And woman, breaking down her prison door, Is free to take the middle of the floor. No more for her indomitable soul The meekly ministering angel rôle; No more the darner of her husband's socks, She takes delight in watching champions box, Finds respite from the carking cares that vex us In cheering blows that reach the solar plexus, Joins in the loud and patriotic shout While beaten BELL is being counted out, And-joy that makes all other joys seem ni!-Writes her impressions for The Daily Thrill.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE SUSCEPTIBLE AMERICAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful singer named Miss Iris Bewlay. Every now and then she gave a recital, and it was always crowded. She was bazaars and Primrose League meetings; her rendering of "Home, Sweet Home" moistened every eye. Hostesses wishing to be really in the swim engaged her to sing during after-dinner conversation for enormous fees.

When Miss Iris Bewlay was ap-

to become a professional. She had not, it is true, her illustrious namesake's commanding presence or powerful register, but her voice was sweet and refined and she might easily have a future.

It happened that a susceptible music-loving American staying in London for a short time was taken by some English friends to a concert at which Miss Iris Bewlay was singing, and he fell at once a victim to her tones. Never before had he heard a voice which so thrilled and moved him. He returned to his hotel enraptured, and awoke with

Miss Bewlay again. "Say, where is a Miss Bewlay singing

to-night?" he asked the hotel porter.

libraries, and off the enthusiast hurried. Now it happened that this very

evening was the one chosen for the début, before a number of invited friends, of Miss Gladys Bewlay, and one of the guests chanced to be at the approached one of the guests and begged ticket library at the moment the susceptible American entered and fired his question at the clerk.

"Say, can you tell me where Miss Bewlay is singing to-night?" he said.

The clerk having no information, the susceptible American was turning away when the guest of the other Bewlay family ventured to address him with the information that Miss Bewlay was singing that evening at a private and the second song began. gathering at one of the halls.

only for the friends of the family."

"Let me take down the address, anyway," said he, and took it down.

That evening, just before Miss Gladys chosen to sing "God save the King" at Bewlay's first song, a visiting card was handed to one of her brothers, with the gradually worked his way to the back statement that a gentleman desired the of the room, he found the American in pleasure of a moment's interview on a an ecstasy. matter of great importance.

it was none other than the susceptible me?" American, "I'm just crazy about Miss proaching the forties and adding every | Bewlay's singing. They tell me she's was as pleased at his sister's success as day to her wealth, another Miss Bewlay here to night. Now I know it's a though it were his own. -not Iris, but Gladys, and no relation strange thing to ask, but I want to whatever-was gradually improving her know if you can't just let me lean gift of song with a well-known teacher, against a pillar somewhere at the back own country the next day, nor for for it was Miss Gladys Bewlay's inten- while she's singing, and then I'll go many days after; and when he did he

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE SEA'S LIKE A DUCK-POND!

"I know, old boy-but I've taken six-different-remedies."

but one desire and that was to hear some time, you see. I go back to my seat, America to-morrow.'

The brother, not a little impressed by his sister's magnetism, all unsuspected The porter searched all the concert in a debutante, and imagining the announcements, but found no mention American to have heard her at a lesson, of the great name. In the end he said he saw no reason why this little advised a visit to one of the ticket scheme should not be carried out; and so the American entered and took up an obscure position; and in a short while Miss Bewlay ascended the platform and began to sing.

When she had finished the American to be told the name of the singer.

"Miss Bewlay," said the guest. "It's her first appearance to-night."

"Miss Bewlay," gasped the American.
"Then there are two of them. You say this is her first appearance?"

"Yes."

"Then she's very young?"

"Only about twenty."

The American returned to his corner,

"Couldn't I get in?" the American may have suffered it would have been obvious to close observers that his eyes "It's private," said the lady. "It's were contented enough. They rested on the fair young singer with delight and admiration, and when she had finished there was no applause like the susceptible American's.

When Miss Bewlay's brother had

"She's great," he said. "Say, would "See here," said the gentleman, and it be too much to ask you to introduce

"Not at all," said the brother, who

The American did not return to his tion, with her parents' strong approval, right away. It's my last chance for was engaged to Miss Gladys Bewlay.

> Isn't that a pretty fairy story? and almost every word of it is true.

A SEASIDE "SONG SCENA."

YESTERDAY I celebrated the beginning of my holidays by patronising The Melodities on the beach. The Melodities are a band of entertainers who draw enormous salaries for giving a couple of performances daily in a kind of luxurious open-air theatre.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," announced the Manager soon after I had taken

"our first item will be a Song Scena entitled The Moon, by Bertie Weston, assisted by six members of the company." A quiver of expectation ran through the crowded audience.

Pertie Weston, wearing a uniform resembling (I imagine) that of a Patagonian Vice - Admiral, advanced mincingly to the footlights, and the six others, similarly attired, ranged themselves in a row behind him. Behind these again dropped a backcloth representing a stone balustrade, blue hills and fleecy clouds.

There was a burst of warm applause, in response to which Bertie politely bowed his thanks. Without further preliminary he commenced-

> The crescent moon on high Is shining in the sky.

Here the six turned up their faces and gazed pensively at the heavens (it was still broad daylight, by the way), Whatever disappointment his ears at the same time resting their chins on en

he ad ek in

LS



She. "HERBERT, I CAN'T FIND MY BATHING-DRESS ANYWHERE!"

He. "SEE IF YOU'VE GOT IT ON."

their right hands and their right elbows on their left hands.

The sun is gone,
The stars are wan,
Oh come, my love, we'll wander, you and I.

Here the six ceased to regard the sky, split into pairs and by pantomimic gesture invited one another to wander.

> Across the hills we'll go, While birds sing soft and low,

The singer paused for an instant, while the six, now formed into a semicircle, hummed together softly a suggestion of distant nightingales. Not an imitation—that would be too banal—but a suggestion. In point of fact I thought I detected the air of "The Little Grey Home in the West."

While the silver moon adorns the summer sky.

After a brief pause, brightened by what are vulgarly termed twiddly bits on the piano, the soloist sang the chorus softly and appealingly, with a sort of tready intonation:—

Moon, moon, moon,
We'll come soon, soon,
Across the hills while all the world is dreaming.
Moon, moon, moon,
I'd like to swoon, swoon,

The heads of the six drooped listlessly and their hands fell languidly to their sides; their eyes closed.

When I see your white rays beaming, gleaming, streaming.

The six awoke briskly and commenced to glide around the stage, describing circles, figures of eight, and other more intricate patterns, while Bertie swayed his body rhythmically from side to side, his arms and hands outstretched and palms turned downwards. In this formation they all repeated the chorus together,

Bertie now cleared his throat and started on the second verse without delay. The six stood sideways, their hands in their trousers pockets and their faces turned to the audience.

> Oh, moon of dainty grace, Shine on my loved one's face.

The footlights were suddenly switched off and each of the six produced a small electric torch and illuminated his neighbour's features. The effect was startling. Presently the footlights re-appeared as abruptly as they had vanished and the torches were extinguished.

Upon the hill The night is still.

Again there was a short pause, during which the six breathed lightly through their teeth, producing a faint and long-drawn sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh

Oh come, my love, together let us haste.

The six ceased sh-sh-ing and gracefully invited one another to haste.

Away, away, we'll roam
To seek our fairy home,
While the silver moon illuminates the place, slipped.

The six placed both hands on their breasts and stood with bowed heads, motionless except for a continuous and rhythmic bending of the knees, while Bertie sang the chorus softly, lingeringly. Then, stretching out their arms, they swayed their bodies from side to side as their leader had previously done, while Bertie himself drifted in and out between them, and all rendered the chorus for the second time.

Moon, moon, moon,
We'll come soon, soon,
Across the hills while all the world is dreaming,
Moon, moon, moon,

I want to swoon, swoon,
When I see your white rays beaming, gleaming, streaming.

There was a moment's emotional silence, broken by a thunder of rapturous applause. The Song Scena, all too short, was finished.

Anxious not to risk spoiling the impression, I arose and left hastily before the next turn.

"Young M Pherson, the Blackford jumper, is anxious to fix up a match for a long jump with anybody in Scotland. A week ago he did 5\frac{1}{2} fe., but he asserts he can beat this hollow if called upon."

Edinburgh Evening News.

If M'Pherson will say just how young he is, we will find a suitable nephew to take him on. Tommy (aged eight) did 6 ft. 1 in, yesterday, but asserts that he slipped.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

THE girl who shared Herbert's was kind and tactful.

"It doesn't matter a bit," she said, removing fragments of shell from her lap; and, to put him at his ease again, went on, "Are you interested in little problems at all?"

Herbert, who would have been injust then, emerged from his apologies and swore that he was.

"We're all worrying about one which Father saw in a paper. I do wish you could solve it for us. It goes like this." And she proceeded to explain it. Herbert decided that the small piece of meringue still in her hair was not worth mentioning and listened to her with interest.

On the next morning I happened to drop in at Herbert's office . . . And that, in short, is how I was mixed up | Have you tried it with an 'x'?" in the business.

"Look here," said Herbert, "you used to be mathematical; here's something for you."

"Let the dead past bury its dead," I implored. "I am now quite respect-

"It goes like this," he said, ignoring my appeal.

He then gave me the problem, which I hand on to you.

"A subaltern riding at the rear of a column of soldiers trotted up to the a side, the loser to pay for the table. Having lost, he played another hundred, double or quits, and then rode back, the column by this time having travelled twice its own length, and a have travelled if it had been going in the other direction. What was the captain's name?"

Perhaps I have not got it quite right, for I have had an eventful week since then; or perhaps Herbert didn't get it quite right; or perhaps the girl with the meringue in her hair didn't get it idea of it.

"And the answer," said Herbert, "ought to be 'four cows,' but I keep on making it 'eight and tuppence.' Just have a shot at it, there's a good fellow. I promised the girl, you know."

I sat down, worked it out hastily on the back of an envelope, and made it a yard and a-half.

"No," said Herbert; "I know it's 'four cows,' but I can't get it."

"Sorry," I said, "how stupid of me; I left out the table-money."

three minutes twenty-five seconds.

"It is difficult, isn't it?" said Hermeringue at dinner (a brittle one, which bert. "I thought, as you used to be exploded just as he was getting into it) mathematical and as I'd promised the

"Wait a moment," I said, still busy with my envelope. "I forgot the subaltern. Ah, that's right. The answer is a hundred and twenty-five men . . . No, that's wrong-I never doubled the half-crown. Er-oh, look here, Herterested even in a photograph album bert, I'm rather busy this morning. I'll send it to you."

"Right," said Herbert. "I know I can depend on you, because you're mathematical." And he opened the door for me.

I had meant to do a very important piece of work that day, but I couldn't get my mind off Herbert's wretched problem. Happening to see Carey at tea-time, I mentioned it to

"Ah," said Carey profoundly. "H'm.

"Of course."

"Yes, it looks as though it wants a bit of an 'x' somewhere. You stick to it with an 'x' and you ought to do it. Let 'x' be the subaltern—that's the way. I say, I didn't know you were interested in problems."

" Well-

"Because I've got rather a tricky chess problem here I can't do." He produced his pocket chess-board. White mates in four moves."

I looked at it carelessly. Black had captain in front and challenged him to only left himself with a Pawn and a a game of billiards for half-a-crown King, while White had seen to it that he had a Queen and a couple of Knights about. Now, I know very little about chess, but I do understand the theory of chess problems.

"Have you tried letting the Queen distance equal to the distance it would be taken by Black's pawn, then sacrificing the Knights, and finally mating him with the King alone?"

"Yes," said Carey. Then I was baffled. If one can't solve a chess problem by starting off with the most unlikely-looking thing on the board, one can't solve it at all. However, I copied down the position quite right; but anyhow, that was the and said I'd glance at it. . . . At eleven that night I rose from my glance, decided that Herbert's problem was the more immediately pressing, and took it to bed with me.

> I was lunching with William next day, and I told him about the subaltern. He dashed at it lightheartedly and made the answer seventeen.

"Seventeen what?" I said.

"Well, whatever we're talking about. I think you'll find it's seventeen all right. But look here, my son, here's a golf problem for you. A. is playing And bring a mouthful back with me.

I did it hastily again and made it B. At the fifth hole A. falls off the tee into a pond-

I forget how it went on.

When I got home to dinner, after a hard day with the subaltern, I found a letter from Norah waiting for me.

"I hear from Mr. Carey," she wrote, "that you're keen on problems. Here's one I have cut out of our local paper. Do have a shot at it. The answer ought to be eight miles an hour."

Luckily, however, she forgot to enclose the problem. For by this time, what with Herbert's subaltern, Carey's pawn, and a cistern left me by an uncle who was dining with us that night, I had more than enough to distract me.

And so the business has gone on. The news that I am preparing a collection of interesting and tricky problems for a new Encylopædia has got about among my friends. Everybody who writes to me tells me of a relation of his who has been shearing sheep or rowing against the stream or dealing himself four aces. People who come to tea borrow a box of wooden matches and beg me to remove one match and leave a perfect square. I am asked to do absurd things with pennies. . . .

Meanwhile Herbert has forgotten both the problem and the girl. Three evenings later he shared his Hollandaise sauce with somebody in yellow (as luck would have it) and she changed the subject by wondering if he read DICKENS. He is now going manfully through Bleak House-a chapter a night-and when he came to visit me to-day he asked me if I had ever heard of the man.

However I was not angry with him, for I had just made it come to "three cows." It is a cow short, but it is nearer than I have ever been before, and I think I shall leave it at that. Indeed, both the doctor and the nurse say that I had better leave it at that.

A. A. M.

A SEASONABLE BEVERAGE.

GREAT charm hath tea-some fragrant blend

Sipped with a fair and festive friend; And even milk hath flavour, too, When sun-kissed milkmaids hand it you.

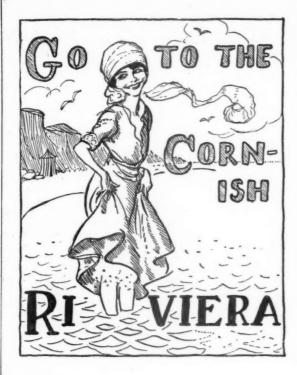
Beer, in a large resounding can, Befits a coarser type of man,

While some rejoice in spirit pure, And others in a faked liqueur.

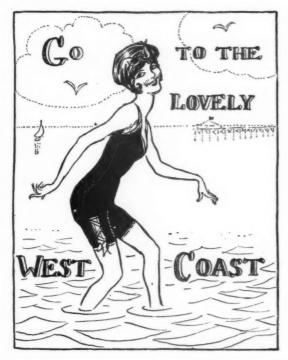
But none of these, nor any wine, Hath present claim to praise of mine,

Hath e'er produced the gasp and thrill Of that incomparable swill

When first, from care and toil set free, I plunge into the summer sea









THE ANNUAL PROBLEM.

Showing how helpfully the hoardings distinguish between the characteristic features of various localities.



A LONG-FELT WANT.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTOR-CYCLES.

POLITICS AT THE ZOO.

plicit in his comparison. Did he refer that a tailor deserved.

LORD ROBERT CECIL'S comparison of Cape Colony, and chimpanzees had of Shaw in bringing lions on the stage, he the occupants of the Treasury Bench late years appeared with great success thought it little short of an outrage for to the monkeys at the Zoo has caused at some of the leading music-halls In an anæmic vegetarian to take liberties considerable excitement in Regent's view of these facts the further delay of with the king of the carnivora. Park, and one of Mr. Punch's represent- the suffrage could no longer be justiatives, assisted by an interpreter, has fied. At present we were confronted in the Ursine encampment at Mr. LLOYD taken the opportunity to sound some with the gross anomaly that a tailor, George's somewhat disparaging referof the principal inmates on the subject. who was admitted to be only the ninth ence to the bear's hug. (It will be re-In the Simian section a certain part of a man, was given a vote, while membered that he compared with it amount of regret was expressed that the monkey, man's ancestor, was de-the attitude of the Tories in respect of Lord Robert had not been more ex- nied even the fraction which was all the Finance Bill.) The Chancellor of

to chimpanzees, baboons, gorillas or other species? But when all allow-by other genera domiciled at the Zoo- a perfectly honest expression of hosance was made for this lack of pre-logical Gardens. One of the oldest tility. This attack was all the more cision the general impression was one lions observed in a strepitous bass that unjust and undeserved since the bear cision the general impression was one lions observed in a strepitous bass that of satisfaction that a leading politician it was a great relief to him that his should have frankly admitted that race had not been degraded by any monkeys possessed qualities which en- such comparisons. He had some retitled their human possessors to high spect for hun'ers, but as for politicians office and handsome salaries. It was he would not be seen dead with them same he only got a penny bun. felt that this admission marked a great at a pig fair. Asked whether he had advance on all previous concessions to read Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's account the claims of the Simian community, of his lion-hunting exploits in The and pointed irresistibly to the ultimate Daily Chronicle, he professed ignorance were incapable of appreciating our grant-already long overdue-of Mon- and even indifference. Speaking as an Parliamentary procedure owing to their key Franchise throughout the Empire. aristocrat he thought that a Labour hereditary inability to sit down.

Baboons, it was well known, were leader was not worthy to twist his tail.

Considerable resentment was shown THE EXCHEQUER evidently regarded it These views however were not shared as an insincere caress, whereas it was was a most hardworking and underpaid member of the community. When a politician reached the top of the poll he got £400 a year. When a bear did the



THE PRIMA DONNA.

[The repertoire of Summer is here made to embrace the prelude of many good things that come within the wider scope of the holiday season.]

crave your kind attention!

Here's Summer, at your service (till you bid the lady stop);

'tis time to drop dissension;

'Tis time to cut the cackle and to close awhile the shop;

Kent hath twined the hop.

all have silver linings!

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, it's close, your London air;

because my reads run shining Through the fret of far-off pine-woods,

and I'm wishful to be there; Or at hand among the hop-poles when And magic s in each note of her-it the vines are trailing fair.

a programme most attractive:

She's songs for everyone o' youoh, rare the tunes and rich!

the pollock's biting active);

Here's Evening (rise in Hampshire); here's The Roller on the Pitch:

For stags shall be in Badenoch, and And music in the lot o' them-it We've something for each Jack o' you, doesn't matter which.

and pretty Wayside Posies,

Blue Bays (beneath the undercliffthe white sails crawling by);

the bustling Clumber noses);

We've Grouse Across the Valley (crashing crumpled from the sky);

doesn't matter why.

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, we Good gentlemen, the prologue! Here's Here's Salmon Songs and Shrimping Songs, according to your pocket;

Here's Hopping (with a lurchertwice as useful as a gun

Good gentlemen, she's songs for you- Here's hackneyed Devon Harbours (but For the fat young August pheasants that 'll never live to rocket);

Here's a jolly Song o' Golf Balls; here's the tune of Cubs that Run;

for every mother's son.

Yes, songs for every son o' you, and We've long White Roads o' Brittany Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, we crave your kind permission!

Here's Summer, at your service, and she'd sing you on your ways

If I'm mixing up the proverbs, 'tis We've Rabbits in a Hedgerow (how The marching songs of morning and the Road that fits the Vision,

The mellow songs of twilight and the gold September haze;

God rest you all, good gentlemen, and send you pleasant days.

THE VOGUE FOR WEARING FANCY DRESS THREATENS TO INVADE ORDINARY SOCIAL LIFE.



TENNIS AT THE VICARAGE.



A JOLLY BATHING PARTY.



Our dear old friend, the foreign spy (cunningly disguised as a golfer), visits our youngest sudurb one Saturday afternoon in quest of further evidence the dealers. He gets a shock and at once trlegraphs to his commander-in-chief urging that the conquest of the British Isles be undertaken before the present generation is many years olden.

THE INTRUSIONS OF THE CINEMA.

[Jones, secretary to the South Sea Islanders' Regeneration Society, who is suffering from nerves, is recommended a very remote seacoast retreat for his summer holiday. With his wife and family he tries it. The manager of a certain cinema company likewise chooses this particular spot for his company to rehearse their powerful new drama, "Down among the Dead Men."]



Miss Jones. "WAKE UP, DAD, WE'RE GOING TO BATHE."



First Act of the Drama, -After the wreck; Desmond and Rosemary Washed ashore on the Cannibal Island.

THE INTRUSIONS OF THE CINEMA-Continued.



Jones (to the rescue). "Devils! FIENDS! UNTIE THAT WHITE MAN!"



The Cinema Manager explains. "Sorry to have caused you any isconvenience, Sie—merely rehearsing 'Down among the Dead Men'—dam fine drama, Sie—we produce same at the Opera 'Ouse, Croydon, on the 16th."



Surf-rider. "I'M ALMOST SURE THIS ISN'T A BIT THE WAY IT'S DONE IN THOSE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS!"



Early Tripper. "Makes yer feel like ole Napoleon at what's-its-name!"



APT NOMENCLATURE IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



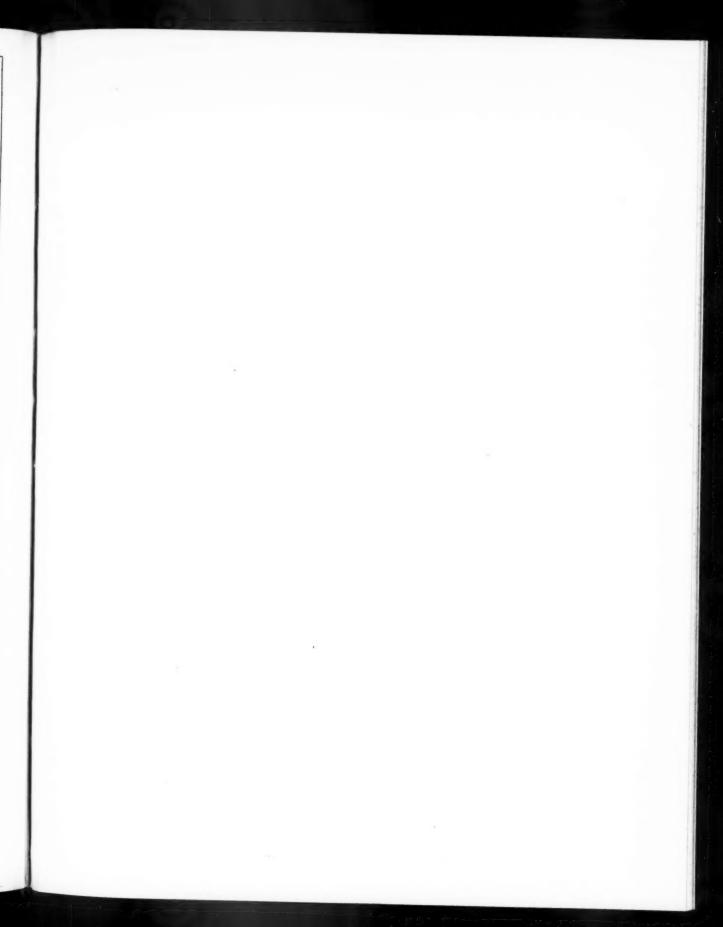
The Captain, "The bloomin' vice-president's forgot the stumps. Young Bill 'ere better be the wicket—'e wants to play and 'e's too little to bat agin swift bowlin'!"



Native (having seen his rival tipped by guileless visitor). "E's swindled yer, Sir. I'm the oldest inhabitant—ninety-four come Sunday three weeks. 'E's only a youngster of eighty-two."



EVEN IN HIS PLAY THE SCIENTIST'S CHILD IS SCIENTIFIC.



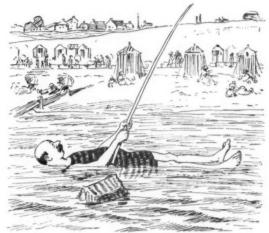






A FULL JOY-DAY.

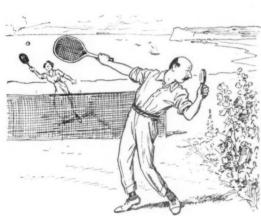
How an energetic visitor contrived to sample nearly all the attractions of Worplethorpe-on-Sea (as advertised by the municipality) in the course of a one-day's trip.



9 to 10.30 A.M.—BATHING AND FISHING.



10.39 A.M. to 12 (n bon) .- SHOOTING AND CYCLING.



1? to 1.30 P.M.—TENNIS AND BOTANY.



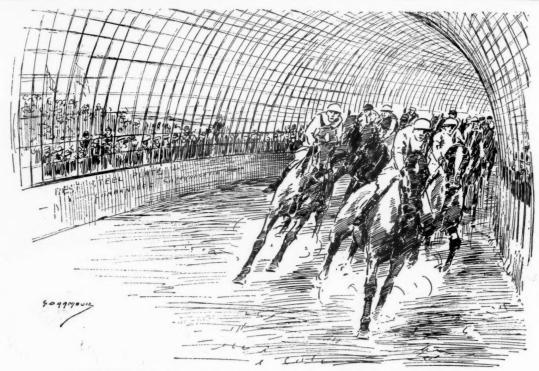
3 to 4.30 P.M.—CROQUET AND ARCHAEOLOGY.



4.30 to 6 P.M.—GOLF AND GEOLOGY.



6 to 7.30 P.M .- SKETCHING AND DONKEY-RIDING.



RACE-COURSE OF THE NEAR FUTURE, SUFFRAGETTE-PROOF.



SMITH, WHO ALWAYS WEARS THE NATIVE COSTUME WHEN FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS (HIS GREAT-GRAND-AUNT'S STEP-FATHER HAVING BEEN A McGregor) FINDS THE MIDGES SOMEWHAT TROUBLESOME. A LITTLE INGENUITY HOWEVER OVERCOMES THE DIFFICULTY.

THE "SPASMO" CANOELET.



IT IS A RELUCTANT STARTER.



WHEN IT DOES START, IT STARTS.



IT LAUGHS AT LOCKS.



IT ENDS AS A HYDRO-AEROPLANE.



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE EAST.

THE GRAND VIZIER, A MASTER OF POLYGAMY, REGRETS THE VOGUE OF THE CINEMA AS AN EDUCATIVE FORCE.



LUNCH "SCORES."

COMPLAINTS ARE HEARD FROM HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THEIR RETURN THAT THE HOLIDAY HAS FAILED TO BENEFIT THEM. THIS IS DUE TO LACK OF PREPARATORY TRAINING AT HOME.



HARDEN THE FEET FOR BEACH-WALKING.



ACCUSTOM THE LUNGS TO MARINE AROMAS.



PREPARE TO RECEIVE THE BUFFETINGS OF NEPTUNE.



Toughen the interior for a lodging-house diet.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY FILM.

[Having had the good fortune to pick up for a mere song (or, to be more accurate, for a few notes) several thousand miles of discarded cinema films from a bankrupt company, Mr. Punch is gumming the best bits together and presenting them during the hol day season on the piers of many of our fashionable watering-places, such as Bayswater, Hackney Marshes and Ponder's End. The films comprise the well-known "Baresark Basil, the Pride of the Ranch" (two miles long), "The Foiler Foiled" (one mile, three furlongs, two rods, poles or perches), "The Blood-stained Vest" (fragment—eighteen inches), "A Maniac's Revenge" (5,000 feet), "The Life of the Common Mosquito" (six legs), and so forth. An accomplished writer has been chosen to weave a connected story round the selected parts of the films, and his scenario of Mr. Punch's great picture play, when finally gummed together, is given below. The illustrations depict a few representative incidents in the story—taken from the sketch-book of an artist who was present when the films were first being prepared.] being prepared.]

TWENTY-FIVE years before our film opens, Andrew Bellingham, a young man

[Manager. Now we're off. What me a thousand pounds, and you shall do we start with?

church Street-

dozing in his office. Suddenly five years ago." he awoke to find a strange man standing over him.

Mr. Bellingham. "What do exchange was made. At all costs he

have these;" and he held out a packet containing the marriage certificate, a On the sunny side of Fen- photograph of Jessie's father dipping a sheep, a receipted bill for a pair of [Manager. Ah, then I white gloves, size 95, two letters signed suppose we'd better keep "Your own loving little Andy Pandy," back the Rescue from the and a peppermint with "Jess" on it in Alligator and the Plunge pink. "Once these are locked up in down Niagara in a Barrel.] your safe, no one need never know that Andrew Bellingham was you were married in Cornwall twenty-

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Bellingham took a handful of bank-"Who are you?" asked notes from his pocket-book, and the



The Theft.

just about to enter his father's business, was spending a holiday in a little fish- Jasper,' ing village in Cornwall. The daughter answer, "and I have of the sheep-farmer with whom he some information to lodged was a girl of singular beauty, and give you." He bent Andrew's youthful blood was quickly down and hissed, stirred to admiration. Carried away "Your first wife is by his passion for her, he-

MANAGER OF PUNCH FILM COM-PANY. Just a reminder that Mr. RED- in obvious horror. FORD has to pass this before it can be "My daughter," he produced.]

he married her-

Manager. Oh, I beg pardon.] —and for some weeks they lived hap-pily together. One day he informed Jessie that he would have to go back to his work in London, and that it might be a year or more before he could acknowledge her openly as his wife to his rich and proud parents. Jessie was prostrated with grief; and late that after - and she will not trouble you. Give returned to his desk.

noon her hat and fringenet were discovered by the edge of the waters. Realising at once that she must have drowned herself in her distress, Andrew took an affecting farewell of her father and the sheep, and returned to London. A year later he married a distant cousin, and soon rose to a condition of prosperity. At the time our film begins to unwind, he was respected by everybody in the City, a widower, and the father of a beautiful girl of eighteen, called Hyacinth.

you want? " My was the still alive !'

Andrew started up Hyacinth! She must never know."

"Listen. Your wife is in Spain-

MANAGER. Don't there are sharks.

really.

The Escape. waste her. Make it somewhere where must preserve his little Hyacinth from shame. Now she need never know. AUTHOR. It's all right, she's dead With a forced smile he bowed Jasper out, placed the packet in his safe and



The Abduction.

But his mysterious visitor was not done with yet. As soon as the door had closed behind him Jasper re-entered softly, drugged Andrew hastily, and took possession again of the compromising documents. By the time Mr. Bellingham had regained his senses the thief was away. A hueand-cry was raised, po-

lice whistles were blown, and Richard Harrington, Mr. Bellingham's private secretary, was smartly arrested.

At the trial things looked black against

Richard. He was poor and he was in love with Hyacinth; the chain of evidence was complete. In spite of his impassioned protest from the dock, in spite of Hyacinth's dramatic swoon in front of the solicitors' table, the judge with great solemnity passed sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. A loud "Hear, hear" from the gallery rang through the court, and, looking up, Mr. Bellingham caught the sardonic eye of the mysterious Jasper.

Richard had been in prison a month before the opportunity for his escape occurred. For a month he had been hewing stone in Portland, black despair at his heart. Then, like lightning, he saw his chance and took it. The warders were off guard for a moment. Hastily lifting his pickaxe-

MANAGER. Sorry, but it's a spade in the only prison film we've got.]

Hastily borrowing a spade from a comrade who was digging potatoes, he struck several of his gaolers down, and, dodging the shots of others who hurried to the scene, he climbed the prison wall and dashed for freedom.

Reaching Weymouth at nightfall,

be near him, and, suitably disguised, travelled up to London with her in the powerful motor which she had kept ready. "At last, my love, we are together," he murmured as they neared Wimbledon. But he had spoken a moment too soon. An aeroplane swooped down upon them, and Hyacinth was snatched from his arms and disappeared with her captors into the clouds.

Richard's first act on arriving in London was to go to Mr.

this note Andrew had gone to the rendezvous, and it was no surprise to him when Jasper stepped out and offered to sell him a packet containing a marriage certificate, a photograph of an old gentleman dipping a sheep, a peppermint lozenge with "Jess" on it, and various other documents for a thousand pounds.

"You villain," cried Andrew, "even at the trial I suspected you," and he rushed at him figreely.



The Duel at the Mill.

A desperate struggle ensued. Breakhe made his way to the house which ing free for a moment from the vice-



An Awkward Moment for Richard.

Bellingham's house. Andrew was out, with the spring of a panther at one happening. but a note lying on his study carpet, of the sails of the windmill as it came "Meet me at the Old Windmill to- round, and was whirled upwards; with

night," gave him a clue. On receipt of the spring of another panther, Andrew



[Inst-the Cinema Shark, 28.6d.

leapt on to the next sail and was whirled after him. At that moment the wind dropped, and the combatants were suspended in mid-air.

It was upon this terrible scene that Richard arrived. Already a crowd was collecting; and, though at present it did not seem greatly alarmed, feeling convinced that it was only assisting at another cinematograph rehearsal, its suspicions might at any moment be aroused. With a shout he dashed into the mill. Seeing him coming Jasper dropped his revolver and slid down the sail into the window. In a moment he reappeared at the door of the mill with Hyacinth under his arm. "Stop him!" cried Richard from underneath a sack of flour. It was no good. Jasper had leapt with his fair burden upon the back of his mustang and was gone. . .

The usual pursuit followed.

IV.

It was the gala night at the Royal Circus. Ricardo Harringtoni, the wonderful new acrobat of whom everybody was talking, stood high above the crowd on his platform. His marvel-lous performance on the swinging horizontal bar was about to begin. Richard Hyacinth had taken in order to like grip of the other, Jasper leapt Harrington (for it was he) was troubled.

Since he had entered on his new profession-as a disguise from the police who were still searching for him-he had had a vague suspicion that the lion-tamer was dogging him. Who was the lion-tamer? Could it be Jasper?

At that moment the band struck up and Richard leapt lightly on to the swinging bar. With a movement full of grace he let go of the bar and swung on to the opposite platform. And then, even as he was in mid-air, he realized what was

Jasper had let the lion loose! It was waiting for him.

With a gasping cry Ricardo Harringtoni fainted.

When he recovered consciousness, Richard found himself on the S.S. Boracic, which was forging her way through the --

MANAGER. - Somewhere where there are sharks.

the Indian Ocean. Mr. Bellingham was bathing his forehead with cooling drinks.

"Forgive me, my boy," said Mr. Bellingham, " for the wrong I did you. It was Jasper mid-stream and rode hastily off to the and then Jasper, with one blow of his unless I let him marry Hyacinth. The Merchant of Venice. [MANAGER. What can I do?"

"Where is she?" asked Richard.

"Hidden away no one knows where. Find her, get = back the documents for me, and she is yours."

At that moment a terrible cry rang through the ship, "Man overboard!" Pushing over Mr. Bellingham and running on deck, Richard saw that a woman and her baby

side he heard her murmur, "Is little enemy whom he had thought to kill. Jasper safe?'

"Jasper?" cried Richard. "Yes, called after his daddy." "Where is daddy now?" asked Richard hoarsely.

"In America."

"Can't you see the likeness?" whispered Richard to Mr. Bellingham. "It must be. The villain is married to another. But now I will pursue him and get back the papers." And he left the boat at the next port and boarded one for America.

The search through North and South America for Jasper was protracted. Accompanied sometimes by a band of cowboys, sometimes by a tribe of Indians, Richard scoured the continent

for his enemy. There were hours when | he would rest awhile and amuse himself again! by watching the antics of the common mosquito [Manager. Good!] or he would lie at full length and gaze at a at each other; a terrible contest ensued; its ruins.

bud bursting into flower [MANAGER. Excellent!]. Then he would leap on to his steed and pursue the trail relentlessly once more.

One night he was dozing by his camp-fire, when he was awakened roughly by strong arms around his neck and Jasper's hot breath in his ear.

"At last!" cried Jasper, and, knocking Richard heavily on the head with a boot, he picked up his unconscious enemy and carried him to a tributary of the Amazon noted for its alligators. Once there he tied him to a post in

ments. He refuses to give them back evening witnessing the first half of precipice.



Another Awkward Moment.

were battling for life in the shark Splendid I But in the morning a infested waters. In an instant he had surprise awaited him. As he was pro-But in the morning a plunged in and rescued them. As they ceeding along the top of a lonely cliff were dragged together up the ship's he was confronted suddenly by the



Over the Precipice.

"Richard!" he cried,

"Now, Jasper, I have you."

who stole the compromising docu-nearest town, where he spent the palm, hurled his adversary over the

How many times the two made an end of each other after this the films will show. Sometimes Jasper sealed Richard in a barrel and pushed him over Niagara; sometimes Richard tied Jasper to a stake and set light to him; sometimes they would both fall out of a balloon together. But the day of reckoning was at hand.

[MANAGER. We're only got the Burning House and the 1913 Derby left.

AUTHOR. Right.]

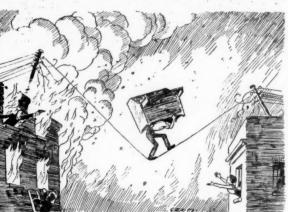
It is the evening of the 3rd of June. A cry rends the air suddenly, whistles

are blowing, there is a rattling of horses' hoofs. "Fire! Fire! Richard, who was passing Soho Square at the time, heard the cry and dashed into the burning house. In a room full of smoke he perceived a cowering woman. Hyacinth! To pick her up was the work of a moment, but how shall he save her? Stay! The telegraph wire! His training at the Royal Circus stood him in good stead. Treading lightly on the swaying wire he carried Hyacinth across to the house opposite.

"At last, my love," breathed.

"But the papers," she cried. "You must get them, or father will not let you marry me."

Once more he treads the rock-"escaped ing wire; once more he re-crosses, with the papers on his back. Then the house behind him crumbles to With a triumphant cry they rushed the ground, with the wicked Jasper in



Richard Recovers the Letters.

VIII. "Excellent," said Mr. Bellingham at dinner that evening. "Not only are the papers here, but a full confession by Jasper. My first wife was drowned all the time; he stole the documents from her father. Richard, my boy, when the Home Secretary knows everything he will give you a free pardon. And then you can marry my daughter.'

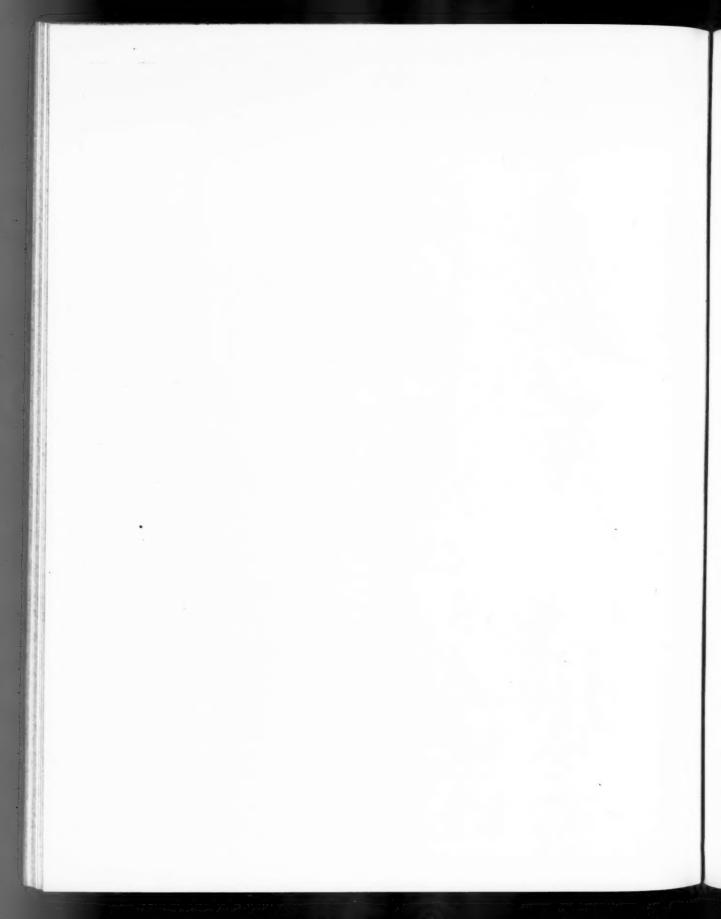
At these words Hyacinth and Richard were locked in a close embrace. On the next day they all went to the Derby together.

A. A. M.



A MASTERPIECE IN THE MAKING.

LORD LANSDOWNE (Art Dealer, to Mr. Asquith). "YES, I QUITE SEE YOUR IDEA—A FIGURE OF PEACE; BUT, SINCE YOU INVITE SUGGESTIONS FROM ME, I SHOULD SAY THAT THE ADDITION OF A FEW RECOGNISABLE SYMBOLS, SUCH AS A PAIR OF WINGS, OR A DOVE, OR AN OLIVE-BRANCH, MIGHT HELP TO MAKE IT CORRESPOND MORE CLEARLY WITH MY PUBLIC'S NOTION OF THE GODDESS IN QUESTION."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Conservatives, nearly threw the Government out, lead the way in sartorial fashion. Since Don'T KEIR HARDIE, home from the storied East, presented himself in a reach-me-down suit of white drill such as is worn aboard ship in the Red Sea, nothing has created such sensation as the dropping in this afternoon of Mr. Hodge, arrayed in a summer suit. It was not, as some might have expected, the simple garment of the elder branch of his honourable family. No. It was not a smock such as FRANK LOCK-WOOD pictured BOBBY SPENCER wearing when he made his historic declaration, "I am not an agricultural labourer." Hodge (Gorton Div., Lancs., Lab.), as The Times' parliamentary report has it, burst upon the attention of a crowded House at Question-time got up in wondrous garment,

accentuated this creation.

As the vision crossed the Bar Members sat silent, gazing upon it with lips CHEQUER announced third edition of object," as the question put it, "is,

slightly parted. Similarly, upon a peak in Darien, stout Cortez stared at the Pacific.

Silence was broken by a burst of hearty cheering, in which the keen ear detected a slightly discordant note. Whilst Members were frankly disposed to applaud the boldness of what I believe purveyors of new models of female dress call the "confection," whilst they were lost in admiration of its effect, there was a feeling of disappointment that they had not thought of it themselves, and been the first to enter the field.

Thanks to the genius of FRANK LOCKWOOD a former House was able to realise the figure presented by the present still with us in the

—Curious how the Labour Party, who jaded with a succession of Budgets and the other day, joining hands with the persistence of the Ulster question,



"EXTRY SPESHUL!"

ated the Legislative Chamber.

Commons, skipping along in the Budget. "Before the end of the week." purity of a Monday morning smock, said SARK, "I expect we shall meet (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.) carrying in his right hand a garlanded him running up and down the Terrace House of Commons, Monday, June 29. pitchfork. What the present House, with hand to widely opened mouth

> had escaped consequences of his little mistake. Nearly a week has sped since he called attention to indiscretion of Captain Bell-INGHAM, aide-de-camp to the LORD-LIEUTENANT, who, reviewing small body of Nationalist volunteers, enjoined them to stand fast by cause of Home Rule. From answer of CHIEF SECRETARY it appeared that Member for South Birmingham had been forestalled by Lord ABERDEEN, who had called upon the Captain for explanation and received suitable apology for the error.

Irish Members quick to see opening innocently made for them. Having long regarded with resentment Lord Londonderry's active patronage of movements of Ulster volunteers, have sedulously sought opportunity of bringing it under notice of House. AMERY obligingly provided it.

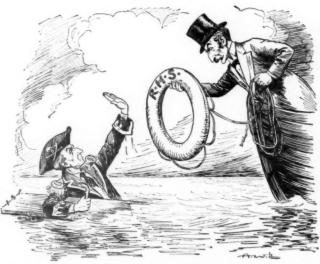
white in the foundation of colour, but | would like to see is the entrance of Unexpected delay in seizing it was due relieved from the crude hardness of those twin brethren, Lord CASTLEREAGH to search for particulars now presented DON'T-KEIR HARDIE'S suit by what and Earl WINTERTON, walking arm-in- in form of question addressed to suggested dexterous process of patting arm, arrayed in garb approaching as Premier, citing with dates and places and lightly smearing with a mustard-nearly as possible that which, thanks six separate occasions when the aidespoon. A Trilby hat crowned and to Mr. Hodge, this afternoon illumin- de-camp to the King had, by his ted the Legislative Chamber.

Business done.—Chancellor of Ex- of Ulster volunteers, "whose avowed

> in event of enactment of Home Rule Bill, to resist by armed force the authority of the Crown and Parliament, and to make the administration of the law impossible." What Mr. DEVLIN, with studied politeness, was anxious to know was "whether there is any special reason why in this matter the Marquis of LONDONDERRY should be treated differently from Captain Belling-HAM?"

PREMIER not to be drawn into the controversy. Duties of aidede-camp to the King, unlike those of aide-decamp to LORD-LIEUTEN-ANT, are, he said, of entirely honorary character. In such circumstances he did not think it worth while to take notice of the matter.

Lord MORLEY.]



Lord MORLEY. "Thanks, I won't trouble you; I still have a crust left." ["The noble marquis seemed to regard the Government as a shipwrecked mariner-I presume a pirate. If I am a pirate he is the last man to whom Earl Spencer, whilst I should think of applying for aid, unless the distress was dire indeed."

Effect of

he hadn't spoke.'

The Premier's imperturbability stood him in even greater stead at later pro- Committee of Supply. ceedings. On going into Committee of EXCHEQUER.

ARCHER-SHEE, who followed, was Budget (eclipsed by his second) fell chequer. The interest taken in politics

less circuitous in his retrograde march on old Marconi quarters. Soon had Committee in state of uproar vainly combated by those champions of order. WINTERTON. ARTHUR MARKHAM and SWIFT MACNEILL. WINTERTON, whilst constitutionally forceful, was irresistibly irrelevant. Member for Pontefract venturing to offer an observation, WINTERTON shouted, "Order, pigeons!"

Of course there were no pigeons about. An active mind, quick to seize a point, had harked back to Dick TURPIN BOOTH'S ride THE WORLD I LIKE SO NUCH AS ENGLAND. to Yorkshire in a race with carrier pigeons.

ith carrier pigeons. | like a bomb in the Parliamentary why anyone goes to the theatre. It Markham denounced Archer-Shee arena. Whilst elder peers were disposed bores me horribly.

"Coward!

As for SWIFT MACNEILL, ARCHER-Shee presuming to rise simultaneously turned upon him and roared, "Sit was shattered on the rock of the House down, Sir!" Gallant Major so terrified of Lords, and in swift reprisal with it that he incontinently fell back in his went the supremacy of that ancient seat.

To general discussion Members from various quarters of House contributed the observations, "Dirty lies!" coolness, courage and prompt decision rejection and, in spice of HALSBURY, first removing my sandals. of Whitley in the Chair discreditable threatens to go to a division. scene would have worthily taken its place among others that smirch pages speech worthy great occasion, anof Parliamentary record. Having oc- nounces intention of voting for Second Abingdon by Mr. A. Owen near Henley.

chilling; object of question attained by exhaustion. On division what was

negatived by majority of 152. Business done. - Summer storm in

House of Lords, Thursday .- Second Supply, Hope of Sheffield moved re- night of debate on Amending Bill to duction of his salary on account of modify a measure not yet enacted. alleged failure to take necessary steps House crowded, evidently weighed down to maintain high standard of single- by a sense of direct responsibility at minded disinterestedness in public ser- grave crisis. Le brave Willoughby DE vice. Though nominally concerned with Broke has no patience with attitude of the Premier and the public service noble lords on Front Opposition Bench. HOPE told a flattering tale which was Is congenitally prone to take a short a thinly veiled attack on that meek way with dissenters. Came to the fore Tannin is a poison fatal to the true personage the Chancellor of the five years ago, when what Haldane sportsman. called LLOYD GEORGE's first great

the reply designedly be valuable it died out from sheer it in Committee. Originally planned that division should be taken to-night. publicly submitting it. Amery "wishes avowedly vote of censure on Premier So many peers have something to say that it is postponed till Monday.

Business done .- Debate on Amending (Home Rule) Bill continued.

THE NEW PROFESSIONAL HUMILITY.

f" I have always held a decided opinion that the less people trouble themselves about literature the better for them."—M. PIERRE LOTI (vide "Daily Chronicle.")]

Sir THOMAS LIPTON. How can a teadrinking people hope to lift the Cup?

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-

diverts attention from everything that really

matters.

The POET LAUR-EATE. Poetry is not only a drug on the market, it is a drug that narcotises and debilitates all true manhood.

Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES. Vegetarianism is fit only for pigs. The noble king of the forest is a meat-eater.

Lord ROBERTS. The military bias is the only obstacle to peace.

Mme. CLARA BUTT. The human voice was given us for fish-hawking and encouraging football-players, not for singing.

Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE. I cannot think

Mr. H. G. WELLS. The past alone

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. Orthodoxy, is other people's doxy; but paradoxy is the devil's doxy.

Sir E. ELGAR. Music? How can any serious man fiddle while Rome is

burning?

Sir E. J. POYNTER. The Royal Academy is crushing the life out of English Art. The country's only hope is in Cubism.

Signor MARINETTI. Your Royal "Coward!" "Caddish!" "Unspeak ing the Amending Bill as the Budget Academy is the true Temple of Art. ably low!" "Shut up!" Only for of 1909 was treated. Has moved its I never cross its threshold without



THE "FRESH AIR FUND": AN APPRECIATION. "THERE, NOW, AIN'T THAT A TREAT, BILLY? THERE AIN'T NO COUNTRY IN

for delivering "a low attack that could to temporise in view of constitutional not be answered." Accusation sum-difficulty, Willoughby had only three possesses interest for intelligent men. marised by other Members with yell of words to say-"Throw it out!"-MILNER adding a fearless remark about it has been said, is my doxy; heterodoxy the consequences whose emphasis has been excelled only by Mrs. PATRICK with one of his many upgettings, he Campbell in Pygma'ion. So the Budget

institution.

Parliament Act which promptly followed, DE BROKE is insistent upon treat-

Less effectual in his resistance to the

Meanwhile Lansdowne, in weighty cupied two hours of time assumed to Reading of Bill, with intent to amend

A Record Cast.

"A 3 lb. 15 oz. chub has been taken at



Why should not persevering Peter of the push-bike adopt, when travelling, the same supercilious attitude as languid Lionel of the touring-car de luxe.

THE JESTING OF JANE.

(In which it is explained how competent I am to keep the servants in their places even when their mistress is away.)

I LIKE a good practical joke; as the galland adorning
The hair of a maiden it shines, as the balm that is shed
On the brain of a wandering minstrel; it comes without
warning

Transmuting to gold an existence that once was as lead.

It glads, it rejoices the soul; recollecting it after

One well-nigh explodes; but I say there are seasons
for laughter,

And, like other great men, I am not at my best in the morning

When just out of bed.

So it was that last week, when the pitiless glare of Apollo Was toasting the lawn till it looked like a segment of mat, When I came to my breakfast at length from a lingering wallow

In a bath that professed to be cold—as I moodily sat
And observed how the heat on the pavements was
momently doubling,

And hated the coffee for looking so brown and so bubbling,

And hated my paper, which seemed to expect me to follow A prize-fight (my hat!)—

When I heard a great noise as though heaven was breaking asunder,

And "Thanks be to glory," said I, "for this merciful dole;
The rain! the beneficent rain! Will it lighten, I wonder?
I need not pack up, after all, for my cruise to the Pole;"

And my spirits revived and my appetite seemed to awaken,

And I said so to Jane as she brought in the kidneys and bacon;

I was vexed when she answered me pertly, "Why, that isn't thunder;

We're taking in coal!"

I say there are limits. The girl may be decent and sunny, Industrious, sober and what not; I don't care a bit; But she hasn't a right on a day such as that to be funny,

With the glass at 120, confound her, the chit!

I refuse to submit to the whimsical wheeze of a servant Just because Araminta's away and the weather is fervent,

So I said to her, "Wench, do you fancy you're taking my money

For work or for wit?

"What are parlourmaids coming to now with their insolent banter?

Command those uproarious ruffians to hop it, to trek,

And fetch me a siphon or two and the whisky decanter;
Your notions of humour have left me exhausted and weak;
Take the breakfast away; disappointment has vanouished my hunger.

quished my hunger,
And afterwards go out at once to the nearest fishmonger

And order two cart-loads of icebergs. Obey me instanter, Or leave in a week." Evor.

"Although weighing over 13 tons, Glendinning declares that an aircraft built from his designs could sail round the world without the slightest danger of calamity."—Glasgow Herald.

Subject for Silly Season-Should Stout Men Boast?

RUBBING IT IN.

The following article appears to have been intended for a popular Halfpenny Daily, but as it has been sent to us we feel entitled to print it.]

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.

MR. LOWLY DEFEATS MR. GORMAN CRAWL.

How I DID IT. BY FERDINAND LOWLY.

Mr. Gorman Crawl's efforts to avoid defeat in his match with me in the semi-finals of the Dartmoor and West Dorset Championship was, I think, the finest exhibition of Lawn Tennis that has been seen for many a long day, and I congratulate those who were so fortunate as to witness the game. In the second set particularly, Mr. Crawl's play exhibited a consistent accuracy combined with activity of resource and hard hitting which, so far as I am aware, has rarely been equalled in the history of the pastime. He frequently returned drives down the side lines and cross volleys which I have always regarded as untakable, putting me in the position of having to repeat those strokes several times before I could make the ace. Even in the third set, Mr. Crawl certainly did not lose heart, as many might have done; in fact he gained vigour to such an extent that his play in the last games became not merely impetuous, but frenzied. Had I not possessed an iron nerve, Mr. Gorman Crawl might have snatched a game or two; and I feel sorry for my opponent when I recall that he only made five points in the set, one of which was due to a net cord stroke, and another to my accidentally treading on a ball. The final scores, as set forth in the "Stop Press' columns of one of the evening papers, were as follows :-

"Crawl beat Lowly . . 6-9. 6-0. 6.-0," and if the reader reverses the statement he will know the correct result. Mr. Gorman Crawl, after an exhibition which stultifies previous conceptions of what is possible in the way of offensive and defensive tactics, and which refutes once and for all the leading contentions in Mr. Wail's monumental work on the game, was beaten by me in three love sets.

which, as I am informed, Mr. Gorman game proceeded. I served to my oppo-

back hand. failed to reach it. It then occurred to him that he did not know which was me that I ought to make sure I had no the ball. I am glad to be able to add gravel in my shoes. I did this without the testimony of such a first string leaving the court. When I had re- man as Mr. Gorman Crawl to the Crawl was lying on the ground, apparently asleep. He started up, however, on the score being called a second referee that the tie was a well-known time, and the game proceeded.

standing a long way back, I now made a display of hitting the ball hard and then dropped it just over the net. Mr. Crawl did not notice what was happennoticing that my opponent was breathing hard after his fruitless effort to reach the ball. I had, so to speak, drawn first blood. I repeated the ruse with my next service. Mr. Crawl, being now the net, and the score was called "thirty all." A third time I brought off a drop serve; the ball was returned and I then base line. Mr. Crawl ran back, but of that interview was that M. Gorman strong break he lost sight of it, and sleeve, and I with equal courtesy reafter some intricate manœuvrcs, in moved my tie. The episode was greeted which he had the advantage of advice from the crowd, it eventually fell on felt amply repaid for the sacrifice I had his head, and I scored the ace. I had made by the gain in popularity. now only to make one point to reach the game, and I effected this by a highkicking service that left my opponent petrified.

got into his game, and, thanks to a vented by Mr. Wail, though not yet strong instinct of self-preservation, he generally adopted. The diagram will succeeded in returning, when up at the be found in the third volume of Mr. net, many of my drives at his chest and head which I had thought were Chawle. sure of their mark. His play in the last rally, when the score stood at "5 games to 0 and 40 love" in my favour, called forth loud applause, and I had to do all I knew to prevent him winning an ace which might have resulted in his eventually capturing the shook hands with Mr. Gorman Crawl game.

facts are that, before embarking on the second set, Mr. Gorman Crawl peti-The game opened by my serving a required to remove my tic. The tie "Y. R. U. Sadd" will be played, double fault. I then found that I was referred to is my well-known tennis weather permitting, on Tuesday at using my Thursday's racket instead of tie. It is a Mascot, as I associate all 3 o'clock, and should be well worth Tuesday's. After a brief recess, during my successes on the court during the seeing. past four years with this tie. It is a Crawl took in his belt one hole, the large scarlet bow with vivid green and white spots the size of halfpenny pieces, scoop, which is identified with the nent's back hand, but, contrary to all arranged astigmatically. Mr. Crawl championship of South Rutlandshire, rales laid down by Mr. Wail, he un-said the cravat held his eye and put for a fish-slice. expectedly returned the ball to my him off his game, and complained that Mr. Bloshelick, who lately won the

The result was that I there were so many spots in front of placed my footwear and was preparing merits of the "Lowly Patent Tennis to serve again, I saw that Mr. Gorman Tie" (Registered No. 273125/1911. price 2s. 9d., of all Gunsmiths and Sports Outfitters). I explained to the patent and that, if he ruled it out and Noticing that my opponent was disqualified the tie, a promising industry would be irretrievably ruined. The referee naturally declined to take such a responsibility and ordered the game to proceed, and we took our places on ing till too late, and I not only took the course. When, however, I faced the ace but had the satisfaction of Mr. Crawl I found that he had pulled down the sleeve of his shirt over his hand and buttoned it round the handle of his racket. The effect was most disconcerting, for the racket appeared to be part of his body-as if, in fact, on the alert, reached the ball, but was he had two elbow joints, and the face unable to stop himself, and charged into of the bat was the palm of his hand. Moreover it was impossible to anticipate the direction of his shots. When forty love had been scored against me tossed it with an undercut stroke to the I appealed to the referee. The result the ball bounding high and with a Crawl courteously unbuttoned his with loud applause, and for my part I

I have already referred to the strenuous character of Mr. Gorman Crawl's efforts in this set. The following is the rally for the third ace in the During the set Mr. Crawl gradually fifth game, given in the notation in-

> LOWLY. CRAWL. 1. RS to SL2. 1. BR1 to LK5, 2. LP3 to RT4. 2. KL to LK4. 3. PK4 to LK5. (Ch.) 4. K × R. 5. B × P. 6. Resigns.

At the conclusion of the match I across the net before he could leave At this point an incident occurred the court, and loudly congratulated which has been variously reported. The him on his brilliant struggle. I now have to meet Mr. "U. R. Beete" in the final round, and if successful my tioned the referee that I should be match for the Championship with Mr.

Notes.

Mr. Gasp has exchanged the cheese

ld ng

10 'n ry 10 h

ed



Tramp (suddenly appearing at riverside camping party). "Beg yer pardon, Guv'nor, but could yer lend me a bathin' suit?"

South-West Devon Singles Championship at Sidmouth, is not a native of Antananarivo, as has been stated, but is, we are informed, of Zulu origin.

We regret to report that Mr. Wail met with an unfortunate accident at Broadstairs ten days ago. As a spectator at the annual Lawn Tennis Tournament he was demonstrating to a group of experts the methods which Mr. Wilding ought properly to employ in making his lifting forehand drive, when he struck himself a violent blow on the head, partly severing the right ear. This is the second time Mr. Wail has met with the accident, but we are glad to hear that he is making a satisfactory recovery.

"Cigarette Makers (Female), round and flat."—Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."

Who makes round eigarettes (or flat) should herself be round (or flat) respectively.

"WANTED .- Anything old to do with the Church or Church Services; preference given to examples with dates or inscriptions.' Advt. in " The Challenge."

We were just going to offer our Vicar, but he has no inscription on him.

PLATITUDES: THE NEW CAME.

It is based on "Bromides" and any one can play it. The least educated degree is no bar to success-quite the reverse, in fact; indeed I have known

apt to excite the mind, to disturb the sation. grey matter, to interfere with that and it falls to you to start the conver- too strongly condemned. sation. Of course you don't say anybusiness." No, you open like this. from living writers). The question as "Are you fond of dancing?" you say.

The bishop will reply coldly, "It is many years since I danced." You sigh and murmur, "Ah! the dear old days!" or by the votes of the spectators. But

I cannot imagine what his lordship will say next.

Of course the conversation in Platitudes must be connected and coherent. has a chance of winning and an Oxford There is no use repeating "Wollah wollah, gollah gollah, Asquith must go, We want eight," or things of that sort. And you must not make mere This is how it is played. Two people blank statements like "The number of are seated in easy-chairs, for it has been found that you cannot be too comfort-able for this game; any discomfort is be introduced deftly into the conver-

You must imagine yourself paying a complete repose which is so essential a call in a London drawing-room, and feature of the contest. These two are you must say nothing that would not the players. They indulge in small be possible and indeed suitable in that talk and the smaller talker wins. The milicu. To attempt to arouse any object of each player is to make such interest or show any intelligence is inanely conventional remarks that his wrong, but then neither must you betray opponent is reduced to silence. For any sign of actual imbecility. Anything example you are sitting next to a bishop, that approaches gibbering cannot be

The players speak in turn and quothing like " How sad about this Kikuyu tations are not allowed (at least not there is seldom much doubt. It is not and their dogs! The sums they lavish uncommon for one of the players to break down and become almost hysterical, and few can hold out long against one of the champions. Some people allow facial expression and general demeanour to count, but this I do not recommend. It gives some an unfair advantage, and I have known it lead to

unpleasantness.

Perhaps a short sample will give a better idea of the game than any description. I take one from a little tournament in which I competed a few days ago. I was highly commended, but it was thought I displayed a little too much intelligence. This is one of the pleasing features of Platitudes; when one loses, things like that are somehow said, as they are never said, for instance, at Bridge. From this specimen the beginner will learn the right style and method. Only by study of the best models and by constant practice can he attain anything like proficiency.

He. What a world we live in, do we not? (This is a very common opening.) She. Yes, to be sure. Dear, dear!

He. The age is so complex, so full of rush and hurry. Everyone is running after money, are they not?

She. They are not. I mean they are. He (heaving a sigh). How sad it is! She (in a tone of gentle correction). It is deplorable. Did you read Mr.

Goldstein's speech the other day? I thought it so sweet! He said that the possession of wealth entailed great is, to be sure. responsibilities.

He. How like him! (After a pause) And how true! Yes, things are in a bad

way.

She. How one deplores these strikes.

He (sternly). They ought to be shot. She. Too dreadful. I think it is so terrible when quite nice people are positively inconvenienced. It makes one think of the French Revolution.

He. Ah! Yes, the French Revolution. Well, well, the good old days are gone. She. Yes, they have quite gone.

He (sighing heavily). Dear, dear, dear, dear! May I have some teacake?

She. Oh do! but I'm afraid they're cold.

He. I like them cold. I think they are so much cooler then.

She. They are a shade less warm. There was a short interval here when the supporters of each party gathered round and gave advice and encouragement. The lady seemed as fresh as a fiddle, but the man was very exhausted and had to have a spirituous stimulant. After a quarter-of-ans She. Look at the fashionable ladies graph of his calf.

on them!

He. Oh, it's disgraceful. The Government ought to do something.

She. I call it wicked.

He (much struck with this). You are quite right.

She. But mind you, I'm fond of animals myself.

He. Oh, so am I. I dote on dogs.

You know, I call the horse a noble animal-that's what I call the horse. She (after a pause). I call the camel

the ship of the desert.

He. Ah, very witty, very clever. I see you have a sense of humour. "Ship of the desert"—that's good.

She. Yes, I don't know what I should have done without my sense of humour. He (sharply). No more do I.

She (confidentially). You know, I think dogs should be treated as dogs. They should be kept in their proper places. I like them best in the country, you know. Don't you?

He. Yes. I think the country is the place for all animals. One sees so many there-at least in some places.

She. I am so fond of the country. It is so restful. The old oaks and the buttercups and the village rector and the dear cows. I don't know what we should do without them.

He. That's what I say. Where would England be without the country? She. Ah, yes. "Far from the madding crowd," as the poet says.

He. Yes. What a great poet MILTON

She. Oh, delightful! And don't you

like Miss Wheeler Wilcox?

He. Of course-ripping, yes, of course. Her poems of pleasure—her poems of passion, her-well, in fact, all her poems. She. Quite.

At this point the man broke down altogether and began to gibber. But he recovered in time to see the prize unanimously voted to the lady. This consisted of a volume of Mr. but perhaps I had better not mention | So he got through the first test all right. names; it might be liable to misconstruction. I hope I have said enough to show what a fascinating and delightful game it is. No appliances are required (as with dominoes), except one's own nimble brain; and I think Platitudes will soon sweep the country. Signs are not wanting that Clumps and Dumb Crambo are already becoming back numbers in the best circles.

"The military dirigible Koerting made the wound in the leg of Baron de Rothschild. was found to have flattened itself against the bone."—Egyptian Mail.

"The Koerting; so it is," said the hour's interval the game was resumed. Baron, when shown the X-ray photo-

TOURS IN FACT AND FANCY.

Tell me not of Western Islands Or some bonnie loch or ben Of those hustled haunts, the Highlands:

I'm not going there again.

Cease from cackling so cocksurely Of some heavenly woodland dell Where the pipes of Pan blow purely; I have sampled these as well.

Do not harp upon your hollow Tales of Somewhere-by-the-Sea Patronised by Ph. Apollo; 'Tisn't good enough for me.

No, nor urge me, friend, to hasten To your "cloudless alien climes," Hungering for my Fleece like Jason-I've been fleeced there many times.

No, not one of your romances Can, I say, provide a lure; Not one spot on earth's expanses For my ailment find a cure.

Others may enjoy each jolly day Somewhere with their hard-earned pelf;

But, for me, I want a holiday From my super-silly self.

The Nut.

From a story in Munsey's Magazine:

"My father was a clergyman in a college community; and that explains my home in a nutshell."

It doesn't. The father should have been a vegetarian in a Garden City community.

"Captain Roald Amundsen has qualified for his pilot's certificate at the military camp near Christiania. An officer of the Flying Corps first took him for a preliminary flight round the course, showing him what tests were required. Suddenly the elevator broke and the aeroplane fell nose downwards to the ground 40 feet below. Captain Amescaped unhurt."—South Wales Echo. Captain Amundsen

"SMALL SURREY SCORE. ONLY HAYES AND HITCH SHINE AT NORTHAMPTON." Westminster Gazette.

Surrey should have been at home, where HAYES and HITCH would have found an excellent third in Old Sol, who shone at his best.

"CLACTON.—A Lady would be glad to hear of anyone wishing to Join House-Party from August 14th to September 10th. Minute from sea and ten golf links."—Advt. in "Times." Personally we find that, at our usual

rate of divot-removing, five golf-links will last us a month. Ten is an unnecessary extravagance.



Polite Little Boy (suffering from replction). "OH, PLEASE, MISS, DON'T ASK ME TO HAVE ANY MORE; I CAN'T BAY NO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I should have detected what was the primary trouble with A Lad of Kent (MACMILLAN) if Mr. HERBERT HARRISON had given me any opportunity of studying Lord Haresfield at closer quarters. Upon the material vouchpiece; I was only allowed to meet him at two brief interviews, throughout which he was consistently courteous and kind, with nothing of the murderer about him. There was, in this connection, not only suppressio veri, but even some suggestio falsi; at any rate I still have great difficulty in believing that a man so obviously intelligent and diplomatic could have initiated schemes so unnecessarily elaborate and entirely incompetent for the mere removal of an unknown and fatherless village youth. I make these observations only as in duty bound; for myself, I didn't care twopence who was trying to get rid of Phillip, or why. Provided they didn't succeed, I was content to leave them at it and enjoy the fascinating picture of life in a sea-coast village in the good old days when everybody was busy either in preventing or assisting the "free trade;" when a pressgang might come along at any moment and steal a man or two without so much as by your leave, and, generally speaking, things moved. Mr. HARRISON has a delightful style, a perfect sympathy with the times of which he writes, and no small gift of characterization. Frankly, I don't believe he attaches any more importance to his plot than I do, for he is quite content to leave it to itself for several chapters on end.

The Double House (STANLEY PAUL) began attractively with a retired Indian colonel who had a mysterious sorrow

and wished to betake himself to some quiet English hamlet "where echoes from his past might never penetrate." Of course this could hardly be called wise of the Colonel; the slightest knowledge of quiet English neighbourhoods in fiction or the drama might have assured him that towards the end of Act I. somebody was simply bound to turn up who knew all. However, he rented one half of a divided safed it was impossible to spot in him the villain of the old manor house, and, even when informed that the other half was inhabited by a widow of quiet habits, he apparently did not share my own instant certainty that there were coincidences ahead. As a matter of fact E. EVERETT-GREEN, the author, had so arranged matters that this lady was the sister-in-law of a wicked murderer, for whose crime the gallant Colonel had himself been tried. So much for his past; but as a matter of fact that of the lady was ever so much more sinister. She had, it appeared, married a gentleman called Paul Enderby, only to learn after the ceremony that her husband had a twin-brother Saul, who must have been the twinniest twin that ever breathed, since at no moment could any living soul tell the two apart. I won't harrow you with details, but the confusion was such that, even after the unlamented decease of Paul, poor bewildered Mrs. Enderby was by no means sure that she wasn't only a bereaved sister-in-law. Her sad plight reminded me of nothing so much as that of the lady in Engaged who entreated to have three questions answered: "Am I a widow, and if so how came I to be a widow, and whose widow came I to be?" The great difference between the two cases is that this of Mrs. Enderby is meant to be taken with solemnity-a task that I regret to add was too heavy for I am only sorry that so charming a title as The Double House has been so sadly wasted.

If a wicked male novelist had dared to write Jacunth

(Constable) I tremble to imagine the things that certain fair critics would have said about him. But since a woman is the creator, and one, moreover, with the well-won reputation of Miss Stella Callaghan, what is there to say? After all she must know. As a portrait of futility, Jacynth is the most mercilessly realistic thing that I have met for some time. Pretty, brainless, egotistical, utterly unable ever to understand even the least of the men who loved her-this was Jacynth. The picture is so unsparing that (though I am not calling the book a masterpiece or free from dull moments) the very completeness of the dreadful thing fascinates you unwillingly. Jacynth was the typical product of a seaside town, where she was adored by two mena young squire and a famous novelist. I was just a little bored by her beginnings, especially when she sprained her ankle—a gambit I had imagined démodé even with the Christmas. If he wants a holiday let him have one by all most provincial of heroines. However, Jacynth married means, though personally I was not pleased when he left the novelist, and after the honeymoon settled down to a steady course of fatuousness and general interference with his work which presently reduced the poor man to exasperation, and finally constrained him to pack her off sit behind The Judge's Chair. "The Two Farmers" is

on a prolonged visit to the seaside home of her maidenhood. After that Jacunth went from worse to worst; too preposterous a fool even to be greatly moved when she brought tragedy into the lives of those who came under her malign influence. I will not follow her vicissitudes in detail. Throughout the book the most sinister thing in her story was to me the fact that a woman had written it. Moreover I have a lurking suspicion that the portrait is no imaginary one. tribute to Miss CAL- of LITTLE BLINKINGTON. LAGHAN'S skill; it cer-

tainly is meant to be a compliment to her courage.

I've often longed to come upon Some giant spoor and dog the track till I ran to earth a mastodon, A dinosaur, a pterodactyl; But I supposed my natal date-However distantly I view it-Was several thousand years too late To give me any chance to do it.

And yet Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Has found a man who's penetrated Through bush and swamp on virgin soil And seen the things I've indicated, Creatures with names that clog your pen-Dimorphodon and plesiosaurus-And carried home a specimen To silence any doubting chorus.

In The Lost World * the tale is told (SMITH, ELDER do it cheap) in diction So circumstantial that its hold Is more than that of common fiction;

. New Edition, with illustrations.

If you can run the story through, By aid of portraits when you need it, And not be half convinced it's true, You simply don't deserve to read it.

There is nothing wrong with Mr. Eden Phillpotts' latest collection of short stories, The Judge's Chair (Murray), but there is something vigorously to protest against upon the wrapper that covers them. For there I found an uncompromising statement to the effect that these stories "bring to a conclusion the author's Dartmoor work," and no sooner had I read it than my heart sank into my heels. Solemnly I plead with him to reconsider this decision, for if he does not his innumerable admirers will be deprived of something almost as annual and quite as enjoyable as

in its way a masterpiece, grim and very real, and there is not the ghost of a sign in the whole collection that Mr. PHILLPOTTS has written of Dartmoor until he is tired of it or it of him. He has made a niche for himself in that old temple of Nature, and we must all try to persuade him to stay there.

I have been reading a book, written by the Rev. H. S. Pelham, and published by MACMILLAN, which is at least twenty times as absorbing and moving as any novei. It is called The Training of a Working Boy.

daresay you may have met with other volumes on something like the same theme before, and may suppose you know all about camps and evening schools and blind-alley employment and the rest of it. But I am pretty well sure that you have read nothing more practical and human on the questions of boydom. It is, indeed, the humanity, sympathetic and more than half humorous, of Mr. Pelham's attitude that gives his book its appeal and incidentally, I fancy, explains his success with the object of it. His little volume is a plea for personal rather than pecuniary help, and is directed more especially to Midlanders, since its chief concern is with the boy population of Birmingham. I can only wish for it the largest possible number of readers in the shires and elsewhere, since to read it is inevitably to be moved to active sympathy.



THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE DEADLY STRUGGLE WHICH GOES ON DAILY Perhaps this is a high the pay of Wobblethorpe-on-Sea engaged in running up the rainfall

"The selection of a player for the leading rôle, that of Pallas Athene, the beautiful goddess of Greek mythology, was successfully accomplished when Miss Genevieve Clark, the pretty and vivacious daughter of Speaker Clark, consented to take the part. Those who know Miss Clark and Greek mythology will realise at once that there will be a natural affinity between the player and the character."

Washington (D. C.) Post.

We never actually met Pallas Athene, but have always heard of her as being neither very pretty nor vivacious.

CHARIVARIA.

Two men carrying bombs were aralleged that the bombs were made one; snapped up by alert Germans. for the Tsar of Russia, but the Tsar denies that he gave the commission.

The town of Criccieth, it is reported, meant as a slight on its most illustrious resident.

Cowes. The recipient is said to have neys Scheaply Schwept." expressed the opinion that it would have been quicker, almost, to have telephoned the message.

Miss NINA BOYLE, of the Women's Freedom League, has sent to the papers a list of ladies on whom she considers the King ought to bestow honours. Among the writers there is one notable omission, and Miss MARIE CORELLI is said to be more of an anti-Suffragette than # # #

"NEW THEATRE FOR LONDON,

ALL SEATS IN THE HOUSE TO BE BOOKED."

So the great difficulty has may theatres fail because the seats are not taken.

A movement is on foot to induce Mr. CHARLES GARVICE to change the name of his play, A Heritage of Hate, as so many patrons of melodrama have experienced difficulty in pronouncing the title as it stands at present.

In a struggle between a British sailor and a German policeman at Wilhelmshaven the other day honours seem to have been fairly even. The policeman, who used his sword, lost his head, and the sailor a piece of his

Two men of good position were tried last week before the State Court of of a novelty. Berlin for refusing to address a policeman as "Mr." That will surprise no one who knows his Prussia. It is the sequel which takes our breath away. The two men were acquitted!

Volume 10 of the Census of 1911

against the French President. They wonder is that such orders were not at men.

giant liners are justifying themselves.

We are glad that the POSTMASTER-Posted at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, General has promised a Bill against on July 14, 1904, a postcard has just foreign sweeps. Only the other day been delivered at the Grapes Hotel in we received a circular headed "Schim-

While we are ready to grant that ments of centenarians.

shows that in the preceding ten years the French Navy is about to try the clergymen of the Established Church experiment of culisting black sailors. declined from 25,235 to 24,859. "The We should say that they will be found rested last week on the outskirts of decrease is accounted for by the lack to make the most admirable stokers, Paris, and are suspected of a plot of young men taking orders." The

Describing a recent visit of a party Miss LAURA WENTWORTH, of Ne- of Congressmen and State officials to braska, known as "The Big Hat Girl," one of the tectotal battleships of the has, we are told, sailed from New York American Navy, a contemporary says, has decided to give up gas in favour of in the Imperator with a hat which "The distinguished guests took water electricity. This, of course, is not measures 58 inches in diameter. These with what grace they could." Evidently they thought it scarcely worth saving race for.

> The statement made last week in the course of a certain trial that "as a man grows older he becomes riper" has had a curious sequel. Orders are pouring in from the Cannibal Isles for consign-



ONE ADVANTAGE ABOUT THESE ABSOLUTELY REMOTE COUNTRY COT-TAGES IS THAT YOU CAN WEAR OUT SOME OF THE COSTUMES IN WHICH been solved at last! So YOU WENT TO THE FANCY BALLS THIS SEASON.

it is not always easy to find the apt quotation, we cannot help thinking that The Daily Telegraph would have caused less offence if it had published the following paragraph without any tag at all:

The Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington, Alderman and Mrs. W. H. Davison, held a reception at the Kensington Town Hall last evening, their guests numbering between 400

Oh, how peaceful is their sleep, They who "Keating's" always keep.

"Cheerful Company at all the Cafés. Soup to Cheese 1 -,"announces an advertisement in The Manchester Guardian. We have heard of lively cheese before, but the chatty soup must be something

"Strawberries are going out," reports The Evening News. We are in a position to confirm this statement. We met one out the other evening.

THE PROFESSIONAL ATTITUDE.

(The modern girl, according to a daily paper, is not to be won by love-making. She prefers a cheerful and amusing companion.)

Dear, of old I swore devotion In the manner knights employed,

Wrote epistles with emotion (Which I trust have been destroyed);

Now at last, a practised lover, Boasting conquests not a few.

I am told to put a cover On my sentiments for you.

Cupid's chat is out of fashion: Sloppy words are never said; Voices once a-throb with passion Shake with merriment instead: Poets qualified to tackle

Lyric metres when inspired Stoop to make the ladies cackle-Nothing further is required.

Doubtless one whose occupation Has a dull and solemn trend Might enjoy, as relaxation, Jesting with a female friend; But, corrupted by the money That my written humours bring,

How on earth can I be funny For the pleasure of the thing?

The Daily Chronicle on the latest submarine:

"It will also be equipped with a quickfiring gun, which disappears when the vessel is submerged."

This is far the best arrangement; it would never do for it to be left floating According to La France Militaire where any passer-by could pick it up.

A WARM HALF-HOUR.

WHATEVER the papers say, it was the hottest afternoon of the year. At six-thirty I had just finished dressing after my third cold bath since lunch, when Celia tapped on the door.

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "It's a shame to ask you on a day like this."

"It is rather a shame," I agreed, "but I can always refuse."

"Oh, but you mustn't. We haven't got any ice, and the Thompsons are could go and buy three pennyworth?

Jane's busy, and I'm busy, and——"
"And I'm busy," I said, opening and shutting a drawer with great rapidity.

sliding home on it."

Well, of course it had to be done. I took my hat and staggered out. On an ordinary cool day it is about halfa-mile to the fishmonger; to-day it was about two miles-and-a-quarter. I arrived exhausted, and with only just half-way our Radical contemporary strength enough to kneel down and had been entirely eaten. press my forehead against the large block of ice in the middle of the shop, round which the lobsters nestled.

the fishmonger, waving me away.

I got up, slightly refreshed. "I want," I said, "some then a thought occurred to me.

After all, did fishmongers sell ice? Probably the large block in front of me and saw Mrs. Thompson approaching was just a trade sign like the coloured stuff in the window," he would only laugh. The tactful thing to do would to meet now, would she not be expectsant relations, ask him as a friend to lend me his green bottle for a bit.

So I said to the fishmonger, "I want some-some nice lobsters.

"How many would you like?"

"One," I said.

We selected a nice one between us, and he wrapped a piece of Daily Mail round it, leaving only the whiskers monger's. That decided me. I would visible, and gave it to me. The ice begin all over again, and would do it being now broken-I mean the ice being now-well, you see what I mean-I was now in a position to ask for some pennyworth of ice." of his ice.

"I wonder if you could let me have a little piece of your ice," I ventured.

"How much ice do you want?" he said promptly.

"Sixpennyworth," I said, not knowing a bit how much it would be, but feeling that Celia's threepennyworth sounded rather mean.

"Six of ice, Bill," he shouted to an inferior at the back, and Bill tottered up with a block about the size of one nice lobster, the news would soon get of the lions in Trafalgar Square. He about, and before I knew where I wrapped a piece of Daily News round was I should have a super-tax form it and gave it to me.

"Is that all?" asked the fishmonger.
"That is all," I said faintly; and, with Algernon, the overwhiskered crustacean, firmly clutched in the right hand and Stonehenge supported on the palm of the left hand, I retired.

The flat seemed a very long way away, but having bought twice as coming to dinner. Do you think you much ice as I wanted, and an entirely unnecessary lobster, I was not going to waste still more money in taxis. Hot though it was, I would walk.

utting a drawer with great rapidity.

"Just three pennyworth," she Then the ice began to drip through pleaded. "Nice cool ice. Think of the paper, and in a little while the underneath part of The Daily News had disappeared altogether. Tucking the lobster under my arm I turned the block over, so that it rested on another part of the paper. Soon that had dis-

Fortunately The Daily Mail remained. But to get it I had to disentangle Algernon first, and I had no hand available. "Here, you mustn't do that," said There was only one thing to do. I put the block of ice down on the payement, unwrapped the lobster, put the lobster temporarily in my pocket, spread its He's wise, and his way's devout, Daily Mail out next to the ice, lifted the ice on to the paper, and -looked up

She was the last person I wanted bottles at the chemist's. Suppose I at that moment. In an hour and a He croaks to Robinson, Brown, and said to a Fellow of the Pharmaceutical half she would be dining with us. Society, "I want some of that green Algernon would not be dining with us. If Algernon and Mrs. Thompson were be to buy a pint or two of laudanum ing him to turn up at every course? first, and then, having established plea- Think of the long-drawn-out disappointment for her; not even lobster

> There was no time to lose. I decide! to abandon the ice. Leaving it on the pavement I turned round and walked hastily back the way I had come.

> By the time I had shaken off Mrs. Thompson I was almost at the fishproperly this time.

"I want," I said boldly, "three-

"Three of ice, Bill," said the fishmonger, and Bill gave me quitea respecable segment in The Morning Post.

"And I want a taxi," I said, and I summoned one.

We drove quickly home.

As we neared the flat I suddenly remembered Algernon. I drew him out of my pocket, red and undraped.

This would never do. If the porter saw me entering my residence with a sprung on me. I placed the block of ice on the seat, took off its Morning Post, and wrapped up Algernon. Then I sprang out, gave the man a shilling. and got into the lift.

"Bless you," said Celia, "have you got it? How sweet of you!" And she took my parcel from me. "Now we shall be able --- Why, what's this?"

I looked at it closely.

"It's-it's a lobster," I said. "Didn't you say lobster?"

" I said ice.'

"Oh," I said, "oh, I didn't understand. I thought you said lobster."

"You can't put lobster in cider cup," said Calia severely.

Of course I quite see that. It was rather a silly mistake of mine. However, it's pleasant to think that the solved too. By the time I had got taxi must have been nice and cool for the next man. A. A. M.

AT THE TOWER.

Upon the old black guns The old black raven hops; We gave him bits of buns And cakes and acid-drops;

But he croaks and he flaps his wings (And the flood runs out and the ser-

geants shout)

For the first and the last of things;

The song of the ravens, "Dead Men's Bones!'

For into the lifting dark And a drizzle of clearing rain. His sire flapped out of the Ark

And never came back again; So I always fancy that,

Ere the frail lost blue showed thin, Alone he sat upon Ararat To see a new world in.

And yelped to the void from a cairn of stones

The song of the ravens, "Dead Men's Bones!'

When the last of mankind lie slain On Armageddon's field,

When the last red west has ta'en The last day's flaming shield,

There shall sit when the shadows run (D'you doubt, good Sirs, d'you doubt?) His last rogue son on an empty gun To see an old world out:

And he'll croak (as to Robinson, Brown and Jones)

The song of the ravens, "Dead Men's Bones!

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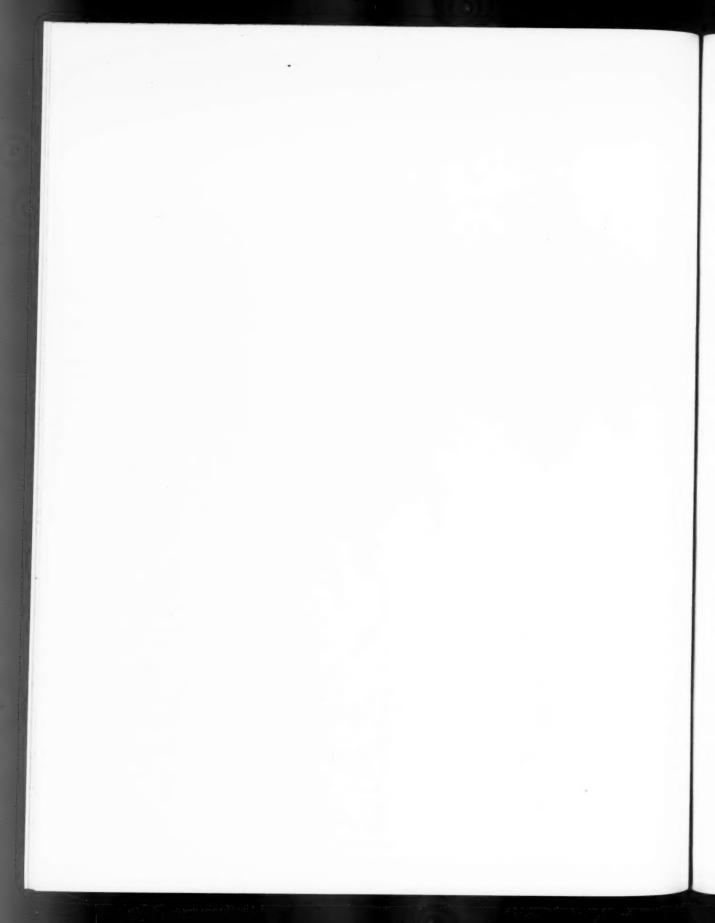
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THE LIBERAL CAVE-MEN;

OR, A HOLT FROM THE BLUE.

HARASSED CHANCELLOR. "IT'S NOT SO MUCH FOR MY FEET THAT I MIND—THEY'RE HARDENED AGAINST THIS KIND OF THING; BUT I DO HATE ROCKS ON MY HEAD."





THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION IN IRELAND.

Tim, "Well, Patsy, are ye afther building an addition to yer house?" Patsy, "Shure and the hins likes a place to thinsilves."

TEMPERING THE WIND;

OR, THE INDEMNIFICATION OF ANTONIO.

[In the Census returns for 1911, recently published, organ-grinders are no longer counted as musicians.]

When buffets from the frowning Fates demoralise,
And all the spirit yearns for honeyed death;
When limply on the harper's brow the laurel lies
And something in his bosom deeply saith,
"N. G. I give it up! Behold! misshapen is
The bowler that surmounts my glorious mane;
Life is all kicks without the boon of halfpennies;
The rates are here again;"—

'Tis sweet, 'tis very sweet to gaze at Helicon
And think, "On me the sacred fire has dropped,
The lute, at any rate, still hangs, a relic, on
This diaphragm, although the shirt is popped;"
And so it was, I ween, with your position,
Ausonia's sunny child, from house to house
Aye wandering: still you ranked as a musician,
The same as Dr. Strauss.

People were rude to you: they said, "Be gibbetted!"
In many a ruthless road your cheek grew wan
Where hawkers and street-music were prohibited
And stout policemen urged you to get on;
Yet still that stubborn heart, the heart of Cato's
kin,

Stayed you, and still the gleam that cannot die, Though every now and then an old potato skin Did welt you in the eye. Tattered and soiled, an exile and an alien,
Somehow you touched the Cockney nymphs with awe;
You lit the cold clay statue, like Pygmalion,
To blood-red raptures; you were sib to Shaw;
Others might hale the town in cushioned chariots
To see them dance or daub, to hear them strum;
You also had your moments: jigging Harriets

And how shall these things change? Shall childish galleries

Joyed in your simian chum.

That deemed you once Apollo's minister,
Say, "Garn, old monkey!" Shall colossal salaries
Reward the Muse and not the dulcimer?
Not gleaming eyeballs, not the soul illuminate?
Shall old faiths falter and Antonio's heart
Sicken the while he churns, and chilly ruminate,
"This is no longer Art"?

So be it then. But lest the slight unparalleled Shall cause extinction of a breed so stout,
And scatter to the winds what tags his barrel held And doom him to go under and get out;
Lest he despair and pine from this new streak of ills,
Not ranked with virtuosi's shining shapes,
Let him be classed anew amongst Pithekophils,
An amateur of Apes.

PAYMENT IN KIND.

I ARGUED that one and threepence wealthy institution like the G.P.O. tooth?' to worry about, but the messenger for it. I offered to give him the tele- I rang the bell sternly. gram back, but he guessed it was only from Carr and wasn't having any. It was my money he wanted and that, unhappily, was some miles away in a bank.

"She hasn't got it," said my wife; boy. I took the chair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, "I have a proposal to lay before the meething with pink ribbon.

For reasons best known to myself, and not too clearly appreciated even in that quarter, I am always full of petty cash at the beginning of the month and out of it at the end. My wife never draws any at all, knowing it is much safer where it is, and as for Albert, our only son, he takes no interest in the stuff. When we, in moments of self-denial, slip a coin into the slit of his money-box, he is merely bored, being as vet unable to unlock the box and get the coin out again, owing to ignorance of the whereabouts of the key. I explained all this to the telegraph boy, but his heart didn't soften; so, still parleying with him in the porch, I sent

the maid to my wife to see what she could do to ease the financial molar but the child's funds that I was I turned to him again, "will have the

The maid returned with a shilling, which was my wife's limit, and this I tendered to the boy, explaining to him the theory of discount for net cash. But he was one of those small and the key of which is accessible to mis- his parents are willing to withdraw obstinate creatures who won't learn, so I sent him round to the back premises to get some tea, while I retired to the front to do some thinking. It was at this moment that Albert chose, imprudently, to make an important announcement from the top of the stairs with regard to a first tooth, which he had lost by extraction the day before but had not yet been able to forget. His and inspect it once more; but I paid steal the treasured capital of a defenceno heed to this. His mention of the less infant!"

"Accused, who gave the name of Janet
Arthur, quoted Scott's 'Wha Hae' and other
works."—Lincolnshire Echo. matter suggested, when I came to

think of it, a solution of my difficulty with the telegraph boy.

Later, I asked my wife to step into my was too much to pay for the delivery study and to shut the door behind her. of a telegram which had only cost six- "This has become a serious matter," pence itself; I also argued that one said I; "nay, it threatens to be a and threepence was too little for a grave scandal. You remember Albert's

She did. These things are not easily wouldn't reduce the price. I had had forgotten. "I wish," I pursued, "to my telegram, said he, and I must pay interview Albert's nurse as to it," and

MORE SACRIFICES TO SPEED. THE "MINIM KID-FIT."

more poignant that it was my last of which, I understand, he has already shilling. I put it into his money-box, discharged all but threepence. Happily

creants. That shilling is gone!" My wife smiled. "How did you find out?" she asked.

"I had reason to be looking in the box," I said airily, "and happened by chance to notice that the shilling had at no less than a shilling, and in asking been stolen."

were proposing to steal it yourself?"

I disregarded the question. "I never did trust that nurse," said I. "But to

"I am the thief," said my wife, "and Such as the Wha-Haeverley Novels.

you are the receiver. Whether or not the telegraph - boy will be jointly charged with us is for the police and Albert to decide between them."

At this moment the nurse entered and asked what we required of her. My wife was confused, but not so I. I told nurse we required nothing of her but much of Albert. Would she ask him to step downstairs?

We assembled in the porch, my wife, Albert, the nurse, and the telegraph

crisis. Let me remind you of the facts :- The gentleman on my right," and I indicated Albert, whose attention wandered a little. "was recently possessed of a tooth, two parents, and a godfather of the name of Carr. The tooth, as teeth will, had to be removed; the parents, as parents may, advanced a shilling upon it; and the godfather, as godfathers needn't, telegraphed to say he was coming forthwith to the locus in quo. Things were so when Mr. (I didn't catch your name, Sir," and I turned to the telegraph boy) "threatened to liquidate us unless his debt was satisfied. Business is, as he very properly remarked, business.

I explained that it wasn't the child's Now for my suggestion: Albert," and concerned with. "You will recollect telegram, which, being from his godthat I compensated him for the loss of father, is rightly his. He will, howit with a shilling. It makes it all the ever, take it subject to encumbrances, their first charge on his personal assets, and I have much satisfaction, Sir"-I bowed to the telegraph boy-"in presenting you with the goods, which were as recently as yesterday valued you to keep the balance as a mark of "You mean," said she, "that you our unshaken affection and esteem."

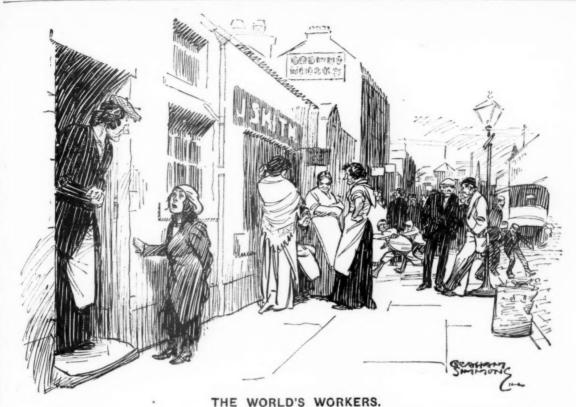
And I handed him Albert's tooth.

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Little Girl. "Please, Mrs. Murphy, Muyver says, if it's fine to-morrer, will you go beggin' with 'en?"

THE "THORNS OF PRAISE."

"HIS PURPLEST SIN." By VERNON BLATHERS (Jack Short, 6/-).

The Weekly Scotsman. " . . . viva-

cious narrative . . . " The Strathpeffer Courant. "Replete

with up-to-date sentiment . . . knowledge of the beau monde . . . racv, but never transcending the bounds of decorum.'

The Buttevant Despatch. " Passages which the author of 'The Rosary' might be proud to have written . . . high ideals . . . love interest well sustained . . . careful punctuation.'

The Nether Wallop News, "Mr. Blathers is a benefactor . . . reminds us of T. P. O'Connon . . . luscious wordpainting . . . well-chosen epithets."

The Machrihamish Mirror, "Stylish writing . . . Mr. Blathers is evidently a persona grata in the most recherché

The Chowbent Eagle. "Edifying, yet tience." entertaining . . . faithful portraiture, but . . . not in the least like Zola . . . undoubtedly readable."

knowledge of Mayfair . . . redolent of humanity at its best . . . fluid and depths . . .

flexible style . . . suitable for a country congregation."

The Kilmarnock News. ". . . cannot remember any book which . . . better than this is."

The Pilworth Post. "... redundant with wit . . .

The Peebles Advertiser. "Mr. Blathers first effort." . go far.'

The Worcester Academy. "Mr. Blathers is to be most heartily congratulated." The N. Wales Dictator. . . . "mas-

terly delineation of the Smart Set." The Peak News. ". . . witty to excess." The Bermondsey Examiner. "Few

books so well worth re- and re-reading. The Poplar Courier. "A fine novel." The Sligo Spectator. " . . . marked

ability. . . The Rutland Observer. " . . . meritorious . . .

The Winchester Tribune. " . . . feast of entertainment. Mr. Blathers' next should be . . . awaited with impa-

The Isle of Wight Critic. " . . . clever novel . . .

The Cader-Idris Athenaum. " . . . The Criccieth Sentinel. " . . . inside psychology . . . humour . . . passion." The Bucklaw Post. " . . . emotional

The Sunday Deliverer. " . . . remarkable book . . . "

The Simla Gazette. " . . . verdict . . . profoundly enthralling work of fiction." The Geelong Times. " . . . better

than . . . GEORGE ELIOT." The Cork Pall Mall. " A brilliant

The Hackney Examiner. " . . . well written . . .

The Tooting Express. " . . . amus-

The Monthly Citizen, " The characters have life and movement."

"Before lunch each section held its annual meeting in private, and at two o'clock the company sat down to a substantial and very company sat down to a substantial and very acceptable repast, which was greatly relished by the visitors. After being operated upon by a photographer the party split."

Lelbury Guardian.

We were rather afraid they had over-

From a photographic catalogue:-

"This is a most complete little Projector It is quite self-contained and will protect a thirty-inch picture anywhere at a moment's notice."

It should be installed at the Royal Academy without delay.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES.

Park Lane.

features of the season have certainly been the Friendship Fête, the Kamtchatkan Scriptural opera-ballet, "Noé s'embarque sur l'Arche," and the Cloak!

The Friendship Fête, to celebrate our not having had any scraps with any foreign country for some little time, was simply immense. There were descriptive tableaux and groups, and the one undertaken by your Blancheswords being turned into ploughshares and the figure of Peace standing in the middle, with Bellona crouching at her feet—was said to be an easy winner. I was Peace, of course, in chiffon draperies, with my hair down. I hadn't the faintest notion what sort of thing a ploughshare was, but I'd clever people to help me, and so it was all right. But oh, my best one! the difficulty I had in getting a Bellona! They all wanted to be Peace, and some of them were so absolutely horrid about it that I couldn't help telling them they were only showing how fit they were to be Bellona! (I will tell you in confidence that I believe one of them was responsible for some of my swords and ploughshares falling down with an immensely odious crash just as the opening ceremony was going on.) Norty was given the group of all nations, called, "All Men are Brothers," and he said on the whole it was rather a rotten job; there was a lot of friction, and at one time he was afraid things might get almost to diplomatic lengths; however, it all went smoothly at last. Still he told me à l'oreille that he was glad it was well over, as two or three Friendship Fêtes would be enough to shake the peace of Europe to its foundations!

But nothing matters much while one can go and see the wonderful, wonderful Kamtchatkans in "Noé s'embarque sur l'Arche"-a feast of beauty-a riot of colour-a-mass of inner meanings. Who am I, dearest, that I should try to word-paint it? Being an operaballet, there are two Noahs, a singing one and a dancing one. While that glorious Golliookin, the singing Noah, is giving the marvellous Flood Music wonderful Ternitenky, the dancing Noah, is going into the Ark in a series of the most delicious pas seuls. Then afterwards his dance of Joy and Thankfulness at finding himself quite dry! The Pas de Six of Noah's Sons and but my cloak, I run away from Yvonne think I'm becoming a femme savante!).

positively must and shall leave your solitudes and come and see the Kamtchatkans in Scriptural opera - ballet! Dearest Daphne,—The outstanding Only second to Noé is La Femme best beloved enemies! de Lot, with dear Sarkavina, in clouds of white, doing a sensational whirling dance as she turns into the Pillar, while that amazing soprano, Scriemalona, sings the mysterious Salt Music. Bishops quite swarm at these performances. They say they consider it their duty to go, and that they never really understood the true character of Noah till they saw Ternitenky's beautiful flying leap into the Ark, or quite grasped the personality of Lor's Wife before seeing Sarkavina's Pillar-of-Salt

> On Noe and Lot nights it's correct to carry a little darling Old Testament, bound in velvet or satin to match or contrast with one's toilette, and generally with jewels on the cover; and the Old Testament is quite often mentioned at dinner just now, people pretending they've been reading it, and so on. A propos, Mrs. Golding-Newman, one of the latest climbers, excused herself for being late at dinner somewhere the other night by saying, "I was reading Deuteronomy and didn't notice how the time was going." The Bullyon-Boundermere woman was present and, determined to trump her rival's trick, chipped in with, "Oh, isn't Deuteronomy charming? But 1 think of all the books of the Old Testament my favourite is In Memoriam!"

The Cloak, my Daphne, which is one of the most interesting arrivals in town this summer, is, à mon avis, something quite more than a garment—it is a great big test of all that a woman most T. says, if that's so, she'd better have prides herself on! You may see a thousand women with cloaks on, but how many will be really wearing them! wearers in the Enclosure at Aswood one couldn't help murmuring with a small sigh, "Who is sufficient for these things!" People who have the cloak fastened on in just any way, my dear, are simply begging the question; in its true inwardness, in its loft:est developcreation, kept in its place only by the grace and knack of its wearer. There should be character about it, a fascinatin a gallery over the stage, our dear ing droop, a sweet crookedness that can only happen when it is worn with the art that-you know the rest.

Shall I confide to you my little secret, his dance of Astonishment and Alarm dearest? Would you know why it is as he sees the waters rising - and given to your Blanche to be easily best of the few women who do really didn't. (I hardly know how I know wear the cloak? When I'm ready, all these things. Please, please don't their Wives! And the ensemble danc- down the stairs; she follows, carrying

ing of the Animals! My dearest, you the cloak, and when she's beginning to overtake me she throws the cloak and I catch it on my shoulders. Result-I'm the envy and despair of all my

> People have been trying to find new places to wear their watches. A small watch on the toe of each shoe (plain for day wear, jewelled for the evening) had quite a little vogue, though as watches they were no good, for no one could see the time by them. Then little teeny watches on the tips of glove-fingers were liked a little. But the latest development is that Time is démodé, and anyone mentioning hours and half-hours is stamped as an outside

Isn't this a fragrant idea about our not being to blame for anything we do, because it's all owing to the colours we live with? Everybody's charmed about it. Instead of going to lawyers when things run off the rails a little, if one just called in a colour-expert all sorts of horrors might be avoided, for he would prove that people are like that owing to the colours of their curtains and upholsteries, and aren't to blame themselves, poor dears, the very least little bit! The Thistledown menage, for instance. For ages it's been tottery, because Thistledown never understood Fluffy, and Fluffy, poor little thing, seemed to understand everybody except Thistledown. We've all been so sorry for her, for several times he's been on the point of dragging things into pub-And now it turns out that nothing is Fluffy's fault and that, if she hadn't always had her own, own room done in pinky-bluey shades, she might have been quite a serious domestic character! her own, own room done in some other colour, but Fluffy says, No, she likes pinky-bluey shades, only he must re-As one criticised the cloaks and their member, when he's inclined to be hard on her, that the pinky-blueys are to blame and not herself.

Then there's old Lady Humguffin, easily the most miserly old dear who ever wore a transformation (she even has a taxi-meter thing in her own motors and anyone driving with her ment, the cloak should be a separate is expected to pay what it registers!). Colour-experts say that if it weren't for the frightfully dull dusty purple in which all her rooms are furnished she might part quite freely!

> So there it is, my dear! People say there's been no such important discovery since Gallienus-that fearful old man, you know, who said something moved when everyone else said it Ever thine.

TOO MUCH CHAMPIONSHIP.

ONCE life was an easy thing.

Yorkshire or Surrey or Kent were cricket champions. RANJI or W. G. headed the batting averages; RHODES or RICHARDSON the bowling. The office boy who knew these details plus the Boat Race winner and the English Cup-holders could keep his end up in conversation. He even found time to do a little work.

But now! That poor brain must know that McGinty of Fulham fetched £1,000 when put up for auction, that the front line of Blackburn Rovers represents an expense of £11,321 13s. 4d., and that Chelsea have played before 71,935 spectators. He must know the champions of the First, Second, Southern, Midland, and Scottish Leagues, and the teams that gained promotion.

Then there is cricket-all worked out to "those damned dots," as Lord RANDOLPH said in an inspired moment. Think of the strain of remembering that Middlesex stands at 78.66 and Surrey at 72.94. And the sporting papers are publishing lists of catches made; and lists of catches missed are sure to follow. Think of it-you may have to name the Champion Butterfingers in 1915!

Come to tennis. You must know the names of the Australian Terror, the New Zealand Cyclone, the American Whirlwind. You must at a glance beable to pronounce on the nationality of Mavrogordato or Froitzheim. You have the strain of proving that the victory of a New Zealander over a German proves the vitality of the dear old country.

Or boxing. How can an ordinary mind retain the names of all the White Hopes or Black Despairs. At any moment some Terrible Magyar may wrest the bantam championship from us. You must learn to distinguish between Wells, the reconstructor of the universe, and Knock-out Wells. You must be acquainted with the doings and prospects of Dreadnought Brown and Mulekick Jones. You must know the F. E. Smithian repartees of Jack of the results. JOHNSON.

Let us talk of golf. No, on second thoughts, let us notably refrain from talking about golf. Only if you don't know who defeated Travers (plus lumbago) and who eclipsed America's Bright champion. Boy, you must hide your head in shame.

We come to rowing. Once one could say, "Ah, Leander," and with an easy shrug of the shoulders pass from the subject. But when international issues are involved, and the win of a Canadian The Daily Mail to declare (for the championships. We must decline to little work.



Wife (with some sadness). "AH, WELL, HENRY, I SUPPOSE IT'S A BIT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO THINK OF THAT NOW."

hundredth time) that England is played be aggravated if a Japanese Badminton out, a man simply has to keep abreast champion appears. We must cease to

There are a score of other things. Name for me, if you can, the Great American Four, the hydro-aeroplane for this. champion, the M.P. champion pigeonflyer, and the motor-bike hill-climbing games ourselves.

Britisher must we rely on in the javelin unnatural state of peace and goodwill. hop-skip-and-jump?

or American or German erew may cause We must decide to ignore all future where, somehow, sometime must do a

be interested if Britain's Hope heats the Horrible Peruvian at Tiddly-winks.

There are three admirable reasons

The first is that we must play some

The second, that, unless a check be And the Olympic games are coming! put to championships, the Parliamen-Who are England's hopes in the discus- tary news will be crowded out of the throwing and the fancy diving? What papers and we shall find ourselves in an

The third, which one puts forward Your brain reels at the prospect. with diffidence, is that somebody, some-

To the Memory

of

Joseph Chamberlain.

BORN 1836.

DIED JULY 2ND, 1914.

Ere warmth of Spring had stirred the wintry lands—
Spring that for him had no renewing breath—
He went apart to wait with folded hands
The lingering feet of Death.

Long had he laid his burnished armour by,
But still we flew his banner for a sign,
Still felt his spirit like a rallying cry
Hearten the fighting line.

But he—ah, none could know the heavy strain,
Patiently to accept the watcher's part
While yet no weakness sapped the virile brain
Nor dulled the eager heart.

He should have died with all his harness on,
As those the Valkyr bore from out the fight,
In ringing mail that still unrusted shone,
Up to Valhalla's height.

Yet solace flowed from that surcease of strife:

Love found occasion in his need of care,
And time was ours to prove how dear the life

An Empire ill could spare.

And generous foes confessed the magic spell
Of greatness gone, that left the common store
Poor by his loss who loved his party well,
But loved his country more,

And ancient rivalries seemed very small

Beside that courage constant to the end;

And even Death, last enemy of all,

Came to him like a friend,

O. S.



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

JULY 2nd, 1914.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 6. -All heads were bared when the PRIME House in sign of sorrow at the passing away of a great Parliament man. To vast majority of present House Joseph CHAMBERLAIN is a tradition. His personal presence, its commanding force, its varied and invariable attraction are unknown. Since his final re-election by faithful Birmingham, where, like the Shunamite woman, he dwelt among his own people loving and loved, he only once entered the House.

It was a tragic scene, perhaps happily witnessed by few. Appointed business of sitting concluded and Members departed, a figure that once commanded attention of a listening Senate slowly entered from behind the Speaker's Chair. It was the senior Member for Birmingham come to take the oath. The action was indicative of his thoroughness and loyalty. No longer were oaths, rolls of Parliament and seats on either Front Bench matters of concern to him. His manifold task was done. His brilliant course was run. the roll, he was not de jure a Member of the House of Commons, and his vote for a pair on a critical division.

Accordingly here he was, moving haltingly with the aid of a stick, supported took the oath and signed the roll—an Amending Bill to the last, he found by accidental turning over of notes historic page in a unique volume.

With dimmed eyes he glanced round the familiar scene of hard fights and great triumphs, and went forth never to return.

To-day he lived again in speeches delivered by the PRIME MINISTER, by the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. and by the Cabinet colleague and leader to whom he was loyal to the last. The practice of delivering set eulogies to the memory of the departed great is the most difficult that falls to the lot of a Leader on either side of House of Commons. In some hands it has uncontrollable tendercy to the artificiality and insipidity of funeral baked meats. DISRAELI was a failure on such occasions; GLAD-STONE at his best. PRINCE ARTHUR, usually supreme, did not to-day reach his accustomed lofty level.

In fineness of tone and exquisite felicity of phrasing, Asquith ex-ment." celled himself. The first time the

of profound depths of a nature habit- Liberal Ministry having for an imually masked by impassive manner and portant measure the majority, uncurt speech was when he talked to paralleled in modern times, of 263. it in broken voice about CAMPBELL-



TIM BUONAPARTE.

But, until he took the oath and signed afternoon about one with whom, as he said, he "had exchanged many blows," he was even more impressive, not less might not be available by the Whips by reason of the eloquence of his mind of Saxon could not make out. speech than by its simplicity and sin-

by the strong arm of the son whose Lords le brave Williamentary, notepaper. This so intricately folded years ago welcomed as "dear and broken in the Division Lobby. In-that sequence of remarks occasionally refreshing to a father's heart." He sisting on fighting the Home Rule suffered. Situation further complicated



"Prospective first Speaker of a modern Irish Parlia-(Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL.)

House of Commons caught a glimpse himself supported by ten peers, a

When figures were announced Lord MINISTER rose to move adjournment of BANNERMAN, just dead. Speaking this CREWE, reminiscent of the farmer smacking his lips over a liqueur glass of old brandy, remarked to Viscount Morley, "I should like some more of that in a moog."

Tuesday .- Interesting episode preceded main business of sitting. Sort of rehearsal of meeting of Parliament on College Green. Opened by Sheehan rising from Bench partially filled by O'Brienites to move issue of new writ for North Galway. Had it been an English borough nothing particular would have happened. Writ would have been ordered as matter of course. and there an end on't.

Things different on College Green. When Sheehan sat down, up gat Captain DONELAN from Redmondite camp, which when moved to Dublin will, by reason of numerical majority, be analogous to Ministerialists at Westminister. DONELAN remarked that in his capacity as Nationalist Whip he intended to move issue of writ next Monday. This fully explained why O'Brien's young man moved it to-day. Otherwise cause of quarrel obscure. What they fought each other for dense

Ambiguity partly due to DONELAN. Lacking the volubility common to his Business done.—In the House of countrymen he had prepared heads of

> upside down. House grateful when presently TIM HEALY interposed. He being past-master of lucid statement, we should now know all about circumstances which apparently, to the temporary shouldering aside of Ulster, rocked Ireland to

Unfortunately TIM was embarrassed by attempt to assume a novel oratorical attitude. Usually he addresse; House with studied carelessness of hands lightly clasped behind his back. Presumably in consideration of supreme national importance of the question whether SHEEHAN should move issue of writ to-day or DoneLAN on Monday, he essayed a new attitude. It recalled Napoleon at Fontainebleau folding his arms majestically as he bade farewell to remnant of the Old Guard.

Attempt, several times repeated, proved a failure. Somehow or other TIM's arms would not adjust them-

selves to novel circumstances, and fell back into the old laissez-faire position. Speech repeatedly interrupted on points of order by compatriots on back benches. What was clear was that some one had filed a petition in bankruptcy. Identity

of delinquent not so clear.

However, as a foretaste of debate in Home Rule Parliament, proceedings interesting and instructive. Disposed of slanderous suggestions of disorder. Never, or hardly ever, was a more decorous debate. To it SWIFT MACNEILL,

see him, as debate went forward, glancing aside at his wigged-and-gowned brother in the Chair, as who should say, "What do you think of

this, Sir?"

Business done. - With assistance of Ministerial forces, O'Brienite motion for issue of writ for Galway defeated by Redmondite amendment to adjourn debate. WILLIAM O'BRIEN took swift revenge. House dividing on PREMIER'S motion allotting time for remaining stages of Budget Bill, he led his little flock into Opposition Lobby, assisting to reduce Ministerial majority to figure of 23. In this labour of love he found himself assisted by abstention of two groups of Minis-terialists, one objecting to procedure on Finance Bill, the other thirsting for blood of the Ulster gun-runners.

If PREMIER still hesitates about Autumn Session this incident should help him to make up his mind. The Government will be safer with its Members on the moors or

gauntlet at Westminster.

the Amending Bill has been a model Christian Science, Electrocution, and of businesslike procedure. Speeches uniformly brief because kept strictly Parliament. If her husband is elected, Front Opposition Bench were carried the earliest opportunity. by large majorities.

Business done.—Home Rule Amending Bill turned inside out in two sittings. Peace.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT AMERICAN INVASION.

by the decision of the well-known sports- secured the influential support of Mr. man, Mr. Otis Q. Janaway, to stand as UPTON SINCLAIR, who is acting as his elecan Independent Candidate with the ex- tion agent, and who publicly embraced press purpose of speeding-up the British Legislature. Mr. Janaway, who graduated in sociology at the University of Pensacola, and has recently been well-known Colorado mining magnate, prospective first Speaker of a modern naturalised as a British subject, has who recently purchased the Isle of Irish Parliament, lent the dignity and brought with him a team of baseball Rum, has announced his intention of authority of his patronage. Pretty to players, four white and four coloured contesting the Elgin Burghs in the



AN EX-VICEREGAL BAG. (Earl Curzon.)

the golf links than daily running the prize-fighters, and a chorus of variety twenty minutes longer. Finally, the artistes who will appear and sing at all House of Lords, Thursday. When his meetings. He is a powerful speaker high from the platform to his motor and noble lords take their legislative business with a great fund of anecdote, and smothered with kisses from his comseriously in hand they show the Com- his programme includes Compulsory patriots, the vast assemblage dispersing mons a better way. Their dealing with Phonetic Spelling, the establishment of to the jocund strains of "John Brown's to the point. Amendments carefully Mrs. Janaway has announced her inconsidered in council and moved from tention of embracing the Speaker at that Mr. Olonzo Jaggers has decided

Mulhooly, whose grandparents resided in the House of Commons.

at Tralee, has made a very favourable impression by the filial affection shown Great American Invasion.

The prospects of the forthcoming campaign in the East Worcestershire Division have been greatly brightened of a Pan-Celtic Vegetarian, and he has

Liquid Paraffin interest. At a political meeting at Lossiemouth last week he held the attention of a crowded audience for upwards of an hour, during which his bodyguard serenaded him with mouthorgans and banjos, the interruptions of hecklers having been effectually discounted by a liberal distribution of chewing gum. At the close of this great effort General Stunt was publicly embraced by his wife's mother, Mrs. Titania Flagler.

The by-election campaign at Hanley openedauspiciously on Thursday with a demonstration in favour of Mr. Cyrus P. Slocum, the eminent Pittsburg safety razor magnate, who has been selected by the Association of American Manufacturers in England to represent their interests at Westminster. Before Mr. Slocum rose the audience sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee" continuously for forty-five minutes and waved the Stars and Stripes for fully

popular candidate was carried shoulder-

Great satisfaction is felt in American golfing circles at the announcement to contest the Tantallon Division of Professor Thaddeus Mulhooly, who has recently erected a tasteful châlet on was until recently President of the the Bass Rock, has just issued his Own father wouldn't know it. SARK University of Tuskahoma, has taken election address. The two main planks sums up situation by paraphrase of up his residence at Ballybunnion with of his platform are the legalising of the historic saying. "They have," he re- a view to qualifying as Parliamentary Schenectady putter for all golf meetings, marks, "made a new Bill and call it Candidate for North Kerry. Professor and of megaphones and mouth-organs



AN UNTRUSTWORTHY WITNESS.

Mother. "Gerald, a little bird has just told me that you have been a very naughty little by this affernoon." Gerald. "Don't you believe him, Mummy. I'll bet he's the one that steals our raspberries."

AMANDA.

When the thunders are still and the tempests are furled There are sights of all sorts in this wonderful world; But the best of all sights in the season of hay Is Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

She can toss it as other girls toss up a cap, And her eyes have a glow that can dry the green sap; She's as good as the sun's most beneficent ray, Is Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

Oh, her smile is a treat and her frown is the deuce; She can always say "hiss me" or "bo" to a goose; When she gives you her hand she just melts you away, Does Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

In a field of soft clover I marked her one night, And her foot it was dainty, her step it was light, And I laughed to myself to behold her so gay, Miss Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

Then the sound of her voice from December to June And from June to December is always a tune; All the elves when they hear it stop short in their play For Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

When she sits on her chair like a queen on her throne She has beautiful manners entirely her own; But you'd better take care what you venture to say To Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

P.S.—Since I managed to write the above I 've been round to her house and I 've offered my love; And she laughed and made jokes, but she didn't say nay, My Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea. R. C. L.

"At Easter this year the ladies gave their first public performance by ringing a peal at a local wedding. The ladies now ring regularly every week. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the fact that the tenor bell weighs 11 cwt., and yet, through all the training, not even a stay has been broken."—Church Monthly.

Our feminine readers would like to know the name of the bellringers' corsetière.

From a letter to The Daily Mail:-

"One of our greatest poets was an apothecary's assistant, but his 'Ode to a Skylark' is eternal."

Hail to thee, blithe SHELLEY! KEATS thou never wert.

From a letter to The Market Mail:-

"I enclose my card and remains.—Yours truly, VICTIM."
We advise our contemporary to return the body.

THE INQUISITION.

LETTER I.

Julius Pitherby, Esq., to myself.

DEAR SIR,-Henry Anderson, who is an applicant for my temporarily vacant situation as working gardener, assistant hedger and ditcher and superintending odd man (single-handed), has referred me to you as to his character and qualifications, stating that he was in your employment—I gather some nine years ago—for a time. You will therefore, I trust, forgive me if I take the liberty of asking you to be good enough to answer the following questions concerning him and his wife. He calls himself twenty-five, married, with no

(1) Was he in your employment?

(2) When?

(3) Is he twenty-five? (4) Is he married?

(5) Has he no family? (6) Is hestrictly sober? (These words

are to be taken quite literally.)

(7) His wife ditto?

(8) Is he decent and morally respectable, careful in his habits and guarded in his language?

(9) His wife ditto? (10) Is he honest and reliable?

(11) His wife ditto, and not one to answer back?

country, contented in their sphere, interested in rural surroundings, fond of

(13) Is he strong and healthy, neither a little inquisitive. shortsighted nor deaf? (I have suffered much from both.)

(14) His wife ditto, and always tidy?

(15) Does he stammer? (I have been greatly inconvenienced by this.)

(16) His wife ditto?

(17) Does he squint? often been a trial to me.)

(18) His wife ditto?

(19) Is he active, industrious, enthusiastic and an early riser, goodnatured, equable and obliging?

(20) His wife ditto, and no gossip?

(21) Is he a heavy smoker? (22) His wife ditto?

(23) Is he well up to the culture of vegetables, the upraising of flowers and the education of fruit, both outside and under glass?

(24) Is he capable of feeding hens, driving a motor, overhauling a pianola, carving or waiting at table if required?

(25) To what Church do they belong? What are their favourite recreations? Do they sing in the choir? if so, is he tenor or baritone; his wife ditto?

(26) Are they on good terms with each other, and no domestic bickering?

with him?

An immediate answer will greatly oblige. I enclose an addressed envelope. I am, Your obedient Servant,

JULIUS PITHERBY.

LETTER II.

Myself to Julius Pitherby, Esq., Manor Grange, Pimhaven.

DEAR SIR,-I thank you for your letter. The answers to questions (1), (2), (25), (27) and (23) are in the affirmative. With regard to the others you have, no doubt unwittingly, put me in rather a dilemma. You see, Anderson left my service when he was sixteen and I have not heard of him since, though it is true that I did see his father (who belongs to this neighbourhood) on the roof of the church one day last month. I might make shots at them, of course, but I dare say it is better to leave it. I am interested to learn that Henry is married.

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

LETTER III.

Myself to Henry Anderson, c'o Ezekiel Anderson, Slater, Crashie, Howe.

MY DEAR HENRY .- I do not think if (12) Are they both used to the it was—the occasion of your turning well then, I'll go up to 90!" untry, contented in their sphere, in- over a new leaf. Still, I doubt if you And it did. The sub-editors were are quite the paragon he is looking for, children, fond of animals, fond of fruit? and I am afraid that you may find him

Yours faithfully, &c.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a quiet (This has respectable little spell-of-hot-weather, with no idea of being a nuisance or doing more than warm people up a bit, and make the summer really feel like summer, and add attraction to seaside resorts. Directly it reached our shores every one began to be happy; and they the sub-editors, who cannot leave well me." alone but must be for ever finding adjectives for it and teasing it with attentions. Just then they were particularly free to turn their attentions to the kindly visitor, because there was no good murder at the moment, and no divorce case, and no spicy society scandal, and therefore their pages were in need of filling. And seeing the little spell-of-hot-weather they gave way to their passion for labelling everything with crisp terseness—or terse crispness ch other, and no domestic bickering? (I forget which)—and called it a "heat "Mine's a gin and ginger," said Mr. (27) What wages did you pay him? wave," and straightway began to give MATHESON, as he holed the winning put.

(28) Why (on earth) did you part it half the paper, and with huge headings such as, "THE HEAT - WAVE," "HEAT - WAVE STILL GROWING," "80 IN THE SHADE," "How TO SUPPORT SUCH WEATHER," so that the nice little spell - of - hot - weather was gradually goaded into the desire really to justify this excitement.

> "Very well," it said, "I never meant to be more than 80 in the shade and a pleasant interlude in the usual disappointing English June; but since they 're determined I'm a nuisance I'll be one. I'll go up to 84."

> And it did. It reached 84; and the wise people who like warmth said, "How splendid! If only it would go on like this for ever! Not hotter-just like this."

But the sub-editors were not satisfied. They had got hold of a good thing and they meant to run it for all it was worth. So "HOTTER THAN EVER" they sprawled across their papers, there still being nothing of real public interest to distract them, "HOTTER To-MORROW," "HEAT-WAVE GROWING," "TERRIBLE HEAT."

And now the spell-of-hot-weather was stimulated to be really vicious. "I call Heaven to witness," it said, "that my sole desire was to be genial I were you I should accept Mr. Julius and beneficial. But what can one do Pitherby's offer of a job. Your mar-when one is taunted and provoked, riage may, of course, have been-I hope abused and nick-named like this? Very

delighted, "APPALLING HEAT," they Wrote, "TROPICAL ENGLAND," "GASPING LONDON," "HEAT-WAVE BREAKS ALL RECORDS," "HOTTEST DAY FOR FIFTY YEARS," " No SIGNS OF RELIEF."

And even the people who like warmth began to grumble a little-hypnotised by the Press. But the spell-of-hotweather had had enough. "I'll go somewhere else, where I'm really welcome and they don't have contents bills," it said, and it crossed the Channel to Paris. It looked back to the English shores, deserted now by the happy paddlers and bathers and baskers of the days before. "I'm sorry to would have gone on being so but for leave you," it said, "but don't blame

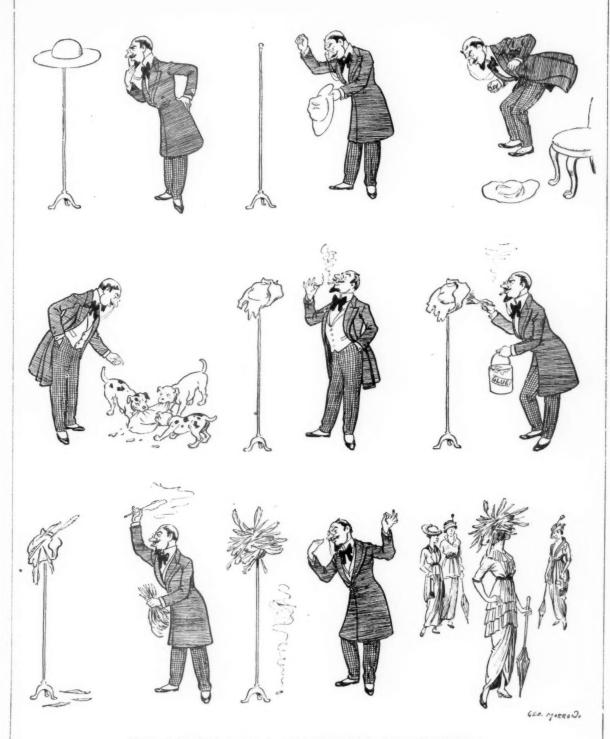
Yet the public did.

"The downpour of rain, which lasted for an hour, was preceded by a remarkable shower of hailstones, some of which were almost as large as marbles, and were as hard as ice."

Yorkshire Herald.

And then came the rain, some drops of which were as wet as water.

"The tussle between Mr. Matheson and Mr. Anderson was carried to the 18th green, where the latter stood one."—Daily Record. "Mine's a gin and ginger," said Mr.



THE CREATION OF A MASTERPIECE OF MILLINERY.

THE GUARDED GREEN.

It has been suggested that spectators at popular golf competitions should be installed in grand stands and other enclosures, and be restrained from wandering about the links.]

In playing his tee shot from in front of the Green Steward's marquee, Mr. Tullbrown-Smith, who took the honour in the final round of the 1916 Amateur Championship, unfortunately pulled his ball, with the result that, narrowly missing the Actors' Benevolent Fund stand, it entered the grand ducal box. The Grand Duke Raphael graciously decided that Mr. Tullbrown - Smith should be presented to His Imperial Highness before playing out. Pardonable nervousness proved fatal to the shot, which, being badly topped, fell into the Press pen, where it was photographed by The Daily Mirror's special artist before it could be recovered by its owner.

It is interesting to record that along the straight mile boarded by the shilling enclosure Mr. Tanquery McBrail, who had been playing with marvellously decorative effect, had his ball blown into the bunker at the tenth by the laughter of the less well-informed onlookers, while a regrettable incident was the contribution of several empty ginger-beer bottles to the natural difficulties of the hazard.

Some dissatisfaction was expressed among the occupants of the cinema operators' cage. From the position allotted to them by the publicity committee it was impossible to film the most interesting moments in the Championship round, such as Mr. Tullbrown-Smith's acceptance of a peeled banana from his caddie on emerging from the particularly scenic bunker known as "Hell." Also a fine "picture" was missed at the 13th tee, where Mr. Tanquery McBrail was surrounded by a militant suffragist, who had invaded the course in spite of the rabbit-wire and double chevaux-de-frise.

Owing to the fact that the fashionable audience assembled in the Guards', Cavalry and Bath Club stands insisted upon encoring both players' wonderful putts at the 16th green, and the consequent delay of nearly ten minutes, there were some rather ugly manifestations of impatience in the cheaper seats. In spite of the fact that the Pale Pink Pierrots had been specially "No," she said, when I asked her canth to uphold British prestige at engaged to fill the interval before the about it, "I haven't noticed anything the next Olympic games, we regret finalists passed, they were so loudly exceptionally superior about him." booed upon their arrival that Mr. Tanquery McBrail put his mashie

pound, amidst the jeers and hoots of the others." the more unruly, who seemed to forget that the royal and ancient game is not culiar about his manners, then?" a music-hall entertainment.

The fact that the links marshal had shop?' placed all the professional players present in one row of fauteuils, opposite a good catch." the long carry to the 18th green, hardly seemed to further the interests of perfect golf. The warmest acknowledgments are therefore due to a number of ex-open champions, who kindly turned their backs on what proved one of the most distressing episodes in the day's play.

A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

When I passed our butcher's on my way to the station yesterday morning, I noticed outside his shop a placard prominently displayed, which read :-Williamson's Spring Lamb. So different from the ordinary butchers.'

There was no apostrophe before the "s" in "butchers," so the reference was clearly to Williamson and not Williamson's Spring Lamb.

"Is Williamson really different from Emily." his rivals?" I said to myself, crossing to the other side of the road to take a general survey of the shop front. No, the same sort of joints seemed to be hanging up as those in other butchers' windows; the same sort of legends attached to those which passers-by were invited to note particularly.

I crossed the road again. Yes, as I feared. There were several ordinary flies and at least one bluebottle exercising themselves on the meat. choice cutlets were not isolated or decorated with garlands, or made a fuss of in any way. They just fraternised on terms of equality with the rest. The usual "young lady" in a smart blouse, with her bare pink neck served up in a ham-fill, sat behind the usual window, probably trying to work out the usual sums in butcher's arithmetic.

The top half of Mr. Williamson was visible behind his chopping-table. He my eyes. He butches in spats." saw me and touched his hat-a bowler; nothing very extraordinary about the bowler. The brim was certainly a great deal flatter than I like personally, but quite in keeping with the general DREW's turn again. tastes of those who purvey meat.

I thought it better to postpone further investigations, and reflected that Honor might be able to enlighten me when I returned home that evening.

"Bills any different?"

"No," she said, "they take as long rivals.

approach into the Parliamentary com- to pay; about as exorbitant as most of

"Have you observed anything pesaid; "does he ever throw chops at you, for instance, when you pass the

"No such luck," said Honor; "I'm

"Perhaps they give you tea," I said, when you make an afternoon call on the sirloins?

"Indeed they don't," said Honor, not even when I go to pay something off the book."

"Then perhaps you have cosy little auction bridge parties in the room behind the cashier's window? Butchers are behind the times."

"There ought," said Honor, "to be a good joke to be made out of thata newspaper joke; but I can't quite see how to make it just yet."

"That's something to the good," I said. "However, to our muttons."

"Rotten," said Honor.

"What of his entourage?" I said, ignoring her comment; "his steakbearer and the like?"

"Nothing unusual; just epris with

"Then where, oh where," I said, "is this difference that Williamson brags about?"

"I don't know," Honor said help-

"I shall find out," I said, "even if I have to do the housekeeping myself for a bit."

"You can take it on," she said, "when you like."

"Aha!" I said triumphantly, as I burst into the room this evening. "I've solved the Williamson problem. He was standing at his door as I passed just now, in all the regalia of his dread office."

" And you went up to him and said, 'Well, what about it?' and pointed to the notice, I suppose."

"Not at all," I said; "I merely looked at him and the scales fell from

"In the open Golf Championship Treen won with 78."—Malay Daily Chronicle. Next year it will be the saintly An-

"With lightning-like repetition of his strides (his quick action is the essence of his speed), Applegarth came flying down the home straight."—Yorkshire Post.

Seeing that we were looking to APPLEextremely that the secret of his speed should have been given away to our



Counsel, "PRISONER IS THE MAN YOU SAW COMMIT THE THEFT?" Witness (a bookmaker). "YES. SIR." Counsel. "You swear on your oath that prisoner is the man?" Witness. "YES, SIR." Sporting Judge, "Are you prepared to give me five to two on the prisoner being the man?" Witness. "AH, I'M SORRY, ME LORD, BUT I'M TAKING A HOLIDAY TO-DAY. NOTHING DOING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ELLEN MELICENT COBDEN can certainly not be accused of writing too hurriedly. I don't know how many years it is since, as "Miles Amber," she captured my admiration with that wonderful first novel, Wistons; and now here is her second, Sylvia Saxon (UNWIN), only just appearing. I may say at once that it entirely confirms my impression that she is a writer of very real and original gifts. Sylvia Saxon is not a pleasant book. It is hard, more than a little bitter, and deliberately unsympathetic in treatment. But it is grimly real. Sylvia herself is a character that lives, and her mother, Rachel, almost eclipses her in this same quality of tragic vitality. The whole tale is a tragedy of empty and meaningless lives passed in an atmosphere of too much money and too little significance. The "society" of a Northern manufacturing plutocracy, the display and rivalry, the marriages between the enriched families, the absence of any standard except wealth-all these things are set down with the minute realism that must come, I am sure, of intimate personal knowledge. Sylvia is the offspring of one such family, and mated to the decadent heir of another.

her by the dominant personality of Sylvia. A tale, one might call it, of unhappy women; not made the less grim by the fact that the man for whom they fought is shown as wholly unworthy of such emotion. A powerful, disturbing and highly original story.

"Saki" has been now for a number of years a great delight to me, and his last work, Beasts and Super-Beasts (LANE), is as good as any of its predecessors. Clothed in the elegant garments of *Clovis* or *Reginald*, Mr. Munno makes plain to us how lovely this world might be were we only a little bolder about our practical jokes. In the art of introducing bears into the boudoir of a countess or pigs into the study of a diplomat, and then clinching the matter with the wittiest of epigrams, Clovis is supreme. He knows, too, an immense amount about the vengeance that children may take upon their relations, and ladies upon their lady friends. I like him especially when he manœuvres some stupid but kind-hearted woman into a situation of whose peril she herself is only cloudily aware, while the reader knows all about it. That is the fun of the whole thing. The reader is for ever assisting Clovis and Reginald; in the course of their daring adventures he connives from behind Her tragedy is that too late she meets a man whom she curtains, through key-holes, from ambushes in trees, and supposes capable of giving her the fuller, more complete life always, whilst the poor creature is being harried by wild for which she has always ignorantly yearned. Then there boars or terrified by menacing kittens, Clovis may be is Anne, the penniless girl, hired as a child to be a play-observed, with finger on lip, begging of the intelligent fellow for Sylvia, who herself loves the same man, and dies reader that he will not give things away. Of the present when his dawning affection is ruthlessly swept away from collection of stories I like best "A Touch of Realism,"

"The Byzantine Omelette," "The Boar-Pig," and "The wholly fascinating houses (the kind that make me wistful Dreamer;" but all are good, and I can only hope that it when I see them in the auctioneers' windows), and the will not be too long before Clovis once again invites us to author has some personal anecdote or quaint scrap of further delightful conspiracies.

Ars est celare artem, and not to define and emphasise it in a foreword to the reader. The motive of The Last Shot (CHAPMAN AND HALL) appears in due course in the narwho, like myself, detest explanations might have avoided administer. this one. I am the more severe about this, because there can be no two opinions as to Mr. Frederick Palmer's success in achieving his purpose, which, obviously, was to then, if I ever chanced to wake up suddenly and find that I

conceive modern warfare as between two Firstclass Powers, fighting in the midst of civilisation, and to reduce it to terms of exact realism, showing the latest devices of destruction at work, but carefully excluding those improbable and impossible agencies which the more exuberant but less informed novelist loves to imagine and put in play. Mr. PALMER's conception, though based upon some experience, is for the most part speculative, of course, but I am confident that he gives us an excellent machine would work in practice, how its human FELLOWS." constituent parts would

feel inwardly, and what physical and moral effects a battle replace them in the black agate shield (representing a field would have upon those civilians who inhabited and owned sable); and naturally enough, like the autobiographical hero the battlefield. Whether or no the future will prove the of The Six Rubies (representing — 1 beg your pardon, I truth of the author's somewhat Utopian conclusions, he mean, published by WARD, LOCK), I should not dream of certainly founds them upon a most exciting and convincing calling in the aid of the police. Another jolly thing that story, in which the "love interest" is as powerful as could would inspirit me would be the fact that each of my advenbe desired.

Shropshire houses, as the friend and guest of a charming castle, one cabinet with a secret drawer, and so on. There woman, who knows all about what is most interesting in would be plenty of excitement, plenty of hairbreadth all of them, and has a pleasantly chatty manner of telling escapes. But I think that, when collating my experiences it? Of course you would; so would anyone. That is why and putting them into six-shilling form, I should delete I predict another success for Lady Catherine Milnes some of the tautologous references to the past which are GASKELL'S latest house-book, Friends Round the Wrekin one of the stern necessities of serial publication. Otherwise (SMITH, ELDER). Perhaps you have pleasant memories of my readers might begin to feel slightly fatigued by my six her former volumes in the same kind; if so, I need say no ancestral gouttes. They might even begin to feel that they more by way of introduction; but, if not, I must tell you did not much care if I had hereditary sciatica. that her new book is very fairly described, in the words of the publisher, as "a further collection of history and legend, garden lore and character study." What the publishers modestly refrain from mentioning is the real charm with features, the attendance was perhaps the best ever seen on a like which it has been written, a quality that makes all the

legend to tell you about each. I am quite willing to admit that the rambling book has increased lately to an extent imperfectly justified by its average quality. Too many of them confuse rambling with drivelling. But for the them confuse rambling with drivelling. reflections of a cultivated woman, one who has steeped rative; I would have preferred to discover it gradually for herself in the lore of a country she evidently loves, and can myself rather than have the essence of it extracted and transcribe it with such tender and persuasive charm, there poured into me in advance. The preface has not the excuse should always be room. I may add-and your own tastes of a mere advertisement; to open this book at any point is must decide whether this is a flaw or a fresh merit—that to read the whole, and every page is the strongest possible Lady Catherine's sympathies, political and social, are incentive to the reading of the others. If (as is not ad-undisguisedly with the past, and that the "Education of mitted) any personal explanation was necessary, it should the People" comes in, upon almost every other page, for have been put at the end and in small type so that those as shrewd raps as her gentle nature will allow her to

I wish I were Mr. Justus Miles Forman. Because

had been drugged in my sleep, and the six immense rubies, brought here from the East by a far-off ancestor and set in a black agate shield above my bed, to represent the "six gouttes (or drops) gules on a field sable" of my immemorial coat-of-arms, had been rudely reaved from me in the night by my cousin, who had sent one each to his six sons, I should have no fear. I should feel perfectly convinced that in a short time, by my own personal exertions, but without exercising the least particle of intelligence, I should recover those six rubies (representing six gouttes or drops gules) and



Lady (to Nut who has talked of joining the Nationalist Volunteers). "But idea of how the military YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY, SURELY, YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT?

Nut. "Well, I rather thought of pairing with one of the Ulster

tures in search of the missing jewels would conform to a separate and well-known type of magazine story: there Would you like to pay a round of visits to some delightful would be one fire, one notorious cracksman, one haunted

"In addition to excellent port, which furnished many prominent

difference. There are also photographs of a number of The most prominent feature would, of course, be the nose.

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE who deny that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is ruining land-owners will perhaps be impressed by the following advertisement in The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart :-

"To be sold, small holding, well stocked with fruit trees, good double tenement house on good road and close to station, good outer buildings. Price, Four Marks, Alton, Hants." The fact that the price should be translated into German looks unpleasantly like an attempt to entrap an ignorant foreigner.

ideal of driving our landed gentry into getting absurdly sensitive. the workhouse is already being realised. scarcely the way to brighten the game.

The Abergavenny Board, of Guardians, we read, has decided to accept an offer by Lord ABER-GAVENNY to purchase the local workhouse for £3,000.

Three of the new peers have now chosen their titles. Sir EDGAR VINCENT becomes Baron D'ABERNON; Major-General Brock-LEHURST. Baron RANKSBOROUGH, and Sir EDWARD LYELL, Baron LYELL. Rather lazy of Sir EDWARD.

A lioness which escaped from a circus at Bourg - en - Brasse, France, the other day, darme in the hunting

party was shot in the leg. As the shot by one of the party.

It is frequently said that, if the Suffragettes were to drop their militant tactics, the suffrage would be granted to-morrow. A Suffragette now writes to stigmatise this as a hypo- Death. critical mis-statement. She points out that recently the experiment was tried of allowing an entire day to pass without an outrage, but not a single vote was granted.

Dr. Hans Friedenthal, a wellknown Professor of Berlin University, declares that, as a result of the higher education, women will in the near future be totally bald, and will wear patriarchal beards and long mousthe vote by threatening that, unless the recent "Dog Feast," in which the neighbourhood.

their wishes are granted, they will kiss every man they meet at sight.

Portsmouth Town Council has carried, by eleven votes to nine, a Labour amendment refusing to place official guide-books to Pretoria in the public library unless the nine deportees are allowed to return to South Africa. General BOTHA could hardly have foreseen this result of his action, and it will be interesting to see what happens

"Poison after a Duck's Egg." Meanwhile it looks as if the Socialist Our cricketers would seem to be

customers had a close shave. Evening News. robbery.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT, IN VIEW OF THE POPULAR REVIVAL OF BOXING, DR. STRAUSS HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO WRITE A GRAND OPERA ROUND THE NOBLE was killed, and a gen- ART. THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE FINALE.

The Guildhall Art Gallery is to be lioness was not armed it is thought rebuilt. Some of the pictures there that the gendarme must have been might be at the same time re-painted Leigh-on-Sea, facing sea, minute cliffs." with advantage. * *

> Apparently the Moody of the Moody-Manners Opera Company is gaining the upper hand. This Company opened its London season with The Dance of

The appearance in Bond Street last week of a lady leading a little pig instead of a dog as a pet is being widely discussed in canine circles, though it has not yet been decided what action, if any, shall be taken. In view of the Pathetic Advertisement Competition to fact that so many dogs are pigs it is the following-also from The Daily possible that no objection will be raised Chronicle:to one pig being a dog.

taches. They will then, no doubt, get was not quite correct when, in describing to monogamy is not confined to the

a sheep was roasted and not a pow-wow. A motor-bus ran into a barber's shop in Gray's Inn Road last week, and three

Shepherds Bush Indians were alleged

to have participated, it used the ex-pression "pow-wow." Owing to the action of the Canine Defence League

Some burglars recently blew open with gelignite the safe of a Holborn jeweller containing £1,000 worth of gems, and, as the jewels are missing, the police incline to the view that the object of the men must have been

Asked by The Express for a suggestion

for a motto for the L.C.C., Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE sent the reply, "My word is sovereign." It is good to know that this delightful writer can command an even higher rate of pay than did Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING at the height of his popularity.

The Daily Herald informs us that the Russian monk, Ras-PUTIN, "started life as an illiterate peasant." But, we would ask, is there really anything remarkable in this? We believe that the number of person; who have been born literate is extremely small.

Says an advertisement in T.P.'s Weekly: - "Reader receives guests-It is honourable of the advertiser to mention the minuteness of the cliffs. This is, we fear, a characteristic of the Essex coast.

Among "Businesses for Sale" in The Daily Chronicle, we come across what looks like an ugly example of military venality :- "GENERAL for Sale, taking £16 a week; going cheap."

Finally, we have the pleasure to award first honorary prize in our

"Fish (Fried) and Chips for Sale, owing to wife's illness: only one in neighbourhood. By the way, The Daily Chronicle We trust that the advertiser's addiction

OXFORD IN TRANSITION.

INTERVIEW WITH A FAMOUS PORTER. (BY HAROLD BEGTHWAYT.)

HEARING from an undergraduate friend at Cardinal College of the impending retirement of Mr. Chumbleton College, unlike Balliol, Magdalen and what mitigated, still survive. You still hear the characteristic Mayfair accent and recognise a curious lack of that these well-groomed scions of a vanishing breed, with their finely chiselled Blutocrats. features, their clipped colloquialisms and their cheerful arrogance. There is something engaging as well as pathetic being affected by the new Moral Uplift, in these unruffled countenances, blind but he seemed unable to fathom the to the realities of modern life and the need of that fraternal fellowship which alone can bring peace to the head that wears a crown or a coronet.

off duty when I arrived, cordially inoffered me a glass of gin and green Chartreuse, the favourite beverage, he assured me, of the late Duke of Midmeteoric figure, who was subsequently trams. devoured by a crocodile on the Blue Nile, Mr. Chumbleton spoke with genuine affection. "He was something like a Dook," said the old man, "and not one of your barley-water-drinking convert the older universities from hotfaddists. Yes, in those days a Dook was a Dook and not a cock-shy for demigods [?demagogues]. I can remember," he went on, "when there were three Dooks in residence at the same time, the Dook of Midhurst, the Dook of St. Ives and the Dook of Clumber. pick of the bunch. Why, once he went into a grocer's shop in the High and asked for two pounds of treacle. 'How will you have it?' asked the grocer, who was the baldest-headed man I ever seen. 'In my hat,' said the Dook, whipping off his bowler and holding it out. As soon as it was full, before you could say Jack Robinson, he popped it on the grocer's head and ran out of the shop.

The old man told this terrible story,

which reminded me of the worst cruelties of the despots of the Italian Renaissance, with a gusto that was inexpressibly painful. When he had finished I asked whether the Duke was sent down. "Oh, no, Sir," was the prompt response. "You see the grocer, ("Old Chum"), the famous porter of being a bald - headed man, had no Salisbury Gate, I gladly seized the trouble with the treacle, and, besides, opportunity of running down to Oxford the Dook he gave him a wig next day. to gain some fresh sidelights on the But if anyone was to do that to-day, inner life of the University. Cardinal Dook or no Dook, there'd be questions asked about it in the House of Com-New College, has never shown itself mons, or a Royal Commission would responsive to the new spirit. There be appointed. Times is changed," he are probably fewer Socialists in Peck- went on sadly, "and there ain't any over than in any other quad in Oxford. more of the old stock left. Why the The old feudal traditions, though some- Bullingdon Club got three First Classes this year, and as for breaking up furniture and bonfires in the quad it don't happen once in three years. 'Nuts' Moral Uplift without which, as Sir they call 'em now, but when I was a ROBERTSON NICOLL finely says, a man is young scout they called 'em' dogs,' and no better than a mummy. And yet I own gay dogs they were, I can tell you. to having been strangely attracted by 'Bloods' they call 'em, too, but there ain't much blue blood in these modern

I asked Mr. Chumbleton if there were any signs of Cardinal College meaning of my query. His standpoint was clearly philistine and, I regret to say, distinctly pagan. He had never heard of the Land Campaign, or of Mr. Chumbleton, who was just going Mr. Hemmerde, Baron de Forest or even Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE. His attitude vited me into his inner sanctum and towards Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was unsympathetic. He deplored the popularity of motor-bicycles, but, with a strange and lamentable perversity, welhurst, whose scout he had been in comed the advent of the motor-'bus the "seventies." Of that strange and while condemning the introduction of

I came away more than ever impressed by the tenacity of feudal traditions, and the need of redoubled efforts on the part of all Radical stalwarts to beds of expensive obscurantism into free nurseries of humanitarian democracy. It was sad to see such a figure as that of Mr. Chumbleton, genial and hospitable, I admit, but utterly heedless of the trend of the times, hopelessly ignorant of the Pro-But the Dook of Midhurst was the gressive program, and deriving a senile satisfaction from memories of a barbarous and brutal past.

Painting the Lily.

"White duck trousers in a snow-white grey material."—Advt. in "Daily Province" (Vancouver).

From The Daily Mirror's account of the SMITH-CARPENTIER fight:-

"One French girl was so excited that she bit a large hope in her fan." Not a white hope, we trust.

THE SINECURE.

[In The Daily Mail's list of Situations Vacant, such as Housemaids (Hmds), Betweenmaids (Bmds), Working Housekeepers (Wkghkprs) and Cook Generals (Ckgns), appears the following:—"Young Lady wanted for cinema acting. Fullest particulars to Box No. —,"]

Said she, " The Daily Mail ensures Immediate supply.

Whose situation's vacant? Yours. Who's going to fill it? I.

"If you shall ask me, can I act? I readily retort,

I'm just the Star you want; in fact The strong and silent sort.

"The sooner you reveal the plot The sooner I begin. In me, I beg to state, you've got The perfect Heroine.'

Said they-"De Vere's a villain who For reasons not disclosed Desires to make an end of you. . . ("The cad!" she interposed).

. . He ties you to a railway line That so the Leeds express May execute his fell design With speed and thoroughness.

"But Herbert's heroism's such, He swears this shall not be. You see, he loves you very much. . . ("I guessed he would," said she).

. . He hires a rapid motor car, He also buys a map; He knows how fast expresses are, And notes the handicap.

"But, as he is a man of parts And born to play the game, Without delay the hero starts. We'd better do the same."

They chose a quiet neighbourhood, A lonely piece of track; They trusted that the metals would Not incommode her back.

"This is De Vere," they said, "whose hand

Will tie you firmly down. Meanwhile your Herb, we understand, Is on his way from town.

We do not, though one can't be sure, Anticipate the worst. Expresses may be premature;

Still, Herbert should be first.

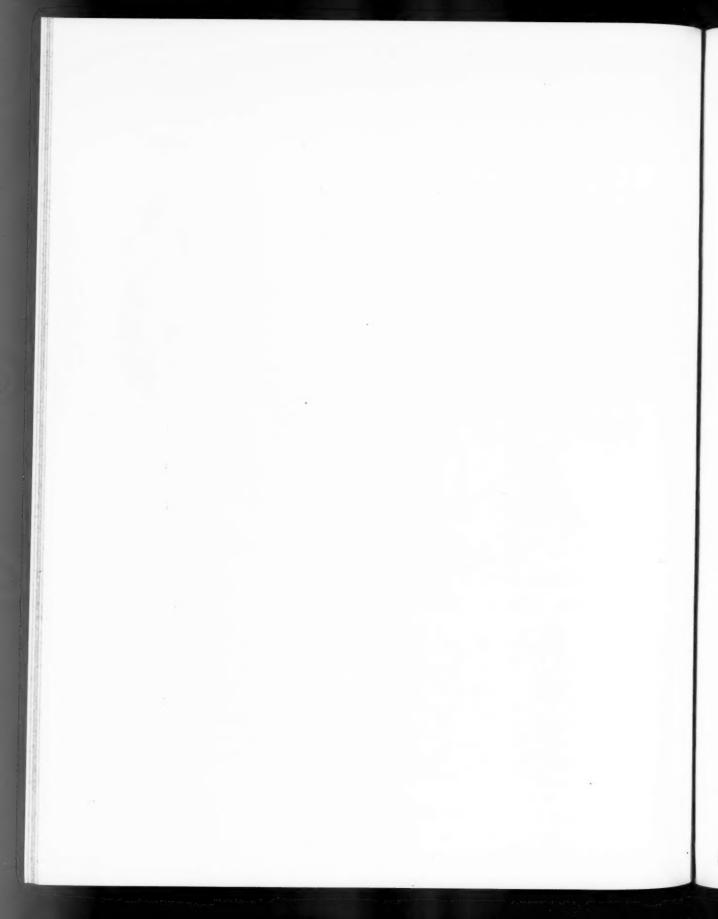
"Such realism must excite The audience (and you). . If you are ready we are quite; Your train will soon be due."

She formed a resolution, viz., To put no trust in men, But hire herself to mistresses, A whole, if humble, ckgn.



AT DURAZZO-SUPER-MARE.

Morrer 'I DON'T FEEL AT ALL COMFORTABLE HERE. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU TOOK ME OUT OF THIS?" EUROPA (sleepily). "MPRAPS."





"LOOK, ETHEL, LOOK-THERE GOES SIR BEERBOHM ALEXANDER!"

"So IT IS; BUT HOW UNLIKE!"

ONCE UPON A TIME.

TRANSMIGRATION.

ostrich who, though very ostrichy, was was a question written all over himfrom his ridiculous and inadequate head, fluffy body, and so to his exceedingly flat and over-sized feet.

be precise, at the Cape—that, on the approach of danger, the ostrich secreted his self-centred head, and here from from him for purposes of trade.

tained a number of seats from which obliterate the whole stage. no view of the stage was visible at all— It happened that on a certain very serious rival.

ple behind were deprived of their view. This, of course, means nothing to ONCE upon a time there was an architects or managers. The thought that jolly anticipatory parties of simple even more of an egoist. He thought folk bent upon a happy evening may only of himself. That is not a foible be depressed and dashed by a position folk bent upon a happy evening may peculiar to ostriches, but this particular suffering from such disabilities could fowl-and he was very particular-was not concern architects and managers. notable for it. "Where do I come in?" for some imagination would be needed and each time the lady smiled and said to understand it.

The new temporary management, down his long neck, on his plump however (whatever the ordinary management might do), recognising the rights of the spectator, refrained from It was in Afric's burning sand—to selling any seats from which no view whatever could be obtained and behaved very well about it-as perhaps one has to do when half-a-guinea is charged for time to time his plumes were plucked each seat; but with the border-line seats which they did sell-those on the Now it happened that in London confines of the possible area-a view there was a theatre given up to a sea- of the stage was only partial and so son of foreign opera, and, this theatre much a matter of touch-and-go that any having been built by one of those undue craning of the neck or moving gifted geniuses so common among of the head sideways at once interrupted theatre architects, it followed that the the line of vision of many worthy folk balcony (into which, of course, neither at the back; while anyone leaning too the architect nor the manager for whom far forward from a seat in the front it was built had ever strayed) con- row could instantly, for many others,

unless one stood up, and then the peo- hot night in July a fat lady in one of the front seats not only leaned forward but fanned herself intermittently with a large fan.

Now and then one of the unfortunate half-guinea seat-holders behind her in the debatable territory remonstrated gently and politely, remarking on the privation her fan was causing to others, she was very sorry and put the fan down; but in two minutes she was fluttering it again as hard as ever, and not a vestige of the Pentateuchal caperings or whatever was going forward could be discerned in her vicinity.

She meant well, poor lady; but it was very hot, and how could she help it when her fan was made of that particular ostrich's feathers?

" Methods of sowing, reaping, watering, and thrashing have been passed down from father to son through countless generations.

Chronicle of London Missionary Society.

Of thrashing, anyhow.

"The feature of the Keswick valley is its spacious width of skyscrape."—L. & N.W.R. Guide to the English Lakes.

In this respect New York is its only

MY TROUSSEAU.

Having been a bachelor from my accustomed to the condition; but the to feel that their evening's refresh-fact remains that I miss something ment and entertainment depend on ing rest, namely and severally white,

Curiously enough this want is not a wife. I have been without one so long this matter. I am having fifteen dressice. If you think that this is merely that I should not know what to do shirts, so that there may be one for wear each day in the week, seven in ing to sleep in pyjamas patterned like

purely feminine prerogative I have never been able to understand. A bride without a trousseau is generally regarded as an incomplete thing-a poached-egg without toast; a salad without dressing. But the bridegroom without a trousseau is a recognised institution. True, he has new clothes, both seen and unseen, but this is not a trousseau; it is merely a "replenishment of his wardrobe." His least disreputable old things are "made to do"; and nobody thinks slightingly of him if he attends his wedding in a re-cuffed shirt or in boots that have been resoled. A girl, however, to PUSH HER."

halo as she would contemplate being unhesitatingly that the man who tries I shall remember them too in course married in anything that was not to get through life on a mere dozen of time. I have even gone so far as aggressively new.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's homilies has them. given me no little facility in achieving this attribute, and I am determined years I have hungered for silk ones, that I will change neither my sex nor but have had no conscientious excuse my status.

first place I am going to indulge in travagance; but now I feel that cir-the hitherto undreamt-of luxury of a cumstances justify me in my action, surfeit of dress-shirts. No one who for it would be a very sorry thing for has not experienced life on two dress- me to encounter a burglar or cope with shirts—one in wear, the other in the a fire clad in apparel that would not will mean to me. Men like Sir Joseph wardrobe.

BEECHAM, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, Mr. SOLLY JOEL, LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, for the spirit of the moment; therefore and others, who, I daresay, have four I have resolved upon a pretty colourearliest youth I suppose I ought to be or even five, cannot know what it is scheme for my night-wear. My pyjamas something which only a wedding their finding the French chalk or the lemon, light pink, and pale green—an india-rubber.

bably overlook her, and she would be- the laundry, and one over for emer- an Axminster carpet or a Scotch tartan. come atrophied or die of neglect or gencies—like Parsifal, that begins No wonder Macbeth "murdered sleep" thirst. Neither do I crave a home of in the middle of the afternoon. I mean if he was arrayed in garments of his my own; nor golden-haired children to to be similarly lavish in the matter of club-colours! climb up my knee. I can do without collars and handkerchiefs. The number of the former which I am buying But what I do hunger for and what amounts almost to an epidemic; while and socks: greys and blacks for times I will have is a trousseau. Why the the extent of my commission in the of grave political crises; fawn, buff, acquisition of a trousseau should be a latter is the result of lessons learnt in pearl, moose-I am not sure that this

Yokel. "'OW FAST CAN SHE TRAVEL, MASTER?" Owner. "FIFTY MILES AN HOUR, MY MAN-EVEN SIXTY IF I CARE trouble in dressing. Yokel. "AN' 'OW MANY IF YE BOTH SHOVE?"

am strong-minded. A long course of fashion. I am having half a gross of in my wardrobe.

Then there is my slumber-wear. For y status.

Now, I have prepared a list, just as pyjamas in cold blood has hitherto I am expecting a postal-order almost -I suppose—every girl does. In the seemed to me to be sheer cynical exwash-can quite understand what this be up to the standard of the rest of my

Now, I am a great believer in dressing idea which I candidly confess was in-Therefore I am making no stint in spired by the spectacle of a Neapolitan

is a colour, but it sounds quite possible-for brighter hours; and colours familiar to every student of spectroscopy for haleyon days of rejoicing-the opening of the Royal Academy, the Handel Festival, the return of HARRY LAUDER, or the elevation of Mr. BERNARD Shaw to the peerage.

As for externals, suffice it to say that they will be en suite, and that I intend to introduce just a little touch of originality into my trousers. I am going to have them made with spats sewn to the leg-ends in order to save time and

In short, I have forgotten nothing, except spare studs,

entering Paradise with a second-hand the hard school of experience. I say and I think it is quite likely that handkerchiefs is simply begging for to fix a day for a dress rehearsal. Thus it is that before my wish can disaster, as, however methodical in But first I shall invite my friends, be consummated I have two honoured their use he may be, a carelessly-caught as is the way with brides-elect, to a conventions to defy: that only a girl cold may any day upset his reckoning private view of my trousseau, when may possess a trousseau, and that a and leave him at a loose end; some they shall see all of it spread upon the marriage is a necessary condition to times scarcely that. Hence I am doing coverlet of my bed, over the backs of the acquiring of it. Fortunately I this part of my trousseau in princely my chairs, or hanging in serried ranks

And now nothing more remains to be done but to raise the necessary funds, and with this object in view I have instructed my broker to draw any moment.

" 'Anna virumque cano' was the burden of the charge the Chief Secretary had to meet, and it sorely embarrassed the dear gentle-man."-Liverpool Courier.

Who is "ANNA"? We hope Mr. BIRRELL is not mixed up in a scandal.



AN IMPALPABLE FLAME.

Claude. "What are you waitin' here for, old thing?"

Cuthbert. "To give these flowers and chocolates to that stunning little girl in 'The Death Kiss of Deadman's Gulch."

THE AWAKENING

(A Little Romance of the Restaurant-Car).

Is there a sight so soothing to the brain
As England's outlines green and softly curved,
Visions of wooded slope and fertile plain
Seen by the traveller in a dining-train,
No doubts to vex him and no talk to strain,
His seat, his chance companion, both reserved?

I think not. Yet the rather stoutish man
Who never raised his head but chewed and chewed
Annoyed me as I feasted. I began
To deem him one who had no higher plan,
No larger outlook in life's journeyings, than
Resonant demolition of his food.

I longed to point to him the hedges twined
With starry blossoms, and the coats like silk
Of oxen as they wandered unconfined;
I longed to ask him if his heavier mind
Preferred the cattle of more stedfast kind
Stamped with advertisements of malted milk.

The little red-brick hamlets, poised apart,
And all the grandeur of the rolling leas—
I longed to ask him if they brought no smart

Of scarce-remembered boyhood to his heart. But I refrained; and he took cherry tart And after that two different kinds of cheese.

And then we neared a little market town
Half hidden in the dale, that seemed to cling
Fondly about a church of old renown;
And here the fat man started and looked down
And filled his tumbler to the foaming crown
And held it high as if to pledge the King.

Some memory seemed to stir within his breast
As though the curtain of old days were torn,
And, as he drained the glass with eager zest,
"Behold," I thought, "I wronged him. In that nest,
So far from turmoil, full of old-world rest
(He is about to tell me), he was born.

"And now, before the antique spire hath fled,
Because remembrance of his home is dear,
He toasts it deeply." All my wrath was dead.
Then the man smiled at me and wagged his head;
"Junction for Little Barleythorpe," he said;
"A week ago these points upset my beer."

EVOE.

AN UNPLAYED MASTERPIECE.

[The growing popularity of the one-Act play has prompted the aphorism that what is required in this class of drama is a "maximum of action with a minimum of explanation."

Nevertheless the following effort has been rejected by every Manager in London—a fact which decisively answers the oft-repeated question, "Do Managers read plays?"]

Scene—A luxuriously furnished room in the flat of Violet Hazelwood.
Violet is seated, writing. The tele
Violet, Reggio and Gerald visus in the neighbourhood.

I told you so.

Gerald (aside). Missed!

Violet. Not so. (Slashes through the telephone cord with a knife.) phone on the table rings noisily.

Violet (picking up the receiver). Hello! Yes... It's me... Oh, it's Reggie... Yes, I'm at home to you. . . . In three minutes? . . . Right, I shall be here. (Hangs up receiver.)

Bulkeley, m'm. (Goes out and Sir here? Frank enters.)

Sir Frank. My dear Violet ___ (A look in, you know. report is heard and a splintering of glass.) Confound it all, I'm shot! (Falls on floor.)

Violet. Yes, he certainly appears to be shot. I'd better go and see the police about it. (Goes out.)

Reggie Fortescue (entering precipitately). Violet. . . . (Looking round in perplexity). Not here! She said she would be here. . . . She is false to me. False! I have nothing left to live for. (Takes out a revolver, shoots himself and falls on the floor.)

Gerald Maristowe (entering cautiously through the window and carrying a rifle). This is a devil of a risky business, this rifle practice, but Ulster must be saved somehow. I see I've broken the window. Wonder if I've done any other that at once. damage. (Sees Sir Frank.) Gee! I've killed a man! (Sees-Reggie.) Oh, glory! I've killed two of 'em! Reggie, too, by all that's rum! I say, you know, that's pretty useful shooting. . . . Still, it probably means hanging, and I'mer-hanged if I'll be hanged. Let me now. rather die by my own hand. (Discharges rifle at himself, and falls on floor.)

Violet (re-entering with an Inspector and a Constable). There he is, Inspector. to be two now! I feel sure. . . . (Sees evidence against you. Reggie.) Three! Really, Inspector, I feel almost certain that when I left . . . Oh, it's Reggie! My heart is broken!

Inspector. Stand back, Clarkson; this job requires thought. (Takes up telephone receiver.) Circus 20634, Miss.... That you Doc.? Come round at once, please. . . . Two or three men shot. . . . Right. . . . (Hangs up receiver.) Clarkson, measure the exact distance the anarchist Mazzio? between each corpse and the window. (Clarkson proceeds to do so. Enter Doctor.) Ah, Doc., that's the little job I mentioned.

Doctor (kneeling by Violet). This one isn't shot; she's only fainted. She'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Nor is this one. He'll be all right in good your escape. a minute. (Examines Sir Frank.) This one is, though. Dead as a door-nail. (Violet, Reggie and Gerald rise simul-

Reggie (aside). Missed! (Aloud) Violet, I love you!

Violet. I'm so glad, because I love

Reggie (confidentially). Do you know, I really thought I was dead. Hello, Maid (entering suddenly). Sir Frank Gerald, old son, what are you doing

Gerald. Oh, I thought I'd sort of

Inspector. Violet Hazelwood, I arrest you for the murder of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart., and I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you. Clarkson, stop playing with that tape and handcuff the prisoner. (Clarkson does so.)

Gerald (aside). Good business! That

saves my neck. Violet. But, my dear good soul. . . . However, I suppose it's no use to say anything. Reggie, I can never marry you now.

Reggie. You couldn't in any case, my dear, because I haven't got any money. Violet. You forget that you are sole

heir to Sir Frank there, who had fourteen thousand a year. I thought of

Reggie. Columbus! So I am. Well, that is a dashed nuisance.

Gerald (coming forward nobly). My dear, dear friends, I cannot allow your happiness to be wrecked in this way. I killed Sir Frank! You can be married

Reggie. Good egg! (Embraces Violet.) Inspector. Gerald Maristowe, I arrest you for the murder of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart., and I warn you that (Sees Gerald.) My goodness, there seem anything you may say will be used in

Violet. Oh, we must save him. What can we do?

Clarkson. Lady, do you remember years ago giving sixpence to a starving boy in Peckham Rye?

Violet. Yes.

Clarkson. I am—that is, was—that boy. I will save your friend. Inspector, you know that a reward of £10,000 is offered for the capture of

Inspector. Yes. I wish to heaven I could lay my hands on him.

Clarkson. I can tell you how to do so. Inspector. How?

Clarkson (dramatically tearing off his wig and false moustache). I am Mazzio! (Turning to Gerald and the others) I Gerald.) Nor is this one. He'll be all shall struggle violently. While he is right in a minute. (Examines Reggie.) engaged in arresting me, you can make

Inspector. Ha! Do you think I can be so easily baffled? (Picking up telephone receiver.) There are other police

Gerald. Bravo!

Inspector. Oh, well, never mind. (Puts his head out of the window and blows a police whistle. The others look at one another in consternation.) Now I think I am master of the situation.

Clarkson. Foiled! All the same, you are less fortunate than you imagine, When I said I was Mazzio, I lied.

Inspector. Prove it. Clarkson. Easily. Mazzio has a scar on his left forearm. (Rolling up sleeve.)

Inspector. Oh, well, never mind. I can now proceed with the arrest of the murderer of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart.

Gerald (aside). I'm done for! Clarkson. There must be some way of escape. Doc., it's up to you to do something.

Doctor. With pleasure. I certify that Sir Frank died from heart disease.

Inspector (stammering). But—but but he's obviously shot. I mean to

Doctor. I certify that Sir Frank Bulkeley died from heart disease ten seconds before the bullet struck him. You can do nothing in the face of my certificate.

Gerald, Reggie and Violet. Saved! CURTAIN.

This Wonderful World.

"A Hamburg bookkeeper named Schute, who has just celebrated his 8th birthday, has been with his employers for sixty years, while his son, his grandson, and his great-grandson are also working for them."

The Evening News.

"During the last two years some marvellous finds' have been made at this wonderful fortress from time to time. It is intended to continue excavation work for a moth.'

Denbighshire Free Press. They can be caught much better with beer and treacle.

"LIBERAL MEMBER RESIGNS.

WILL STAND AS INDEPENDENT.

London, Wednesday.-Mr. Joseph Martin, Liberal M.P. for East St. Pancras, is resigning his seat, and will recontest it as an independent South Pole under American auspices."—Sydney Daily Telegraph.

Sir Ernest Shackleton must look out.

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First Caddie. "Does it make yer dizzy lookin' down these 'oles?"
First Caddie. "Then why don't you go to the pin sometimes?"

Second Caddie. " No."

THE FIRST TEE.

(Mullion, July 17th.)

Ir is the place, it is the place, my soul!

(Blow, bugle, blow; sing, triangle; toot, fife!)

Down to the sea the close-cropped pastures roll,

Couches behind yon sandy hill the goal

Whereat, it may be, after ceaseless strife

The "Colonel" shall find peace, and Henry say, "Your hole"...

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,
The sun shines hot, but there 's half a breeze,
Enough to rustle the tree-tops, laddie,
Only supposing there were some trees;
The year's at the full and the morn 's at eleven,
It's a wonderful day just straight from Heaven,
And this is a hole I can do in seven—
Caddie, my driver, please.

Three times a day from now till Monday week
(Ten peerless days in all) I take my stand
Vestured in some dégagé mode of breek
(The chess-board touch, with squares that almost speak),
And lightly sketch my Slice into the Sand,
As based on bigger men, but much of it unique . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,
Note my style on the first few tees;
Duncan fashioned my wrist-work, laddie,
Taylor taught me to twist my knees;

I've a beautiful swing that I learnt from Vardon (I practise it sometimes down the garden—"My fault! Sorry! I beg your pardon!")—Caddie, my driver, please.

Only ten little days, in which to do
So much! E.g., the twelfth: ah it was there
The Secretary met his Waterloo,
But perished gamely, playing twenty-two;
His clubs (ten little days!) lie bleaching where
Sea-poppies blow (ten days!) and wheeling sea-birds mew . . .

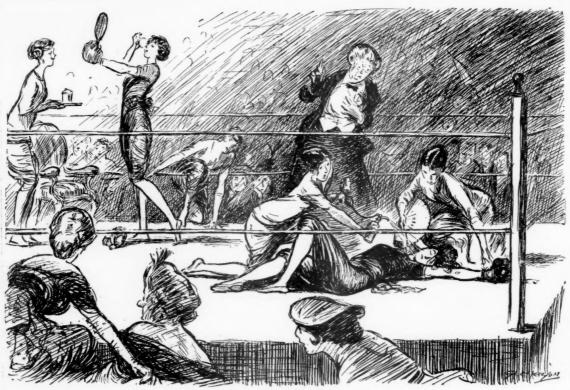
Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,
Let us away with thoughts like these;
A week and a-half is a lifetime, laddie,
The day that's here is the day to seize;
Carpe diem—yes, that's the motto,
"Work be jiggered!" and likewise "What ho!"
I'M NOT GOING BACK TILL I'VE JOLLY WELL GOT TO!
Caddie, my driver, please.
A. A. M.

"The 'Gunboat' and his manager, Mr. Buckley, lounged out on the beautiful old English lawn among the rose bushes and drank in the sunshine."—Daily Mirror.

What offers from brewers, distillers, etc., to name the particular beverage which they drank in the sunshine?

"Sir James Key Caird, the millionaire duke manufacturer of Dundee."—Montreal Gazette.

His yearly output is singularly small.



THE SEX'S

FROM "WOMEN AT PRIZE-FIGHTS" TO "WOMEN IN THE RING" SHOULD BE AN EASY STEP IN THE UPWARD MOVEMENT.

THE PUNCHER'S GRIEVANCE.

"You journalist chaps just spoil us," said Puncher Pete, when I called upon him yesterday at his training camp. Then he smashed lustily at a punch-"You draw us into conversation, stick down our remarks in your note-books, and then make us out to be the biggest ring partner approached, bruised but boasters on the face of the earth. It's beaming. The Puncher knocked him not right.

"For instance, you've got it on the tip of your tongue to ask me if I think I'll lick Jimmy Battle next Thursday. Well, of course I'll lick him. Jimmy's a good boy, but he can't stay, and then he hasn't gone twenty rounds with three blacks, as I have. But what's my opinion matter to you?

"Yes, I shall beat Jimmy. Six "Now, see here, you're not going to rounds will cure him. All right. Very draw any words from me about the well then. Leave it at that.

two days ago. 'Pete,' he said, 'they and on to other things.
say you're ill.' 'You tell 'em to mind their own ills,' I gave him back. Ill, When I knocked Torpedo Troop out

head? could do this?'

The Puncher seized a skipping-rope and did marvellous things with it. ball, left, right, left, right, duck, bing! "Here, Harry!" he cried. His spardown.

"I seem ill, don't I?" said Pete, turning to me. "But what's it got to do with all you chaps, anyway? Wait till Thursday. Then you'll find out whether I'm ill or not. And even if I was ill Jimmy couldn't do it. Jimmy 's never happened to choose that conveygot as good a punch as the next man, ance, and she don't fret any more. Why I'll say that for him. If he gets it in make me shout it out like a cock on it would fell an ox. But can he get it I can see you want to put that question, in? Not next Thursday.

coming fight. You may draw others. "One of your fellows called upon me I refuse. Let's get right off this fight

indeed! If I were ill could I walk my in three rounds last April for a purse forty miles a day and think nothing of of £5,000 and the Championship of it? Could I lift Harry Blokes there Nova Scotia I didn't go bragging. I with anyone, and I hope you'll forgive

D'you suppose a sick man time that the Torpedo had ever had o this?" his eyes closed. Well, I didn't. What's more, I never shall. Tell your readers that!

"Take my victory over Quartermain, again. Or over Dinghy Abbs, who was down and out in the second round in spite of all the fuss that was made about him beforehand. I was a sick man at both these fights. Not a soul knew it, mind you. My wife-for I'm as fond of home life as any ordinary man, and we have a little baby-my wife used to worry terribly. She'd expect me to come home on a stretcher. But I

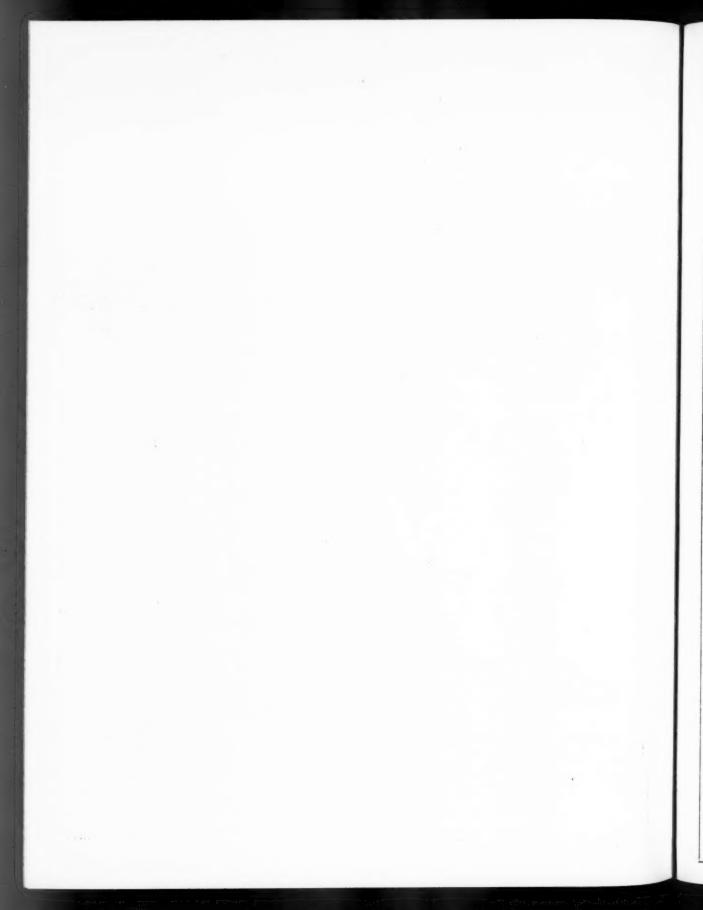
"Will it be a stretcher on Thursday? but I'll ask you to excuse me. Next Thursday, as I've already hinted, will tell its own story, and when I say that the tale will have a happy ending for one of us who isn't too far from your ear to boast about it if he was inclined that way, perhaps you'll guess without my telling you what I mean.

"Not at all, Sir. Don't mention it. I'm always glad to have a friendly chat with one hand and hold him above my might have said that this was the first me for refusing to talk shop."



A RESORT TO THE OBVIOUS.

Mr. Punch. "PERMIT ME, GENTLEMEN—I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW ONE ANOTHER: SIR EDWARD CARSON—MR. REDMOND. IT'S MORE THAN TIME YOU MET."



ESSENCE OF PARLIA-MENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, July 13.—CAMPERDOWN, like HABAK-KUK, is canable de tout. Can do (is at least ready to undertake) anything. Like Lord JOHN RUSSELL, he would at an hour's notice take charge of the British Fleet, whether in Home waters or on Foreign stations. Confesses with pathetic modesty that there are two things beyond his capacity. One is to find a needle in a pottle of hay: the other, to discover a teller in Division Lobby when no one proposes to tell.

To-night this last dilemma faced noble earl. Home Rule Amendment Bill before House on Report stage, MACDONELL moved amendment introducing principle of proportional repre-inconsolable Worthington Evans. sentation. After long debate

being a few cries of "Not content!" House cleared for division.

Whilst majority of peers streamed into could have found them. Content Lobby discovery was made that

the affair. According to his own narrative, which thrilled the listening Senate, he had gone into Division Lobby, "where," he added, "I stayed a long time."

Began to realise something of the feeling of the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. CAMPERDOWN essentially a man of action. No use mooning round deserted Lobby wondering where every-

"I tried," he protested, "to find a teller for the Not-Contents, which I was not able to do. There were no Not-Contents in the Not-Contents' Lobby and there were no tellers. I do not know," he added, turning his head with enquiring pose, like Mr. Pecksniff asking his pupil Martin Chuzzlewit to take compass, pencil and paper, and "give me your idea of a wooden leg," "whether any of your lordships have seen an occurrence like this before. I have not."



The shade of Masterman recalls happy memories to the

Question put from Woolsack. There irretrievable. But everyone felt that who mourned his absence, recognising CAMPERDOWN had done his duty, and in it cause of insecurity for the Empire, that if he had failed to find Not-Con- situation would be natural and com-Hereupon strange thing happened, tents in an empty Lobby no one else prehensible. It is from the so-labelled

not only were there no tellers for the mons Premier announced winding-up Terman's severest censor whilst he still Not-Contents but no Not-Contents for of business at earliest possible mothet tellers. Fortunately Camperdown ment with intent to meet again in on the spot. Instantly took charge of "early winter" for new Session. No



Murmur of sympathy ran "He did not want these adaptations of a German system round perturbed benches. Di-which the Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed to have lemma awful, unprecedented, chosen."—Lord Hugh Cecil.

Autumn Session, you'll observe. Feeling against it so strong that insistence might have broken bonds that link faithful Ministerialists with their esteemed Leader. Accordingly proro-gation about usual time in August, and new Session, instead of opening in February. will date from November. When we come to think of it, seems to amount to much the same thing as Autumn Session, which usually begins in mid-October. That an illusion. There will be no Autumn Session. Only we shall all be back at Westminster again in drear November.

House of Commons, Tuesday. -Like RACHEL weeping for her children, the Opposition will not be comforted in respect of the continued absence of CHANCEL-LOR of the Duchy. 'Tis a touching trait, illustrating the high level of human nature the Commons reach. Had it been MASTERMAN'S political friends

enemy's camp that lamentation is Business done.—In House of Com- sounded, Worthington Evans, Mas-

> ally reduced to a pulp-using the word of course in Parliamentary sense.

> As he is too unnerved to dwell upon subject, BARNSTON and HAYES FISHER to-day take it up. Want to know how long a state of things most painful on their side of the House is to continue? Premier makes light reply. Points out that it's no new thing for a Minister to fail to find a seat, the globe meanwhile serenely revolving on its axis. In 1885 and in 1892 the Duchy was unrepresented on the Treasury Bench.

> A more striking case, overlooked by PREMIER, of a Minister long struggling with adversity at the poll finding the door of House of Commons bolted and barred is familiar to Lord Halsbury. Appointed Solicitor-General in 1875 HARD-INGE GIFFARD did not take his seat till the Session of 1877. Crushed at Cardiff, left in the lurch at Launceston, hustled at Horsham, named as a probable starter at every election race

yield to his advances.

a calamity averted by discovery of the as a debater, promising attainment of But said it in a hopeful tone. document in his hat on a bench under the Gallery where he had awaited Speaker's summons to

the Table. But precedents are nothing when the bosom is deeply stirred.

"Can't the CHANCELLOR of the Duchy make an effort to secure a seat?" BARNSTON asked in tremulous voice.

"He has made two already," retorted the practical PREMIER.

Then came along WATT, with cryptic inquiry breaking silence that brooded over Ministerial benches.

"Has the time not arrived," he asked, "to jettison Jonan, in view of the fact that nobody seems willing to swallow him but the whale?"

House left thinking the matter

Business done.—House of Lords passed Third Reading of transformed Home Rule Amendment Bill. In the Commons Budget Bill again dealt with in Committee. Sharp strictures from both sides. But Ministerialists who had come to criticise remained to vote in its favour. Majority accordingly maintained at normal level.

Wednesday.—Son Austen, who little more than a fortnight ago left the House Member for East Worcester, returned to-day representing the division of Birmingham where his father sat impregnably throned for uninterrupted period of twentynine years. As he walked up to

the roll of Parliament, was hailed by hearty burst of general cheering.

This rare. Common enough for one or other political party to welcome recruit to its ranks. On such occasions, the other side sit silent, save when especial circumstances elicit responsive bout of ironical cheering. To-day's demonstration afforded striking recognition of genuine merit modestly dis-

Ever a difficult thing for young Member to be son of distinguished father also seated in the House. Posi-

in the three kingdoms taking place rarely combined. Whilst his father within a period of eighteen months, yet enthralled attention and admira-he persuaded the blushing borough of tion of House by supreme capacity Launceston, on a second wooing, to Son Austen successfully faced the ordeal. After Don Jose's withdrawal Oddly enough, when at last he came from the scene his son's advance to a to the Table to take the oath, he found leading place in the councils of his he had mislaid the return to the writ, party and the estimation of the House And bluntly state the view I tookproduction of which is indispensable was rapid. Within limits of present preliminary. Was nearly turned back, Session he has shown increased power I want, he said, the truth alone,



A REVOLTING TASK. THE WAITER'S EARLY-MORNING JOB.

Table to take the oath and sign afresh still loftier heights. Ever courteous in manner, untainted by the "new style" deplored by PREMIER, he, though an uncompromising party man, has made no personal enemies among any section of his political opponents.

Business done. - House of Lords threw out Plural Voters Bill on second time of asking. Commons still in Com-

mittee on Budget.

"Hearne and Mead, the not-outs of Monday, were separated at 80, their partnership having yielded 441 in forty-five minutes."

tion to be sustained only by exercise The spectators, we suppose, could stand of qualities of mind and manner the strain no longer.

DIPLOMACY.

(Yawning, though rude, is, according to the doctors, an extremely healthy exercise.)

I have a friend who wrote a book And begged me to peruse it. Encourage or abuse it.

> Perceiving there was no escape, With Chapter I. I led off:

Page 2 provoked my earliest gaps. At 3 I yawned my head off, At 4 I cast the thing away Unto some dim and distant day.

For weeks I racked my harassed brain

For something kind and ruthful, To spare his feelings and remain Comparatively truthful (I'm very often troubled by My inability to lie).

"Dear Charles," I wrote him in the end,

"I fear no contradiction When I declare that you have penned

A healthy work of fiction. I am, I candidly admit, A sounder man through reading it."

"Captain Turner only got a single when J. W. Hearne bowled him, and lunch was taken.

ESSEX. F. L. Fane c. Hendren b. Kidd . 57 Russell run out

Probably the Major got his step during lunch; and it was no doubt richly deserved, though not on account of the score he had made in the morning as a Captain.

"John Charles Edmund Carson were the names which Lord Gillford, the infant heir of Lord and Lady Clanwilliam, received yesterday afternoon."

Daily Mail.

If only this were a misprint for John Charles Redmond Carson.

"The anniversary of the Cattle of the Boyne was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm throughout Canada."
"Times" Toronto Correspondent.

These were the original Irish bulls, we

suppose.

"Plant strawberry runners with grouse on Aug. 12th."—R.H.S. Gardener's Diary.

"Plant daffodils between grouse and partridges."—R.H.S. Gardener's Diary

The daffodils should make good cover, but the runners will stand no chance against the Cockney sportsman.



THE OLD, OLD PROBLEM.

IS THE BATSMAN OUT OR NOT?

EXERCISE 1.

I MUST confess that at one time I had little regard for collectors of cigarette cards; it seemed a feeble I am of a somewhat intellectual nature.

Some little time ago, however, I happened to glance at one of these cards and was surprised to see a picture of a gentleman attired in white flannels and a vest of white, decorated with red embroidery. He was grasping a towel in both hands and appeared to have two or three sets of arms. The label said, "Scarf or Towel Exercises 4." A perusal of the instructions on the back of the card made everything clear.

Ten minutes later I entered the shop of an athletic outfitter. Unfortunately he had no white vests with red edges; I had to purchase one with blue. A scarf or towel I could find at home.

Then I entered a tobacconist's. Four days later I had collected Scarf or Towel Exercises 2 and 3.

"We can," I said, "now make a start." As a matter of fact it was not altogether a foolish proceeding. Deep thinkers are apt to overlook the need for physical culture. This error I through twenty tens—with no result. decided to remedy.

head in manner indicated by the instructions, (3) straightened right arm and lowered right hand so that towel (still taut) sloped to right, (4) returned to Position 1. I then changed towel pursuit, though perhaps I should add for scarf (my own idea) and continued with Exercises 3 and 4.

I was very happy; my only worry was the absence of Scarf or Towel Exercises 1.

Every morning I called at the tobacconist's and purchased packets of cigarettes, eagerly searching them for the missing card. Every afternoon I called again.

For a week I bore my disappointment bravely; then I became cynical.

"Perhaps," I said, "there is no Exercise 1. It may be a joke on the part of the makers.

My consumption of cigarettes increased. Packet followed packet with extraordinary rapidity, and still no Exercise 1.

I began to get worried. "Is it safe," I asked myself, "to do 2, 3 and 4 without 1? The omission may have a serious effect on 2, 3 and 4."

Then I returned to the attack with renewed vigour. In a week I got

Disappointed and weary I was walk-Every morning I (1) stood in posi- ing to the office one morning when tion illustrated, (2) raised arms above suddenly I had an attack of giddiness. They seem very hard to please.

By the end of the day I was beginning to wonder if I was very ill. I felt it. Usually the clearest of thinkers, I was dizzy and dazed.

The evening saw the arrival of my doctor, and a thorough examination followed, at the end of which he shook his head gravely.
"'M," he murmured. "Ah."

"Tell me," I said with extraordinary calmness—"tell me the worst. Brain fever, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no," he replied. "What I'm worrying about is the heart. It's in a bad state—a really bad state. Heaven knows how many cigarettes you've been consuming lately. You'll have to stop it altogether."

I looked at him blankly; then, with a bitter laugh, I (1) stood in position illustrated, (2) raised arms above head in manner indicated by the instructions, (3) straightened right arm and lowered right hand so that handkerchief (still taut) sloped to right, and (4) returned to sofa.

The Latest Style in Strikes.

"Engineers and firemen on the western railways of the United States have threatened to strike unless their demands for increased wages and other reforms are not granted."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SIN OF DAVID."

This is not, like the plays in which JOSEPH has recently figured, an adaptation from the Hebrew. Mr. Stephen PHILLIPS has given a seventeenthcentury (A.D.) setting to the BATHSHEBA motive, transplanting it from the polygamous East into the England of oneman-one-wife. His object, no doubt, was to emphasize one aspect of his borrowed theme, which is further enforced by his choice of milieu — the camp of the Puritans.

Lest this fairly obvious note of irony should escape us, Mr. PHILLIPS accentuates it at the start by making his DAVID (Sir Hubert Lisle, Commander of the Parliamentary Forces in the Fenland) condemn a young officer to be shot for a "carnal" offence. The delinquent's answer-

"Thou who so lightly dealest death to me Be thou then very sure of thine own soul;" and Lisle's prayer-

"And judge me, Thou that sittest in Thy Heaven,

As I have shown no mercy, show me none!. If ever a woman's beauty shall ensnare My soul into such sin as he hath sinned".

these passages, even if the title of the play had not prepared us, afford fair warning of the way in which things have got to go. In fact it is all very simple and straightforward, and (on the constructive side) Hellenic. Perhaps indeed the treatment is a little too direct, and the tragedy moves too quickly to its consummation (thirty or forty minutes suffice for the reading of it). It might serve its publisher (of the Bodley Head) as one of a series to be entitled: "Half-hours with the Best Sinners."

As a poem The Sin of David cannot compare for beauty with Paolo and Francesca, though it contains isolated lines which recall Mr. Phillips's earliest drama, such as the plea of Joyce, the condemned officer-

"Her face was close to me, and dimmed the world."

or Lisle's-

"Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth.'

But then, of course, the exotic manner would here have been an impropriety. This is not Rimini; it is the English Fenland; and all the characters, with the exception of Miriam Mardyke (the BATHSHEBA of the piece), who was bred in France and had its sun in her blood, were of the Puritan pattern that does not accommodate itself very easily to the language of passion.

But all this we knew ten years ago,

lished; and the only new interest was the question of its adaptability to the theatre. Poetic drama seldom gains much by presentation on the stage, unless it is full of action; and there is little action in this play except of the have it so) of some ten summers. You inward kind. In almost the only case where quick movement is here demanded one becomes conscious of the intrusion of words. When he knows that the relief of Pomfret depends upon his instant action, Lisle still finds time for conversations with his servant, with Miriam and with the doctor, and for a couple of well-sustained soliloquies.

Certain lines, again, whose literary flavour, when read, makes us overlook



Mr. H. B. IRVING (Sir Hubert Liste). "Pomfret will fall in another two seconds if I don't ride over and raise the siege. Still, my first duty is to Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and he wants me for a few dialogues and a brace of soliloquies before I start.'

their inherent improbability in the mouth of the character that utters them, take on, when spoken, an air of artifice. Such are the lines in which Miriam describes her old sister-in-law, to her face, as

"living without sin And reputably rusting to the grave."

And there is always the danger that actors will be content with a rather slurred and perfunctory recitation of lines that have no bearing on the action but are just inserted for joy as a rhetorical embroidery.

It may be a trivial criticism, but I think the play suffered a little from the appearance of the love-child whose death was to be the punishment for Lisle's sin in sending Mardyke to his death in a forlorn hope. The instructions in my book are contradictory. when The Sin of David was first pub- The time of Act. III. is described as Is it the same little girl?

"five years later," and we are then told that "four years are supposed to have elapsed since Act II." Anyhow, the boy should be only three or four years old. Actually he is a girl (the stage must may say that all these years during which the lovers' passion has been purified by worship of the child's innocence, and "God has not said a word," add a dramatic force to the blow when at last it falls. But for myself-a mere matter of taste-I feel that the vengeance of Heaven has been nursed too

As for the interpretation, I must honestly compliment Mr. Inving and Miss MIRIAM LEWES on their performance. It is true that I should never have mistaken Mr. IRVING for a fighting Roundhead, and he might well have sacrificed something of his personality for the sake of illusion. It is true, too, that he was more concerned about dramatic than poetic effects; yet, within the limitations of a very marked individuality, he did justice to the author by a performance that was most sincere and persuasive. Miss Lewes played her more difficult part with great charm and delicacy. Her manner, even under stress of passionate feeling, still kept the right restraint that Miriam had learnt from her environment; but always we were made to feel that under the prim Puritan gown was a body that had been "born in the sun's lap," and held the warmth of the vinelands in its veins. Perhaps it was from France, too, that Miriam had caught her strange habit of pronouncing "my" (a perfectly good word) as "me."

There is little so worth seeing on the stage to-day as The Sin of David, and I very sincerely hope that both the play and its interpreters may win the wide appreciation they have earned.

It is unfortunate that Mr. ARTHUR ECKERLEY'S ingenious little farce, A Collection will be made, was only introduced into the bill at the Garrick two days before the withdrawal of the Duke of Killicrankie, and that, like the melancholy Jaques, it has had to share the ducal exile. I look forward to its early reappearance under happier auspices, and with Mr. Guy NEWALL again in the leading part.

"The father of a young lady, aged 15-a typical 'FLAPPER'-with all the self-assurance of a woman of 30, would be grateful for the recommendation of a seminary (not a convent) where she might be placed."—Times.

"Coaching required for Cambridge Little Girl."-Times.



A PROPOSAL FOR THE PURCHASE OF DONKEYS FOR PRACTISING AMMUNITION-SUPPLY IN THE FIELD HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE

RETROSPECTIVE.

[The armbone of a prehistoric lion has been discovered in Fleet Street during the excavations for the new offices of "The Daily Chronicle." Remains of other prehistoric animals were found some years ago near the same spot.]

READER, when last you went down Fleet

(Wait half-a-second. Thank you.) Street.

And gazed upon it from your scat, Perched on a motor-bus, Did you, I wonder, guess that there, In ages long ago, the bear Contended for the choicest lair With the rhinoceros?

Where now the expectant taxis prowl, And growlers, still surviving, growl, And agonised pedestrians howl,

Seeing the traffic skid, There lions roamed the swampy glade, There the superb okapi brayed, And many a mighty mammoth made Whatever noise it did.

It pleases me to pause and think That where to-day flows printing-ink All sorts of beasts came down to drink Clear waters from a spring.

I like to reconstruct the scene; I feel existence must have been. Before the rotary machine,

A more delightful thing.

I like to think how, westward bound, Tigers pursued their prey and found The Strand a happy hunting ground,

Seeking tit-bits by night. Reader, will you come there with me When London lies asleep? Maybe Their phantoms still prowl stealthily Down by the Aldwych site.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Lady Diana Dingo was in the Park yesterday, walking with Lancelot, her new ant-eater, and the latter, who has happily recovered from his severe attack of measles, is now quite tame, and was wearing bronzed toe-nails and a large blue ribbon under the left ear.

The Countess of Torquay and her sister, Mrs. Pygmalion Popinjay, were at the Earl's Court Exhibition on Wednesday. The Countess's crested toucan, Willy, was much admired.

an exciting event, especially as Stella, Lady Killaloo, has entered her large crocodile, Horace - called after her late husband-who is known to prove rather fractious at times.

Mrs. Halliday Hare is in deep mourning for her bandicoot, Maud Eliza, who was unfortunately set upon and eaten last week by the Hon. Mrs. Joram's young jaguar during an afternoon call at the house of a mutual friend of their mistresses. Mrs. Hare is leaving town at once, and her house will be closed until late in the autumn.

The iguana worn by Miss Bay Buskin in the second Act of The Belle of Bow Street is a delightful little creature, and accompanies his mistress everywhere. While on the subject of the theatre, we are glad to learn that the cages now being erected behind the stage at Galy's Theatre will soon be ready, when there should be no further cause for complaint about the rapacity of some of the larger carnivora owned by certain ladies of the chorus.

The recent fashion of having one's pet emu coloured to match one's frock The Ladies' Park Pet race at Ranel- is dying out, and armadilloes with ham next Friday is expected to prove gilded trotters are becoming the vogue.

COMPULSION.

"VERY well," said the lady of the house, "don't let's do it. Nobody can force us to go to the seaside if we don't want to."

"It's too late," I said, "to begin to agree with me now." "It's never too late to realise how reasonable you are."

"Yes, it is. The agreement is signed; half the rent has been paid; Sandstone House has got us by the legs, and, whether we like it or not, we've got to go there next week.'

"We might try the effect of a death-bed repentance." "No," I said, "we're dead already. We died when

the blessed agreement was signed."

"Well, then, let's write and say our aunt from British Columbia is about to arrive here unexpectedly on a visit to us, and that sand and seaweed and prawns and star-fish are simply death to her. We can wind up with a strong appeal to the landlord's better nature. No true landlord can wish to be responsible for the death of anybody's British Columbian aunt."

"You're quite wrong," I said. Landlords just revel in that kind of thing. Besides, he will not believe in our

aunt. He will say that she is too thin.'

"But the aunt I'm thinking of is stout and wheezy. She is a widow; her name is Aunt Wilhelmina; except ourselves there's nobody in the world left for her to cling to. No marine landlord can dare to separate us from Aunt Wilhelmina,"

"It's no good," I said. "I'll admit that your Aunt

"She's only mine by marriage, you know; but I love

her like a daughter."

- "I admit," I continued, "that Aunt-by-marriage Wilhelmina may some day be useful to us. We will put her by for another occasion. But she can't help us now."
- "Well, go ahead yourself and suggest something, then." "I could suggest a thousand things. Suppose we just pay the rest of the rent and don't go.

"The man," she said with conviction, "is mad."

"I thought you'd say that, and I know you'd say the same about any other suggestion of mine, so I shan't make any more."

"You mustn't be sulky," she said.

"I never am. I'm reasonable, but, as usual, you'll realise it too late. Besides," I added, "it's you who've brought us into this fix."

"I?" she said with an air of wonder. "How can I

have done that?"

"I'll tell you," I said firmly, for I saw that my chance had come. "For weeks and weeks past you have been engaged in shutting up avenues and closing loop-holes. Wherever there was the tiniest way of escape from the seaside, there you were with your walls and your fences, until at last you'd got me safely penned in."

"You didn't struggle much, did you?"

"No, I was like the man in The Pit and the Pendulum, and you were—whoever it was that made the walls close in on him."

"I refuse," she said, "to be called a Spanish Inquisition." "You may refuse as much as you like, but that's the sort of thing you've been. How you worked on my domestic affections and my household pride! When Helen forgot to go to her music-lesson you said the poor child was evidently run down and wanted a breath of sea-air. When Rosie lost her German exercise-book, and when Peggy fell off her bicycle, you worked both these accidents round into an imperative demand for salt water. When John was bitten by a gnat you said the spot was bilious and things would never be right with him until he got into a more bracing climate; and when Bates tripped up in the A pair of green shoes Kitty danced at the Fair!

pantry and broke a week's income in plates and dishes you said he needed tone and would get it at the sea. seaside, seaside! I couldn't get away from it."

"Oh, but you haven't been there yet, you know. You're

shouting before you're hurt."
"No," I said, "I am not—I mean I am hurt, but I'm not shouting. I'm just whispering a few salutary truths," "And there's another thing," she said; "it must be ter-

rible for you to know what a designing person your wife is." "Madam," I said, "my wife is as heaven made her. I will not permit her to be abused. She has good impulses. She means well. Her plain sewing is quite excellent.

"Spare me," she said, "oh spare me. I will never go to the sea again."

"But you shall go to the sea," I said. "Everything is settled. The agreement is signed; the tickets are all but taken. John and Peggy are panting for pails and spades. Do you think I want to stand in the way of their innocent pleasures? We will all try for shrimps while you sit on a heap of sand and tell us not to get too wet, or that it's time for tea, and have I forgotten the thermos-flask again."

"Horatio," she said, "I can see you paddling in my

"But tell me," I said, "when do we start."

"We start on Tuesday. The whole lot of us together, you know, servants and all. Won't that be fun?"
"Ye—es," I said, "it will—I mean it would if I could

go with you, but unfortunately-

"What I" she said, "you mean to desert us?"

"No, no, I can never desert you, but I've got two solemn engagements on Tuesday—meetings in the City."

"Then I'm to take the whole party, am I?" "Yes, dear," I said. "And I'll join you next day."

"You've won," she said.

KITTY ADARE.

Sweet as a wild-rose was Kitty Adare. Blithe as a laverock and shy as a hare;

Mid all the grand ladies of all the grand cities

You'd not find the face half so pretty as Kitty's;
"'Tis the fine morning this, Kit," says I; she says, "It is," The day she went walking to get to the Fair.

She was bred to give trouble, was Kitty Adare, For she had my heart caught like a bird in a snare;

O, her laugh was the ripple of quick-running water, And—the seventh-born child of a seventh-born daughter-She wore the green shoes that the fairies had brought her To help her go dancing that day at the Fair!

She'd the foot of a princess, had Kitty Adare, And the road fell behind her like peel off a pear; She was into the town with the lads and the lassies, And the shouting of showmen and braying of asses, And on to the green where the best of the grass is,

With the sun shining bright on the fun of the Fair! She was light as a feather, was Kitty Adare. And she danced like a flame in a current of air;

O, look at her now—she retreating, advancing, And stepping and stopping, and gliding and glancing! There wasn't a one was her marrow at dancing Of all the young maidens who danced at the Fair.

O Kitty, O Kitty, O Kitty Adare,

Till the music was beaten you danced to it there; And the fiddler, poor fellow, the way that he was in, Him sweating for six and his bow wanting rosin, He was put past the fiddling a month—all because in



Cheerful Householder (to burglar). "By the way, when you go downstairs you might let the cat in; she's been spoiling MY SLEEP.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF memory serves me, the publishers of World's End (HURST AND BLACKETT) described its theme as one of unusual delicacy, or words to that effect. I should like to reassure them. The particular kind of marriage of convenience which it concerns (marriage for the convenience of the wronged heroine, by which the virtuous hero gives his name to the child of the villain) may be, indeed is, a delicate matter, but—in fiction at least—by no manner of means Nor can I see that its present treatment by AMÉLIE RIVES (Princess TROUBETZKOY) lends it any degree of novelty. No, let me be just; perhaps Richard Bryce, the wicked betrayer, does strike a somewhat new note, at least in his beginnings. Richard was the product of art superimposed upon dollars. He was so cultured that the humanity in him had dwindled to a negligible quantity; and thus, when poor Phabe wanted him to "do the right thing by her," he sent her instead some charmingly modern French versa—which she could not understand—and finally took ship for Europe in mingled alarm and boredom. You will have gathered that the scene is laid in America. Perhaps this explains the hero. Owen Randolph was one Phabe, and allowed that unhappy lady to suffer chapters

himself and Richard, the latter spent some months in hospital as a consequence. However, he recovered, and things were thus able to reach the kind of ending which was expected of them. There are parts of World's End that are worthy of a better whole, but that is the best I can say for it.

I believe that Paul Moorhouse (Long) was never really predestined to end unhappily and that his suicide was a conclusion as little premeditated by the author as it was apparently by the hero. If such ends must be, they should be a climax demanded by relentless logic: some sort of culminating event should occur which, added to what has gone before, leaves no alternative. Paul, however, had survived for years under the stress of all the circumstances which finally constrained him to make an end of himself; and, had he stayed the course-only another hour or so-he would have found that all had turned out for the best and that adequate arrangements had been made for his permanent happiness. No doubt these things happen in real life and I cannot accuse Mr. George Would (a most discerning author) of any inhuman treatment of his puppet; yet I wish that he had been more kindly disposed and had spared me a bitter disappointment. Having known Paul, man of the strong and silent. He was so silent that, though he and boy, for upwards of ten years, I had become sincerely knew perfectly well all that had happened, he married attached to him; as assistant time-keeper, foreman and works-manager he showed a spirit true to the real Black of agonized apprehension as to his attitude, when half-a- Country type. He had his moments of weakness when he dozen words would have set her at ease on the subject. went astray after the manner of his kind; but he always He was, moreover, so strong that, when eventually the became master of himself again and, when he had to, paid theme of their relations with Phxbe did crop up between like a man the price of his misdeeds, never pausing to dishis due, she was a dear; poor dear!

I do not think that you will believe The Story of Fifine (CONSTABLE), although Mr. BERNARD CAPES takes some pains to give it an air of actuality; but if you are like me you will not be greatly concerned about that. Purporting firmly for swollen-head I do not think that Richard's cure to be the ill-used daughter of a mad French marquis, Fifine, in that naïve and charming way which has always my view that Mrs. Dawson Scott has given us a book been so dear to the hearts of novelists, came to live at the bachelor abode in Paris of the sculptor Felix Dane (his halfsister, who was keeping house for the marquis, provided the introduction), and, calling each other "cousin" and well begun." Without caring very much about the month "gossip," these two shared rooms together in perfect simplicity of soul and held several conversations which reflect, story called My Lady Rosia had excellently well begun. I 1 suppose, Mr. Bernard Capes' views on the plastic arts am sorry to add, though, that it does not carry on quite so and life in general. And why, in passing, he should continue to heap ridicule on staid Victorian respectability I suspicion is that Lady Rosia is one of many novels that cannot for the life of me imagine. The plucky and un- owe their existence to a summer holiday. I haven't the

orthodox thing nowadays surely is to make game of Bohemianism. But, anyhow, the happy moment for me arrived when Felix Dane suggested (on the grounds that the marquis would soon discover his daughter's hiding-place) a holiday tour through Provence. Mr. BERNARD CAPES in Provence is Mr. BERNARD Capes at his best. How the lovers (for thatperhaps you roguishly guessed it?—they gradually became) paid visits to Nimes, to Aigues-Mortes, to Arles and to Paradou les Baux, and met M. Carabas Cabarus, the native minstrel, you must read for yourself, for I cannot give a faint THAT'S IN UT." A PIECE O' LUCK! SURE, idea of the eloquence with

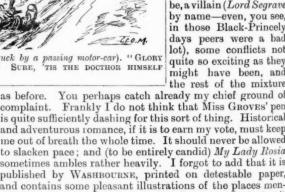
artificially as it began, and with an unnecessary tragedy thrown in, I suppose for the sake of that idyll in the very nesting-place of idylls I must shrug my shoulders and forgive. After all, it does not matter much who Fifine really was, nor what happened to her. Suffice it that Mr. BERNARD Capes has conducted her to Arles.

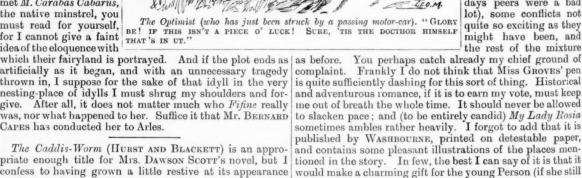
The Caddis-Worm (HURST AND BLACKETT) is an appropriate enough title for Mrs. Dawson Scott's novel, but I confess to having grown a little restive at its appearance on the top of each of 352 pages. "Episodes in the Life of Richard and Catharine Blake" is the alternative title, and to the average human reader possibly a more significant one. The Caddis-Worm is quite in the modern manner, having no plot-or what has been contemptuously called "anecdote." I have, however, a more genuine grievance against Mrs. Dawson Scott, and it is that she seems inclined to be a propagandist without the requisite robustness. A little more vigour in her protests against the iniquity of British laws, and her theme might have allured take and give her a good shaking. Whereas, with a little minster Gazette.

cover the overcharge. As for Joan Ware, his intended and more encouragement, I believe I should have been quite anxious to kick her husband from the top to the bottom of several flights of stairs. Drastic methods were taken by the author to bring Richard to his senses; in fact, at one time he made a sort of corner in disasters. But unless a sanatorium exists where patients are treated kindly and is likely to be permanent. That, however, does not affect which is full of clever writing and fairly shrewd observation.

> "It was a wild wet night, though the month of May was of May, I felt on reading these introductory words that the

slightest knowledge of the facts, and still less wish to incur a libel action, but, by my way of imagining it, Miss FREDA MARY GROVES found herself one day in the Winchelsea country, fell very naturally in love with its jolly old houses, and determined there and then to write a story about them. So here it is, with a mildly romantic hero, Bernard, a heroine in the title rôle who is as pretty and persecuted as heroines should be, a villain (Lord Segrave by name—even, you see, in those Black-Princely days peers were a bad lot), some conflicts not quite so exciting as they might have been, and





The John Bull Breed.

survives) on the occasion, say, of a family holiday to Hastings.

The South African Farmers' Guide pays a pretty compliment to a well-known family in describing a typical South Devon bull as the "property of Major APTHORP, a magnificent example of this breed."

WANTED .- A Tame Tory who will undertake to write me. As it is, the troubles of Catharine with her peremp-scathing criticisms on the policy of his own party. Meals tory Richard only made me want, but not very keenly, to supplied on premises. Sleep in. Address, Offices of West-



Bather. "I SAY! I SAY! THE CURRENT IS FRIGHTFULLY STRONG; I'M BEING CARRIED OUT." Bathing Attendant. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT ME EYE ON YER!"

CHARIVARIA.

A WARRANT has been issued for the eloped from Florence with an Admiral's daughter. This was not discovered a musical foe, such as the Germans. until Signor ULVI had got well away, and his claim to be able to cause exto be established.

General Huerta is said to have taken leave Mexico City behind.

A storm of indignation has been raised in Berlin by an order (instigated, all cafés must close at 2 A.M. A petition is being circulated which points out that this order will kill Berlin's tourist traffic, "as the night life of the city is the only attraction for visitors. This implication that a certain exalted personage is not among the local almost to lėse-majestė.

When Lieutenant Porte's waterplane, "The America," refused to rise, he should have tried changing its name to "The South America."

The Buckinghamshire Territorials, under their new commandant, Colonel WETHERED, are going in for chorusarrest of Signor ULVI, the inventor singing practice. This is a good idea. of "F" rays. He is said to have Sung badly enough, these choruses should prove a valuable weapon against

Owing to an outbreak of mumps at plosions at a distance would now seem Harrow School the summer term has ported from the Bay of Biscay, and it generous nature of the Harrow boys with him on his flight securities to the that, in spite of this annoying inter-old retainer. amount of £1,200,000. Even so it is ruption of their studies, there has been typical of the grasping nature of the very little open expression of resentman that he complained of having to ment against those who introduced the boat in the Downs at Deal," says The ailment.

> Coventry's annual Lady Godiva procession took place last week, and was a with the advance of fashion the principal character-who on this occasion disturbed. was attired in pink fleshings draped with white chiffon-will be voted overdressed and so fail to attract.

"To be well booted," says The Times, attractions seems to us to amount "is to feel well dressed, at the top of one's power and joy." A small boy, however, who was well booted by a larger boy the other day admits that the Hampstead station of the North he received a good dressing, but holds London Railway last week was prothat, apart from this, The Times was duced spontaneously by a copy of one misinformed.

The announcement that in the course of excavations on the site of the old General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, some old Roman tile stamps have been discovered, has caused, we hear, a profound sensation in philatelic circles.

Exceptionally rough weather is rehad to close some days earlier than is said that on a certain passenger usual. It is characteristic of the vessel even the valet of a well-known nobleman was ill, although he was an

"Fishing with rod and line from a Daily Mail, "Lord HERSCHELL and a friend caught 600 fish on Sunday. The fish, mostly pouting, were hauled in three and four at a time." We suspect it is said, in a very high quarter) that success. It is feared, however, that they were pouting to show their annoyance at having their Sabbath rest

> It is proposed in an L.C.C. report that barges should be used as open-air schools on the river. Schools of language, presumably.

> We are asked to deny that the fire which broke out at the bookstall at of Miss Victoria Cross's novels.

THE USES OF OCEAN.

(Lines written in an irresponsible holiday mood.)

To people who allege that we Incline to overrate the Sea, I answer, "We do not; Apart from being coloured blue, It has its uses not a few-I cannot think what we should do If ever 'the deep did rot.'"

Take ships, for instance. You will note That, lacking stuff on which to float, They could not get about; Dreadnought and liner, smack and yawl, And other types that you'll recall-They simply could not sail at all It Ocean once gave out.

And see the trouble which it saves To islands; but for all those waves That made us what we are-But for their help so kindly lent, Teutons could march right through to Kent And never need to circumvent A single British tar.

Take fish, again. I have in mind No better field that they could find For exercise and sport; How would the whale, I want to know, The blubbery whale contrive to blow; Where would your playful kipper go If the supply ran short?

And hence we rank the Ocean high; But there are privy reasons why Its praise is on my lip: I deem it, when my heart is set On walking into something wet, The nicest medium I have met In which to take a dip.

Ah, speed the hour already fixed When, mid the bathers (freely mixed), In a polite costume I mean to plunge beneath the spray And, washing from a soul at play The City's stain-three times a day-Restore its vernal bloom.

Rocked like a babe upon the brine It is my dream to float supine And to the vast inane Banish awhile from off my chest The cares that hold it now obsessed, And even take a clean-cut rest From Ulster-on-the-brain.

The Best Holiday Insurance.

O. S.

readers that, while there are excellent methods of insuring Arrayed against these two, sons of Ireland no less than against the disturbance of their holidays by accident or bad they, were Carson and Craig; Carson with his saturnine weather, the best way for them to insure happiness is to face and his swift and piercing intelligence, Craig of the offer a share of it to those who cannot afford a holiday of burly form and uncompliant humour. Vowed to the their own. The very easy sum of TEN SHILLINGS means a Fortnight among green fields or by the sea for one poor child, if the gift is sent-and now is the moment-to the Rome and the political aspirations of the majority of their Earl of Arran, Hon. Treasurer of the Children's Country fellow-countrymen. Such were the men who were now Holiday Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

THE CRISIS.

["Lord Macaulay's prose seems to be finding favour again." Oshkosh Sentinel.

THE place, too, was well fitted for such a gathering. Memories of departed monarchs spoke from the rich hangings of the room in tones that were not less eloquent for being silent. Here the FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE had displayed the rounded symmetry of those calves which had defied the serried legions of the French and, in their lighter moments, had captured the wayward fancies of the fair or mitigated the harshness of a statesman. This was the chamber where the Sailor King, bluff but not undignified, had jested with his intimates, had smoothed a frown from the rugged brow of Wellington or held his own against the cagle glance of GREY; the chamber where the great Queen, conscious of her august destiny, had consecrated to grief such moments as could be spared from the needs of Empire; the chamber where her son had laboured for peace and extended the bounds of friendship; the chamber where a DISRAELI, repaying scorn with scorn, may have spread his snares, and a GLADSTONE, overwhelmed by the torrent of his own eloquence, may have fallen into them.

Nothing was wanting to complete the solemnity of the spectacle. Outside, the scarlet-coated sentries paced rigidly on their accustomed rounds, and the populace, hemmed in by the strong arms and the panting forms of the constabulary, cheered to the echo its favourites or exchanged with one another the harmless sallies that give pleasure to a crowd. Within, the King himself, his face now clouded with anxious thought, now lit with hope, gave a cordial welcome to the more unwonted of the guests he had summoned to his presence, while busy courtiers filled the corridors with an importance which lost nothing in weight from being unwarranted by knowledge or experience. Lackeys in the gorgeous liveries of the most brilliant Court in Europe were in attendance, ready to minister to those whose failing strength might need refreshment, or to execute with intelligence and despatch the humbler duties

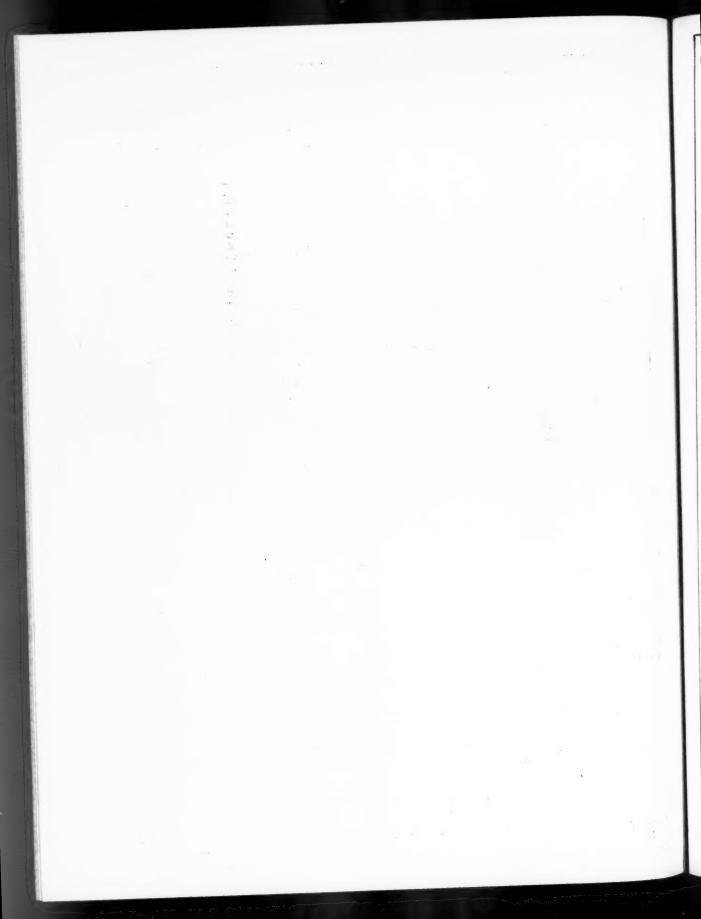
partaining to their office. Nor were the chiefs unworthy of the scene to which they had been called. There was the Speaker, LOWTHER, his brow beaming with the good-humour which enabled him to abate pomposity without injuring the feelings even of the pompous, and to calm with a happy phrase the agitated waters of debate. There were Asquirt, strong in the affection of his friends, and LLOYD GEORGE, braced to action by the invectives of his foes. There were LAW and LANSDOWNE, staunch defenders of the citadel in which the last of the Tories, stern and unbending as ever, had sought Waterford had sent JOHN REDMOND, the pride and champion of a nation, the unwearied vindicator of Ireland's right to govern herself. Through years of contumely and depression he had borne aloft her standard, and now, when her triumph was all but achieved, he was here to watch over a settlement which all desired, though none hitherto had been able to bring it about. With him had come JOHN DILLON, tall, dignified and stately, whose grey hair and admirable bearing had won the respect and conciliated Mr. Punch ventures to hint to the gentlest among his the temper of the most fastidious assembly in the world. Orange cause, and dwelling fondly on memories of the Boyne, they denounced with equal severity the religion of

met to decide the most momentous issue of our time.



THE POWER BEHIND.

Austria (at the ultimatum stage). "I DON'T QUITE LIKE HIS ATTITUDE. SOMEBODY MUST BE BACKING HIM."





GLOSSOMANCY IS THE NEW SCIENCE WHICH ENABLES YOU TO READ PEOPLE'S CHARACTERS BY THE SHAPE AND SIZE OF THEIR THE ABOVE CANDIDATE FOR THE POSITION OF PARLOUR-MAID IS IN THE ACT OF RESPONDING TO AN INQUIRY AS TO WHETHER SHE IS HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS, GOOD-TEMPERED, TRUTHFUL AND OBLIGING. THERE IS FEAR THAT HER ACTION, THOUGH PURELY SCIENTIFIC, MAY PROVE FATAL TO THE INTELLIGENT GIRL'S CHANCES.

MUTABILITY.

you like to go?"

too dear. Only the millionaires can

use it."

"Very well, then," I said, "we'll go disappointed. to a music-hall; but you'll find that

they've changed a bit.

"I don't mind," he said, "so long as there's something good. There's so much variety in a music-hall, one turn after another, don't you know, that asked. you can't go far wrong."

kept his youth in camphor, and he had music-halls don't even have licences." no knowledge of the wonderful advances that we have been making. Turns

"I'll do the best I can for you," I said, "but I'm afraid you"ll be dis-

appointed."

"Oh, no," he assured me stoutly, "not in a music-hall. I've been wanting to see one again for years. I suppose Jimmy Fawn isn't still going?"

My spirits fell lower.

We went to one of the regular places, "And now," I said, while the waiter and, as I had feared, found a revue was bringing the bill, "where would in full blast. Topical talk, seenery and American songs interminably. "I don't mind," he said. "What Every time a new person came on about a music-hall? I haven't seen the stage my friend eagerly perked up one for twenty years. There's a cinema and lost his depression, hoping that at about five miles from my place, but it's last it might be one of his old delights everything at the same time—are they -a juggler or knockabout or something like that-but always he was

"I say, where are we?" he asked. "This isn't a music-hall, is it?'

"One of the best," I replied. He looked round in dismay.

"But where are the waiters?" he

"Not allowed among the audience My spirits sank. East Africa had any more," I told him; "in fact, some

> sank into apathy. Coming up again he said, "Do you remember those two fellows with enormous stomachs and formers doing?" he asked. hooked sticks? They were funny, if you like. Don't you have that sort of thing any more?"
> "No," I said.

said-"I believe it was called the doctoring.

Risley act-where a man lay on his back, with his legs up in the air, and flung his family about with his feet? That was jolly clever. Don't you have that any more?"
"No," I said.

"And the Sisters something or other," he said, "dashed pretty girls, who did gone for ever?"

" For ever," I said.

"And no comic songs either?" he

"You've heard a lot of comic songs

this evening," I replied.
"Oh, those," he said. "I don't call those comic. They 're not comic songs, they 're comic-opera songs. Don't you have the others any more?"

"Not at this kind of hall," I said. "I daresay there may be a singer or so He stared at me in astonishment and left somewhere, with too big a coat and nk into apathy. Coming up again he too small a hat, but not here."

"Then what are all the old per-

"I believe they 're starving," I said.

"A Novel Hospital at Sheffield." Yorkshire Post.

"Do you remember that act," he Some of them certainly want a bit of

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

(By our Anthropological Expert.)

PROFESSOR KEITH, of the Royal Colhold of people of every period, going as far back as they can. They will then be able to differentiate the types that and Miss Sheila Muldooney, of Skib-

lived in any period, and check the changes that came over them. So far, however, there has been very little change.

Perhaps the most striking result of Professor Kerth's appeal so far has come from the Isle of Man, where a magnificent three-legged skeleton has been discovered in the Caves of Bradda. The remains have been pronounced by Professor Quellin, the famous Manx anthropologist, to be those of a man not less than 175 years of age, whose facial angle bears so marked a resemblance to that of Mr. HALL CAINE as to warrant the hypothesis that he was one of the royal ancestors of the eminent novelist. Close to the skeleton was a long bronze trumpet, from which Professor Quellin, after several ineffectual efforts, ultimately succeeded in eliciting a deep booming note. Mr. HALL CAINE, who has taken the liveliest interest in the discovery, is at present studying the instrument, and will, it is hoped, give a recital shortly in the House of Keys.

The recent excavations at the famous Culbin Sands, undertaken by bereen, a copy of The Skibbereen Eagle | ponds."-Daily Mail. the Forres Antiquarian Institute, have containing the historic announcement also resulted in some remarkable finds. Prominent among these is a complete Russia. Sir George Alexander sends set of col clubs belonging to the Bronze period. In regard to length the clubs bockers with side whiskers and mousare very much the same as the average implements used at the present day, but the large size of the heads is remarkable, the niblick weighing nearly half a hundredweight. It is plausibly inferred that clubs of this pattern may also have been used as weapons, as the suit and a tall hat, "the only one I dwellers in this district in the Bronze period are known to have been of a warlike and tumultuous disposition. introduced by some Maccabæan settlers, the ancestors of the clan of Macbeth, who flourished in the vicinity.

has always characterised The Daily Churchill competes with an essay Lyre, the proprietors of that periodical have offered a prize of £5,000 for the Harrow, on the dangers of Democracy; lege of Surgeons, reporting on the most characteristic relic of ancient and and Master Anthony Asquith has skeleton of a prehistoric twelve-year- modern British civilization, to be sent sent the rough notes of a Lecture on old boy recently discovered near in by October 1. Already several not-Ipswich, pronounces his stature to be able exhibits have been forwarded for much the same as the average height of a modern boy of the same age, but of Tain, has submitted portions of the inform and thought between this crude the size of the head is remarkably boiler of an ancient locomotive, apparlarge. The professor states that he ently used on the Highland Railway in mysticism of RABINDRANATH TAGORE is and his colleagues are trying to get the time of the Boor War. Dr. Edgar quite amazing. We may also briefly



The Captain of the Preparatory School. "Well, Youngster, WHAT IS IT? WANT MY AUTOGRAPH?'

that it had its eye on the Tsar of a daguerreotype of himself in knickertache, and Mr. BERNARD SHAW the first interview with himself that he ever wrote. It appeared in The Freeman's Journal in the "seventies" and is illustrated with six portraits, in one of which Mr. Shaw appears in an Eton ever possessed."

Sir Henry Howarth has forwarded The wings are particularly tender. a copy of The Times containing his The game is believed to have been first contribution to that journal, a letter occupying a column-and-a-half of small print, on the mammoth as a domestic pet in the Court of the early

In that fine spirit of enterprise which Moghul Emperors. Mr. WINSTON which he wrote, while a schoolboy at "The Balliol Manner" which he deessay and his recent lectures on the

> a sponge-bag which once belonged to CHARLOTTE BRONTE and are now entered for the competition by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER; and a hot-water bottle used by S. T. COLERIDGE when he was writing "The Ancient Mariner," now in the possession of Sir HERBERT

BEERBOHM TREE.

The interesting point that emerges so far is that while little change is observable in the physique, habits and manners of the British, as illustrated by these relics, up to the last ten years or so, the development in every direction, since the foundation of The Daily Lyre, has been quite extraordinarily rapid and pronounced. For instance, a cast of the head of a modern "nut" shows a com-pactness which compares most favourably with the overgrown cranium of the prehistoric boy reported on by Professor Keith.

"To-day there are 2,000,000 muskrats in Bohemia, and, like rabbits in Australia, they are spreading all over the fruitful regions of the province and destroying fish in the breeding

You should see our rabbit destroying our trout.

"She was a flesh and blood woman, fit to be the mother of husky sons."

" Daily Sketch" feuilleton. They would constantly rise up and call

her blessed, and this would account for their hoarseness. (Jones's jujubes are the best.)

"The sturgeon . . . consists of fish, flesh, and fowl, the latter part commanding a good saleable price."—Carlisle Journal.

Fashions for Men.

"Lord Salisbury came with Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, wearing blue charmeuse. Daily Mail.

in



Village Worthy. "AH, I USED TO BE AS FOND OF A DROP O' BEER AS ANYONE, BUT NOWADAYS IF I DO TAKE TWO OR DREM GALLONS IT DO KNOCK I OVER!"

OUR COLOSSAL ARRANGEMENTS.

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ONE of the most appalling scandals of modern times is the disgraceful suppression by the Ginger-beer Press of news relating to the state of affairs in the Isle of Wight. For some weeks we have not flinched from filling our columns with picturesque accounts of the epoch-making events taking place there; and yet the Ginger-beer Press has cruelly put off its readers with the scantiest details, or else refrained from any sort of reference. We make our protest all the more vigorously because many of those readers have been driven to read our own journal in preference to the erroneous and misleading sheets to which we have referred.

This distressing state of things has forced us to make the fullest arrangements for a constant stream of news to be supplied from our branch offices at Ventnor, Totland Bay, the Needles, and other points of the Island. We have despatched a huge staff of worldfamous war correspondents, descriptive writers, poets, photographers, Royal Academy artists, gallopers, commissariat officers, and trained bloodhounds. Field kitchens, field wireless equipment, and from our Expeditionary Staff :field glasses are included among their impedimenta, and no single message will be printed in our pages that has not been sent in some other way than

member of this army of artists, litterateurs and tacticians possesses a hip pocket, fully loaded, two pairs of puttees, a compass and a wrist watch.

Every day scores of women and children are leaving the Isle of Wight for the mainland. Gunboats and cruisers are passing and repassing before its shores, by order of the Admiralty; strong, silent men are doggedly pursuing the business they have in hand. In the very heart of the island some of the flower of the youth of our country is being trained in the art of naval warfare, while the thunders of gun-practice are heard every hour around the coast. Yet, search where you will in the Gingerbeer Press during the last few weeks, you will find practically no reference to these things.

We implore our readers, on the highest patriotic grounds, to inform the few remaining adherents of the Ginger-beer Press that if they desire the Truth it can be found only in our

We have the pleasure of printing below the first of the astonishing articles which have been sent already

THE PRELIMINARY CALM. By Blinton X. Krapt.

through the ordinary channels of the sunlight. Smart yachtsmen, accom- again, who can say?

post, telephone and telegraph. Each panied by daintily dressed ladies, walk hither and thither. The shopkeepers chat pleasantly. The burly policeman drowsily pursues his way. Children shout happily. Surely here is peace, says the unsuspecting visitor.

A brown-faced man with a light beard and a heavy tread approached us. "It is all right," said my companion to him; "this gentleman is a friend." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "He came over last night." "Beautiful place, Cowes, isn't it?" said the bronzed man. I noticed that his hip pocket bulged. Yet none would have suspected that his conversation was not of a perfectly ordinary char-

Entering the most sumptuous hotel in Cowes we had lunch. There was nothing sinister about the place except that the waiters were German. But I noted signs of understanding between them and my friend. "I have been here before," he explained, with a quick glance about him.

So life goes on from day to day. We are waiting, waiting. The little bootmaker in his shop is waiting. The tailor is waiting. The hotel staffs are waiting. The passengers on the railway platforms are waiting. On the surface life is gay and free from care; but what I may have to tell you when The streets of Cowes are bathed in it comes round to my turn to write

THE TOP SLICE.

Letter from Mrs. Gregory-Browne to Mrs. Ribbanson-Smythe.

Upper Tooting, 21st July, 1914.

My DEAREST AGATHA,-I must tell you about an extraordinary occurrence. They were all quite respectable people, indeed most respectable. Perhaps I ought not to include Mr. Jones. He is, you know (I mention this in the strictest confidence, dearest), he is not -well, you know, he hardly belongs to our set. I cannot understand why James is so absurdly fond of him.

It was my At Home day last week and quite a lot of people, really nice people too, came in spite of the heat. The heat may have had something to do with it, but I really cannot think

what it was. I handed a plate of bread-and-butter to Miss Niccole. To my surprise she hesitated a moment and then took the plate and handed it to me. When I declined she offered it to Mrs. Fitzroy-Williams-Adamson. You know, dear, she is fourth cousin to a baronet. Then the extraordinary thing occurred. Mrs. Fitzroy-Williams-Adamson took the plate and offered it to Miss Niccole. When Miss Niccole declined it she offered it to Mr. Wildegoose (pronounced Wildergos, you know, dear). Then it was his turn. And so it went on. Really, it was most extraordinary. Nothing like it has ever been known owner. in our family. I really cannot understand it.

Everybody passed the plate, and at last it came to Mr. Jones. He pointed at the top piece of bread-and-butter. Yes, he actually pointed. He then made the following extraordinary remark: "I say, hasn't this broken loose from the bread-pudding, what, what?" Thereupon he pushed it on one side and slice in two and place it in his breasttook the next slice. I was ashamed and mortified for such a thing to happen in my house. Really, it was seems a rather greasy thing to do.] most extraordinary.

Mr. Allen, the new curate, came in just then. He took the top slice, but I caught him absent-mindedly putting it in a flower-pot. When he saw me looking at him he blushed and started to luck on the next. -started eating it, I mean. However, was gone I examined it. It was per-haps a little hardened by the sun, but most extraordinary most venientextraordinary.

Your ever loving SARAH.

II.

Letter from Mrs. Ribbanson-Smythe to Mrs. Gregory-Browne.

> Chiswick, 22nd July, 1914.

My DEAREST SARAH,-I have just read your most interesting letter, and I quite agree that the whole occurrence was, as you say, most extraordinary. I mentioned it to George. He says he has no doubt at all that it was really a sound piece of bread-and-butter. I don't know whether the enclosed cutting will help you to understand, but I am sending it. It is from last Saturday's Tooting Argus. sent it to George.

Your loving AGATHA.

Extract from The Tooting Argus :-GREAT NEW FEATURE. PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT. (CONDUCTED BY REGINALD AUGUSTUS PLANTAGENET-HARRIS.)

Problem 3.—A. is paying a call. His hostess offers him bread-and-butter. He notices that the top piece has suffered from the heat. What should A. do?

Answer adjudged correct.—A. should politely take the plate from his hostess, murmuring, "May I offer it to you?' If she refuses he should offer it to his nearest neighbour. When the offending slice has been got rid of in this way he can help himself to the next slice and then return the plate to its

Highly commended.—A. should explain to his hostess that he has a peculiar hobby, to wit, collecting slices of bread-and-butter from the houses of the great. His collection of Royal Family slices is unrivalled. Might he have the pleasure and honour of adding to his collection this dainty specimen? He should then reverently fold the

Our only objection to this is that it

Incorrect answers:—(1) A. should make a facetious remark, such as, "Hasn't this escaped from the bread pudding?" He should then playfully but firmly push the slice aside and trust

(2) A. must out of courtesy to his he left most of it, and when everyone hostess accept thankfully whatever she places before him. Any other course of conduct would be an affront. It otherwise it was quite a nice piece of now however becomes his personal bread-and-butter. I cannot understand property and he can adopt whichever it at all. The whole thing was really of the following courses is most con-

> (a) Secrete it in a fancy flower-pot or in the gramophone.

(b) If the dog is a silent eater hold it behind his back so that the dog may get it.

Note.—If the dog refuses to touch it, say loudly, "I cannot understand how any animal can decline such delightful bread-and-butter." He can then openly dispose of it in the grate or the waste-paper-basket on the ground that the dog's nose has vitiated its freshness.

LOVE'S LABOUR WELL LOST.

Lines inspired by a dark lady, who remarked, a propos of a recent disaster. that all fair girls were untrustworthy.

PHYLLIS hath a roving eye, Palest blue—a candid feature Which informs the passer-by Phyllis is a flighty creature; Golden locks and fair complexion Also point in that direction.

I, who had arranged to be Joined to Phyllis by the vicar, Now that she has jilted me Scorn to seek relief in liquor Or the tears that folk are shedding (Having missed a swagger wedding).

He who stole my love away Cannot hope for long survival, And I pity him to-day As I did a former rival Who believed her single-hearted When my own flirtation started.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The Imperial yacht with the Tsar and Imperial Family on board steamed through the British lines yesterday, afterwards lunching on the British flagship

Bombay Chronicle.

11.

Of the Rose Walk at Purley:-

"Then the material loveliness becomes the diaphanous veil through which glint realities of which all phenomena are expressions. Croydon Advertiser & Surrey County Reporter.

III.

"His memory and his noble face, and revel...d crown of snow, will be a green spot, and indelibly written in our minds, whilst life lasts."—Methodist Recorder.

"The work of restoring the church tower at Cheriton Bishop has been completed, and Mr. W. Leach has been completed, and Mr. W. Leach has entertained the men engaged on the work at tea."—Western Morning News.

And so everyone is satisfied.

"To-day two Greek documents (one of them dated 88 B.C., and supposed to be the earliest document on parchment known) will be sold." Daily Graphic.

Scholarly letter-writers before the Christian era were always careful to put B.C. after the year.

THE YOUNG OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

WITH the approach of the silly season one's thoughts turn naturally to the prospect of stealing into print and enjoying all the sweets of authorship without the reception of a cheque to vulgarise them. An infinite variety of topics, our representative gathered yesterday, is now on the eve of discussion, and the quill that cannot find something to say on at least one of them had better return to its native

goose without delay.
"Mother of Ten," we were informed by the courteous editor of The Halfpenny Bleater, will as usual open that journal's discussion, and this year her thoughts have turned to bathing fatal-"Should Land Crabs Learn Swimming" is the subject which she (or, to betray an office secret, he) has selected. Due emphasis on the necessity for university costume in the case of an affirmative reply to the question will be laid by "Paterfamilias," who will contribute the second letter of the series.

The Morning Dip will maintain its reputation for intellectuality with a spiritual discussion on "Has Life a Double Meaning?" or "Is Existence a Joke?"-the exact title has not yet been decided. "Constant Reader" has already bought a penny packet of assorted stationery and charged it to the office petty cash, and only a really good murder can prevent the early appearance of his letter. As readers will remember, correct spelling is a feature of this author's work.

In pursuance of its settled policy The Daily Giggle will appeal more especially to the fair sex. There is more than a touch of pathos in the signature "Orphan Boy," which will appear at the foot of his letter on the subject, "Are First Cousins Kissable?"

Perhaps, however, the most vital question of all will be raised in The Daily Jingo, where "Pro Bono Publico" will lay down his views on "Our Soft-ening Sinews." In his well-known Highest Type of Man," the editor of public spirit and split infinitives, he will plead for less indulgence in our dealings with the young. "We are," he says in his peroration, which we were privileged to see, "raising up a soft breed, and we shall live to bitterly rue it. The future of the race is, of course, on the knees of the gods, but let us determine to also lay it across the knee of parent and schoolmaster. So shall the rising generation learn the merits of the strong right arm that has make England what it is."

Little Lady, which will discuss "The We do not see how.



Anglo-Indian Child. "What's This, Daddy?" Father. "THAT'S LIVER, MY DEAR."

Child. "LIVER! WHOSE LIVER?" Father. "SHEEP'S LIVER."

Child. " AH! I WONDER WHAT GAVE IT LIVER!"

style, which is so happy a blend of The Brain Pan will throw open his columns to all those with views on "The Most Attractive Girl." For the start he has secured the services of Virile Englishman," who will put aside her knitting to take up the pen in obedience to his commands. The Perfect Little Lady's first letter will be contributed by "Sweet Seventeen," who has studied her subject by diligent attendance at all the best boxing matches of the current year.

"'I do not see why, I do not see why,' he In conjunction with The Perfect repeated, rising up and down."-The Times.

A New Way to Deal with the Cold.

"Originally fitted with luxurious saloons and cabins for tourists to Greenland and Spitzbergen, the Endurance is a very different ship to-day. Her cabins are being turned into store-rooms and officers and crew will sleep in odd corners, for two years' provisions have to be curried."—Evening News.

"The music of Borodin, the composer of Prince Igor,' is little known in England, apart from the Polovtsienne Dances which, owing to their wind and barbaric character, have been so popular a feature of the performances of the Russian Ballet."

Musical Opinion. Why drag in the wind? The strings were just as good as the wind when we were there.



THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

New Maid. "VOILA, MA'M'SELLE." Débutante. "Heavens, my good girl, that won't do. Here, give me the things. Why, half-way across the room no one would see I was made up at all!"

FACT AND FABLE.

For miles I'd tramped by down and A place of men and memories

With eve I found the happy ending; All in the sunset, golden chill,

The collie met me, grave, befriending. I saw the roof-tree down the vale,

Brave fields of harvest spread thereunder;

The collie waved a feathery tail And led me to the House of Wonder.

Houses, like people, so I 've thought, Bear character upon their faces, Born of their company and wrought

Upon by inward gifts and graces: Here, through the harvest's gold array And evening's mellow far niente,

Looked kindliness and work-a-day, And happy hours and peace and plenty.

And, lo, it seemed the Downs amid I'd found a folded bit of Britain, Laid by in lavender and hid

The year-let's say-Tom Jones was written;

An old farm manor-house it is

With fantails fluttering on the gables, And solid facts and homespun fables.

For Fact: a fortnight passed me by Mid ancient oak and secret panel And strawberries of late July

And distant glimpses of the Channel; Fair morns to wake on-were they not ?-

Full of the pigeons' coo and cadence, Each day a page of CALDECOTT,

All cream and flowers and pretty maidens.

For Fable: as I smoked a pipe And havered with a black - haired cowman,

Grey-eyed, in that fine Celtic type, As much the poet as the plough-

"Seems kind of lucky here," said I; "The very ducklings look more downy

Than others do." He grinned: "An' May happen, Sir, we feeds a brownie! "'There isn't many left,' says you; As hearts grow hard the breed gets rarer;

Yet, when he goes, the luck goes too, And prices fall and boards be barer; But if so be you does your part

An' feeds him fair and treats folk proper,

Keepin' for all the kindly heart-The lucky Lad's a certain stopper!"

Well, should you go by Butser way And hit the god-sent path, and follow,

You'll find, at closing of the day, The old house in the valley-hollow,

Laid by in lavender, forgot,

The home of peace and ancient plenty;

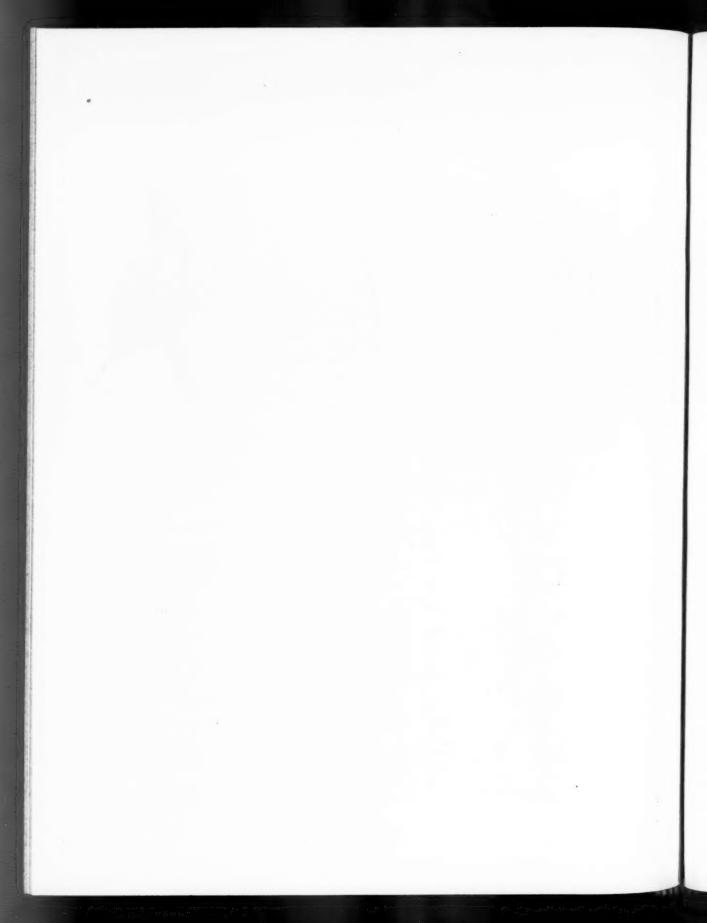
A brownie may be there or not-The hearts are kind enough for twenty!

Cause and Effect?

"Of the five catalpa trees in the Embankment-gardens the finest has been blighted. The tree is close to the National Liberal (lub." Leicester Daily Mercury.



WHAT OF THE DAWN?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Snapshots of certain Members who were not on their way to or from the Conference. Their expressions reflect the pessimistic view which they entertained from the first as to its chance of success in their absence.

(Sir William Byles, Mr. Hogge, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. John Ward, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Winston Churchill.)

tude was pretty generally understood. firm non possumus. Premier was expected on resumption of Sittings this jealousy and suspicion.

New stage in long - drawn - out controversy sufficient to create profoundest interest in to-day's proceedings. It would surely be the be-PREMIER would say about further concession to Ulster, and how the overtures would be received on Front Opposition Bench, were questions on which might hang the issue of peace or war.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20. of dramatic effect it was a thousand that there are varied reports as to his Cabinet after prolonged deliberation majority. As matters turned out, a an independent Irish Nationalist. had resolved to meet demand with frigid cheer greeted his appearance at Speaker on point of order restrictions. frigid cheer greeted his appearance at the Table. To the announcement that him to putting a question, he "begged "in view of the grave situation the King to ask the Prime Minister what preafternoon to announce conclusion of has thought it right to summon reprematter, adding such offer of concession sentatives of Parties, both British and advise the King to place himself at the on matter of detail as, whilst providing Irish, to a Conference in Buckingham head of a conspiracy to defeat the golden bridge for Opposition, would Palace, with the object of discussing decision of this House?" avert revolt in his own camp, where outstanding issues in relation to the "conversations" with leaders of Opposition are regarded with growing only one new thing to add. It was said the Speaker. that the Speaker would preside over the Conference.

to occupant of the Chair.

GINNELL saw his opportunity and developed into a disorderly scene. seized it by the hair. He is one of Business done.—Premier announces three leaders of the Irish Nation-Conference upon Ulster question to Premier had a more startling mes- alists. Understood that his Party con- meet at Buckingham Palace on the sage to deliver. From point of view sists of a single member, so shadowy invitation of His Majesty.

-The T. R. Westminster is at least pities his secret had been prematurely identity. Member for N.W. Meath equal to the old T. R. Drury Lane in disclosed. When he rose amid pro- leaped on to pinnacle of enduring fame capacity for producing dramatic turns. found stillness of crowded House every- when the present Parliament met to When Members went off on Saturday one knew what he was going to say. elect a Speaker. Before Mr. Lowther for week-end holiday the Ulster attiposition at so critical a juncture would whilst as yet no recognised authority Ulster demanded "a clean cut," with have been hailed by resounding applause existed, Ginnell, master of the situathe alternative, phrased by Carson, from the multiform sections that contion, delivered a long harangue. Proof "Come over and fight us." The tribute to making up of Ministerial posed now to offer a few remarks "as

cedent he had and what authority to

"Members desiring to take their

The observation did not appear relevant. It met the occasion. It This was the only passage in the brought up Leverton Harris, newly brief formal conversation, to which elected for East Worcestershire, who LEADER OF OPPOSITION and LEADER OF found his welcome the warmer by reason ginning of the end. What exactly the IRISH NATIONALISTS contributed, that of the fact that he had been a passive elicited general cheer. A high tribute instrument in avoiding what might under less adroit management have

lively conversation arising on motion the Exchequer. for adjournment. RUPERT GWYNNE, jealous for due observance of traditions to drop the subject; adjournment not of House, has noticed with concern further resisted. the departure for Canada for indefinite period of Member for East St. Pancras. with on Report stage. At Question time asked CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER whether Mr. MARTIN since Stuart times has marked relations Member for East Edinburgh, is also a had applied for Chiltern Hundreds, of House of Commons with royalty royal palace. Why then was not the further question to Premier, directing simply as the Member for East Edin-his attention to Act of 6 Henry VIII. burgh, a position he with character-c. 16, ordering that no Member of istic modesty accepts. But blood, es-

attendance except he have licence of Mr. SPEAKER. This upon pain of having his wages docked. PREMIER brushed him aside with one of his brief answers.

GWYNNE not the man to be shouldered off the path of duty when it lies straight before him. Here was a Member in receipt of £400 a year leaving the place of business where it was assumed to be earned, not even taking the trouble to follow example of the clerk who, left in sole charge of his master's office, wrote in legible hand, "Back D'reckly," affixed notice to front door and went forth to enjoyment of prolonged meal.

Since he could get no satisfaction at Question time he kept Members in, after hour of adjournment, in order to debate subject.

Unfortunately it turned out that he was not exactly the man to have undertaken the job. Amid laughter and hilarious cheering HOME SECRETARY pointed out that here was a case of Satan reproving sin. Reference to

amounting to £1,000.

should be in proportion to attendance, the hon. Member," said the HOME SECRETARY, "is entitled to only £400. Being so conscientious no doubt he will repay to the Chancellor of the EXCHEQUER the balance of £600."

HELMSLEY, gallantly coming to as-1056 divisions taken in two Sessions he association an expert. had been absent from 602. Here was "Why Rookery?" Miss Betsey Trot-

Tuesday. — Dull sitting closed in another unexpected little windfall for wood sharply asked David Copper-

At this stage it was found expedient mother's postal address.

Business done.—Budget Bill dealt

Thursday .- With that austerity that Answered in the negative, he put a Mr. Hogge is known at Westminster Conference held within its walls, instead Parliament shall absent himself from pecially royal blood, like murder, will references to machinations of the two

Waiter. "WHAT SAUCE WILL YOU TAKE WIZ YOUR FISH, SAIR?" Polite Customer. "WELL, WHAT DISINFECTANTS HAVE YOU?"

the records showed that during the time | out. Lineal descendant of one of the | these personal jokes on people's names. payment of Members has been in vogue, oldest dynasties in the world's history, of 687 divisions Gwynne was absent Mr. Hogge cannot be expected always from 424. (Gwynne later corrected and altogether to be free from ancestral these figures.) During that time he influence. Something of the hauteur had drawn from the Exchequer salary of 'ogge, King of Bashan (or, as some records have it, og) is discerned in his "On his own principle, that payment attitude and manner when, throned on corner seat below Gangway, he occasionally deigns to direct the PRIME MINISTER in the way he should go.

Such opportunity presented itself in connection with meeting of Conference which through the Parliamentary week has centred upon Buckingham Palace sistance of friend in dire straits, himself the attention of mankind. With refell into the bog. It appeared that of spect to palaces Mr. Hogge is by family

field when he casually mentioned his

"Why Buckingham Palace?" asked Mr. Hogge, bending severe glance on Treasury Bench whence the PREMIER had judiciously fled.

St. Stephen's, which houses the

Front Benches, Mr. Hogge

wanted to know.

The PRIME MINISTER, uneasily conscious of the coming storm, had, as mentioned, discreetly disappeared an offering to righteous indignation he left behind him on the Treasury Bench the body of ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That astute statesman avoided difficulty and personal disaster by meekly undertaking to lay before the PRIME MINISTER the views so eloquently and pointedly set forth by the hon. Member.

Mr. Hogge graciously assented to this course, and what at the outset looked like threatening incident terminated.

Business done .- Budget Bill passed Third Reading without a division.

"Mr. Hogge: Can the Prime Minister say whether any of those taking part in the Conference attached any conditions to their entering the Conference?

'I cannot sty,' replied the Premier."—Evening News.

Was this quite worthy of the PRIME MINISTER? ourselves do not care for

"Mr. Asquith's statement was thus of sen-sational interest, because it represented the last effort at the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour to avert Civil War."

Dublin Evening Mail.

No need to hurry. There are still fortynine minutes left.

The Finances of Cricket.

"Cumberland batted first and reached the total of £272, C. A. Hardeastle (87), R. B. Brown (41), and R. C. Saint (27) being the chief contributors."-Daily News and Leader.

Suggested mottoes for the L.C.C.:-"PROGRESS MODERATELY."

"TRAM UP A CHILD."



SUGGESTION FOR DEVELOPING A "WHITE HOPE" AMONGST OUR BUS- AND TAXI-DRIVERS.

THE MISSIONARY.

Where Oriental calm derides Our Occidental stress And Ninety-seven E. collides With Five-and-twenty S.,

You'll find a product of the West, A Bachelor of Arts, Who blends a mind of youthful zest With patriarchal parts.

Each morning mid his rubber trees
He rides an ancient hack,
Λ cassock girt above his knees,
Λ topee tilted back,

Now reining in his steed to preach A parable on sap, Now vaulting from his seat to teach

Now vaulting from his seat to teach The proper way to tap.

His swart disciples knit their brows
O'er algebraic signs;
They build their byres, they milk
their cows
On scientific lines.

They use his microscope and gaze
On strange bacterial risks;
They tune their daily hymns of praise
To gramophonic discs.

And every evening after grace,
When converts clear the cloth,
He pins an orchid to its place
Or camphorates a moth.

Out of the world his path may run, Yet still in worldly wise He'll talk of feats with rod or gun, A twinkle in his eyes,

And tell of tiger-stalking nights,
Of mornings with the snipe,
With never a pause save when he
lights
An antiquated pipe.

We others earn our pensioned ease,
The furlough of our kind;
We book our berths, we cross the

But he shall stay behind,

Plodding his round of feast and fast,
Dreaming the dreams of yore,
Of England as he saw her last
In 1884.
J. M. S.

More Impending Apologies.

"GREAT GALA NIGHT
WHEN
JOSEPHINE DAVIS

WILL BID 'AU REVOIR' TO BONBAY
BY SPECIAL REQUEST."
Bombay Chronicle.

II.

"At the hour of six the Rev. S. F. Collier gave out the only possible hymn— 'And are we yet alive

And are we yet alive And see each other's face!''' Yorkshire Post.

THE GESTICULATORS.

The supper-room was so full that I quite expected to find that, since I was so late, the harassed head-waiter had taken the liberty of presuming my death and letting someone else have my table; but there it was, empty and ready for me. I sank into a chair with a feeling of relief and, having ordered something to eat, began to examine the room. There was not a spare place; everyone was eating and talking and unusual excitement was in the air. From my remote corner I could not catch any words, but the odd thing was that at every table one at least of the men, who were all in evening-dress, was waving his arms. Now and then a man would stand up to do this better. It was as though they were all deaf and dumb, or cinema actors.

The next day at lunch I had a similar experience. I patronized another restaurant, which seemed to be equally popular, and again every man was gesticulating in a style totally foreign to the staid apathetic Londoner. What could it mean? What was the reason?

I asked the waiter. He laughed.

I asked the waiter. He laughed. "Ah," he said, "I have notice it too. It is funny, is it not? Zey all show each other how CARPENTIER won on ze

AN ERROR IN ARCADY.

PEOPLE who know us both have often expressed a doubt as to whether Charles matter at rest once and for all.

We were discussing William's wedding, which had just taken place, rosilence of the long summer day but garden?" the gentle bleating of horn to horn and the murmur of innumerable tyres. Both of us had been there, and Charles came round to talk to me about it a few evenings afterwards.

"I do hope the poor dear fellow will be happy," he said, lighting his fifth match and pulling away vigorously at an ugly-looking briar.

pouch. "Why on earth shouldn't

William be happy? It seemed a very pretty wedding. Did you notice how the rays of the sun coming through the window lit up the best man's boots?"

"As a matter of fact I couldn't see the church part of it very well: I came late and was behind a pillar at the back."

"Well, it all went beautifully," I told bridegroom, and vice versû. I suppose you went to the reception afterwards. I never saw you at all except for a presents?

"I went to the house," said Charles. I caught a glimpse of William, but I ing to you." couldn't find the room where the presents were set out, so I went through castor hung on the line?

"I didn't notice that," I said, "but my butter-dish was doing itself proud. It had sneaked up to a magnificent for about eight pieces, given by some-

body with a title. And you ought to have seen the fish-slices. The fish-slices looked a trifle statue que," I said. "Did were gorgeous. I expect William will she seem annoyed?" spend a great part of his married life in

mournful voice. "I did. I talked to ran away, leaving me standing where I the bride."

or myself is the more absent-minded rather indignantly. "Directly I got in and unobservant. I wish to set the I went up to William and her and said When I had partially recovered I reover!' and then quite suddenly it struck me that that wasn't really the best mantically enough, in the very heart of thing to say in the circumstances, so I Herts—one of those quaint little villages blushed and trod on William's toe and hadn't got into another carriage I where no sound seems to disturb the passed on. What did you do in the should have told you about it at the

"Well, I wandered about on the lawn where there were lots and lots of people," said Charles. "I didn't seem to meet anyone I knew, but the flowerbeds were most beautifully kept. I have believe the amount of rice I started seldom seen such a display of cress sandwiches and champagne. After a bit I strolled down through the shrubberries, went through a little wooden "It really goes much better with gate and found myself amongst the tobacco in it," I said, passing him my raspberry canes. About a quarter of an hour later, after a little fruity refreshment, whom should I meet walking along a quiet shady path but the bride herself, all alone.'

"Stealing away to get one last rasp-"I daresay, I daresay," he replied, berry at the dear old home," I said. "How romantic! What did you do? Hide?'

"No," answered Charles bitterly. "I only wish I had. I felt that now or him. "Everybody stood up and sat never was the time. I went straight down in the wrong places as usual, and up to her, and, feeling that to talk about the friends of the bride looked with the weather or the theatres on such an extreme hauteur at the friends of the occasion would be rather footling, in spite of the fact that we'd never been introduced, I plunged straight into it. 'You've never seen me before in your moment on the platform going back. life,' I said earnestly, 'because you You must have shaken hands with haven't got eyes in the back of your the happy pair and examined the head, and I've never seen you because I can't look through stone. What's more, I'm only a little silver pepper-"I went in a motor-car on a seat that castor, an insignificant item in your took two men to hold down, and that cruet. But I must tell you how dehit me hard when I tried to stand up. lighted I am to have a chance of speak-

"What did she say to that?" I asked. "Well, you'd never believe it, but the almost at once into the garden, where girl looked quite nervous and frightened, the feasting was going on. Do tell me and positively began to walk away from about the gifts. Was my little pepper- me. I supposed I'd begun on the wrong tack, so I hurried after her and started again. 'Marriage is a state full of the most serious responsibilities,' I said, 'but one glance at you shows me toast-rack with stabling accommodation | that you are fully competent to shoulder them all."

"Worse," replied Charles. "She slicing fish. It will be a great change hurried on again without speaking a from golf-balls. But I think you really word. 'Stop,' I cried, 'stop! I am a friends who called to congratulate him.' ought to have said a few hearty and friend of the fairy prince; and just well-chosen words to the young people." then we came out on to a piece of lawn, He may, however, get older, even then.

"That's just it," replied Charles in a and she gave a little shrick and actually was. I was so ashamed and exhausted "Hang it, so did I!" I exclaimed that I slunk back through the little gate and had some more raspberries. to her, 'How glad you must be it's all turned to the upper part of the garden again, had two cups of tea in the big tent, and made my way back to the station, where I saw you. If you time."

"Then you never saw them going away at all?" I said.

"No," replied Charles; "did you?" "Did I not?" said I. "You wouldn't their married life with. About two milk puddings' worth, I should say. And so you are not quite satisfied with William's choice?"

"Well, she seems to me to be rather an unresponsive and timid sort of person," said Charles. "Not tactful, nor likely to make what the newspapers call a charming hostess. I should have liked dear William to marry someone who would be a social success."

I smoked for some time in silence, and then I had an idea.

"How was the bride dressed when you saw her, Charles?" I asked.

"Do I know how women are dressed? She was in white, of course, and hadn't

"But she had a train and a veil, I suppose. She hadn't a short skirt by any chance?"

"Goodness, how do I know?" he replied. "I didn't notice all that. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you only saw her once, you see," I said, "and you went through that little gate at the bottom of the garden, didn't you?"

"I did," said Charles. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only I know that there were some people playing tennis at the next house, and very likely the two gardens are connected, and I'm wondering whether that girl-

"Good heavens," said Charles . . . "You haven't got such a thing as a hairpin about you, have you? This pipe's stopped up.'

"The Nambudiri school is progressing with the French motto of 'Festina lente!' The Malabar Herald.

More progress might be made with the old Latin tag, "Trop de zèle."

" 'As long as I can play as good a game of golf as I did to-day I will never get any cider,' was Mr. Rocketeller's reply to one of the



SOCIETY NOTES.

We are sorry to hear that, through the inconsiderate action of the antiquated people who still take dogs to the park, the pet rat of Lady Piper had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident.

THE FOILING OF "THE BLARE."

(Suggested to a slightly Hibernian brain by the recent ebullition of generosity on the part of the popular press, which insures its readers against holiday accidents whilst boating and bathing.)

When I bolt from this city of vapour To bite the salubrious breeze,

Do you know why I gambol and caper And plunge with a shout in the seas Twice the lad that I was

For a lark? It's because I subscribe to that bountiful paper, The Blare, if you please.

For I know that if currents are shifty, If cramp should arrive unaware,

I shall die, but my end will be thrifty,
And my host (being also my heir)
Will be amply consoled
By the thought of the gold

(Which amounts to two hundred and fifty) He'll get from *The Blare*.

"Pray take from your forehead those creases," I cry to my friend on the yacht,

"I admit that the mainsail's in pieces And most of the sheets in a knot; But remember that if
We go ponk on that cliff
It is The Blare will be paying your nieces
A nice little pot."

But whatever may crash into cruisers
Or wherries when I am afloat,
When the waves have destroyed me like bruisers,
I call on my country to note,
If The Blare should pretend,
When I've passed to my end,
I was one of its constant perusers,

To my tenantless rooms in the City
The rags have been sent, and it's there
That I'll burn them unopened and gritty
Or, if (and it's little I care)
I am whelmed in the wave,
I shall laugh from my grave

I shall laugh from my grave At the blow that I've dealt the banditti Who publish *The Blare*.

EVOE.

"With one accord they all say, 'Welcome to Ireland!' 'No more delightful place,' says Mr. Birrell; 'A kindly welcome everywhere,' says Mr. Devlin; 'The most peaceful place in the world,' says Mr. Redmond."—Daily Graphic.

Mr. REDMOND has overlooked the Balkans.

It lies in its throat.

ALL LIARS' DAY.

"So it's --- 's birthday to-day," said Fortescue (naming a very wellknown politician) as he looked up from his newspaper. "You'll call and wish him many happy returns, of course, Ferguson?"

agreed about . "Don't mention that man to me!" biggest liar on earth. I can't imagine having been exposed so many times.

You'd think he would want to crawl away into a hole somewhere. He can't have the least sense of shame.

"Pardon me," interrupted the burly stranger seated in the corner. "Pardon is not his fault if he is addicted to made." inexactitude. He was predestined to it. It is the irresistible influence of the day on which he was born. Every man born on this day must inevitably grow which there can be no escape."

"Oh, come!" protested Ferguson. "That sounds rather far-fetched, you know, for these days."

"My dear Sir," retorted the other, brushing up his moustache aggressively and glaring at Ferguson, "I happen to heavily and wagged his forefinger at be President of the Society for the Dean, who wilted visibly. Investigation of Natal Day Influences upon Character, so I presume I may claim to know what I am talking he said, "does not seek to build up a about."

So truculent was his demeanour that

nobody ventured to speak.

"My Society," he continued after a pause, "has conducted its researches over a period of many years. I am recounted had come to our notice, we going to give you just a few examples out of thousands we have collected. fifty men born on this day. To each Let us take a significant date, February 29th. A man born on that day ask for a subscription to the Society. is a coward. It is inevitable. Pusil-Though they had never heard of it lanimity is born in him and can never before, every one of those two hundred

be eradicated.

"We had before us a month or two subscribing. ago the case of a gentleman living in a country town-a quiet, shy, studious recluse-born on this fatal day. By some mischance he happened to pick up a journal in which was an article on the Government by Mr. ARNOLD WHITE. he expired from heart failure. That sounds to you incredible, but real life is often incredible. That is one of the and offered to bet him that he would discoveries of our Society.

instance still. A well-to-do gentleman offer, and on the eve of his seventieth with the same birthday, whose case we birthday drowned himself." have recorded in our journals, is now, though perfectly healthy, bed-ridden audibly. The speaker turned his head said Windsor sweetly.

under the following amazing circum- and fixed his terrifying glance upon this he was afraid to have any further dealings with the man, while, on the other hand, he lacked sufficient courage to face the ordeal of being fitted by We who travel up together each a fresh tailor. For some time he used teresting." morning by this train are pretty well to sit up at night and secretly sew patches into his trousers. Naturally this could not go on for ever, and at cried Ferguson. "He's absolutely the last, when his garments were dropping to pieces, he had to take to his bed. . . . how he faces the world as he does after You smile, Sir. Perhaps you think I am exaggerating?"

His eyes flashed and his voice vibrated

inches out of my seat.

"Not at all-not at all," I stammered. "Only it occurred to me-er-that he me; there is reason why he should. It might have—er—b-bought them ready-

must be singularly slight," replied the other ic.ly, "if you imagine that a man without sufficient courage to be fitted up to be a liar; it is his fate, from by a tailor would be brave enough to wear ready-made clothes.'

"It seems to me, Sir," said Dean, coming to the rescue, "that your two instances prove little, if anything. They may be mere coincidence.'

The stranger leaned forward, frowned

"The Society for the Investigation of Natal Day Influences upon Character,' theory upon isolated and arbitrarily selected examples. We deal with the subject scientifically. To continue with this date, February 29th. After several cases similar to those I have made out a list of two hundred and of them we sent a representative to and fifty was easily intimidated into responsible."

" Now let us consider another date-March 3rd. Several striking instances had led us to suspect that a person born on March 3rd comes into the world with an ineradicable passion for gambling. I will give you just one of He read it. He was so terrified that these. A gentleman one day imagined kindly accept this?" he was seriously ill and called in a doctor. The latter laughed at his fears live to be seventy. The temptation was "I will give you a more remarkable too great. The gambler closed with the slightly and looked embarrassed.

At this point Empson sniggered

stances. He accidentally discovered the delinquent. Poor Empson grew that his tailor, who had clothed him very red, and endeavoured to cover his since boyhood, was an anarchist. After lapse by coughing noisily. The other waited patiently till he had finished.

"Perhaps you wish to say something,

Sir," he remarked coldly.

"N-no," said Empson. "Most in-

The President made a gesture which indicated that Empson was beneath contempt and renewed his discourse.

"Continuing the same method of research," he said, "we compiled a list of nearly four hundred persons born on March 3rd. To each of these we sent particulars of a Derby Sweepstake. with such anger that I jumped six Every one of them, gentlemen, applied for a ticket by return of post."

There was an impressive pause. The President looked round the carriage defiantly as if challenging suspicion.

"One of our tests with regard to "Your knowledge of human nature to-day's date-liars' day," he continued presently, "was rather amusing. We hired a room in the City for a week and sent out over three hundred letters to persons born on that day. Our notepaper was headed, 'Short, Stay and Hoppett, Solicitors,' and the letters were in identical terms. They said that we had been endeavouring for some time to trace the relatives of one Davy Jones, who, after acquiring a large fortune in Australia, had died intestate, and we had that morning been given to understand that the gentleman with whom we were corresponding was a nephew of the deceased, etc., etc. You guess what happened. Every one of them without exception claimed as his uncle this millionaire who never existed."

The train began to slow down, and the President rose to his feet.

"I get out here," he said. "I'm sorry. I should like to have discussed the subject further. You, Sir"-he pointed threateningly at Fergusonwill doubtless in future refrain from blaming Mr. - for a failing for which, as you see, he is in no way

Ferguson quaked and said nothing. The President brushed up his moustache still higher and looked round in triumph. All of us were completely cowed-all of us, except little Windsor.

"Just a moment, Sir," said the latter gently. "Before you leave us will you

He took out his tie-pin and laid it in the other's hand.

For the first time the burly one's confidence deserted him. He reddened

"It's very kind of you," he said, "but really I-I don't quite understand." "It's a birthday present for you,"



Humorous Artist. "I've brought you an original funny joke this time. A friend of mine thought of it." Editor (after reading it). "YES, IT IS FUNNY; BUT I PREFER THE DRAWING THAT WAS PUBLISHED WITH IT IN THE 'SEVENTIES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

out at Cape Evans, the winter quarters of Captain Scott, during 1911. Mr. APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD, the editor, has now presented them to a wider circle under the auspices of SMITH, ELDER, hoping that they will prove "a source of interest and pleasure to the friends of the expedition." such conditions is in its nature esoteric, and many of its jokes are lost if you "don't know Jimson." But if you have previously read Scott's Last Expedition then you will "know Jimson"; you will feel that every man at Cape which delighted them. Personally I cannot read or see too much of the men who are my heroes; and in a world where of Mr. Lewis Waller I shall not consider myself surof Lieutenant Bowers. But there are contributions to The merely personal. Mr. GRIFFITH TAYLOR, a tower of strength on the literary side, is really funny in The Bipes-a paper Mr. CHERRY-GARRARD so prolific and brilliant a contri- mate terms with its fellows; and not only in the saloons of

butor. Still more I envy him (and all his colleagues at Cape Evans) the knowledge of such a man. The more I get to know of "BILL" WILSON, the more I understand that he Three numbers of The South Polar Times were brought was of the very salt of the carth—a man to love whom was indeed a liberal education, and to be loved by whom was a passport to the little company of the elect.

When John Barleycorn (MILLS AND BOON) came my way, I noticed that the publishers had shown a reticence, unusual He need have no fears. Of course a paper produced under in these days, on the outside paper cover; they didn't say a word as to the quality or character of the contents. They had three good reasons: first, given the name of Jack London, there was no need of further advertisement or lure; second, if they had started describing the book they would Evans in 1911 was a personal friend of yours, and you will have been unable to say with strict truth that it was or be delighted with this facsimile reproduction of the paper was not a novel, for it isn't and it is; third, and best, they couldn't, as honest men, have avoided mentioning that it is in a way a sermon on alcoholism, and that, being said, an ordinary school-girl is allowed twenty-seven photographs | might have acted as a deterrent, unless they had explained (as they wouldn't have had room to do) how and why, when feited with two caricatures and a humorous character-sketch they said "sermon," they didn't really mean "sermon." So they lay low and said nothing, and I almost wish I had South Polar Times which have an interest other than the done the same, for no one who has the lightest interest, practical or theoretical, in John Barleycorn ought to be put off these alchoholic memoirs. The diarist purports to (on the wingless bipeds of Cape Evans) supposed to have have been first drunk at the age of five, again at the age of been read by OATES escaped rabbit to the Royal Society of seven, almost perpetually for a spell of years from the age Rabbits. Mr. TAYLOR, as a recorder of history in Scott's of fifteen, and yet to have taken over a quarter of a century Last Expedition, was, I thought, a little too familiar; in to acquire a liking for alcohol. That sounds odd, but is not these and other articles he is much more at home. But it unique. Not only in California and not only in the lower is upon Dr. Wilson's pictures (both serious and comic) that grades of society, is Youth, vigorous and unspoilt, bound to The South Polar Times can most justly pride itself. I envy acquire the taste if it would foregather on lively and intithe Oakland water-front are fine youngsters drinking them- whether on the river Thames, where he seems to follow in selves permanently silly because it is their only way of the wake of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, or in a Chelsea "pub," being men among men, jolly good fellows among jolly good where his manners are reminiscent of the characters of fellows. A sound enough text for any sermon; and, I may Messrs. W. W. Jacobs and Morton Howard. Again, in honestly add, a sound enough sermon for any text, with a the story called "The First Marathon" (where, by the way, strong smell of the sea and of adventure about it. But I he states that "It is true that the word 'Marathon' was ask myself for what purpose the photograph of Mr. and first used in connection with the old Olympian games," Mrs. Jack London is inserted as a frontispiece? As well, which seems a little unfair to Miltiades), the fun mainly I think, have had a portrait of Mr. Mills, with Mr. Boon depends on the use of such phrases as "Spoo-fer," Kod," and the "Can't-stik-you-shun-all Club."

a book? It caught my interest at once. I am not alto- convicts on Dartmoor, and one (the first in the book) degether sure that the story itself is as good as its name, but scribing the chance meeting of a man and a pretty girl on an

enjoyed it greatly - in patches. Let Mr. ROBERT Dunn not too hastily condemn me if I say that he has written a fatiguing tale. Partly I mean this as a high compliment. The descriptions of hardships borne and physical difficulties overcome by his hero are so vivid that they convey a sensation of actual bodily strain in a manner that only one other living writer can equal. There are chapters in the book that leave one aching all over. So long, in fact, as Mr. Dunn's characters are content to do things, to climb mountains, to ford rivers, to endure hunger and cold and weariness, I am in close bodily sympathy with them; it is when they begin to talk and to explain their mental states that my keenness is threatened by another and less pleasing fatigue. It is not that the scope of the story -- a man's regeneration by love and hardship -isn't a good one: quite

the contrary. It is that I simply do not believe that human beings, especially those to wander by themselves in a desolate Siberian anecdote. that figure in this book, would ever talk about themselves in this particular way. "In the name of our own blood," she uttered softly, "of Love, the Future, and Victory . . ." That is a random sentence from the last page, and very typical of Mr. Dunn's dialogue. It is full of gracious qualities, thoughtful, and throughout on a high literary level, but as a realistic transcription of frontier talk it leaves me incredulous. Still the setting, I repeat, is quite wonderful. You shall read the chapters that tell of Gail's ascent of Mount Lincoln, and see if they don't stir your blood, especially where he reaches the top, alone (and therefore unable to talk), and sees the world at his feet. You will exult in this.

Mr. Victor Bridges has a very versatile pen and in most of the twenty-one pieces of Jetsam (MILLS AND BOON) which he has recovered from the waves of monthly magazines and elsewhere there is a certain amount of material for mirth. I do not however find him a startlingly original humorist, For cash is our choice.

stories are of the adventurous or romantic type sacred to Isn't The Youngest World (BELL) an engaging title for serial fiction, no fewer than three dealing with escaped that still leaves a margin of quality, and I for one have uninhabited island off the West Coast of Scotland. Here,

for some reason or other, the man insisted on calling his charming and unknown companion Astarte, a name which, if I had been in her place, I should have been inclined to resent. But Mr. Bridges' dialogue is nearly always bright, and his knowledge of the machinery of yarn-spinning excellent. There is just one other point however which I should like to mention. The book includes a brand-new Russian wolf-story, in which the heroes protect them-selves from the bites of these ferocious quadrupeds by putting on armour, which they find in a deserted house. I don't object to that; but, when they leave the railway line along which they have been travelling and plunge into a forestpath they come to a place where the route forks and cannot make out which of the two roads will be more likely to lead them back to the railway. I do not feel that these men were the sort of people to be trusted



THE CADDIE WHO SAW THE FAIRIES,

Our New Masters.

The King can do no wrong. Of late So ran the law; but, when to-day Kinglike he seeks to serve the State, Our super-monarchs frown and say: The King can do no right—unless By leave of half the Liberal Press.

The Light-weight Angler.

"Weighing 6ibs, 7oz., Mr. T. Snelgrove caught a golden carp whilst fishing in the mill pond at Addlestont, Surrey."—People.

"He has slept . . . nearly 365 days on board the Admiralty yacht." This, from a Daily Mail article in praise of Winston, is no doubt meant kindly.

"C. E. Cox begs to announce that he is now prepared to drill wells, for water, gas, cil, cash or old clothes."-Red Deer Advocate.

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HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

WHEN YOU BATHE ENGAGE ALL THE BATHING-BOXES SO AS TO HAVE THE SEA TO YOURSELF UNCONTAMINATED,

CHARIVARIA.

Whitekirk church, East Lothian, which | Chestnut. was burnt down by Suffragettes last February. There is a feeling among the exertions of women that the work has to be done, it ought to have been given sity of the recent cold snap. to a woman architect.

last week, at Bow Street with obstructing the police, refused to give their enough to know better.

water is purified at least 1,000 times before delivery to consumers. It looks Shaw. as if there may, after all, be something in the complaints which reach the being absolutely flavourless.

The London Fire Brigade Committee has decided to ignore a demand from the Corporation Workers' Union for the reinstatement of a fireman who nothing in our books." refused to obey an order on the ground that it involved too great a danger to him. For ourselves we are surprised at the moderation of the Union. We should have expected them to insist bestowed on the man.

Dr. Ignatius Moerbeck, an engineer

been surveyed by him. The prettiest were to scale the loftiest peaks of the

Furs worth about £3,000 were stolen militants that, since it is owing to the from a Chiswell Street firm last week. This gives one some idea of the inten-

Mr. Lyn Harding, it is announced, Two Suffragettes who were charged, has acquired a new play in four Acts st week, at Bow Street with obstruct-entitled Bed Rock. Surely the lullaby touch in the title is a mistake? Presumably the information Audiences are quite prone enough to panied order." would have shown that they were old fall asleep without these soporific aids.

"I am not," says M. PAUL BOURGET, A committee of the Metropolitan "responsible for the words I put into Water Board reports that Thames the mouths of my characters." We await a similar declaration from Mr. B.

Another impending apology! Extract Board from time to time as to its water from the official Report of the Annual General Meeting of a Company that publishes certain illustrated papers:-Our stock of published original blackand-white drawings, made by many of the foremost artists of the day, stand at

A legacy of £10,000 has been left to a clerk in the Ashton-under-Lyme Waterworks Office by a gentleman who had intimated that he "would remember Gone are the gods? Nay, he who chooses also on a medal for life-saving being him in his will." We are so glad that this pretty old custom is not dying out.

It is rumoured that a daring attempt living on the Amazon, asserts that the to rob the Zoological Gardens has been river which Mr. ROOSEVELT claims to foiled. Plans, it is said, have been have placed on the map had long since disclosed whereby burglars after dark

touch in Dr. Moerbeck's statement new Mappin terraces and to fish for Sir Robert Lorimer has been ap- is to the effect that the real name of animals by means of highly-spiced pointed architect for the restoration of the river is Castanha, which means joints attached to ropes. It was hoped to secure a number of valuable bears, to be disposed of to furriers.

> We have been favoured with the sight of a circular issued by a Dutch bulb grower and printed in English. The fatherly interest which he takes in his creations does credit to his heart. "All bulbs who are not satisfied," he says," we take back and pay the carriage ourselves, even if cheque has accom-

THE BEES.

THE brown bee sings among the heather A little song and small-

A song of hills and summer weather And all things musical;

An ancient song, an ancient story For days as gold as when

The gods came down in noontide's glory And walked with sons of men.

A merry song, since skies are sunny-How in a Dorian dell

Was borne the bland, the charméd honey To young Comatas' cell;

Thrice-happy boy the Nine to pleasure That they for hours of ill

Did send, in love, the golden measure, The honey of their hill.

This morn may lie at ease

And on a hill-side woo the Muses And hear their honey-bees; And haply mid the heath-bell's savour

Some rose-winged chance decoy, To win the old Pierian favour That fed the shepherd-boy.

VOL. CXLVII.

O. S.

THE LOGIC OF ENTENTES.

[Lines composed on what looks like the eve of a general European war; and designed to represent the views of an average British patriot.]

To Servia.

You have won whatever of fame it brings To have murdered a King and the heir of Kings; And it well may be that your sovereign pride Chafes at a touch of its tender hide; But why should I follow your fighting-line For a matter that's no concern of mine?

To Austria.

You may, if you like, elect to curb The dark designs of the dubious Serb, And to close your Emperor's days in strife-A tragic end to a tragic life; But why in the world should I stand to lose By your bellicose taste for Balkan coups?

To Russia

No doubt the natural course for you Is to bid the Austrian bird "Go to!" He can't be suffered to spoil your dream Of a beautiful Pan-Slavonic scheme; But Britons can never be Slavs, you see, So what has your case to do with me?

But since Another, if you insist, Will be cutting in with his mailed fist, I shall be asked to a general scrap All over the European map, Dragged into somebody else's war, For that's what a double entente is for.

Well, if I must, I shall have to fight For the love of a bounding Balkanite; But O what a tactless choice of time, When the bathing season is at its prime! And how I should hate to miss my chance Of wallowing off the coast of France!

CUT FLOWERS.

"Do you notice anything particularly queer about this house, Charles," I asked him, "now that Araminta has been forced to fly from it?"

(Araminta had gone home to visit her parents, not so much, as I explained to Charles, because she was tired of living with me as because I had invited him to come on a visit. She was to return on the following day after a fortnight's absence, and I had promised faithfully to evict him before she came).

"Except," said Charles, "that it is usual to offer one's guests the most comfortable arm-chair in the messuage and feuilleton, not to eat all the fattest strawberries oneself, I can't say that I do;" and he fluffed a second mashie pitch with his cigar ash well short of the drawing-room fender.

"You don't," I insisted, "remark any unusual hiatus in the household arrangements-anything that obviously betrays the absence of the feminine touch? I suppose you how long they'd been there, that's all." know what this is?" and I took from the mantelpiece a tall slender silver object.

"It seems to be a tin trumpet," replied Charles, "and why on earth you can't keep my godson's toys in the it more wonderful still." nursery, instead of littering them about-

"Tin trumpet," I said cleverly, "be blowed! It is a

vase - variously pronounced to rhyme with 'parse' or 'pause,' according to one's pretensions to gentility. It is a flower-vase, Chawles, and, what is more, there ought to be flowers in it. The whole house, let me tell you, should be a very garden of fragrant and luscious blooms. Instead of which it is full of mocking cenotaphs such as this, When Araminta went away she flung over her shoulder a parasol and a Parthian taunt. She said, 'I'm certain there'll be no flowers in the house while I'm away,' and now it seems she was jolly well right."

"Why ever can't the servants attend to the flowers?" said Charles lazily. "They seem to be fairly competent people. There were four match-boxes and The Return of Sherlock Holmes in my bedroom."

"There you touch one of the deeper mysteries," I explained to him. "Probably in the most expensive and luxurious mansions they have a flower-maid. A kind of Persephone who comes up from the underworld with her arms full of gerania and calceolarias. 'Housemaid,' she would put it in the advertisements, 'upper (where manservant kept); tall, of good appearance; free; several years' experience; understands vawses.' And in houses such as these the cinerarias would never wither or die. Every what-not would be a riotous profusion of et-ceteras from week's-end to week's-end. But with Jane it is different. Jane has her limitations. She comprehends match-boxes and detective fiction, but Araminta does the flowers.'

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" said Charles, bunkering his cigar-stump badly to the right of the coal-scuttle.

"I want you to help me," I told him, "because I shan't have time to attend to the matter myself. When I go out to-morrow I want you, before you leave, to fill all the vases all over the house. Pink roses will be the best, I think, and you can buy them at that little flowermonger's

across the road." "But there are pink roses in the garden," he objected. "Only a kind of double dog-rose," I told him. "We never allow the dog-roses in the house: they haven't been properly trained. Besides you would certainly pick all the puppies and scratch yourself to death. There's no dog-rose without its tooth. You want the big ones that are grown exclusively on short stalks without any roots. And Araminta will never know that they haven't been there for

several days at least." "All right," said Charles, "I'll tackle the flower-smith for you.'

When I came home on the following evening, before going upstairs, I peeped timidly into the dining-room and found to my delight that Charles had been as good as his word. All the vases had burst as though by a miracle into radiant blossom. Taking courage I went up to the drawing-room, found Araminta and saluted her, and then looked round with a smirk of conscious self-satisfaction. Charles had chosen pink carnations for the drawing-room, and the place was as starry as the final chapter of a

"What do you think of the flowers?" I said proudly.

"They're simply lovely," she replied. "But""
"But what?" I asked with a sudden vague qualm.
"Don't you like pink carnations?"

"I adore them," she said. "I was just going to ask

"These particular ones?" I said airily. "Oh, two or

three days, I think, at most; not more than that."
"I see," she replied with a little smile. "That makes

"How do you mean?"

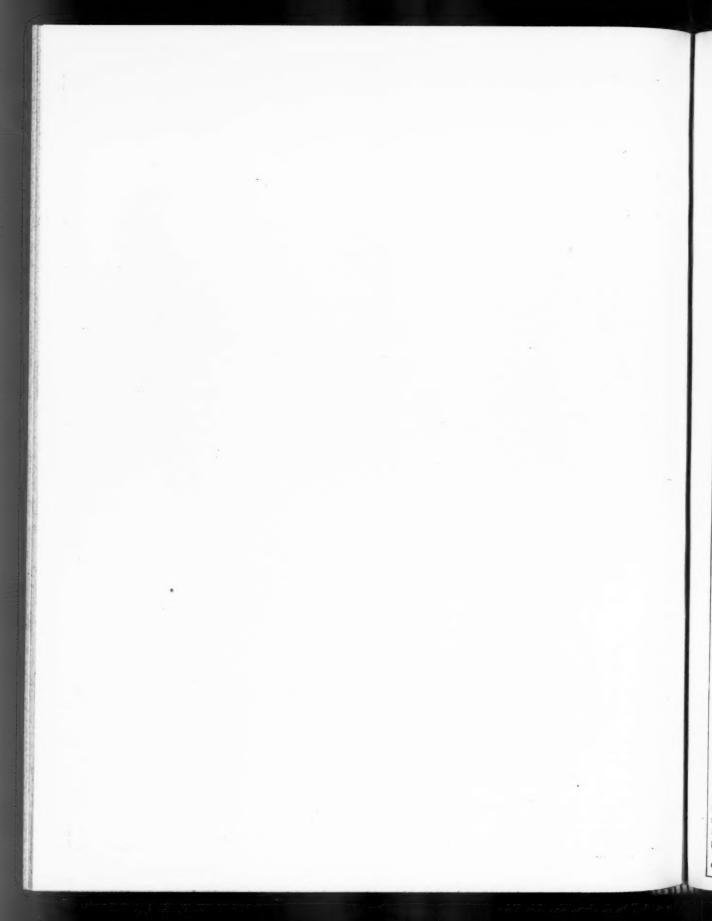
"Well, there isn't any water, you see, in the vases."



COOL STUFF.

THE TABLOID. "YOU CAN MAKE IT AS HOT FOR ME AS YOU LIKE, I SHALL NOT DISSOLVE."

[The above is prospective. No sensible person desires a dissolution during the present crisis abroad.]





THE ETHICS OF THE RING.

[Boxing champions receive almost as much pay for losing as for winning.]

Manager (to applicant for position of traveller). "And what salary would you require?"

Applicant. "£600 a year if I give satisfaction; £400 if I don't."

THE MAGIC NUMBER.

I have a telephone—a simple unpretentious toy, just like the next one. Sometimes I think it must be exceptional, but anon I hear other telephoners talking, and I realise that theirs too have the same repertory of pretty mannerisms.

Especially I found matter for complaint re Wilmer. Especially Wilmer found matter for complaint re me. Wilmer and I are friends and neighbours. No doubt the people at the exchange had made a note of it. For, if ever I rang up Wilmer, he, they told me, answered not. And, if ever Wilmer rang up me, I, they told him, was engaged. To discover that these things were not so, it was only necessary for the ringer to step across the road; nay, even a shout from the garden was sufficient.

Having matter for complaint, we complained. After that nothing could

redeem us in the ears of our exchange. Formerly we got through to each other once in four shots. Thereafter the blockage was complete.

So we laid our plans.

One evening at half-past eight I rang up the exchange. "I want 4792 Marble Arch," I began.

An interval. Then, "Sorry; there's no answer."

I made a bad-tempered noise, full of incredulity and baffled urgency. And yet I was not wholly surprised; 4792 makes wall-papers up to 7 P.M., and then puts up the shutters.

I rang up the exchange.

"I want 5921 B City, please."

Again there was no answer. This was Wilmer's office. Wilmer, who was standing behind me, made them ring it up twice again to make sure. Then I went on to the other eight impossible numbers we had fixed on. They were unresponsive to a man.

Ten rings, and not a single answer! of what to say.

Then we crossed to Wilmer's house.
Wilmer rang up the exchange.
Bitter experience has assured us that
we share the same operator.

"I want 4792 Marble Arch," he began. 4792 was still mute. So was 5921 B City. So were no fewer than all the eight further numbers prearranged.

Then I went back again and rang up 4792. This precipitated the crisis.

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I'm nearly sure I can't get them. Would you let me have a list of the numbers you want, and I'll get them when I can."

"The number I really want," I said, "is Mr. Wilmer's, 729 Lane, but I've given up trying to get that."

I was through to Wilmer like lightning; and a little later he rang me up by the same strategy.

Nowadays, if Wilmer or I have any trouble in getting one another, we have only to whisper 4792 Marble Arch, and we're through before we've thought of what to say.

MY HARDY ANNUAL.

a letter of introduction from a mutual England. preferring a boarding-house in Baysone way of getting it (one way, I mean, This I believe is an American custom.

of introduction, and I did what I could for himasked him to lunch, told him about picture galleries, adjured him not to see this play and that, and mentioned a few new books. Our surest common ground being American men of letters, we discussed them. We agreed that the early death of FRANK NORRIS was a blow; that George W. CABLE had style; that John Fox, Junior, could tell a good story, but OWEN WISTER a better. My friend interested me greatly by stating that he had been on intimate terms with TWAIN, and wondered if

we have company," she replied.

AMBROSE BIERCE was a man of genius, it seemed, had felt the death of his old I MET him first three summers ago and that OLIVER HERFORD'S continued friend, Mr. CLEMENS-MARK TWAINwhen he arrived from Baltimore with residence in New York was a loss to very deeply. Had I ever heard, he

American friend. He was a tall thin "A propos of humorists," said my about a reply made to one of his visitors clean-shaven man, a typical American friend, "I wonder if you have heard by his daughter? of the inquiring rather than commanding type—and not a millionaire, not indeed rich at all, and rather ner-lish house who had been greatly enter-lish which he is that story of Mark Twans which he often told against himself. A visitor to not indeed rich at all, and rather ner-lish house who had been greatly enter-lish he went on, "had asked her if her father was always in vous among waiters and wine lists: tained by a constant flow of wit and the jovial and witty vein in which he had satire asked Mark Twain's daughter been during his-the visitor's-stay." water to a carayanserai (as the news- if he was always in the same good paper men always call the big hotels). spirits. 'Only when we have com-He had culture and desired more, and pany,'" she said.

of making sure that it should be gotten) to London owing to the frivolous holiwas to talk with every one he met. day proclivities of certain fellowworkers, and again my Baltimore guest he got it, but-Anyway, he arrived with his letter migrant was here, and again we met

Passenger. "It's curious how these seagulls follow a steamer. Do THEY GO FAR?"

on intimate terms with that great man, Mark AN ABERDEEN BOAT."

Boalman. "AY, SOMETIMES, BUT THEY'LL NOT FOLLOW HER FAR; SHE'S

I had ever heard the story (which he for our single tête-à-tête. He looked, he was still feeling the loss of MARK used to tell against himself) of the said, on a year as wasted, unless a part Twain. By the way, that was a good visitor to his house who, after a very of it was spent in London and Paris, story which MARK TWAIN used to tell delightful stay, during which the He was exactly as he had been; his against himself. A visitor humorist had been at the top of his form, asked his daughter if her father was always like that? "Only when comments. He could not be surprised or shocked or amused. He had taken The next year my American friend the world's measure and was now turned up again, sending a letter in chiefly occupied in adding to his coladvance to say that he would be at his lection of fine men and levely-minded but last evening I met a lady who had old address in Bayswater at a certain women. I made an effort to get the been taken in to dinner by the American date, and again I wrote asking him to lunch with me, as before. He was exactly the same, even to his clothes, and we talked of American writers in a conversation to other than American a few days ago. "A little bit pompous literary personages, but it was useless. To discuss Mr. Roosevelt he was a delightful story about Mark Twans and we talked of American writers in unwilling. The name of Hearst—I that I should like to meet him again." what I remembered to be the identical mean Mr. Hearst-touched no live terms of the previous year. This is one wire, as it does with a few of his of the disadvantages of annual meet-ings; there is no advance. The familiar ground included our decision, reinforced, Mr. Wilson was doing well, he thought, that Mrs. Wharton was a swell, but on the whole. Reaching books at last, rather on the bitter side; that it was a we agreed again that it was a pity pity that MARY WILKINS had given up that Mr. James Lane Allen wrote so they are paid. The Wottentots are animals writing; that John Kendrick Bangs' little nowadays and that Mr. Howells that are found in the forests of England.

name, at any rate, was funny; that had become so silent. Mr. Howells, wondered, that story of MARK TWAIN

"Yes, I know," I said. "MARK TWAIN'S daughter," he con-

tinued, "replied that he was always In August of last year I was doomed like that- when they had company. He looked remorselessly at me for his reward of laughter. Since he was my

And then last week he arrived again.

on his 1914 trip, and he is here now, or perhaps he is in Paris. In Europe, at any rate. He told me once more that across the Atlantic Mr. HENRY JAMES is no longer thought of as an American; that Mr. JACK LON-DON, it seems, is becoming one of the most popular of writers; that ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sells probably more copies of her poetry than any English writer sells stories. He had had the pleasure of meeting Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in New York recently, but when Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT was there he missed him, to his great regret. America

But this time I was too clever for him. I gave a preconcerted signal to a waiter, who hurried up to tell me I was wanted on the telephone. When I returned it was to say good-bye.

And now I am safe till next summer; a few days ago. "A little bit pompous, perhaps," she said, "but he told me such a delightful story about Mark Twain

The Latest from the Schoolroom.

Q. (put orally). "Where do the following races live? Berbers, Hottentots .

A. Barbers are to be found in large towns, but they are also found in some small place: They are the natives of the country, and their he

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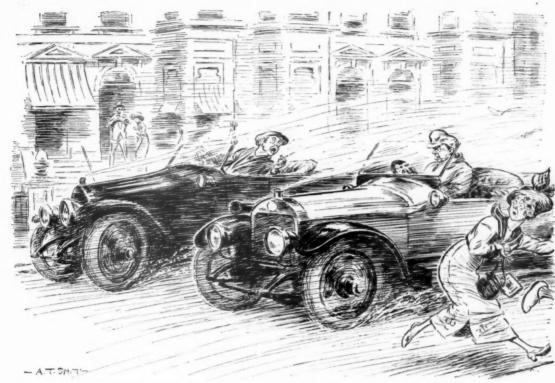
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Seventy-miles-an-hour (as he hurtles past sixty-miles-an-hour). "Are you aware, Sir, that you slow-moving vehicles ought to keep close to the kerp?"

COCOANUTS.

(A Bank Holiday Idyll.)

Sing me, I said, O Muse, and sound the trump For him not least among our noble tars Who first on tropic isle was made to jump By reason of a pericranial thump And prospect of a galaxy of stars,

And there in green retreat by coral chained Beheld the vision of the fibrous nut, And drank the nectar that its shell contained, And knew the goal accomplished and disdained The nasty skin-wound on his occiput.

He did not see the feathered palm-trees wave;
He did not see the beckoning yams beneath;
The turtle moaning for its soupy grave,
The sound of oysters asking for a shave
He heard not—he was back on Hampstead Heath.

For him no more the ocean seemed to croon
Its endless legend to the listless sands;
He walked abroad upon an English noon,
And "Ah!" he murmured, "what a heavenly boon
To rehabilitate our cock-shy stands!

"In vain Aunt Sarah with her spinster vows Entreats the Cockney sport to try-his skill; Her charms are languishing, but nuts shall rouse To sterner combats and with damper brows For 'Arriet's kindly glances 'Erb and Bill. "And ah, the little ones! With how much glee
Their eyes shall gaze upon the oily fruit!
I shall behold them scamper o'er the lea,
Their warm young lips, in part from ecstasy,
In part from palatable nut-meat, mute."

Such was the man, I said, and praised the worth Of all who make the cocoanut their ploy; And thought, "I too will have a round of mirth," And threw—and brought one hairy globe to earth, And, turning round, beheld a ragged boy.

So smirched he was, so pitiful a lad
That when I saw the teardrop in his eye
I gave the nut to him. It made him glad;
He took it proudly off to show his dad—
His dad was the conductor of the shy.

EVOE.

The Latest Cinema Poster.

"WANTED BY THE POLICE, 4,200 feet."

In any other profession they advertise for hands. It is a pleasant distinction.

From a circus advertisement in India:-

"It gives a great pleasure to all to see a goat, (1) riding on another goat, (2) placing its neck against the neck of the other, (3) walking on its knees, (4) pretending to lie dead, and many other feats of men."

For the moment we cannot remember to have performed any of these manly feats.

ARMAGEDDON.

THE conversation had turned, as it always does in the smoking-rooms of England, and Porkins had summed the morning with a bad headache. matter up. He had marched round in ninety-seven that morning, followed by Olympus.) a small child with an umbrella and an arsenal of weapons, and he felt in form land, the leader-writers proceeded to with himself.

"What England wants," he said, leaning back and puffing at his cigar, -" what England wants is a war. with the country. A bit of a scrap brace us up."

It is well understood in Olympus that Porkins must not be disappointed. What will happen to him in the next and he thought it might be allowed to world I do not know, but it will be remain. "We shall not be accused of something extremely humorous; in this exaggeration if we say that Essenland world, however, he is to have all that would lose, and rightly lose, her prestige

In the little village of Ospovat, which is in the south-eastern corner of Ruritania, there lived a maiden called Maria Strultz, who was engaged to marry Captain Tomsk.

"I fancy," said one of the gods, "that it might be rather funny if Maria jilted the Captain. I have an idea that an indemnity of a hundred thousand it would please Porkins."

"Whatever has Maria-" began a very young god, but he was immedi-

ately suppressed.

"Really," said the other, "I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious. You know what these mortals are." He looked round to them all. "Is it agreed then?"

It was agreed.

So Maria Strultz jilted the Captain. Now this, as you may imagine, annoyed Captain Tomsk. He commanded a frontier fort on the boundary between Ruritania and Essenland, and his chief amusement in a dull life was to play cards with the Essenland captain, who commanded the fort on the other side of the river. When Maria's letter came he felt that the only thing to do was to drown himself; on second thoughts he decided to drown his sorrows first. He did asked the very young god. "Porkins this so successfully that at the end lives in England, not Essenland." of the evening he was convinced that it was not Maria who had jilted him, but the Essenland captain who

across the river and poured his revolver into the Essenland flag which was flying over the fort. Maria thus revenged, golf clubs, to the state of poor old he went home to bed, and woke next

(" Now we're off," said the gods in

In Diedeldorf, the capital of Essen-

remove their coats.

"The blood of every true Essenlander," said the leader-writer of the Diedeldorf Patriot, after sending out (Another whisky and soda, waiter.) for another pot of beer, "will boil when We're getting flabby. All this pamper- it hears of this fresh insult to our being of the poor is playing the very deuce loved flag, an insult which can only be wiped out with blood." Then seeing with a foreign power would do us all that he had two "bloods" in one the good in the world." He disposed sentence, he crossed the second one of his whisky at a draught. "We're out, substituted "the sword," and flabby," he repeated. "The lower lit a fresh cigarette. "For years classes seem to have no sense of dis- Essenland has writhed under the procipline nowadays. We want a war to vocations of Ruritania, but has preserved a dignified silence; this last insult is more than flesh and blood can stand." Another "blood" had got in, but it was a new sentence he wants. Accordingly the gods got to in the eyes of Europe if she let this work.

In a day she would sink from a first-rate to a fifthrate power." But he didn't say how.

The Chancellor of Essenland, in a speech gravely applauded by both sides of the House, announced the steps he had taken. An ultimatum had been sent to Ruritania demanding an apology, marks, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, whose epaulettes were to be torn off by the Commander-in-Chief of the Essenland Army in the presence of a full corps of cinematograph artists. Failing this, war would

be declared.

Ruritania offered the apology, the indemnity, and the public degradation the very young god.) of Captain Tomsk, but urged that this last ceremony would be better performed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Ruritanian Army; otherwise Ruritania might as well cease to be a sovereign state, for she would lose her prestige in the eyes of Europe.

There was only one possible reply to this, and Essenland made it. She in-

vaded Ruritania.

(" Aren't they wonderful?" said the gods in Olympus to each other.

"But haven't you made a mistake?"

"Wait a moment," said the others.)

had filted Maria; whereupon he rowed writer of the Borovian Patriot got to work. "How does Borovia stand?" he asked. "If Essenland occupies Ruritania, can any thinking man in Borovia feel safe with the enemy at his gates?" (The Borovian peasant, earning five marks a week, would have felt no less safe than usual, but then he could hardly be described as a thinking man.) "It is vital to the prestige of Borovia that the integrity of Ruritania should be preserved. Otherwise we may resign ourselves at once to the prospect of becoming a fifth-rate power in the eyes of Europe." And in a speech, gravely applauded by all parties, the Borovian Chancellor said the same thing. So the Imperial Army was mobilized and, amidst a wonderful display of patriotic enthusiasm by those who were remaining behind, the Borovian troops marched to the front. . .

(" And there you are," said the gods

in Olympus.

"But even now-" began the very

young god doubtfully.

"Silly, isn't Felicia the ally of Essenland; isn't Marksland the ally of Borovia; isn't England the ally of the ally of the ally of the Country which holds the balance of power between Marksland and Felicia?"

"But if any of them thought the whole thing stupid or unjust or-

"Their prestige," said the gods gravely, trying not to laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the very young god.) ::0 25

And when a year later the hundredthousanth English mother woke up to read that her boy had been shot, I am afraid she shed foolish tears and thought that the world had come to an

Poor short-sighted creature! She didn't realise that Porkins, who had marched round in ninety-six the day before, was now thoroughly braced up.

(" What babies they all are," said A. A. M.

An Invidious Distinction.

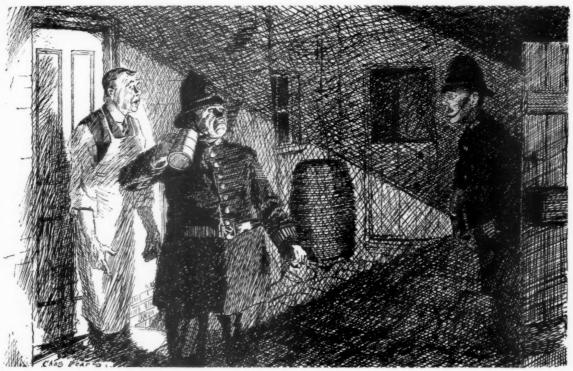
"An Opening offers for a GENTLEMAN OF Public School man . . . "
Advt. in " The Times."

"At moderate expenditure he has increased the stock-carrying capacity of his holding many times over, and can now fatten both cattle and sheep, where formerly either had only a bear subsistence."—Times.

To the question, "What do bears subsist on?" we believe the answer to be, "Honey and American trappers."

Where to wear your Hat.

"The Misses Buckley (Llandaff) were dressed the one in a cerise coat and skirt, relieved at the waist with a black patent band and hat to In the capital of Borovia the leader- correspond. . . ."-South Wales Daily News.



Police Sergeant (having swallowed with gurgling sounds and smacking of lips a pint of beer given him by publican at his back door after hours) to intruding Constable. "What have You come round here for?" Police Constable. "I HEARD AN UNUSUAL SOUND, SIR."

THE DOUBLE CURE.

"THE hair," said the assistant, "is wash-basin. very thick."

"If you refer to mine," I replied, "it is frightfully thick."

He looked at it reflectively. "It is very thick," he said; "very thick," and he jabbed the comb into it.

"On the other hand," I pointed out, "my skull is very thin."

"Yes, Sir."

"And the comb is very sharp."

He apologized, pulled the comb out, and jabbed it back not quite so severely.

"As long as you get it out pain-lessly, I don't mind," I said, and I lay back and studied the bottles.

"It's a curious thing," I observed, "but mine is the only case for which you hairdressers fail to provide."

"I don't quite follow, Sir."
"Well," I explained, "for any degree of baldness you provide remedies by the any quantity."

assistant's eye and he moved to the plaint. I-er-it-between our two

"Yes," he said, picking up a bottle other purposes." oily mixture, "this preparation, for "Yes?" I said. of oily mixture, "this preparation, for instance, is really to be recommended. The famous Criniline."

He held it aloft and the neighbouring assistant barely suppressed a cheer. "I've sold-

"That's all very well," I objected, but where do I come in?"

"Well, Sir"—he held out his scissors "these surely are effective."

"Cutting only makes it grow more quickly. The heastly stuff 's so thick," I complained, "I can't do anything with honesty I bought two bottles. What I want is some stuff-

"Preparation, Sir."

" --- stuff for thinning my hair." "For thinning the hair. Yes, Sir.

He combed the atmosphere thoughtfully. "I should like to sell you something, Sir."

Of a sudden he snipped excitedly. "I have it!" he exclaimed. He moved back to the washstand and picked up a hundreds. You offer to invigorate the bottle. "The very thing," he said. As this comes from Berlin we assume hair, to dress it, to bring it up in the He looked round cautiously, bent down that the reference is to the German way it should go, and to produce it in towards my ear and coughed nervously. Crown Prince. If so, he's got on the "Of course," he said, "this is-er-not wrong side by mistake.

The light of battle came into the a preparation for your particular comselves, Sir, it was-er-intended for

"But, Sir, it may be just what you

"Yes, yes." I held my hand out for the bottle.

"Yes, Sir," he whispered. "It may be. At any rate I happen to know for a fact there is no possible danger of its increasing the growth of the hair."

And he handed me the famous

To show my appreciation of his

Commercial Candour.

From a Provision catalogue :-

"Lamb . . . Should shoulders be ordered Legs will be sent." Very annoying.

"BERLIN. Saturday .- It is stated that the Crown Prince is to assume the command of the troops at Belgrade,—Reuter,"—Observer.



Mary (exploring). " OH, LOOK, MUMMIE, I'VE FOUND A SNUGGLER'S CAVE!"

THE PACKER'S PLAINT.

YES, I must pack my things, and, what is worse, Must pack alone, for James, my faithful man, The ancient servitor who knows my wants, Is busy, and to-day he cannot aid. The house is in a turmoil, and the maids Speed to and fro without a moment's stay. The corridors and all the rooms resound With footfalls, and the lady of the house, Her sleeves tucked up (they always tuck their sleeves), Her working-apron girt about her form, Bustles around and issues her commands, As who should say, "Behold me as I pack; This is no place for men who do not pack, Who play with dogs, or smoke their cigarettes, Or read the papers, getting in the way Of workers." So she packs and packs So she packs and packs and packs. Four children in their various rooms have spread All the contents of drawers upon the floor, A most insane disorder, while they eat Cream chocolates, for their mother is not there. They too wear aprons, and their cheeks are red, Their hair is tousled, and the rooms resound With battle-cry and challenge, and the air Is thick with things they hurl at one another. And I, too, yield and go to pack my things. Yet how shall man decide what he may want In four revolving weeks; what hats, what coats, How many collars and what handkerchiefs, What flannel trousers-all the articles. Shoes, scissors, waistcoats, gaudy ties and boots, Socks, safety-razor-blades and leather belts,

Studs, links, dress-suit, and plain and coloured shirts, And undervests-the articles, in short, That make a man in very truth a man? Did AGAMEMNON, when he rushed to war, And sought the dreadful fields of Ilium-Did he pack up, or trust the thing to slaves, Saying, "Put in my six best pairs of greaves, Four regal mantles, sandals for the shore, And fourteen glittering helmets with their plumes, And ten strong breastplates and a sheaf of swords, And crowns and robes and tunics, and of spears A goodly number, such as may be seem The office and the valour of a King. Ay, and if one least thing you should forget Your lives shall pay the forfeit. Go and pack?" If it was thus that Agamemnon spake I envy him, for I must pack alone. I shall forget the necessary things And take the useless, having none to blamo Save only my incomparable mind.

A Sporting Offer.

From The Times on the Servian Chief of Staff: -

"As the Austro-Hungarian Army is imbued with a much too chivalrous feeling to deprive the Servian Army of its loader an opportunity will be given him to continue his journey to Servia to-day, and a special saloon carriage will be placed at his disposal.—Reuter."

An unusual luxury for a loader.

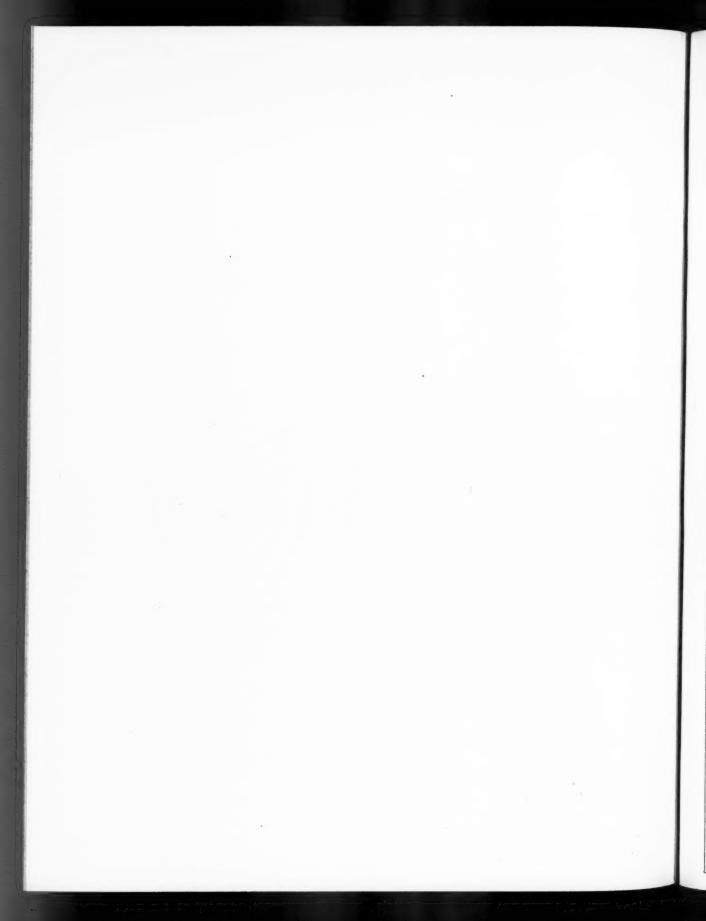
"HEADSTONE, cost £12, for £7; selling cheap through death of proprietor."—Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Not sufficient reason for us.



MUTUAL SERVICE.

BRITANNIA (to Peace). "I'VE BEEN DOING MY BEST FOR YOU IN EUROPE; PLEASE DO YOUR BEST FOR ME IN IRELAND."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

his action?

Europe. War has actually broken out worse than being guilty. in streets of Dublin.

to expect armed outbreak in Ulster. At any moment, we were told, the patience of the Ulster volunteer, with current of events devised and controlled by constituted authority, would collapse. Civil war would be in full swing.

At moment when postponement of threatened action had lulled public into sense of security, news comes of conflict between armed volunteers and a detachment of soldiers of the line. In newspaper columns the streets and stoning

not Belfast, but Dublin.

adjournment in order to discuss it. Interest of situation intensified by more than kill three citizens and They wound thirty - two others. threaten to dissolve compact between discussed. Irish Nationalists and His Majesty's Ministers. Sorely strained on occasions, its existence never liked—it behoved a preference for picking up pins. AGAG REDMOND to walk delicately.

skill. (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) ment that, as sometimes happens in dinner-hour—that Austria had declared House of Commons, Monday, July 27. Ireland in analogous cases—on the —To-day set apart for consideration of Curragh, for example—someone had to trail of gunpowder, no one can say havy Estimates. To-morrow assigned blundered into direct opposition to Minhow far or in what direction the flame to Second Reading of Home Rule isterial policy and intention. Troops may travel. Meanwhile ominous fact Amending Bill come over from the had been called out by authority of that by way of precaution other Powers Lords. Up to yesterday public atten- a minor official. Firing had opened in are preparing to mobilise. In addition tion centred on latter event. Questions the streets of Dublin without word of to grave happenings abroad, we have reverberated: What will Premier do command from officer in charge of at home our own little war. Sudden with the Bill? What will follow on detachment. Supreme representatives outburst of fury in streets of Dublin This morning British Public wakes Office or Dublin Castle, were innocent in the near future. up not to one startling surprise but to of offence. They were simply un- In these circumstances reasonable to two. War is imminent in East of fortunate - which in some cases is suppose attention of House would be

Nearer event illustrates afresh the with marvellous repression of Party contrary, liveliest interest at Question-unfathomable versatility of Ireland. with marvellous repression of Party contrary, liveliest interest at Question-passion. It is true Lord Bob sug-hour aroused by discovery that persons For months the country has been taught gested that Ministers should be hanged employed in business of peeling onions



appear stirring pictures "I have had considerable experience, perhaps a larger experience than any of populace thronging man in this House, of being taken to task for the actions of those who were my subordinates or my colleagues. [Laughter]."—Mr. Asquith.

the soldiers as they march back to their | (or "suspended," as he put it). That | But this discovery of the superbarracks; of volleys fired in defence and only his way of expressing diversity of eminence of the onion-peeler in the reprisal; of men, women and children opinion on matters of detail. Division matter of freedom from taxation infalling dead or wounded in the streets. keenly looked forward to. Would Red-stantly riveted attention. It was news And lo! the volunteers on the warpath mondites be satisfied with suspension even to Worthington Evans, who has are not Ulstermen, but Nationalists. of Sub-Commissioner of Dublin Police spent his days and nights in mastering The city given up to murderous riot is when they demanded head of Chief obscurities of Insurance Act. From House meets in half-dazed condition they abstain from the division, or inquiry for further information. Was to face this amazing jumble of the would they, joyously relapsing into the potato-peeler also exempt? If not, unexpected. John Redmond moves original state of nature, "go agin the why not? Government"?

Catastrophe averted by resisting moby the O'Connell Bridge, Dublin, did over eleven o'clock, when it automati- of official phraseology. cally stood adjourned.

Business done .- Clontarf "incident"

Tuesday.—The elephant is justly proud of the range of its adaptability. it has hitherto remained inviolate. With As every schoolboy knows, with its South and West of Ireland looking on mighty trunk it can uproot a tree or suspiciously at relations with Saxon pick up a pin. Analogy found in case Government—a necessity admitted but of House of Commons, with perhaps

This afternoon the war-cloud lies low peeler in particular?

Accomplished feat with considerable over East of Europe. News moment-Appeared from official state- arily expected - it arrived before the of Government, whether at the Irish last Sunday indicates grave possibilities

centred on these contingencies, its On the whole, debate carried through demeanour attuned accordingly. On the

> are exempt from payment of Insurance Tax.

House and country indebted to FRED HALL for disclosure of this remarkable circumstance. As a rule his questions do not attract the measure of attention their merit possibly demands. This largely due to fact that they are so numerous, so constant in appearance on the paper, and are doubled, sometimes trebled, by supplementaries devised in the spirit the SPEAKER delicately describes as animated by desire rather to give information than to seek it.

Commissioner on a charger? Would all parts of the House came sharp

Trying moment for Wedgwood Benn. Faced it with customary courage and circumstance that the rifle shots fired tion for closure and carrying debate something more than habitual rotundity

> "Employment as an onion-peeler," he oracularly said, "has in a special order been specified as a subsidiary employment, and contributions are not required to be paid in respect of persons so employed.'

> That all very well as far as it went. It did not go to the length of explaining the mystery that racked the mind of all sections of parties. Why the onion-

[According to Mr. Healx's interpretation of what he called "a kind of foreshore doctrine of legality," the PRIME MINISTER had laid it down that guns are liable to seizure on the shore below high water mark, but that, once they are fairly on dry land, "the proclamation has exhausted itself."



I .- OUTSIDE THE LAW.



II .- WITHIN THE LAW.

Speaker staved storm of renewed! interrogation by calling on next queswas restored. On benches above Gangway on Opposition side there is rooted meets the eye. LLOYD GEORGE is evidently at the bottom of what begins to look like a bad business.

Business done. - In Committee of Supply, Colonial vote agreed to. Progress made with Education vote, amounting this year to modest total of £9,480,621.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

(Constructed after the best models.)

I.—AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

INSIDE the Fahrjoch Hut a merry clatter of tin mugs proclaimed that a climbing party was supping. Ralph Wonderson paused for a moment, thoughtfully stroking his crampons. before he threw open the door and

Two stalwart and sunburnt young Englishmen, a beautiful fair - haired English girl, and three hirsute and jovial Swiss guides were feasting on the sardines and dried plums which experience has shown to be the best diet for mountaineers. They looked up cheerily as he entered, and greeted him with the easy camaraderie of the mountains.

Gratefully relieving himself of his rope, ice-axe, Baedeker, goggles, cork-screw, crampons and other impedimenta of the expert Alpinist, Ralph seated himself beside the girl.

"You look tired," she said sympathetically.

"Yes," he replied, picking up a sar- | the awful abyss at their feet, swept dine by its tail and dropping it into along the moonlit valley thousands and tion. Some time before ordinary calm his mouth with the ease of one long thousands of feet below them, and accustomed to mountain huts. "Yes, I've just satisfied a long-cherished belief that there is more in this than ambition by doing the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau in the same day without

> There was an instant chorus of admiration. The three guides rose to their feet and gazed at the newcomer in astonishment.

"Ja wohl! Auf wiederschen!" they said warmly.

There is no body of men in the world so free from petty jealousy as the Swiss guides.

"It is nothing," said Ralph lightly. "What are your plans for to-morrow? I rather thought of taking things easily myself and doing the Wetterhorn. I wondered-

"I'm sure we should be delighted to join you," said the girl, "if you could consent to be accompanied by such undistinguished climbers. Let me introduce ourselves. This is my cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener. This is my brother, Lord Tamerton. I am Margaret Tamerton."

"Lady Margaret Tamerton!" cried Ralph in amazement. "Little Madge! Don't you remember me-Ralph Wonderson, your playmate as a child?"

"Ralph!" exclaimed Lady Margaret. "Oh, of course! And I haven't seen you since you whitewashed all the guinea-pigs and were sent away to school.

Several hours later Lady Margaret stood with Ralph on the terrace outside the hut. Her eyes plunged into mortal enemy!"

fastened themselves upon the sinister crags of the Lyskamm and the stupendous dome of Mont Blanc. A lump came into her throat.

"I don't know why," she said softly, "but I have a presentiment of evil. Is the Wetterhorn very dangerous?'

Ralph laughed lightly. "A child could climb it blindfolded in midwinter," he said. "Trust yourself to me, little Madge, to-morrow and-and-

"For ever!" added Margaret almost inaudibly as they went into the hut together.

Mingled happiness and foreboding strangely disturbed her breast, and she sighed as she trod heavily on the face of one of the guides in climbing to her shelf. She heard his low sleepy murmur of apology as she drew her straw about her. There is no more courteous body of men in the world than the Swiss guides.

Next morning, after a hasty toilet with a handful of snow, the party set Ralph by off shortly before sunrise. general consent assumed the leadership. Taking careful soundings with his ice-axe and using his crampons with almost uncanny certitude, he guided his companions through a moraine and debouched on to a tremendous glacier.

As he turned to survey those behind them he perceived for the first time a scar under the left ear of Sir Ernest Scrivener.

" Toufel!" he exclaimed under his breath, "It is he! Moorsdyke! My



Golfer (playing his second round in the day). "Into this beastly bunker again, Caddie!" Caddie. "No, S'. This is the one you missed this morning."

But his meditations were interrupted by the stern nature of the work before vanished in the roaring avalanche of them. Their route led them along the ice and snow. Throwing a quick refoot of a line of towering and trembling assuring smile to Lady Margaret, Ralph séracs. The vibration of a whisper might send them crashing down upon the party.

Placing one hand on his lips as a warning for silence, he dexterously cut steps in the ice with the other. Progress was slow and nerve-racking. Every step had to be taken with infinite precaution. Once Lord Tamerton slipped and would have fallen headlong to destruction had not Ralph caught him by the ear and Good Sir, your directions are all very lifted him back into his steps.

But at length the trying passage was almost accomplished. Only Sir Ernest Scrivener remained in peril.

Unconsciously Ralph removed his If fingers from his lips. Inexperienced as a climber, Sir Ernest imagined this to be a signal that the danger was now over.

"I say," he began. It was enough. In an instant the whole line of seracs toppled from their bases and thundered down upon him. Ralph did not hesitate. The man was his most deadly enemy, but—he was Lady Margaret's cousin. Ralph sprang to the rope; it snapped like thread between his fingers.

With a cry of despair Sir Ernest; joined his hands above his head and dived unflinchingly after him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WISER CHOICE.

[A-weekly paper points out that letters of proposal should be carefully timed to arrive in the evening, that being the sentimental time of the day when acceptance is most likely.]

fine,

But, when I propose by the pen trick, I shall look for a temper to tolerate mine, And mine is distinctly eccentric;

she, in the morning, is likely to grouse.

If her breakfast demeanour is surly, There would not be room for us both in the house;

I'm peevish myself when it's early.

So rather I'd have her most critical mood

Prevail at the time of my wooing; I'd like to be sure that the girl under-

Exactly the thing she was doing.

I feel in my heart it were better for me To double the risk of rejection,

In order (if haply accepted) to be A calm and cold-blooded selection.

Let my letter arrive when the day at its start

Provokes a malevolent feeling; Her answer may puncture a hole in my

But Time is an expert at healing; And that will be better than learning too late,

At the end of the honeymoon season, That the lady had only consented to

In an hour that was bad for her reason.

From a concert programme at Brighton:-

" Parsifal. Tannhäuser. Walküre. Gotterdämmerung. Siegfried. Tristan and Isolde.

Requiem for 3 cellos and orchestra."

The last item does not surprise us.

"Anstruther.—Comf. roofs, 2 beds, 25th July on; sea view."—Glasgow Herald. The fresh air craze is spreading.

MNEMONICS.

For reasons of economy we get all our household requisites from Moggridge's Stores in the Tottenham Court Road, where we have a deposit account. tie a piece of cotton round my married Joan once worked out that by shopping finger. in this manner we saved ninepencehalfpenny every time we spent one pound four and fivepence (her arithmetic cannot cope with percentages), besides having our goods delivered at the door by a motor van. This is a down," I suggested. distinct score off our neighbours, who have to be content with theirs being brought round by a boy on a kind of three-wheeled Black-Maria.

We are not on the telephone at home, so it is my part of the arrangement to ring up Moggridge's when I arrive at my office, and order what we want; that is, whenever I remember. But unfortunately I own the most impossible of head-pieces. It's all right to look at from the outside, but and I turned my watch round in my inside the valves leak, or else the taps run. Consequently it generally ends in Joan's writing a note when I return home in the evening. Thus I was not altogether surprised when, one morning after breakfast, Joan asked me to repeat her orders. I did so. "That's not what I said!" cried Joan. "That's only what you thought I said. I did not even mention smoked salmon. Now listen while I tell you again; or, better still, write it down on a piece of paper."

"That's no good," I said. always lose the paper. But go on with the list; I've got a very good idea."

"Two pounds of Mocha coffee," she

I picked up two coffee beans from the tray-Joan self-grinds and selfmakes the coffee every morning-and placed them amongst the loose change forgottenin my trouser pocket.

"Fourteen pounds of best loaf sugar," she went on.

I drew my handkerchief from my sleeve, tied a small lump of sugar in a corner of it, and then placed it inside my hat.

"Why put it in your hat?" asked

"Because," I answered, "I may not have occasion to draw my handkerchief from its usual place, whereas I always have to take my hat off."

"How will you remember the quantity?"

"Well, fourteen pounds make one stone, don't they? Before I remember the hard thing is a piece of sugar I shall think it's a stone."

Joan sniffed contemptuously. "Then there's my ring," she con- I opened my case, and a piece of paper | Joan reckons we shall save by it.

tinued, "the diamond and sapphire one fluttered to the ground. I picked it up that I left for resetting. The estimate they promised has not come, and besides there's the-

"Hold on a minute!" I cried. "Just

She did so. Then she went on:

"The drawing-room clock should have been sent home, cleaned, last Friday. They haven't sent it."

"Perhaps they expected it to run

Joan bore up wonderfully, and merely said, "Well-do something. Put the sardines in your pocket-book, or the marmalade in your gloves."

"Those," I said, "are not, strictly speaking, mnemonics for sending home cleaned clocks. They would be all right for a pienic tea-basket, but not for the thing in question. Everything I have done up to the present is suggestive of what I have to remember, pocket so that it faced outwards.

"I see," said Joan. "Now, what's the cotton round your finger for?"

"Smoked sa-, that is to say, coff-I mean the estimate for your ring," I answered. "Is there anything else?"

"Another box of stationery like the last-the crinkly paper, you know. They 've got our die.

I tore a strip from the newspaper, crinkled it carefully and put it away in my cigarette-case. A minute later I was on my way to the railway-station.

A keen head-wind was blowing, causing my eyes to water and the tears to flow unbidden. I explored my sleeve for my handkerchief. It was not there. I could not possibly go to town without one, so I hastened home again. Joan was at the window as 1 ran up.

"What is it?" she cried.

"My handkerchief!" I gasped. "I've

"Fourteen pounds of best loaf sugar!" called out Joan. "It's in your hat."

As I hurried once more in the direction of the station I withdrew the handkerchief from my hat and wiped my streaming eyes. The operation over, I placed the handkerchief in my sleeve. I heard the whistle of a train in the distance and instinctively took out my watch. It was right-about-face in my pocket, and I lost a good halfsecond in getting it into the correct position for time-telling. It was nineseventeen. I had just one minute in you read?" which to do the quarter-mile; but my forte is the egg-and-spoon race, and I missed the train handsomely.

There was an interval of twenty minutes before the next one was due, so I thought I would have a cigarette.

and glanced at it. On one side I read that " · · · knocked out Submarine Snooks in the ninth round after a hotly-contested . . . " while on the other side I saw that " . . . condition offers the gravest anxiety to his numerous friends and . . . " I threw the paper away, for it did not interest me. and walked up to the bookstall to select a magazine. I had to remove my left glove in order to get at my money, and in pulling it off I noticed a shred of cotton come away with it. This meant an inside seam gone somewhere; and they were new gloves, too. I threw a coin to the paper-boy, and two small round objects like bootbuttons rolled on to the platform. Shortly afterwards the train strolled up.

At the office I was so busy all day, arranging about the shipment of a steam-crane to Siam (I am a commission-agent), that it was not until I was seated in the train, going home in the evening, that I vaguely remembered that I had forgotten something. I grew more and more uneasy, and, with the idea of distracting my thoughts from an unpleasant channel, I picked up an evening paper from underneath the opposite seat. At some quite recent period it had obviously contained nourishment of an oleaginous nature, but, though soiled, it was still legible. The very first paragraph which I read served to remind me of Joan's forgotten orders; but it brought me, nevertheless, an unholy joy, for it ran: "The funeral of the late Mr. Jeremiah Moggridge, founder and managing director of the mammoth stores which bear his name, took place this afternoon. As a mark of respect the premises were closed for business throughout the day."

So it would have been futile to ring them up in any case. I was saved!

On reaching home the first thing Joan said to me was-

"Did you order those things from Moggridge's?"

I didn't say anything. I merely handed her the evening paper and indicated the saving clause. Joan read it through. Then she said-

"Yes, I thought you'd mess it all up in spite of your ichneumonics, or whatever you call them; and so after lunch I went to the call-office and ordered the things myself."

"But Moggridge's was closed—didn't

"Yes," replied Joan; "but, next time you forget, don't try to establish an alibi with yesterday's evening paper."

Our private telephone will be fixed by next week. I forget how much

THE PASSING OF THE COW.

[The Soya bean, grown in Japan, Korea and Manchuria, is said to provide a perfect substitute for milk.]

Tour lasse, tout casse, tout passe: All mortal flesh is grass,

Mown down by Time at the appointed hour;

And in the world of speed The noblest Arab steed

Yields, O Combustion, to thy pent-up power.

On Youth of ardent aim No more Mazeppa's fame

Or TURPIN's feats exert their ancient spell;

Napier and Wolseley stand No more for war's command,

But only steel and rubber, oil and smell.

Where once men safely strode Along the open road,

A sinister and stertorous machine Exhales its acrid breath And deals impartial death

To all the dwellers on the village green.

And now, O gentle cow,

Man's foster-mother, thou,

Must tread the fatal path the horse hath trod,

Since scientists have found That milk and cream abound Within the compass of an Eastern pcd.

No more shall we behold, As in the days of old,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;

Or Mary, mid the foam, Calling her cattle home,

Across the sands, the perilous sands o' Dee.

Mourn, Alderney, and mourn, O maiden all forlorn,

The cow with crumpled horn that filled thy pail;
Mourn, damsels, mourn and sigh

Mourn, damsels, mourn and sigh Who can no more reply,

"I'm going a milking" to the curious male.

Mourn too, for ye shall feel The change at every meal,

Ye minions of the hearthrug; be not mute, Ye Persians, topaz-eyed,

When mistresses provide This miserable Soya substitute.

In legendary lore
The cow was wont to soar
With Dædalean art above the moon;
But ah! the cardboard cows
That by the railroad browse

To no elopement prompt the modern spoon.



Rev. Brown. "I'm afraid, my dear young lady, I know very little of agricultural matters; in fact I don't know the difference between a mangel and a wurzel."

On earth men owned thy sway From Lapland to Cathay;

In heaven the Milky Way thy might confessed:

Weaklings we saw become Strong, thanks to thee and rum,

Ard Punch of all ingredients found milk best.

But, heedless of a debt He never should forget, Ungrateful man is planning to replace By vegetable aid

The kindly service paid
By your mild-natured and sweetbreathing race.

Yet, ere the Soya boom Achieves the dairy's doom, And rude bean-crushers oust the homely

Let one unworthy scribe Salute the vaccine tribe

And lay his wreath upon their funeral urn.

The Trippers.

"The native inhabitants produce all manner of curies, the great majority of which appear to command a ready sale among the visitors, crud: and commonplace as these frequently are."—Bulawayo Chronicle.

They are; but, bless their hearts, they seem to enjoy themselves.

"Exeter.—Young Cook-General, willing to learn; small family, no children; no basement. No religion preferred."

Western Morning News.
She forgot to add "No meals to serve."

MY GIRL CADDIE.

As a matter of fact she was my gardener's chauffeur-son's girl. The junior parent having been living chiefly on my garden or in my kitchen, and now being at the end of his resources, it was suggested that I should give his Amy a job. The proposal came from my wife, who had been victualling Amy's mother and Amy's baby sister for some weeks. An illuminating correspondence in the Press had done the rest.

For her first appointment at the tee Amy was nearly twenty minutes late, and when she arrived it was in a mauve skirt, green stockings, an ochre sporting coat and a hat which had once background of the native boy caddies, Amy might have been described as picturesque.

"Mother says," said Amy, as we introduced ourselves - "Mother says 'im, and she was that busy, it being the

day what she mostly washes."
"Very well, Amy," I said, realising the situation, "we must do better next time. The gentleman I was to play would not wait; but perhaps, if we just cleaned precisely as they always have went round together, you could get an been cleaned. That is entirely your idea of your-your duties."

Amy accepted my suggestion and my bag of clubs with an abstracted sniff. distant provocations of her male rivals. right. "Now, Amy," I reminded her gently,

"you must learn how to make a tee." Amy turned reluctantly and stared over my bent back at the Miss Galladies' course.

"First of all," I began more firmly, "you take a pinch of sand from this box-so." Tee-making is not my forte, and I was painfully conscious that I worked under the critical gaze of fully

twenty expert eyes.
"If you please," said Amy in a brighter mood, "mother says I'll want some things to clean up the sticks

I rose from my knees with a cricked back, but I had my Purple Spot neatly balanced on a really creditable mound.

"We shall come to that presently, Amy," I explained. "When I have finished playing you can take the clubs and make them nice and bright with emery-paper."

Amy did not take this proposal en-

couragingly. "Mother says I should want some turps," she informed me, "and brickdus"

methelay. She says she don't 'old with Jimmy Baines give me 'is cheek, so I the way Jimmy Baines and the rest of 'em does it. Mother says the sticks should be cleaned proper, as they oughter be. She says she'd 'ave give me the things, only she ain't got any, and I was to ask if it was convenience to you to spare me the money to go to the village and get 'em. Then she'd show me 'ow.'

I had discovered my driver behind Amy's back and was preparing to get away, but these views of Amy's mother were so complete an innovation that I paused. On the verge of a first drive I had never in my life stopped to consider the ethics of golf-club cleaning. Why had not Amy a pocket and a rag of sand-paper like resourceful Jimmy been my wife's. Seen against the Baines? I don't remember to have ever read anything on the niceties of the art of scouring clubs. It is a subject on which the writers of golfing articles — prolific enough, as Heaven knows, about other and more negligible she's sorry you should be kep', but aspects of the game-seem to have baby's used to going off, me rocking adopted an attitude of studied reticence.

"Look here, Amy," I said rather severely, "you really must not talk. You must remember you are here to carry my clubs, not to tell me about your mother. My iron clubs must be department of the game, and you must stand at least three yards further away or I shall probably kill you." Then I She seemed to be more closely engaged drove, sliced hideously, and landed in Pan's own pipes, if you hear aright, in retorting by manual signals to the long grass a hundred yards to the

Some premonition of feminine detachment prompted me to keep my eyes rigidly on the tuft which concealed my ball, as I strode forward. But half-way braiths, who were just starting for the I turned. I felt Amy was not with me. She was standing precisely where I had left her, her hat off, her pink tongue stuck out in the direction of the caddies'

> "Amy!" I shouted, and the sound of my voice had an indescribably incongruous and humiliating echo. "Amy, come here at once; how dare-

Amy came ambling across the fairway, hat in hand, my bag of clubs left where she had deposited them upside down in the tee-box for greater freedom in But I think of the haunting forest-lights responding with gestures of defiance to

the chaff of the enemy.
"Now look here," I said as Amy stood wonderingly before me; "I am very, very disappointed in you-very, very angry. You wanted to earn your living, I understood?"

Amy's brows darkened but her lips were slightly tremulous.

"Mother won't let me go into the And I'll go and jolly well get that laundry," she said sulkily, "'cos father and some whitin' to finish, and some says I'm not sperienced enough, and

give it 'im back.

Thus we stood surveying the situation, my girl-caddie and I. There seemed at the moment only one sane way of ending it.

"Very well, Amy," I said dispassionately, "you had better run home and tell your mother-tell your mother to come up to the house after dinner, if there's anything she needs.'

Amy resigned her position without a murmur; but before she went she extracted two paintless, weary-looking golf-balls from the pocket of her mauve skirt and offered me them for sixpence.

THE COTTAGE.

I know a wood on the top of a hill, Hyacinth-carpeted March till May, Where nights are wonderful, soft and still.

And a deep-sea twilight hangs all day: The loving labour of fairy hands Has made it heavenly fine to see,

And just outside it the cottage stands, The cottage that doesn't belong to me. A cottage, mind,

And I'm sure you'd find It was damp and dirty and very confined;

Oh, quite an ordinary keeper's cottage That doesn't belong to me.

Creatures people the wood at night; Peaceable animals come and play;

Charm you on as you go your way; And all the Arcady folk of yore

Make songs of the days that used to be, Which carry perhaps to the cottage door,

The cottage that doesn't belong to me. But it's miles from town And it's tumble-down, And the woodwork's done and the slates are brown;

No one could really live in the cottage That doesn't belong to me.

Fair be the towns by the river-side, Maidenhead, Richmond, Henley, Kew.

Crammed with cottages far and wide, The thing for people like me and you; And a path that wanders from tree to tree,

Where the man of the cottage might walk o' nights,

The cottage that doesn't belong to me. And it may be wrong, But it won't be long

Before the feeling becomes too strong

cottage That doesn't belong to me.



A NEW AQUATIC SPORT HAS BEEN INVENTED. IT IS KNOWN AS "PLANKING," AND CONSISTS IN STANDING UPON A BOARD TOWED BY A FAST MOTOR-BOAT. SOME WHO HAVE TRIED IT CONSIDER THE PLEASURE OVER-RATED.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The chief of these I can best express by the word colour; to do in the tale, manages to appear much more human fiction. I have said that the objections of Irene's relations going to have an age of something else. were justified, the fact being that Jean was not only a genius, but the most scatterbrained egoist and vulgarian. the process is quite admirably portrayed. I liked least in this is a small matter. The chief point is that Reality has the pulse of life in it—in a word that it confirms its title; which, indeed, is about the highest praise that a critic can bestow.

attempt at realism, as taught us by M. Zola-Vandover and the Brute (Heinemann). He would, I fancy, have softened some of the cruditics and allowed a touch of humour Reality (Cassell) deserves to rank high amongst the to lighten the more solemn passages. There are pages here novels of the present season; it has, indeed, qualities that that remind one that Vandover's creator was also the author will cause it, if I am not mistaken, to outlive most of them. of those magnificent novels The Octopus and The Pit; but I cannot, in spite of them, place much confidence in the by which I mean not only a picturesque setting, but tem- truth of Vandover's life history. We are told that he enperament and a fine sense of the romantic in life. Perhaps joyed his bath, and usually spent two or three hours over I ought to have known the name of Miss OLIVE WADSLEY it. When the water was very warm he got into it with his already. As I did not, I can only be glad that Reality novel on a rack in front of him and a box of chocolates conhas rectified the fault; I shall certainly not again forget veniently near. Here he stayed for over an hour, eating a writer who has given me so much pleasure. The and reading and occasionally smoking a cigarette. Can scene of the story is laid in Vienna, chiefly in musical you wonder after this that poor Vandover went utterly to Vienna, and the protagonists are the young widow, Ircne the bad, and is to be found on the last page doing some von Cleve, and the violinist, Jean Victoire, whom she horrible work with a muck-rake whilst an innocent child marries despite the well-founded objections of her noble points an obvious moral? So certain was Vandover's doom, family. Some of the family, too, are quite excellently once that box of chocolates had been mentioned, that I drawn, notably a Cardinal, who, though he has little grew impatient and a little weary. If this is an age of realism in fiction I think that Vandover and the Brute and less of a draped waxwork than most Eminences of should make plain to any reader why, very shortly, we are

Do not allow yourself to be put off by the title of Naturally, therefore, the alliance turned out a failure; and Captivating Mary Carstairs (Constable)—now published for the first time in England. It is not, as you might the book the end, with its sudden revelation of a superfluous assume, a costume novel of eighteenth-century tushery. secret. Had the secret not been so superfluous it might have This is what I expected; but as a matter of fact Mr. vexed me to have been so long kept in ignorance of it. But Henry Sydnor Harrison has written a tale about as unlike this as anything well could be. It is a capital tale, too; American to the last epithet, and crammed so full of the unexpected and adventurous that never (except once) can you anticipate for a moment what is going to happen. I am not at all sure how Mr. Frank Norris, were he still. The chief adventure is abduction, the subject of it being living, would have regarded the resurrection of this early Mary Carstairs, whose father was separated from her

mother, and, being a lonely old man with a longing for a atmosphere. The characters in the story whom you will daughter's affection, took this melodramatic course to secure most remember are Bridget herself and her father. The it. In furtherance of his end he secured the services of last especially is a continuous joy-a man who in his Maginnis, genial swashbuckler, and Varney, young, suscep- journey through life had taken instinctively the manner tible and heroic, and despatched them on his yacht to apprehend one whom they vaguely supposed to be "a little girl cayed gentleman without ever having been gentle except in about twelve." This was the only time in which I scored mind; a needy adventurer without the spirit for adventure. over Mr. Harrison. I was as certain, when I read thus Dragged up at the slip-shod heels of such a parent, supfar, that Mary Carstairs was no child, but a grown-up porting herself with romantic dreams when other nourishbeauty, as I am now that I know the facts. Everywhere else the author had me beat. His capacity for complications seems inexhaustible. I knew that Varney was going to fall poverty by a suitable Prince Charming. Thus when a in love with Mary, but I did not know that he himself had combination of accidents thrusts her, as secretary-coma double who would cause endless and thrilling confusions; panion, into the society of Hugh Delmege, a budding polithat Maginnis would become involved in local politics to tician, you will perhaps excusably plume yourself upon the extent of endangering his life; and that even old seeing the rest of the tale beforehand. If so, you will, as Carstairs, Mary's father, would—but on second thoughts a matter of fact, be entirely wrong. Hugh and Bridget you had better share my unpreparedness about him. I become engaged, certainly, but ____ There is much virtue in

chapter, some of them perhaps below the belt of probability, but all leaving one, as is the way with punches, breathlessly concerned.

Monsieur de Rochefort (Hutchinson) did not even take himself seriously; why then should I? To subject this airy romance, of Paris in 1770, to a minute criticism would be unnecessarily spoiling a good thing, and I shall not therefore ask myself whether prisons were so easily got out of or great statesmen so easily cajoled as Mr. H. DE VERE STAC-POOLE for present purposes

villains so inept as Camus or martinets so infallible and be found a little too self-complacent no protest would have ruthless as de Sartines. The most exacting connoisseur of been sounded by me. For Cedric Tregarthen, the grandson vintage ports will in his expansive moments admit the of an earl, and also "The Little Finger" of a Maori chief, merits of a light wine from the wood, offered him as such was beyond my swallowing, though I endured him obstinin due season; even so the most fastidious novel-reader may in a holiday mood allow himself to be merely entertained and diverted by these lighthearted but breathless adventures in the Court of Louis XV. It is the greatest fun throughout; events are rapid and the dialogue is crisp; moreover there is from the beginning the comfortable certainty that, threaten what may, the unhappy end is impossible. If de Rochefort had failed to marry Javotte, I think that Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE would have incurred the Rangiora, and the half-Maori girl, Puhi-Huia, humans fit unanimous displeasure of all his readers, including those to be loved and admired. The pity of it is immense, because who at any other time would have strongly protested against the marriage of so great a gentleman with so humble a lady's-maid in any circumstances, let alone upon so very brief an acquaintance.

Bridget Considine (Bell) is a pleasant story with something very agreeable in its quality, which however I find hard to define. Miss MARY CROSBIE has certainly a pretty gift for characterization, and this no doubt accounts for a good deal of the charm; the rest is largely a matter of

and aspect of a class to which he did not belong; a deshould sum up the book as a tale with a "punch" in every that "but," the virtue of an unusual and convincing end to a

story that has many charms, not the least of them being its humour. Yes, I certainly liked Bridget Considine well enough to wish for more from the same pen. Its motto, "Candidates for Humanity," is well chosen.

When Mr. WILLIAM SAT-CHELL, in a preface to The Greenstone Door (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), remarks that some Maori words are used so frequently that he is "afraid the English reader will hardly be able to avoid acquiring a knowledge of their meaning," his alarm is quite unnecessary. Personally, at any rate, I am proud to know that papa-tea means an untattooed person, and waipiro an alcoholic bever-

Choiseul or of the Comtesse age. But if Mr. Satchell Dubarry, nor shall I question the human probability of had feared that the young man who tells the story might ately until he reported verbatim the opinion of his beloved's governess. "'Good-bye, Mr. Tregarthen,' she responded. Or, if you will allow me to say, "Good-bye, Cedric," it will better express my feelings. I used to hate boys, my dear; but I shall love them all for the sake of your gentleness and kindness. I am sure you will grow into a very noble man.'" Now, I ask you, ought not dear Cedric to have kept this to himself? Give me for choice the Maori boy, Mr. SATCHELL has a knowledge of his subject that is beyond all praise, and the Maori part of his book is worth reading again and again. But the trouble remains that Cedric lived to tell the tale, while Rangiora died and had to have his tale told for him.



The Ancient Mariner. "SEEN CHANGES? I SHOULD THINK I 'AVE, assumes. I shall not examine the historical accuracy of the portraits of the Duzde is of the Duzde it's got to be a fair panharmonicm!"

How they view things in Oregon.

"SPORTS.

Murderer uses ax to wipe out family of four." The Morning Oregonian.

CHARIVARIA.

of the Tyne shipyards last week with measuring gauges and a map in his possession explained, on being charged, that he was looking for work. It is found for him.

"Members of Parliament will not suffer," was the comfortable statement

the menu at the House will have to consist, until the end of the session, of plain English

The foresight of the British Public in refusing to subscribe the large amount of money asked of them for the Olympic Sports in Berlin is now apparent.

Although still under twenty-one years of age, and therefore not yet liable for military service, GEORGES CARPEN-TIER has gallantly joined the colours as a volunteer. It would be pleasant if he and the Russian HACKEN-SCHMIDT could shortly meet in Berlin.

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A dear old lady writes to say that she was shocked to read her ashamed of her sex.

Meanwhile, thoughtful persons are wondering whether there will be any fighting at the South Pole. It will be remembered that the Austrians were also fitting out a South Pole expedition, and friendly rivalry between the two nations may soon become impossible.

Press to contradict the statement that guards. the Union has issued instructions that acts of militancy are to be suspended during the European crisis. The Union, we understand, considers the statement reputation.

Evening Echo was, we fancy, the only liable to catch infectious diseases. A GENTLEMAN with a foreign name paper in the country to announce a who was arrested in the neighbourhood sensational victory for feminism, and we congratulate our contemporary on Bennett, "why I find an acrid pleasure its coup. We refer to the following announcement :- "At a meeting of the Fellows of All Souls' College, Oxford, possible that some hard labour may be Mrs. Francis William Pember was are all attracted by our opposites? clected Warden in place of the late Sir William Anson."

The Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund of Mr. Josiah Wedgwood during a appeals to ladies to send him their hair speech on the subject of the War. As combings, every pound of which will I see I have not done with my friends a matter of fact, owing to the French provide a poor child with a day in the cooks employed at the House of Commons having returned to their country, Old Hair into Fresh Air.

It is nice to known the country of the c

"DO YER LOVE ME, 'ERB?'

"LOVE YER, 'LIZA, I SHOULD JEST THINK I DOES. WHY, IF YER EVER GIVES ME UP I 'LL MURDER YER! I CAN'T SAY MORE'S THAT, CAN I?"

The London General Omnibus Com. possible, but would be far better." that Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship, on pany is appointing one lady and a leaving the Thames, was hooted at by number of men to act as interpreters sirens, and that such conduct makes and guides. Their costumes, we should Academy can do about it. say, will attract a considerable amount of attention, for the lady, we are told, will wear a braided frock coat and black skirt and straw-topped peak hat, while the men will work in double shifts,

By the way it is rumoured that several of our railway companies intend to follow the example of the L. G. O. C. and employ interpreters to translate to passengers the names of the railway The W.S.P.U. has written to the stations as announced by porters and

At the recent meeting of the British must have a try at Scotch. Medical Association at Aberdeen a doctor advocated the eating of onions and calculated to cause serious injury to its garlie. This should certainly produce an uninhabited area in one's immediate Berlin Castle.

Which reminds us that The Liverpool neighbourhood, and so render one less

"I know not," says Mr. ARNOLD in beholding mediocrity, the average, the everyday ordinary, as it is: but I do." Can it be, ARNOLD, because we

We are authorised to deny the allegation that Lord GLADSTONE, when he was booed upon his arrival at Waterloo from South Africa, remarked gaily, "Ah,

It is nice to know in these days of lost

reputations that Oriental hospitality, at any rate, shows no signs of decadence. A correspondent has come across the following announcement in a tailor's shop in Tokio:-"Respectable ladies and gentlemen may come here to have fits."

Commercial Candour.

"The lasting delightful perfume of the age. One who can prove that the perfume of Otto Mohini is not lasting for four days by putting five drops on the handkerchief will be re-warded Rs. 100 cash. Try only small tube and get the reward."—Advt. in "The Hitavada."

"Dr. Roux, head of the Pasteur Institute, has made a communication to the Academy of Science showing microbes is not only

Rangoon Gazette.

But we don't quite see what the

"MINIATURE & PORTRAIT PAINTING MR. ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A.,

President of the Society of Manieurists."

Adet. in "The Studio."

We know an artist whose work gives us the impression that he might be President of the Society of Chiropodists.

"Lord Provost Stevenson is proving a serious rival to Principal MacAlister as a linguist. Sir Daniel yesterday addressed public gatherings in English, Italian, and Spanish." Glasgow News.

Now that he has mastered English, he

Imperial Candour.

"You are Germans. God help us." in Castle. Signed "WILLIAM."

PRO PATRIA.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go Because, where Honour calls you, go you must, Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought; But not for her sake, being what you are, Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land, May with the brute sword stain a gallant past; But by the seal to which you set your hand, Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep With smiling lips and in your eyes the light, Stedfast and confident, of those who keep Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait-High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer, We ask what offering we may consecrate, What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease; To find our welfare in the general good; To hold together, merging all degrees In one wide brotherhood;-

To teach that he who saves himself is lost: To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed; To spend ourselves, and never count the cost, For others' greater need;-

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane; To hush all vulgar clamour of the street; With level calm to face alike the strain Of triumph or defeat ;-

This be our part, for so we serve you best, So best confirm their prowess and their pride, Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test Our fortunes we confide. O. S.

A DETERMINED ISLAND.

ANYTHING more peaceful than the outward aspect of the Isle of Wight, as I have seen it from Totland Bay during the past week, it would be impossible to conceive. For the most part the sun has been shining from a blue sky on a blue and brilliant sea; men, women and children have been inoffensive alien. Her name was entered on the form and swimming and splashing joyfully in a most mixed manner, and the whole landscape has had its usual holiday air. These, however, are deceptive appearances. We have felt and are feeling the imminence of war, and, though our judgments are firm and patriotic and prepared for sacrifice, our minds are clouded with a heavy anxiety. Our newspapers arrive at about 11 o'clock, and at that hour there is a concentrated rush to the book-shop. There we make our way through stacked volumes of cheap reprints to the counter where two ladies are struggling womanfully against the serried phalaux of purchasers. These two dive headfirst from time to time into a great pile of the morning's news and emerge triumphantly with The Times for Prospect House or The Telegraph for Orville Lodge, and so on through the crowd of applicants until all are satisfied. This is the great event of our day. At the grocery stores on the opposite New Song, "When father carved the bulb,"

side of the road, news telegrams are shown on a board, and with these we eke out the knowledge of our fluctuating fate. Close by, too, is posted up a proclamation by the officer commanding the troops in the Island. He bids us not to walk too near a fort or to convey to any casual person such knowledge as we may have gained about the movements of troops, and we are commanded "to at once report" anything suspicious. I am sure the gallant officer will display as much vigour in the battering of his country's foes as he has shown in the splitting of the King's infinitives. Going for my newspaper this morning I saw at a distance an elderly gentleman of a serious aspect revolving steadily round and round a tall iron post. It was not until I came closer that I realised the meaning of his strange gyrations. The proclamation had been inconsiderately pasted round the post and he was endeavouring to read it.

On Thursday last, nearly a week before the actual proclamation of war, the wildest rumours were affoat here. A motherly lady assured me with a smile that the German fleet might be expected at any moment. "The British fleet," she told me, "has been overwhelmed and sunk in the North Sea. The Germans have determined to capture the Isle of Wight, so we are none of us safe." I asked her where she had heard this dreadful news. "Oh, it's all over the Thereupon she moved calmly into a bathing cabin and had a patriotic dip. In another quarter I was told that the Island could not fail to be cut off, and awful things were prophesied as to what would happen to us unless we made our way to the mainland with the utmost promptitude. The supply of eggs was to run short; meat was to go up to famine prices or be reserved entirely for the soldiery, our intrepid defenders; bread was to become a luxury obtainable only by millionaires. All this was reported on the authority of a man who had it from another man who had it from a banker who was in close touch with the War Office in London. So far what is true is that steamers no longer come to Totland Bay, and anyone who wants to visit us here can get no nearer by boat than Yarmouth-not, of course, the home of the bloater, but our own little island Yarmouth, round the corner. In the meantime a good deal of patriotic self-denial is going on amongst the juvenile population. A friend of mine, aged seven, hearing the talk about all the coming privations, has decided to remove chocolates, buns and sponge-cakes from his dietary, and several young ladies have agreed to take milk instead of cream with their breakfast porridge.

This morning we were brought face to face with the grimmest reality of war we have so far experienced. A boyscout called at the house and produced an official paper asking for the names and addresses of any aliens who might be residing in the house. We have one such alien, a German maid for the children, a most unwarlike and the boy-scout disappeared to call at other houses. Since then, at intervals of about half-an-hour, other boy-scouts have called and produced similar forms. I have just dismissed a party of three, telling them that they seemed to be overlapping. They smiled and said, "Thank you," and retired. I look out of the window and behold two more approaching. They are doing the thing thoroughly.

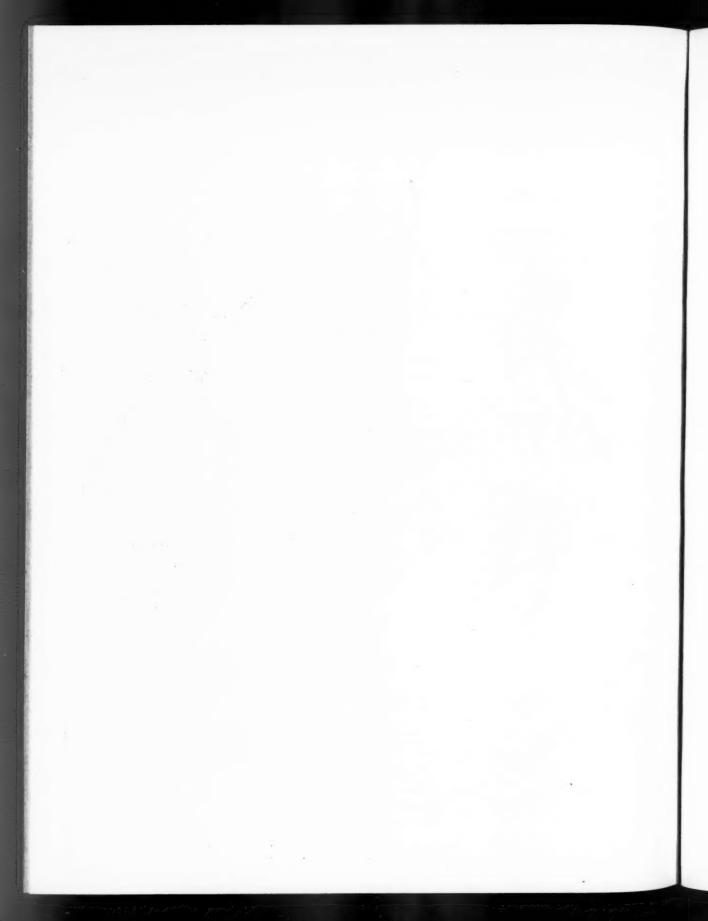
P.S.—Another notice is out warning us that it is known there are a lot of spies in the Island, and that we must not loiter near a fort lest we be shot. It is rumoured that soldiers are to be billeted on us (enthusiastic cheers from the younger members of the family).

"Turnip, beef, carrots, and onions, if of suitable variety, would in a favourable autumn yield fair-sized bulbs."—Manchester Evening News.



BRAVO, BELGIUM!

nd



VOLUMES.

ALL books should be in one volume. I always thought so, but now I know. The reason why I know is because I possess two or three thousand books, and I have recently moved into a new house, and the books were at first put on the shelves indiscriminately as they came out of the packing cases. And how better spend a wet bank holiday than in arranging them properly-bringing parted couples together, adjusting involuntary divorces, reuniting the separated members of families and tribes?

This is the merciful work on which Parolles and I have been engaged for too long. (I call her Parolles because she is so fond of words of which neither the meaning nor pronunciation has quite been mastered.) We meet each other all over the house with pathetic inquiries, "Have you seen Volume IV. of Dumas' Memoirs?" "No, but have you noticed Volume I. of Fors Clavigera?" It is like a game of " Families."

The worst of the game is that one cannot concentrate. I may ascend the stairs bent wholly upon securing Volume III. of PROTHERO AND COLER-IDGE'S Byron, and then chancing to observe Volume II. of Ingpen's Boswell I leap at it in ecstasy and, forgetting all about the noble misanthrope, hasten back with this prize and join it to its lonely mate.

My Dictionary of National Biography, for all its fifty-eight volumes, not counting Supplements or Errata, was simple, on account of its size and unusual appearance. But what word can I find to express the annoyance and trouble given us by a small Pope in sheepskin? We roamed the house together-there are shelves in every room-striving to collect this family; but three of them are still on the loose. MUCH ABOUT?" There is a Balzac, too, in a number of volumes not mentioned on any titlepage and not numbered individually, so that time alone can tell whether that group is ever fully assembled. But as we placed them side by side we could almost hear them sigh after their satisfaction or annoyance who shall say? their companions as human beings can.

During such an occupation as this a vast deal of time vanishes also in trying to remember where it was that I saw



First Politician. "Say, Bill, wot's this bloomin' Mortuarium they be tarkin' so

Second Politician. "Well, ye see, it's like this. You don't pay nothin' to no-body and the Government pays it for ye."

First Politician. "Well, That sounds a bit of all right, doan't it?"

"The Duchess de Berri, being present detriment of her labour. In every room at a match between two clubs of Eng- I have stumbled over her long black lishmen at Dieppe [in 1824], looked legs as she thus abused her trust. long separation—though whether with on very attentively for nearly three hours, then, turning to one of her at- I have, but she has become steadily Volumes, may be, can get as tired of tendants, said, 'Mais, quand est-ce que dirtier than I, too; partly because of a their companions as human beings can. le jeu va commencer?'" But the time native flair for whatever makes smears which I have frittered away in this and smudges, and partly because, her frivolity is as nothing compared with hair being long and falling on the page, that wasted by Parolles, who has a way owing to her crouched attitude when that copy of Friendship's Garland, so of subsiding upon the ground wherever perusing, it has to be swept back, and as to place it with the other Arnolds, she may happen to be and instantly each sweep leaves its mark. Consider-Even more time goes in dipping into becoming absorbed in the printed page, ing how they set themselves up to be books which I had clean forgotten I It is not as if she exercised any selectors possessed, such as The Cricketers' tive power, as I do. All books are the tive power, as I do. All books are the ously grubby things. Manual, by "Bat," in which my eyes same to her in that they contain type alighted upon this excellent story: on which the eye can fasten to the in one volume.

And not only has she read more than superior and instruct, books are curi-

And, as I said before, they should be

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

THE noise of the retreating sea came pleasantly to us from a distance. Celia was lying on her-I never know how to put this nicely-well, she was lying face downwards on a rock and gazing into a little pool which the tide had forgotten about and left behind. I sat beside her and annoyed a limpet. Three minutes ago I had taken it suddenly by surprise and with an Herculean effort moved it an eighteenth of a millimetre westwards. My silence since then was lulling it into a false security, and in another two minutes I hoped to get a move on it again.

"Do you know," said Celia with a I think I'm quite an ordinary person anything about limpets?" after all."

"You aren't a little bit," I said lazily; "you're just like nobody else known than that?" in the world."

"No, I hadn't. Lots of husbands would merely have yawned." I felt one coming and stopped it just in time. Waiting for limpe's to go to sleep is drowsy work. "But why are you so thing, have you?" morbid about yourself suddenly?"

"I don't know," she said. "Only every now and then I find myself you make a speciality of limpets?"

conversation had roused it, but a gentle and do something. And of course, in stroking motion (I am told by those to any case, you can always dissect one whom it has confided) will frequently and see what he's had for breakfast. cause its muscles to relax. "The great thing is not to speak them. Still, you'd things about them." they must have a lot of time for

"Well," she said, her cheeks perhaps thinking that life was very wonderful. me, how do they know that there are But it's a silly thing to say."

"It's holiday time," I reminded her. "The necessity of sprinkling our remarks with thoughtful words like 'economic' and 'sporadic' is over for a bit. Let us be silly." I scratched in this world, when you've dashed up to the rock the goal to which I was urging my limpet and took out my watch. "Three thirty-five. I shall get him there by four.

Celia was gazing at two baby fishes who played in and out a bunch of sea-weed. Above the sea-weed an anemone sat fatly.

"I suppose they 're all just as much as it does to us.

"My limpet's business affairs mean everything. nothing to me," I said firmly. 66 T

am only wrapped up in him as a explain everything to her. I suppose sprinter.

"Aren't you going to try to move him again?"

"He's not quite ready yet. He still has his suspicions."

Celia dropped into silence. Her next question showed that she had left the pool for a moment.

"Are there any people in Mars?" she

"People down here say that there aren't. A man told me the other day that he knew this for a fact. On the other hand, people in Mars know for a fact that there isn't anybody on the Earth. Probably they are both wrong."

"I should like to know a lot about puzzled look on her face, "sometimes things," sighed Celia. "Do you know

> "Only that they stick like billy-o." "I suppose more about them is

"I suppose so. By people who have "Well, of course, you had to say made a speciality of them. For one who has preferred to amass general knowledge rather than to specialize it is considered enough to know that they stick like billy-o.'

"Only in wives."

Celia smiled and went on, "How do

thinking the most obvious thoughts."
"Well, I suppose you—er—study them. You sit down and—and watch my limpet gently. The noise of our them. Probably after dark they get up

"Well," she said, her cheeks perhaps thinking," said Celia, regarding my a little pinker than usual, "I was just limpet with her head on one side. "Tell no men in Mars?

I sat up with a sigh.

"Celia, you do dodge about so. I have barely brought together and classified my array of facts about things in another one. What is the connection between Mars and limpets? If there are any limpets in Mars they are freshwater ones. In the canals.

"Oh, I just wondered," she said. "I mean "-she wrinkled her forehead in the effort to find words for her thoughts -"I'm wondering what everything means, and why we're all here, and what alive as we are," she said thoughtfully. limpets are for, and, supposing there "They marry"—I looked at my limpet are people in Mars, if we're the real limpets are for, and, supposing there with a new interest-"and bring up people whom the world was made for, families and go about their business, or if they are." She stopped and added, and it all means just as much to them "One evening after dinner, when we get home, you must tell me all about

Celia has a beautiful idea that I can and a straw hat, of course?"

I must have explained a stymie or a no-ball very cleverly once.

"Well," I said, "I can tell you what limpets are for now. They're like sheep and cows and horses and pheasants and - and any other animal. They're just for us. At least so the wise people say.

"But we don't eat limpets."

"No, but they can amuse us. This one"-and with a sudden leap I was behind him as he dozed and I had dashed him forward another eighteenth of a millimetre-" this one has amused

"Perhaps," said Celia thoughtfully and I don't think it was quite a nice thing for a young woman to say, "perhaps we're only meant to amuse the people in Mars.'

"Then," I said lazily, "let's hope

they are amused."

But that was nearly three weeks ago. Ten days later war was declared. Celia has said no more on the subject since her one afternoon's unrest, but she looks at me curiously sometimes, and I fear that the problem of life leaves her more puzzled than ever. At the risk of betraying myself to her as "quite an ordinary person after all " I confess that just at the moment it leaves me puzzled too.

THE EXTENUATING CHRCUMSTANCE.

Ir was a seaside railway station, the arriving place of one of those health resorts where people flock in their millions to enjoy a little peace and quiet together. He, no doubt as a punishment for a misspent youth, was the station-master; she was one of those many kind ladies who come to meet their relatives and to make their arrival even more peaceful and quiet than such events usually are.

"Was that the train from London?" she asked him.

He temporized. "Have you asked a porter?" he enquired.

She nodded.

"And have you asked another porter?"

She nodded again.

"And then the foreman porter? And then a ticket collector? And then the inspector? And then a casual postman? And then did you come across your original porter and try him again?"

She admitted the list without a blush. "And now tell me all about your dear lost one-a weak, helpless man, no

"It was my husband," she explained. "A medium-sized man, in a macintosh



FINANCIAL STRINGENCY AT THE SEASIDE: A GOOD PENNYWORTH.

She acquiesced.

"But none the less," continued the official, "a man of sterling worth? You do not think he can be in some lost property office en route, waiting to be called for?'

The suggestion was an attractive one, but was rejected. "Then," he said, "let us go and discuss this intimate tragedy in some less public spot."

He took her to his office and begged her to be seated. "Repose all confidence in me, Madam," he said, "for I am not without experience in husbands. Good fellows on the whole, with their gladstone bags and their pince-nez and their unmistakable respectability. But He might have deceived you.' somehow they have not acquired the knack of arriving when they are exfailed us by this train. True, the other has come and he is not in it. six were coming from Liverpool, whereas the 6.30 has come from London, but that is no excuse for them or us."

"My husband is coming from Lonreticule for documentary evidence.

He looked out of the window, avoiding her eye. "In less than twenty which will have come all the way from was too old a hand for that.

Scotland, though why I cannot say. It will be simply full of husbands; you wouldn't care to try it, at any rate to let us show it you?"

"But my husband," she repeated.

"Is essentially a London man? Madam, we do not wish you to take be generous and forgive us all." any of these husbands we shall show you if they do not suit your requirements; but do let us show them you."

"I know that my husband is coming from London," she persisted.

"Believe me, Madam," he protested, "I should not accuse you of being mistaken, even if your husband should prove to be in this train I recommend.

She refused to budge. "My hus-

The station - master asked to be allowed to see the postcard, not, he explained, because he didn't believe her, but because he would like to have don," she asserted, searching in her his worst suspicions of his Company's inefficiency confirmed.

She handed it to him. He read the announcement, made briefly and without minutes we have a nice fat competent enthusiasm, of the husband's proposed train arriving partly from Birmingham, arrival "by the 6.30 train to-morrow." partly from Manchester, partly from The woman smiled with triumph; the Sheffield and partly from Birkenhead. station-master referred to the postmark. There is even a dusty bit at the end He did not smile triumphantly. He

"Will you allow me to intercede as a friend for all parties?" he asked. "Give him and us another chance; go away now and give us all twentyfour hours to think it over. Then call again, and, if your patience is rewarded,

After some debate she was induced to see reason in the proposal and consented to take the lenient course. She rose to go.

"And if," said the station-master, showing her out, "if a train should arrive at 6.30 from London to-morrow and disgorge this husband of yours, won't you do us all a little kindness? Won't you make a point of telling the porter, all the porters, foremen porters, band's postcard says he is coming in ticket collectors, inspectors, casual postpected. Yours is the seventh who has the 6.30 train from London. The train men and even myself? You have no idea what a change it would be for us to hear a lady saying, 'My husband ought to have come by this train, and he has!""

Our Loyal Statuary.

"An attempt was made by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus to head a procession for Buckingham Palace to pay homage to King George."-Daily Mail.

Another Smart Arrest by the Police.

" Sergt. -- found Mrs. -- sitting in a pool of blood in a semi-conscious condition. The flow of blood was arrested, and a doctor summoned."-Northern Echo.

OUR MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

(With acknowledgments to "The Musical Herald.")

I THINK I am a tenor, but after taking lessons continuously for six years from sixteen different masters I am still in doubt, and what is more, I am not quite certain whether I want to be. Did not somebody once say that a tenor was not lously clear articulation. Do not rashly a man but a disease? I am a healthy normal subject, and recently won the lawn-tennis singles at our local tournament. What puzzles me is my upper register. After reaching the top A, if I relax the wind pressure and slant the voice in a slightly backward direction towards the nasal cavities, I can produce a full rich B flat, or even C, with the greatest ease. My family do not like it, but family criticism is seldom satisfactory. Can you tell me whether this is a legitimate use of my vocal resources or not; also, whether the resinous quality of my voice is likely to be affected by my wearing stand-up collars of more than 2½ inches in height? I have read somewhere that starched linen is a bad conductor of sound .-MARIO JUNIOR.

Answer.-It is hard to tell whether you are a tenor or a forced-up baritone which is apt to become cloying. without hearing or seeing you. Tenors are generally short, stubby men with brief necks, while baritones are for the most part tall, spare and long-necked. It was HANS von BÜLOW who said that a tenor was a disease, but he was a pianist and a conductor. Do not "grouse" if you can sing tenor parts and yet retain the volume and virility of a baritone. JEAN DE RESZKE began as a baritone and is said to have earned £20,000 a year. The nasal tone that you speak of, when it approximates to the whinnying of a horse or, better still, the trumpeting of an infuriated rogue elephant, is a most valuable asset, but should be used with moderation in the family circle. Do not say "resinous"; "resonant" is probably the word you mean. High stand-up collars are certainly to be avoided, as they constrict the Adam's apple and muffle the tone of the voice. A soft turn-down collar, such as those supplied by Pope Bros., is greatly to be preferred and imparts a romantic and semi - Byronic appearance highly desirable in an artist.

I am a railway porter with a good bass voice, and having read that the great Russian singer who has been appearing at Drury Lane began life in that position and is now paid at the

adequate quarantees of success,-CLAP-HAM JUNCTION.

Answer.-It is always dangerous to generalise from exceptional individual cases. Are you over six feet high, and have you corn-coloured hair and blue eyes, like CHALIAPINE? Again, Russian railway porters are in the habit of shouting the names of stations, not only in a loud voice, but with scrupuabandon your career on the railway on the off-chance of a vocal Bonanza. Remember the words of the poet:-

> O, ever since the world began, There never was and never can Be such a very useful man As the railway porter!

My voice is of good compass and volume, but it is lacking in the "rich fruity tone" which, according to popular novelists, is indispensable to the exertion of a magnetic influence on the hearer. Is it possible by diet to remedy this deficiency?—Contralto.

Answer .- The use of an emollient diet is recommended by some authorities with a view to improving and enriching vocal tone. You might try a course of Carlsbad plums, Devonshire cream, and peach-fed Colorado ham. But it is easy to overdo the plummy tone,

Kindly explain the following terms taken from an article on SCRIABINE which recently appeared in a leading daily paper: Psychical conjunctivitis: Katzenjammer; Cephalædematous; Hokusai; Asininity. What is the difference between the portamento and "scooping"? Why do opera singers show such a marked tendency to embonpoint? Am I wrong in preferring the cornet to any other wind instrument? - Anxious ASPIRANT.

Answer.-This is not a general information bureau, but we will do our best. (1) Conjunctivitis is properly a disease of the eyes; "psychical conjunctivitis" would be a sort of mental squint. "Katzenjammer" is the German for "hot coppers." "Cephalædematous" is not in the New Oxford Dictionary, but apparently applies to a sufferer from swelled head. Hokusai was a Japanese artist, and "asininity" is the special quality of have taken these words. (2) "Scooping" is the vulgarisation of the portamento. (3) Operatic singers grow stout because they drink stout; also because much

THE DOUBLE LIFE.

WHEN Araminta said that I must speak to the man next door about his black cat, I was greatly perturbed. It appeared that the animal had acquired the habit of spending the night in our house, and that Harriet didn't like it. I said that black cats brought good luck, and, anyhow, by night all cats were grey. Araminta replied that this one was as black as a bilberry and took fish. Walking out into the garden I began to meditate deeply.

Perhaps you do not immediately grasp what a terrible and dangerous thing it was that Araminta had requested me to do. Between next-door neighbours in the area of Greater London there subsist relations of an infinite delicacy. They resemble the bloom upon a peach. They combine a sense of mutual confidence and esteem with absolute determination not to let it get any further. Mr. Trumpington (Harriet vouched for his name) and myself were certainly acquainted. In a sense you may even say we were friends. If I happened to be murdered or assaulted by a footpad there was not the smallest reason to suppose that Mr. Trumpington would refrain from giving the police every assistance in identifying the criminal. Similarly, if Mr. Trumpington's house caught fire, it was certain that I should be one of the first to offer him the loan of our garden syringe.

As things were, what happened was this. Twice or thrice a week we nodded pleasantly to each other over the wall that divided our demesnes, through the interstices of our respective hollyhocks; once, only once, in a mad burst of irresponsible gaiety, Mr. Trumpington had gone so far as to murmur, "Good aft-" to me, and I had responded effusively, "-ernoon."

And now all this atmosphere of quiet sociableness was about to be destroyed through the paltry misdemeanours of a subfuse cat. For I had not the smallest doubt as to what would happen. Mr. Trumpington was a mild amiable-There was not the looking man. faintest prospect of his flying into a rage. He would not say, "What right the writer of the article from which you have you to interfere with the private affairs of another man's domesticated fauna?" He would not ask me why I had inveigled his beautiful black cat on to my poisonous premises. No, we singing tends to expand the larynx, should talk together reasonably, amicpharynx and thorax, as well as the ably, and as man to man. Mr. Trumpbasilico-thaumaturgic cavities of the ington would promise to do all he could medulla oblongata. (4) There is nothing to give his cat pleasant, cheerful evenin that position and is now paid at the criminal in preferring the cornet to any rate of £400 a night I am anxious to other wind instrument. Many pious follow his example, if I can obtain people prefer Marie Corelli to Milton.

"Cats," we should say, nodding our heads wisely, "will be cats."

And then from cats we should pass on to dogs, to sport, to politics, to business, to heaven knows what. And the next day we should be compelled to pick up our conversation where we had dropped it. We should discuss our gardens and our family affairs. Things would go from bad to worse. All our privacy and peace would disappear. We might almost as well break down the wall that divided us at once. Possibly (thought of horror) his wife would call on Araminta . . .

Still pondering ruefully, I turned round at the bottom of the garden path, and behold, sitting on the partywall between Mr. Trumpington's garden and mine, was the debateable cat. An impulse of murderous rage possessed me. I took an old golf-ball from my pocket and hurled it as hard as I could at the potential destroyer of my peace. The black cat was no sportsman. It dodged, and disappeared hastily on the Trumpington side. At the same moment from behind a large clump of hollyhocks I heard the sudden cry of a strong man in pain, followed by a stifled oath. I squatted down instantly behind a thick rosebush; then, rising to peer cautiously, I saw a most painful sight. I saw the horrible transformation which may be caused in the features of an ordinary and amiable man by an access of sudden rage and the impact of a brambled golf-ball on the end of the nose. I squatted again.

"Confound the infernal fool! Who did that?" said the face of Mr. Trumpington, looking through the hollyhock peepholes, the buds of which rapidly began to turn from a lightish pink to deep rose.

It is always a more dignified policy to ignore a man in a temper, so it was not until about ten minutes had elapsed, and silence reigned, that I crawled painfully away into safety.

About five minutes later a note was brought round by hand from next door. Trumpington." It ran as follows:

"Mr. Trumpington will feel greatly obliged if Mr. Brown will prevent his black cat from constantly straying upon his, Mr. Trumpington's, flower - beds. He also requests that when Mr. Brown should not do so when the animal is sitting on Mr. Trumpington's wall, as this practice is attended with considerable risk to Mr. Trumpington's life and limbs."



Customer. "But that's a fearful price for shrimp-paste." Grocer. "AH, BUT THESE ARE NORTH SEA SHRIMPS, MADAM."

I sat down and wrote a reply.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "greatly regrets that a golf-ball playfully thrown at Mr. Trumpington's black cat whilst sitting on his, Mr. Brown's, wall, and, still occupying its old strategic that I leared yesterday has blown over. There is no immediate most buttony calceolaria-bed. Some time later I was rewarded by the sight of a black cat stealing with a look of grateful memory on its face towards the Trumpington back-door.

should have caused annoyance to Mr. position on the party-wall and licking its fur in the sun, I beheld the black cat.

As I approached him he smiled an When I went out into the garden on ambiguous smile, and jumped down the following day I could see Mr. once more upon Trumpington soil. A Trumpington's head, tastefully framed wave of great friendliness for the in pink hollyhock buds, apparently unhappy quadruped swept over me. following the spoor of a green-fly. He "Persecute," I thought; "not likely." wishes to persecute his black cat he looked up almost at once and caught I went indoors and, after a short conmy eye, but made no sign of recognition. I breathed a sigh of relief.

Thank heaven, I thought to myself, the worst has not happened. The danger that I feared yesterday has held the middle of Mr. Trumpington's held the more than the middle of Mr. Trumpington's held the more than the middle of Mr. Trumpington's held the middle of Mr. Trumpingt



"I'D GIVE THE GERMAN EMPEROR WOT; I WOULD, STRAIGHT. I'D PULL EVERY FEAVER AHT OF 'IS 'ELMET.

THE RESTORATIVE POWER OF MUSIC.

My house, though in the eyes of the rate-collector fully occupied, has now for several weeks stood with an unmistakably vacant stare. My cook alone, with a young lady friend for company, dwells there. What our great balladwriters call the patter of tiny feet is stilled. The seaside has demanded its the evacuating host.

The other day, for a brief space, I returned home - a home which at the

normal times used to swing shakily on its hinges and keep on chattering against its post (in the vain effort to shut) whenever the wind was in its teeth, now leaned against an adjacent bush in listless inaction. One of its hinges had been broken. I learned the details of the tragedy from the gardener.

It was one of them I-talians, I gathered. toll, and I have for a time accompanied Seeing, with the nice instinct of their race, that my house must be the abode of music-lovers-detecting this from And why not? Because his brother various subtle signs invisible to mefirst glance seemed to be as I had left it. they had drored their horgan through But as I approached I was confronted the gateway and up the grand carriage with a change. The gate, which in sweep which, leading to the handsome knew no better.

portico entrance, is one of the outstanding features of all that wellsituated and desirable double-fronted brick and carved stone residential property which recently I was wise enough to acquire for a mere song. Well, these I-talians had drored their instrument up the drive and played to the front door for ten minutes. The cook and her friend, I learned afterwards, heard them and, being satisfied to enjoy the entertainment without payment, had remained out of sight. For ten minutes they played, the man turning the handle, his wife smiling and bowing to the windows. Then, in the fine frenzy known to all great artists who are unrecognised, they drored it down again to the gate. The fine frenzy was proved by the fury with which the woman flung wide the portal that the horgan might be drored out. She flung it back too far, and the hinge, a soulless thing of castiron, snapped.

The gardener - no musician - who had happened to see them arrive, and, anticipating trouble, had been watching unperceived, hurried to the scene of the catastrophe.

"I knowed they was a-goin' to do it," he said, "the 'inge bein' in a bad way already. It's lucky there was a policeman 'andy. I said you'd 'ave the law of 'em."

"But I don't want the law of them," I protested.

"Well, they're going to pay for a new 'inge any'ow.'

"Rather hard luck on them, isn't it? I can't make them do that.

"Don't you worry your 'ead, Sir," said the gardener. "It don't come out of their pocket. All these I-talians is run by one man. Millionaire, so they tells me. Any'ow, it's settled now.'

"Well, perhaps it'll teach them to be more careful."

"I 'ope not, Sir," said the gardener. "'Ave another one or two of 'em in 'ere, and we'll get the gate so as it won't bang.'

Science for the Young.

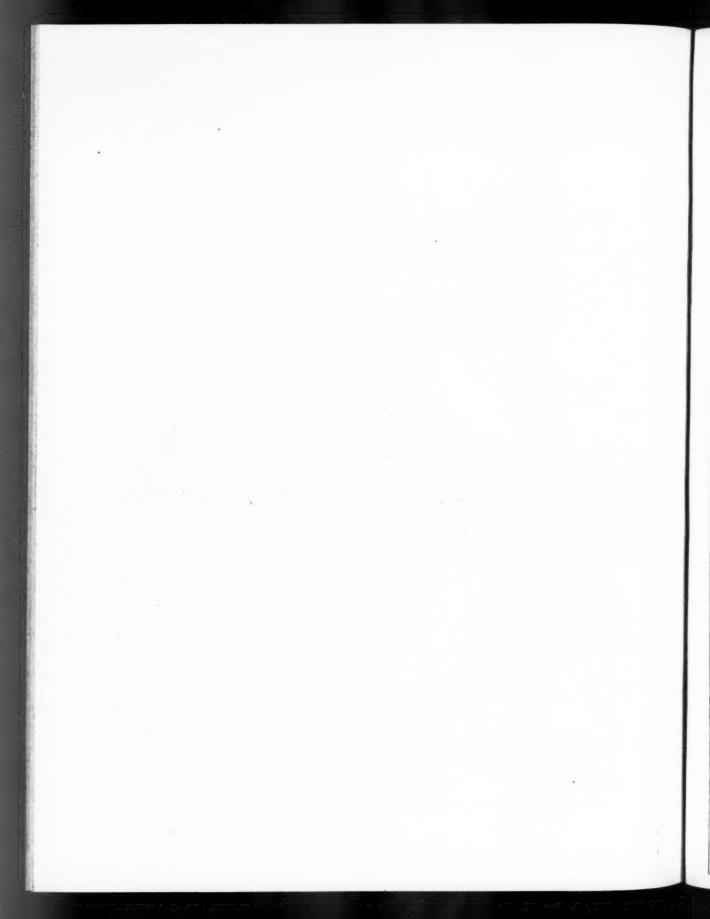
"Aunt Phemie" in The Globe :-"A hen is a bird and not an animal."

This official statement will come as a great surprise to all our feathered friends.

"He no longer on his return would proclaim to his brother that he had beaten old Major Waggett (his especial fee) by two up and three to play."—Methuen's Annual. had just bought a shilling book called "Golf for the Beginner." However, he could still tell his Aunt Lavinia, who



FOR FRIENDSHIP AND HONOUR.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 3. WHEN EDWARD GREY stood at Table their troops. to make momentous statement on position of Great Britain confronted by from floor to topmost range of Strangers' CURZON and other Peers looked on and men in the North." listened. Amongst them LORD CHIEF House from novel point of vantage.

Owing to spread of complications,

repair to Diplomatic Gallery restricted. No room for Germany to-day. Absent, too, the popular figure of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, familiar these many years in London Society. Russia, Spain, Sweden and Greece were there in the persons of their representatives; and Belgium, conscious that words about to be uttered were big with her fate.

The sight they looked down upon was strange and moving. Setting of scene worthy of drama which finds no full parallel in world's history. Keen eyes accustomed to study potentialities of nations discerned in the gathering a new portentous fact. A week ago to-day political parties in House of Commons preserved customary attitude of hostility. Across the floor they snapped at each other distrust and dislike. Long-brooding revolt of armed forces in Ireland had leaped into flame. Mob and military had come to blows. Victims of the affray lay dead

Rulers increasingly bitter.

trusted friend on the Continent to play long-planned game. England's difficulty was Germany's opportunity. Swiftly, unscrupulously, taken advantage of.

Foreign Representatives to-day beheld a startling transformation. Party crisis has been splendidly patriotic, rallied his forces to the side of Ministers.

"Whatever steps they think it necessary to take for the honour and security of general cheering, "they can rely upon the unhesitating support of the threatened by a foreign foe.' Opposition."

politics, not unexpected. Glad surprise the coming war, and will fulfil her followed when John Redmond assured Treaty obligations to Belgium. (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) the Government they might forthwith withdraw from Ireland every man of Bench Premier walked down House as

"The coasts of Ireland," he added, "will be defended from foreign inspectacle of Europe in arms, he faced vasion by our armed sons. For this a memorable scene. House crowded purpose Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join days made him the Herald of War. Gallery, Lansdowne, "Bobs," George hands with armed Protestant Ulster-

"The last time I saw rows of chairs JUSTICE for first time obtained view of brought in and set down on floor of the House for convenience of Members who could not find room elsewhere,"



IN A JUST CAUSE. (Sir EDWARD GREY.)

in the streets of Dublin. In the House on from one of the side galleries, "was slaughter and sorrow, the destruction League, Ireland was in a parlous state. Coercion Act in full force. thronged with patriots convicted under its rigorous clauses. Still there were left at liberty enough to maim cattle and shoot at landlords. If Germany lines obliterated. LEADER OF THE had happened to step in at that epoch Opposition, whose conduct throughout it would have been a perilous time for England. The House of Commons after many years' hesitation has offered to bestow Home Rule upon Ireland and to, such interference would be fatal to this is Ireland's first articulate response. of this country," he said amid burst Her Nationalists range themselves with Ulster by the side of Great Britain year, by our old friend and frequent

Business done. - Foreign Secretary,

Tuesday.—Rising from if he were about to leave it by glass door. Reaching the Bar he halted and turned about to face crowded benches watching him with quickened anxiety. Grave events have within the last few What might be this new missive he held in his hand?

"A message from His Majesty," he said, "signed by his own hand."

Advancing to Table he handed document to the Clerk who passed it on to supply of Ambassadors accustomed to mused the Member for Sark, looking Speaker. All heads were bared as

> Message was read. It announced that Proclamation would forthwith issue mobilising the Regular Army and embodying Territorial Forces.

This the significant supplement to statement made by PREMIER immediately on SPEAKER taking the Chair. It told how telegram had that morning been sent to German Government demanding assurance of maintenance of Belgian neutrality.

"We have asked," said the PREMIER as quietly as if he were mentioning request for early reply to a dinner invitation, "that a satisfactory answer shall be given before midnight."

House knew what that meant. On the stroke of midnight Great Britain and Germany would be at war.

A cheer almost fierce in its intensity approved the epochmaking challenge. The House knew that England's hands were clean; that she was spotlessly free from responsibility for the

rancour between Unionists and Home in 1886, when Gladstone introduced of prosperous cities, the devastation of his first Home Rule Bill. Twelve fruitful lands, the breaking-up of Em-Here was opportunity for loyal and months earlier, under guidance of Land pires, that might follow on Germany's final jack-booting of the emissary of peace.

Since the danger-signal was flung out by thrusting to the front the puppet figure of aged Austrian Emperor making ponderous attack on little Servia, EDWARD GREY, representing a Ministry supported by a loyal Parliament and a united Kingdom, has night and day been tireless in effort to avert war. If yielded plans, diligently elaborated in the dark over a period of months, probably a full guest, the GERMAN EMPEROR.

Accordingly, after maintaining till This attitude, in full accordance amid prolonged cheers, announces that last moment favourite disguise of peacewith highest tradition of British Party England means to stand by France in maker "on easy terms with Heaven,"

WILLIAM, innocent sufferer by "the

House of Commons' immediate response was to pass in five minutes all outstanding votes for Army, Navy and Civil Services amounting to her ally, France. Crowded House £104,642,055.

Business done.—Premier announces dignation. dispatch of ultimatum to Berlin and imperative demand for answer before midnight.

Wednesday.—Benches less crowded than hitherto during week of tumultuous interest. Explanation forthcoming in fact that something like a hundred Members belonging to Territorial Service have buckled on their armour and responded to call of mobilisation.

PREMIER'S announcement that "since eleven o'clock last night a state of war has existed between Germany and ourselves" hailed with deep-throated cheer. Its volume nothing compared with that which burst forth when he concluded statement with casual remark that to-morrow he will move a Vote of Credit for one hundred millions sterling. Had he mentioned the sum as an instalment paid in advance by Germany on account of war indemnity House couldn't have been more jubilant.

Byles of Bradford uneasy in regard to Bill introduced by Home Secretary authorising imposition of restrictions upon aliens in time of war or great emergency. Kaiser. Thinks it might cause inconvenience to worthy else had failed.

lative proposals rendered necessary by men. state of war.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER reports him nothing. conclusions arrived at in conference of at the Treasury to consider best way of grappling with unprecedented finan- till Tuesday the 25th. cial situation created by events of past fortnight. Happy thought to include in invitation his predecessor at the Treasury. In accordance with patriotic spirit obliterating party animosity, Sox Austen promptly accepted invitation. Gives valuable assistance to LLOYD George in recommending proposals to appreciative House.

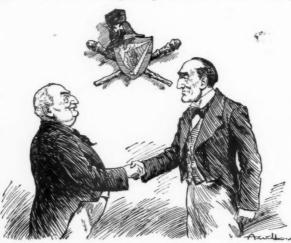
In short, whatever may be happening in Belgium or the North Sea, Millennium reigns at Westminster.

Business done. - Many Bills advanced And to increase it, we hope, to Mr. by various stages.

Thursday.-In moving Vote of Credit menace of France," throws aside the for one hundred million sterling PREMIER wholesomely lets himself go in comment on the "infamous proposal" of Germany that for a mess of pottage (extremely thin) England should betray loudly sympathised with righteous in-

> Fresh burst of cheering when he pays finely phrased tribute to EDWARD GREY, as the "Peacemaker of Europe."

Captain Lord DALRYMPLE of the Scots Guards lends opportune gleam of martial splendour to bench where he sits arrayed in khaki uniform that has seen service in the Boer War. The PREMIER'S eye catching a glimpse of it, he with great presence of mind



"ONE TOUCH OF POTSDAM . . . "

Sir EDWARD CARSON. "A marvellous diplomatist, this German said Lord Tamerton mourn-

Mr. John Redmond. "Yes, he's made comrades of us when everybody

persons. Otherwise Government receive asked for authority to strengthen the [true mountaineers.' unanimous support for various legis- army by an additional half-million of

In its present mood the House denies

Business done.-Vote of Credit for leading bankers and manufacturers met £100,000,000 granted with both hands. Monday, Aug. 10.—House adjourned

The Mad Dog of Europe.

"The dog, to serve some private ends, Went mad and bit the man.

The man recovered from the bite; The dog it was that died.' GOLDSMITH.

"SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS.

THE PROPOSAL TO DECREASE THEIR SIZE TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES." The Times.

CHESTERTON.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

(Constructed after the best models.) I .- AN ALPINE ADVENTURE, (Concluded.)

[SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT:-Ralph Wonderson, the famous athlete, while on a mountaineering expedition in Switzerland, encounters Lady Margaret Tamerton, whom he has not seen since childhood. With her are her brother, Lord Tamerton; her cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener; and three Swiss guides. They combine to make an ascent of the Wetterhorn under Ralph's leadership. Early in the climb Ralph discovers that Sir Ernest Scrivener is none other than his own mortal foe, Marmaduke Moorsdyke. A perilous traverse of a glacier has to be undertaken. All cross in safety except Sir Ernest, who makes imprudent remark which causes a line of overhanging séraes to collapse upon

him and sweep him down the glacier. Ralph dives unhesitatingly to the rescue of his deadliest foe.]

RATHER than face a second traverse of the awful glacier the remaining members of the party continued the ascent. With shaken nerves they pressed on to the best of their ability, but it was nearly dark when they at length reached the summit, hoping to find another and easier route to the foot.

But luck was against them. A devastating blizzard enveloped them, and they lay huddled together behind a rock, chilled to the bone by the driving particles of ice and snow.

"There is no escape," fully to his sister, Lady Margaret. "We must prepare to meet our deaths like

"True fiddlesticks!" replied Lady Margaret with spirit. "Ralph will come back to us."

"Do you love him, Madge?" asked her brother.

"Yes," she replied simply.

"Then he will surely come back."

Even as he spoke a tall figure loomed out of the blizzard and raised his hat with cold formality.

"Your cousin is safe in the hospital at Interlaken," said Ralph, addressing Lord Tamerton with marked constraint. "He has merely sustained a fractured patella. With your permission we will now descend."

"What is the matter, Ralph?" cried Lady Margaret pleadingly; but, ignoring her question, he busied himself in tying on the rope.

The descent which followed is still spoken of with bated breath by the

Swiss guides, than whom there is no more generous body of men in the world.

Unerringly Ralph led his companions through arêtes, glissades, bergschrunds, rücksacs, gendarmes, vorwaerts, couloirs, aiguilles, never hesitating, never flinching from any obstacle, heedless, it seemed, alike of the raging blizzard and the ever-thickening darkness. At times he was obliged to carry the others one by one along razor edges of hard blue ice. At times he would cling precariously by one hand to a projecting splinter of rock, while with the other he lowered them all bodily into the depths of a crevasse, gripping his ice-axe meanwhile steadfastly between his teeth. Once at least he was compelled to hang downwards by his toes while he hewed steps beneath him in a perpendicular wall of ice. And through it all his face retained its stern impassivity and he addressed no word to his exhausted companions.

At length the most wonderful feat in the history of climbing was finished, and the party, weary but thankful, stood at the foot of the mountain.

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The three guides fell on their knees before their rescuer, but he ignored them and turned his cold, hard gaze upon Lady Margaret.

"You are now safe," he said icily.
"My presence is no longor necessary. Take the third turning on the left, the second on the right and the fifth on the left, and then ask again. Before I leave I ought perhaps to congratulate you upon your approaching marriage to your—er—amiable cousin;" and without waiting for a reply he was gone.

Alone, Ralp! Wonderson sat upon a rock and reflected that no food had passed his lips since that hurried breakfast in the Fahrjoch Hut. Wearily he drew out a packet of sandwiches from his pocket.

A moment later he was racing back to his former companions. In his day he had been half-mile champion, but now he knocked a full minute off his previous best time.

He found the others as he had left them. Lady Margaret looked up with a glad cry as he flew round the corner.

"Madge," he cried, waving the piece of newspaper which had been wrapped round his sandwiches,—" Madge, you can't marry him!"

Lord Tamerton leaped forward with a white face. "What do you mean?" he hissed. "You are mad. She must marry him, or the family is ruined."

"She can't marry him," repeated Ralph calmly. "Sir Ernest Scrivener alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke is married already! Read this."



"BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS."

And he thrust the fragment of newspaper into Lord Tamerton's hand.

With a low cry of content Lady Margaret fell into her lover's arms. "Oh, my dear!" she murmured.

And as they stood clasped in a close embrace the clouds parted and far, far above them appeared the beautiful white summit of the Wetterhorn shining dazzlingly in the sunlight.

Spit for Spat.

Orator, in Hyde Park :-

"An' when the German Ambassador left St. Petersburg 'e spat in the Russian Ambassador's face. An' the Russian Ambassador in Berlin 'e spat in the German Ambassador's face."

In Order of Merit?

"Full reports of the Petersfield Gymkhana, Eastmoon Show, and Liphook Horticultural Exhibition and Sports, will be published in to-morrow's issue of the 'Hampshire Telegraph and Post,' which will contain also a complete record of news of the Great European War."—Portsmouth Evening News.

The following letter was addressed to a Hong Kong chaplain by his orderly:—

"Pleas sur excuse me this morning for I ham sitting for my examining asion at the peak schools for my certificate sur and I will be down as soon as possible sur to deliver the letters sur And if I ant there before you go away sur put the keys under the steeps sur."

We feel confident he passed all right.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

EVERY August Bank Holiday we have a short Mixed Open Tournament at our lawn-tennis club. It's quite a small, homely affair, but as our President, Sir Benjamin Boogles, always offers two valuable prizes (hall-marked), every member who can possibly enter does so. Each year hitherto the Tournament has been finished in the one brooke, but returning it was child's play day; but this year it is not finished yet in fact, in one instance the first game of the first set is still undecided, and the winners in the other sets are anxiously awaiting the result in order that the second round may proceed before the end of the season. As I am one of the actors—I might almost say the protagonist—in this protracted drama, I will explain the position.

Wilbrooke, our crack player, who can easily give most of us forty and a bonus of five games in the set, and still beat us, recently became engaged to Pattie keeper. Blobson, who is a hopeless rabbit at the game, this being her first season. Not unnaturally she insisted on his entering the Tournament with her. I always enter with Joan, and though we are neither of us exactly rabbits it would be rather hard to find a zoological term that would fittingly describe our standard of play. course there is no handicapping in "Opens," and Joan and I usually reckon to be knocked out in the second round at latest, though we did once get into the third round owing to one of our opponents, a doctor, being summoned to a case in the middle of play.

Now this year we both thought our tennis would be over for the day after the first quarter of an hour, as we were drawn to play our first round against Wilbrooke and Pattie. However, I won the toss, and to that fact the subsequent impasse may be attributed. I elected to serve first, leaving Wilbrooke the choice of sides. The sun was not shining, so there was little in it from the point of view of light; but the east end of the court is just a trifle higher than the other, so he chose that.

I served first, and though I never peg them in to rabbits, I felt justified in sending down a medium-paced ball buried itself in Pattie's skirt.

Fifteen-love. I banged my first ball to Wilbrooke with all my might. It fell within the Club precincts, but that's the best I can urge for it. My second was an easy lob, which he smashed, and, in spite of my efforts to give it a clear path, it caught me in the small of the back.

Fifteen-all.

My next serve to Pattie was a fault, which I followed up with an ordinary "donkey" drop, towards which she rushed in the impetuous fashion characteristic of the genuine rabbit, with the would be a mockery. Thus there was result that it bounced scathless over no alternative but to play on. her head.

Thirty-fifteen.

I then got a fast ball over to Wilto him, and he drove it like lightning down the centre-line before I had time to call "Leave it to you, partner."

Thirty-all.

Again I served Pattie a fault. At the second attempt the ball performed Blondin tricks on the wire of the net, and for one of those "moments big as years" I feared we had lost the game, the service to Wilbrooke being a mere formality; but fortunately the ball fell delivery Pattie tipped to the wicket-

Forty-thirty.

I now determined to send two-if necessary-fast ones to Wilbrooke on be unplayable. But my first ball went into the net, and the locale of the second over the fence into the open country.

Dauce.

It was at this point that I began to realize that so long as I did not serve a double-fault to Pattie, Wilbrooke could never win the game, and when we had played nine more deuces I communicated the intelligence to Joan. Meanwhile, the other sets had all finished, and the players came up to see why we were still hard at it. At the smash it so that we can't return it. twenty-fourth deuce the Tournament secretary remarked: "Last game, I suppose? Hurry up, we can't get on." I explained to him that this was only the first game of the set, and that similar prolongations were likely to recur when my partner served in the third game and I again in the fifth.

The news spread rapidly, and for a time we were the most unpopular quartet in the Club; but by the time we had reached our eighty-third deuce, and luncheon (the gift of Lady Boggles) was served, hunger and anger began to abate in my partner's interests. It pitched simultaneously, and the situation was correctly, broke (unintentionally) and discussed with humour to the exclusion of all other topics. At the end of the morning's play I was certainly feeling a trifle done up, but it says much for the recuperative properties of chicken galantine and junket that after the interval I felt quite invigorated and good for service ad infinitum. Efforts were made to induce us to toss for the The last-named are often mistaken for set, but neither of us would consent to spring onions by those who come too this, Wilbrooke maintaining that under near with their lachrymal nerves.

normal conditions I could not possibly win the game, and I arguing that under existing conditions-with which I was more intimately concerned-I could not possibly lose it, and therefore to toss

I suggested to Joan that as her presence on the court was not strictly essential she should join in a friendly set with some of the other unemployed. But she would not hear of it. She wanted to be in at the finish, if there was ever going to be a finish, she said: and so we continued.

When we were summoned to tea (kindly provided gratis by Miss Vera Boogles) we had amassed 265 deuces. and though my right arm ached and my service was a trifle wobbly I was still scoring the vantage point (and losing it at once) with the utmost reguthe other side of the net, and my third larity. But the temporary cessation of hostilities, associated with about halfa-pound of Swiss roll and three Chelsea buns, served to restore me, and after tea we went at it again until half-past seven, when, with the score at 394 the chance that one might shoot and deuces, the net got tired and collapsed, and we adjourned.

We have since met on every available can only be diruly surmised, for it went evening in our endeavours to bring the game to a conclusion; but the score is still deuce, and at that it will probably remain unless one of the following contingencies arises :-

> (1) Pattie may improve so much with the constant practice that she will be able to return my service; in which case it will settle the game, for wherever we put the ball Wilbrooke is bound to get hold of it and drive or

> (2) I may serve Pattie a double-fault. But I am now in splendid training; my right biceps is like a cricket-ball, and I feel that I could serve all day without tiring. Besides, the quality of my service is improving, which counteracts, in a measure, the possible improvement in Pattie's game.

> (3) We may get a bright sunshiny evening, when the sun will be straight in Wilbrooke's eyes; in which case, with my improved service, I may possibly get a fast ball over which he will be unable to see.

Anyway, it is now certain that I belong to the Bulldog Breed.

Sir Ernest Shackleton as reported in The Evening News:-

"The last articles which we took on board were two gramophones with a large number of records and a case of hyacinth blubs.



SONG FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

stringency of war we have always a use, and a good use too, quietly and unhysterically, if only by way of temporary relief. Mr. Ian Hay hits the mark about eight times three hundred and nineteen pages. He has some delightful ideas, which, happily, he does not overwork: a case in point is the brief but rapid career of Uncle Joseph, who employs the most criminal methods in order to attain the most charitable ends. The story is a simple one attitude towards women is slightly cynical but very lighthearted, and clearly he loves them all the time: indeed, I think Mr. HAY, while alive to existing faults, loves everysake of a book which has a happy beginning, a happy middle and a happy end, together with lots of incidental laughter.

Dean altered the time of closing the Minster for summer wild taxicabs would not drag them from me.

cleaning or some such trifle, and did not consult the Chapter, which had already made its holiday arrangements." This sentence, chosen at random from Quisquiliae, the diary As in the enervating luxury of peace, so in the stern of Henry Savile, will do well enough to support my contention that Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours (MURRAY) is going to for the humourist. But he must be a jester of the right be a great boon to the cathedral cities of our Midland sort; not bitter nor flippant, not over boisterous nor too shires. Under the form of a narrative of social life in "intellectual." Humour for humour's sake is what we want, Sunningwell, Dr. Warre Cornish has elected to arrange and in these anxious hours something to make us laugh his views on religion, art, literature, politics and the questions of the day, sometimes putting them into the mouths of his characters and sometimes into the note-book of the in every ten in A Knight on Wheels (Hodder and afore-mentioned Henry Savile, a leisured cripple whose dis-STOUGHTON), which is not at all a bad proportion for quisitions on letters and on people are, if a trifle rambling, at any rate delightfully critical and much more interesting and profound than certain others which flow periodically from the windows of cloistered retreats. Mr. Henry Savile quotes from the Classics perhaps a little too freely for the taste of a decadent age, and his friends, Dr. Ashford, Lady -youth, laughter and love; and the motor car plays an important but not a tiresome part in it. The author's nephew of an archdeacon and parliamentary candidate for nephew of an archdeacon and parliamentary candidate for Sunningwell, would be a little more amusing if they were treated in a more Trollopian manner, and did not so faithfully discuss the burning controversies of the time. But, thing and everybody. In return most people will be after all, the great excitement in Dr. Ashford and His prepared to love him. And he deserves to be loved for the Neighbours (and I really cannot advise any resident in shall we say Mercia?-to be without it) is the chance it affords for such questions as: Who is the Dean? Does the author really mean Canon X? Are we living in Sunning-well, or it it L——? Even I myself, in this metropolitan "There is a teacup storm in the Close, I hear. The backwater, have made one or two ingenious guesses, but

novel by Miss Rhoda Broughton seems almost impertinent. The tens of thousands to whom she has given such pleasure before now would probably be willing to read anything that was put before them with the guarantee of her the first incursion of Miss NETTA SYRETT into humorous name. Fortunately in the case of Concerning a Vow fiction. In that, or any, case, she has written a story which (STANLEY PAUL) this confidence would be by no means deserves a considerable success. The Jam Queen is to a misplaced. I can say at once, with my hand upon my reviewer's heart, that in freshness and vivacity and power There are plenty of other characters, many of them drawn of sprightly character-drawing here is a story that need fear with much unforced skill, but the personality of the procomparison with none of its most popular predecessors. tagonist, the Jam Queen herself, overshadows the rest. The vow of the title was that exacted by Mey Champneys Mrs. Quilter is an abiding joy. There have been plutocratic on her death-bed from her sister Sally, binding the latter elderly women, uneducated but agreeable, in a hundred not to marry Edward Branley. Edward, in some fashion novels before this; but I recall few that have been treated that was never made quite clear to me, had previously so honestly or with so much genuine sympathy. Mind you,

beginning of the book. In it poor; Edward is made so pitiable and heart-broken a figure that I found it hard to credit his previous infidelities. However, most of the other characters detested him, and said that nothing was too bad for him; and as they themselves were delightful and quite human people I am ready to suppose that they had their reasons. Of course Edward and Sally were really in love all the time, and of course too they find resistance to this impossible; though I must own that their method of circumventing the vow reminded me dangerously of the young man who used a cigarette-holder because he had been told to keep away from tobacco. I speak flippantly; but as a matter of fact the story of Edward and Sally is not free from tragedy, very simply and movingly told. If Concerning a Vow does not add to Miss Broughton's popularity it will only be because this is impossible; it certainly will do nothing to lessen it.

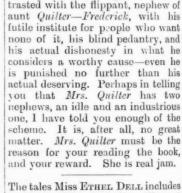
I think that Mr. W. R. TITTERTON THE AEROPLANE AS A MILITARY ASSET? is a little late in the day; his book,

Me as a Model (PALMER), recalls happy memories of that past and already romantic period when Trilby was the talk of the hour and Paris the centre of all Bohemian licence. Mr. TITTERTON has the Du Maurier manner, but his jocular skittishness, aided by asterisks, exclamation marks and suspensive dots, has curiously little behind it. It is not enough to-day to paint the gay impropriety of models and the devil-may-care penury of lighthearted artists. Trilby began the movement, Louise ended it, and Mr. TITTERTON is behind his day. I am glad, however, to learn that he was so splendid a model. The students at JULIEN's fall back aghast before his magnificent figure, and now, in every gallery in Europe, sculptures and paintings of Mr. TITTERTON are to be seen by the yulgar crowd, very often for no charge at all; and that, of course, is delightful for Europe. And, according to his title, that is doubtless the final impression that the author wishes to convey. I intend on my next trip abroad to search for Mr. TITTERTON in all the galleries. My only means of discovery are the pictures of the author with which his book is filled, and here, if the illustrator (a very clever fellow) is to be trusted, I am frankly puzzled by the attitude at Juliex's

At this time of day to attempt criticism upon a new towards their model. There is very little in these illustrations to justify it.

If I am not mistaken, The Jam Queen (METHUEN) marks large extent what would be called in drama a one-part affair. jilted both the sisters. But this all happened before the Miss Syrett is no sentimentalist. Ill-directed philanthropy,

Girtonian super-culture, the simple life with its complexities of squarecut gowns and bare feet-all these come beneath the lash of a satire that is delicate but unsparing. Yet with it all she has, as every good satirist should have, a quick appreciation of the good qualities of her victims. Even Frederick, the pious, as contrasted with the flippant, nephew of aunt Quilter-Frederick, with his futile institute for people who want none of it, his blind pedantry, and his actual dishonesty in what he considers a worthy cause-even he is punished no further than his actual deserving. Perhaps in telling you that Mrs. Quilter has two nephews, an idle and an industrious one, I have told you enough of the scheme. It is, after all, no great matter. Mrs. Quilter must be the reason for your reading the book, and your reward. She is real jam.

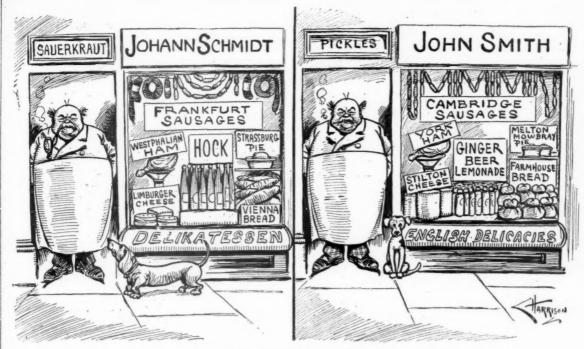


Within The Swindler (UNWIN) pleased me, Not by their thrills or interludes Barber (to victim). "What is your opinion of Of tenderness—these hardly seized

Not by their people, though the pack Were amiable and pleasant creatures, Barring the villains who were black And villainous in all their features.

By none of these my pulse was jerked Out of its normal calm condition, But by the plots, with which I worked A quite exciting competition; A point was mine if, at the start, guessed the way a yarn was tending; Miss Dell's, if by consummate art She failed to use the obvious ending.

The first two tales she won on; 'three And four were mine; five hers; six, seven And eight I got hands down; and she Got square with nine and ten. Eleven Is still unwritten, and I bide Impatiently its birth, for that 'll Finally, so I trust, decide The issue of our hard-fought battle.



A QUICK CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE NATURE OF A MORATORIUM.

"IT's a big ship" (I could overhear Ethel's voice through the open nursery window). "I know perfectly well it is. It's one of the Cunarders."

"Well, you're quite wrong then" (this from Jack). "It was passed through Parliament. You can't pass a ship through Parliament.'

"It's the sister ship to the Lusitania -so there!"

Joan's thoughtful voice intervened. "I can tell you what it is," she said. "It's a place for burying peoplea sort of big tomb where they put dead kings. There's one at Windsor.'

Curiously enough I was myself at the moment rather puzzled as to what it was and how it worked.

"Do you know, William," I said to my host, "that you are owing me ten pounds and I've got to get home to-day, and I've no money?"

"Oh, but I shan't pay it now," he held out my hand.

replied shamelessly.

"Why not?" "I'm going to put a Moratorium on you. I don't know, of course, if that's quite the correct phrase. The thing is new to me. But at least I can see how it works. You had better try James. He owes you five, and he never reads the papers, so he may not have heard of it.

I went at once into the library, where I found James making up a parcel of three half-sovereigns to send to his bank. No one is going to accuse James of hoarding gold.

"About that fiver," I began.
"Ah, yes. I was just coming out to talk to you about that before you went," said he. "Now that I'm sending all this stuff to the bank I'm just afraid I may be a bit short. I'll tell you what I think we ought to do, you and I. I think we ought to enter into a temporary Moratorium. All the best better consider pretty carefully what people are doing it. Of course I don't you're doing. I don't think the know if that's the right phrase. But Moratorium was intended to work in I begin to see how it works."

"It doesn't apply to sums under five pounds," said I severely.

"That's true. I admit it's a pretty narrow squeak. I just managed to get on board, so to speak. Still, as the debt is five pounds-

"I'll take £4 19s. 11d.," said I, and

"That's not playing the game," said James. "Can't you see you're going to encourage all sorts of panic if you go about reducing debts in that sort of way? What is to become of British credit if a man in your position shows himself willing to accept sweeping reductions for the sake of getting hold of cash? I'm just a little ashamed a hand into his pocket. of you.'

"Well, I've got to get home to-day. The ticket costs over five pounds, and I've only got sixteen shillings."

"Nothing simpler, my dear fellow," said James cheerfully. "You ask the booking-clerk for a ticket-pick it upcover him with a Moratorium (if that 's the proper phrase) and hop into the train. The sixteen bob will come in for tips."

I went back to William and sat down. "The upshot of it is, William," I said, "that I can't go. You had this sort of way. I've got to report myself at the War Office, and I can'tgo. You may think you're acting as a good citizen should. You may not be hoarding gold or hoarding food, but you are hoarding me."

"It doesn't apply to National Insurance payments," said William brightly,

"if that's any help to you." "It only goes on till the 4th of September," I reminded him, "and the bank rate was recently as high as ten per cent. and may easily go up again. You've got to pay interest on it, you know."

That was where I had him. "How will you take it?" he asked, thrusting

"In new pound notes," said I.

DIES IRAE.

To the GERMAN KAISER.

AMAZING Monarch! who at various times, Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour, Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes By your behaviour;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumour, Lent to a dullish world the needed touch Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear, Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians, Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere With rude concussions;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette, And could at any moment, gloved in mail, Smite like a mallet;

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more, Lord of the limelight blaze that let us know it-You seemed a gift designed on purpose for The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end; Into our open hearts you found admission, Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes; You moved among us cousinly entreated, Still hiding, under that fair outward guise, A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand Known for a King whose word is no great matter, A traitor proyed, for every honest hand To strike and shatter.

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you In whispers here; and there with beery clamours-You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew -Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern, When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token, Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn O. S. Yourself be broken.

A DETERMINED ISLAND.

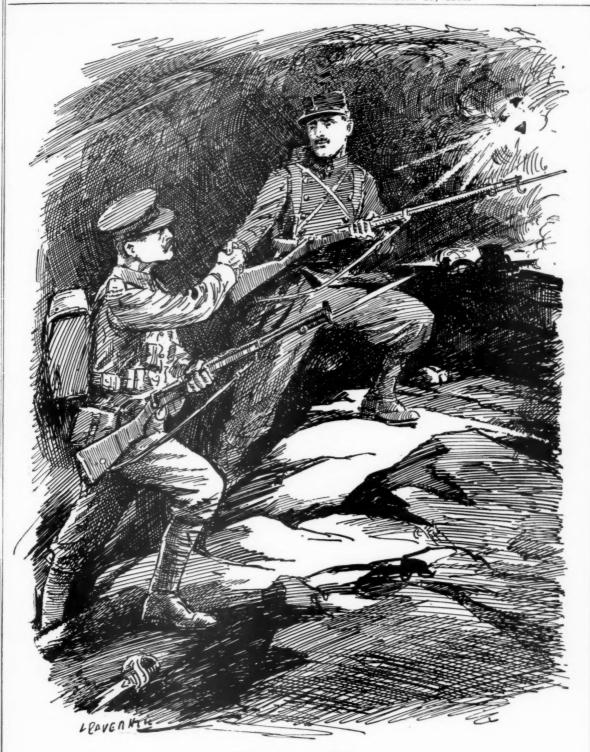
I continue this record of our daily lives at Totland Bay on August 12th. Before it appears in Mr. Punch's columns great and decisive events may have happened, but at present, except for such slight distractions as I shall relate, we are deeds are being done all round me with scissors and needle still calm and peaceful. When we think or speak of Belgium and thread. A sewing-machine has been requisitioned. our faces glow, and we are all resolved, should the need arise, to do as Belgium has done, and to do it in the same resolute and unconquerable spirit. In the meantime we rush for the newspapers with a constantly increasing eagerness. At about 11 A.M. the whole of Totland Bay is filled with people reading their papers in the open air. Everybody bumps into everybody else, but nobody minds. A gentleman the other day set out in a canoe and read the morning's news to a party of swimmers, who appeared to be much invigorated by what they heard.

On Sunday night, just as we had finished dinner, we suddenly heard the report of a great gun from the fort at the Needles. The explosion was followed by three plaintive answering notes from a fog-horn. "They're firing at a ship," said someone, and out we all rushed to the nearest vantage-point, and even as we ran another gun went off and again the fog-horn answered with its bleat. The searchlights were striking great shafts of light along the Solent. and far away their beams outlined the shape of a big ship. She was still advancing on her course, when-Bang! another violent explosion shattered the night. This time it came from the fort just over the pier of Totland Bay. The echoes reverberated and rumbled, and the shot tore past close to the ship. Now she took the warning. There were no more appeals from the fog-horn. Slowly she turned and disappeared into the darkness. Possibly she had been at sea for a long time and knew nothing of the war. How she must have marvelled at this strange and dreadful welcome from the Isle of Wight. We went to our

beds that night with a feeling of perfect security.
On land, too, we have had our excitements. Yesterday afternoon, when the heather-clad slopes of Headon Hill were crowded with picnickers, there was a sudden alarm of spies. Some men, reported to have been conversing in German, were said to have been peering into cracks in the ground and otherwise behaving in a most suspicious manner. The alarm was given, and almost instantly, springing as it were from the very bowels of the earth, came some halfdozen soldiers running with rifles and fixed bayonets. Amid the shouts of the children they spread about the heather in their hunt, but nothing came of it, for the "spies," though they were caught, turned out to be some Italians resident in Totland Bay and fervently British in their sympathies.

I mentioned last week that we had a children's maid, a German, in our household. Since then, in obedience to the Act, she has been registered as an "alien enemy." I took her by train to Newport for that purpose. On arriving at the station I hailed a fly. "Where to, Sir?" said the driver. "To the police-station," I answered, and the man broke out into a grin. "It isn't a serious offence," I added, but I doubt if he believed me. At the police-station, however, they were quite prepared for us, and in a very few minutes Maria Hasewitz-that is her eminently German name-had had all the particulars of her birth-place, her age, her height, and her personal appearance entered on a blue form by a jocose and affable sergeant. "Brown eyes, I think," said the sergeant; "height, five feet four inches; no beard or moustache, ha-ha. Now sign here and make a mark with your left thumb in this space. That'll pin you down; no escape after that, ha-ha." He produced a board covered with some black sticky substance, dabbed her thumb in it, dabbed it hard on the paper, and, lo, Maria Hasewitz had been registered and had undertaken not to move five miles from Totland Bay without a special permit.

At present this particular alien enemy is engaged, together with all the other available female members of the household, in making pyjamas for our soldiers. Wonderful Button-holes are being manufactured with immense expedition. A good deal of "basting" is being got through. In my illimitable ignorance I had hitherto imagined that basting was something that you did to a joint of meat with a big ladle and some gravy. If you did it sufficiently the joint came out succulent, if not it became dry and you abused the butcher. However, we live and learn. Part, at any rate, of three suits of pyjamas that are to go to the Red Cross to-day has been severely and completely basted R. C. L. without either gravy or a ladle.



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WELL MET!

GREAT BRITAIN JOINS HER ALLIES IN THE FIELD.

CHARIVARIA.

Even war has its humours. "In the midst of perfect peace the enemy surprises us," is a sentence from a proclamation not by the King of the BELGIANS but by the GERMAN KAISER.

WILHELM II. is said to be extremely annoyed in his capacity as a British Admiral that he is not being kept fully informed as to the movements of our Fleet.

The danger, of course, of a fondness for a place in the sun is that one may get burnt.

The coming generation would certainly seem to be all right. Even children are taking part in the fray. The Boy Scouts are helping manfully here, and at Liége the Germans, we are told, used nippers for cutting wire entanglements.

A vivid idea of the horrors of the return journey from the Continent to England after the declaration of war may be gained from the fact that a moor: -" What ho! The Moratorium." lady, in recounting her experiences in a contemporary, states that she was thankful to get back to Battersea. * *

General VILLA, it is stated, has now virtually proclaimed his independence of General CARRANZA, and hostilities are said to be imminent. We caution these gentlemen, however, that we are not prepared at this juncture to take a great deal of interest in their little war, and, if they take our advice, they will postpone it.

At the present moment, fortunately, one does not hear much of the sex war, but sex-pride compels us to draw attention to an account in The Liverpool Echo of a recent agricultural show, from which we learn that "in a class for cows, in which there was Sanday won with pedigree dairy bulls."

yachts had been placed at the disposal freely. of the Admiralty was, no doubt, responsible for a statement in The Birkenhead Bavarians, in a moment of patriotic against this altogether useless and



GERMAN KAISER. "Donnerwetter! No wonder I've missed my appointment. The silly idiots have given me an 1870 time-table.

fervour during the crisis struck up " Der Yacht am Rhein."

Overheard in the heather of a grouse

In feline circles it is being pointed

unnecessary conflict." The Kaiser's address, Keir, is Potsdam, Berlin (Germany).

We rejoice to hear that the thousand fresh herrings which a certain cosmopolitan financier purchased at the outbreak of the war to store up have one and all gone bad.

Paris now has a "Rue de Liège." And, in order to obviate any feeling of jealousy, a certain virulent microbe which has just been discovered by a Belgian scientist is, we hear, to be called the "Wilhelm Germ."

We trust that the Dutch are taking every precaution to protect the Palace of Peace at the Hague.

Brick-box, the Trish Guards' pet terrier, has been sent for the present to a dogs' home. In the event of their going abroad the Irish Guards hope to bring back with them a certain other dog who seems to have gone mad.

The British Isles have been defeated at Lawn Tennis, but we really shan't mind so long as we win the war.

> "On shop after shop in Paris," says The Evening News, "is the notice, 'Maison fermée à cante du de départ du patron et les employés sous les drapeaux Français.'" Sorry, Evening News, but we cannot believe your statement in its entirety. We are afraid you did not get it confirmed by the Official Press Bureau.

> According to the St. Petersburg Gazette the Germans have arrested the Grand Duke Constantine CONSTANTINOVITCH at Badwildungen. The Russian Government admits that the GRAND DUKE has published several volumes of verse.

According to a statement in The Globe "the German liner, Belgia, having run short of coal, put in at Newport (Mon.) to-day, and was

there Dogs of Wars but that Active worth of food on board, including 400 and also a large amount of specie. The last two items must, of course, be regarded as emergency rations.

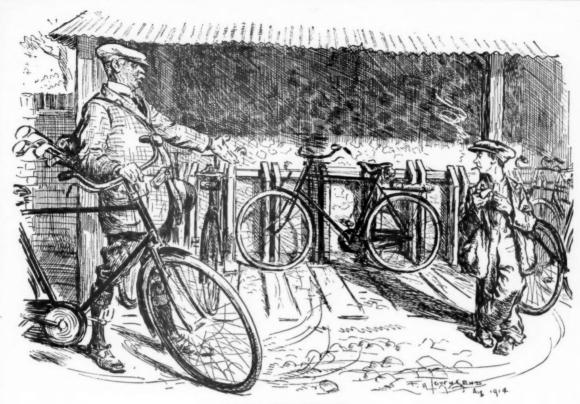
> An unfortunate misprint:-"WAR NEWS IN A FEW LIES."



AT THE OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU. a score of entries, Mr. S. Mr. F. E. SMITH (against his gallant instincts). "Permit me, Madam."

out with some pride that not only are seized as a prize. She has over £250,000 The news that a large number of Service Kits are being advertised very tons of cheese, 73 German reservists,

"We, as a party," says Mr. Keir News of the 8th inst., to the effect that HARDIE in The Labour Leader, "surely the Hoylake Town Band, consisting of have a right to make a special protest



THE MONOPOLIST.

Late Arrival (wishing to put his machine in bicycle rack). "Well, upon my word, this is preposterous! Caddie, who put Caddie. "CAN'T SAY FOR SURE, SIR. THE KAISER, I SHOULD THINK." HIS BICYCLE LIKE THAT?'

HOW WAR IS "MADE IN CERMANY."

(Extract from the Kaiser's Diary.)

Venezuela Consulate at Berlin. Stamp not put on straight. Insult to metherefore to the flag. Proceed to issue of a fresh declaration of war. Do so. ultimatum to Venezuela. Venezuela omits to concede one of the 421 points raised. Declare war on Venezuela and publish address to my people:-"Owing to this wicked and determined been forced, greatly against Our wish, into a quarrel with a powerful and "Owing to this wicked," etc. designing enemy," etc., etc.

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Consignment of Chicago sausages, arriving Hamburg, is found to bear label "The Best." Deliberate blow at German supremacy. Germany is the Sausage Queen. Ultimatum to United States. Reply unsatisfactory, so declare war. Speech to my people:-"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Despatch from Pomeranian farming district to effect that a Cochin-China German Eagle in picture-book. At once Reasons and ultimata to follow.

issued ultimatum to Cochin-China demanding humble and complete apology, otherwise war would be declared. Re-LETTER captured bearing mark of ceived immediate reply, stating that as Cochin-China belongs at present to France I may save myself the trouble

Read statement that "heat in neighbourhood of equator surpasses that of any other part of the world." See in this a direct challenge to our sovereignty. We are the hottest stuff in the world. challenge to Our nation, We have Declare war on all countries abutting offending country has to be filled in. on equator. Speech to my people:-

> Hear South Pole Republic showing signs of activity. Involves serious menace to our pacific plans. Issue ultimatum. Hear later that President is a penguin. As, however, withdrawal of ultimatum is out of the question, have despatched warships. Speech to my people :- "Owing to this wicked,"

Having five minutes before lunch, declare war on Spain, Portugal, Tibet, hen has pecked at representation of Lapland and the Principality of Monaco.

Declare war on Bosnia and Herzegovina, but subsequently remember that these territories were recently absorbed by my ally. Undignified to cancel ultimatum, so declare war on said ally.

Make painful discovery that, in spite of overtime at Imperial printing works, I am out of ultimatum forms. Urgent instructions have been sent to hasten delivery of forms, which are of course so printed that only the name of the

Apparently no more countries remain to be challenged. Must find some at all costs.

Sudden inspiration. Have issued ultimatum to my own country that, if she does not find fresh countries for me to fight before midnight, war will ensue.

Midnight. No new countries found. I declare war on Germany.

The Journalistic Manner.

"Every inch of Belgium will be fought for foot by foot." - Daily Telegraph.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES.

A THOUSAND years ago I won a cup for jumping. It was not a very good again? I do, if ever I see it." cup, but then it was not a very good jump. Such as the cup is, how- doesn't matter." ever, it stands on a shelf in my library, and I have ways of directing the attenlibrary, and I say, "Oh, look here, I picked this print up last week; the man said it was a genuine Eyre and Spotand then his eye wanders down. I of getting into communication with see him reading the inscription on Jane about it. the cup.

The inscription says: "Long Jump, 1739," or some such date. "First Prize, won by——" and then my name very big and splendid. Underneath Do tell Jane about the cup.' comes the school crest, followed by the motto, "Dat Deus Incrementum," though I have never jumped any further since. Its shape is the ordinary sherry-glass shape. It is my only cup, and I am proud of it.

I look up as I write, and I see theby the way, I don't know if you have ever tried "looking up as you write." It is a common thing for reflective never believe them. It is impossible then casually but articulatelyto write properly when looking someand slew our necks round, and then tell her. Perhaps I shall." take a fresh dip in the ink. Well, slewing my neck round as I stop take a fresh dip in the ink. writing, I see my precious cup standing on its shelf, and . . . horror! It is sible. So I tried sarcasm. standing upside down!

it is no surprise to me. The thing has been going on for months. It is months ago that I first spoke to Celia about it.

"It's Jane," she said. "She always puts it like that when she's been dusting.

"Yes, but what for? Just to catch the eye?"

"I suppose because you always stand glasses upside down when you've cleaned them-to keep the dust out."

"But if she'd only think a moment she'd see that I don't drink out of this, and that glasses don't have 'First Prize, won by ____'"

"Jane isn't here to think, she's here to work."

This seemed to be a distinction drawn between Jane and me.

"You see what I mean," I said, "don't you? It's very difficult to read the cup upside down. A stranger had to do something. I flatter myself than we can afford in England.

mightn't won it.

"But don't you always turn it back

"Yes, but-but- Oh, well, it

I went back to the library. It was difficult to explain why I minded; betion of visitors to it. For instance, if cause, after all, to fill a pipe, light it a collector of old prints is coming to and sit down to work every morning is dinner, I hang my oldest print just very little less trouble than to turn a above the cup, ready for him; we take cup round, fill a pipe, light it and sit our-or better, his-eigars into the down to work every morning. Anything regular soon gets taken for granted. And yet I was annoyed. I think it was the silliness of standing a tiswoode; you might give me your opinion." He gives me his opinion... First Prize upside down which annoyed me. That and the apparent difficulty

> For it was difficult. One day I went very humbly to Celia and said-

> "I know I'm a baby about it. Forgive me. But it's getting on my mind.

"It's awfully hard," she said, after a little thought. "You see, it's such a very, very small thing that it never seems quite the right moment for it. And if, after I'd told her, she said 'What?' I couldn't possibly say it

"You must be very articulate the Lead the conversation first time. slowly round to long-jumping or the writers to say they do, but you should difficulty of reading on your head, and

"Well, we'll see," said Celia. "Of where else. What we do is to stop course, if I ever caught her doing it, I'd

> Well, we saw. We saw that the thing still went on. The direct approach to Jane was evidently impos-

Sarcasm, directed into the blue in This comes as a surprise to you, but the hope of hitting the person you is no surprise to me. The thing want, may not be effective, but it does relieve the feelings. I had a thoroughly sarcastic morning all to myself. My deadly irony took the form of turning everything in the library upside-down. The cup was in position already; I turned up two pewter mugs (third prizes in Consolation Races), the flower bowls, the cigarette box, the lamp, a stool, half-a-dozen pictures, two photographs and the mahogany clock. They all stood on their heads and sneered at Jane. "Why don't you do the thing properly while you're about it?" they said to her. I felt extremely well after I had finished.

Celia stood in the door and gurgled

"You baby," she smiled.

"On the contrary," I said, "I have made a dignified yet subtle protest. afford such a dinner in Brussels."

You wouldn't move in the matter so I A seven-course dinner is certainly more

know who-er-who had that a sense of her past silliness will rush over Jane like a flood when she comes in here to-morrow morning.

"If Jane's flooded at all," said Celia, "it will be with the idea that the master's mad. But I don't think she'll notice it particularly.'

Next morning everything was right side up again-except the cup.

"It's no good," I told Celia; "she is obviously determined. Perhaps it means more than we think to her to have that cup upside-down. Its beauty, the memories it brings back, the symbolism of it, these things touch some hidden spring. . . Still I am master in my own house." And I turned the cup round again. . . .

Another month passed and I could bear it no longer. Yesterday I made up my mind. I would speak to Jane myself. I turned my First Prize the right way up, and then looked for

"Celia," I said firmly, "where is Jane?

"She's gone out," said Celia softly. "Her-her man goes off to-day."

An hour later, with bands playing and people cheering, they wheeled out of barracks, brown and businesslike. Jane was in the front somewhere, waving her handkerchief-not such a silly Jane, after all. And at the back, very proud for her, Celia and I stood silent, with a something in the throat that had come there suddenly. . . .

And this morning the cup was upside-down again. Well, well, if she likes it that way, that way let it be.

But take warning, O Jane! When your man-here's luck to him!-comes back, then I shall assert myself once more. My cup, "Long Jump, 1739. First Prize," shall stand the right way up; either that or you leave my service. I am determined about this. .

Meanwhile we can share the daily A. A. M. paper.

"Dear Mr. Punch,-You may remember that QUEEN VICTORIA recorded in her Journal in the Highlands that 'Vicky sat down on a wasps' nest.' 'VICKY,' of course, was destined later to be the mother of WILHELM II. Can we not see in the present situation rather a remarkable example of heredity?-Yours, etc., Medico.'

From a Daily Chronicle special correspondent:-

"A little meat and plenty of vegetables take one a long way—lettuce, soup, eggs, en surprise, peas, dessert, voila—even the very poor can afford such a dinner in Brussels."



Old Cock Grouse. "I SEE THEY 'VE ALL GONE SHOOTING EAGLES."

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

I TAKE train home every evening from one of our best stations. Crowned heads fairly tumble over one another there in their anxiety to get a first glimpse of London. Personages are matters of daily arrival.

The other night I reached my station just as a Personage was due. A drive world. On one side of it were lined you?" up the public six deep. On the other side of it was the left luggage office. Four policemen saw to it that no person crossed to the other side except me 'Winkles' at home." on business.

I began crossing.

"Not that side," said Robert, "onless you want the left luggage."

"The left luggage," I explained, "is my one desire.'

I crossed.

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The clerk was unusually prompt. "What's yours?" he said.

"Since you ask," I replied, "I could do with a small stout; or, alternatively, a sherry and bitters.'

He kept silence, but with a touch of urgency in it. It is hard to temporize worth fighting for.

"I might leave my watch," I continued after a brief hesitation, "but the fact is I left it last week with my only godson. Have you a godson? You know what they are-always wanting something.

"Come along, now," said the official brusquely. Robert, too, was becoming restive.

"Very well; I will deposit my hat. led from his platform to the outside You will be careful with it, won't

He accepted my hat untenderly. "What name?

He was a man not easily moved. He wrote down "George" without hesitation on a bit of pink paper and asked for twopence as he gave it to me.

Just then, to my great relief, the Boat Express arrived. I searched in all my pockets and at last found halfa-sovereign.

I told you he was a man not easily moved. He gave me nine-and-tenpence without a word, but with more halfpennies than was quite nice.

There was a stir in the crowd. I must hang on yet a little, or give it when confronted with a businesslike up, or stand six deep. I cannot stand silence. Yet my view of the drive was standing six deep. But it is the duty of every citizen to welcome Personages.

Then I bethought me of my pink

I summoned the man who was not easily moved and presented it. "The deposit," I explained, "was a hat-a felt hat-I cannot be sure of the size, but at a guess I should put it somewhere between 7 and 8.

But he had already retrieved it.

I took it and replaced it on my head as I turned in the nick of time to take it off to the Personage. He gave me a very sweet smile, the memory of which I cherish so fondly that I am loth to attribute it to the fashionable dent I subsequently discovered in my bowler.

In the present restriction of Sport we sympathize with that section of the Press which makes it a speciality. However, there are outlets; and one of our Sporting contemporaries has burst forth into history, as follows:-

"Once again England is faced with a crisis. There has been nothing like it since Alex-ander the Great burned his boats and crossed the Rubicon."

An Infant Prodigy.

"Although only in his 41st year Mr. F. E. Smith is a Master of Arts Pall Mall Gazette.



Medical Officer. "Sorry I must reject you on account of your teeth."

Would-be Recruit. "Man, ye're making a gran' mistake. I'm no wanting to bite the Germans, I'm wanting to shoot 'em."

A FIRST CHARGE.

Mr. Punch's appeal is once more for the children. Most earnestly, and with great confidence, he begs his, readers to care for those little ones whose fathers and brothers are serving under the Flag for our country's honour and the defence of our homes, or may suffer through loss of work. All gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.

A PLEA FOR PEGASUS.

YE mobilisers of that other arm
Whose might is famed superior to the sabre's,
Who furnish forth the wherewithal to charm
The Special Correspondent to his labours,
And by whose enterprise we're daily fed on
Reports of Armageddon,

List to my plaint. It is not that I tire
Of those despatches—picturesque effusions—
Which by the witness of a later wire
Are proved to rank among the Great Illusions;
Though much to be deplored, such news, I'm willing
Freely to own, is thrilling.

But when your pages, shrunken through the scare Of that worst blow of all, a paper famine, Dispense exclusively Bellona's fare, And, failing battle tales, you simply cram in Facts about spies, commodities and prices, I writhe beneath this crisis.

I can support the other pains of war:
Transport disorganised and credit shaken.
The fear of hunger knocking at the door,
And threepence extra on a pound of bacon;
In fact, I'd be the most resigned of creatures
If you'd compose your "features."

Could you not lift a corner of the mask

That makes these solemn days so much more
solemn?

A poor little remained Lock

A very little ray is all I ask
To light the utter darkness—say a column
Of "stories" which your slang describes as "snappy;"
With these I could be happy;

With these my topic Muse I might entice;
But war has left her mute, and me despairing.
They call for horses; must I sacrifice
The steed with whom I've taken many an airing?
Poor Pegasus—and none too well-conditioned!
Must he be requisitioned?

From parallel columns in The Evening News: -

"Haelen is forty-five miles northwest of Liége; it is fifty miles east of Brussels."

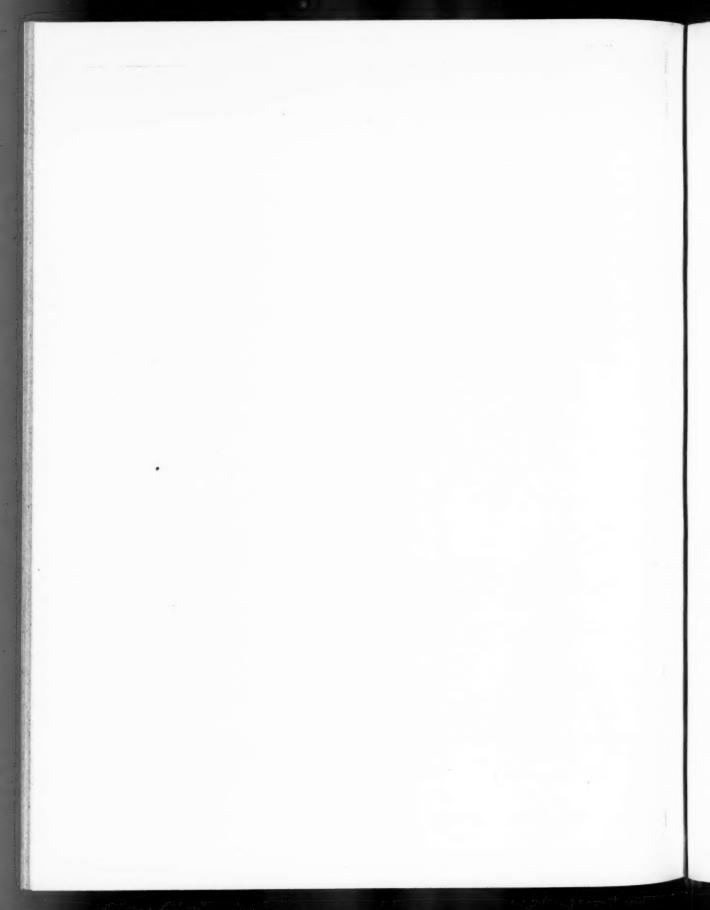
"The centre of the battle was at Haelen (thirty miles northwest of Liége and thirty miles from Brussels)."

This is simply to deceive the Germans.



THE WORLD'S ENEMY.

THE KAISER. "WHO GOES THERE?"
SPIRIT OF CARNAGE. "A FRIEND—YOUR ONLY ONE."





Fond Mother (full of war news). "Don't go too far out, girls. You can't be too careful with all this fighting going on."

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

II .- THE ISLAND CUP RACE.

Cowes week was drawing near to

of numberless gramophones and the in his arms. soft strains of the band of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

As the sun descended lower beneath and yard-arm. Lady Margaret Tamerinhalations.

The voice of young Lord Tamerton at her side at last broke the spell of

"Madge," he said softly, "Wonderson has not yet arrived. If he doesn't come, our chances of winning the Island Cup to-morrow are practically hopeless.

Margaret. "Ralph never fails . . . Listen, he is coming now."

And, indeed, the muffled beat of crow's-nest. its brilliant climax. Through the blue oars was heard approaching from the waters of the Solent a swarm of palatial darkness. Soon a slim white boat Margaret, clapping her hands. "What steam yachts, saucy outriggers, graceful came gliding up to the prow of the fun! I shall be rocked to sleep beauticutters and wasp-like motor boats Seamaid. Ralph Wonderson, a tall fully, and of course they will never jostled one another in their efforts to athletic figure in his immaculate flannels think of looking for me there." gain safe anchorage after the strenuous and straw boater, poised himself on excitement of the day's racing. Everywhere could be heard the clank of spring, and leaped with the agility of none of the crew must be allowed to mooring chains, mingled with the full-flavoured oaths of sailor men.

Gradually silence fell upon the scene, easily to Lord Tamerton and clasped

Snatching her in his arms, he carried broken only by the melodious murmur the beautiful figure of Lady Margaret her easily up the frail rigging, his

"S-sh!" he whispered warningly, laying his fingers on her lips, as she returned alone and dropped noise-would have spoken. "Nobody must lessly to the deck. He looked round the horizon the dusk deepened, and know I am here till to-morrow. That cautiously; there was nobody in view presently thousands of Chinese lanterns is why I came aboard like that. Listen. twinkled through the gloom from mast Your cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener, alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke, is here, and is "Let us turn in." ton, leaning idly against the barnacle of plotting to kidnap you. There is a her brother's yacht, the Seamaid, drank traitor somewhere on this yacht who in the beauty of the night with deep supplies him with all information. The appeared than a dark figure crept with attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" murmured Lady Margaret in horror. "What am I to do? yacht's counter. His ingenuity is dev-er-fiendish."

"It shall be baffled," replied Ralph the darkness of the water. reassuringly. "I have thought it all out. It would be dangerous for you to

"Don't worry, Fred," replied Lady nor I could accompany you. There is only one place on board where you can pass the night in assured safety-the

"The crow's-nest," repeated Lady

mountain training showing in every step he took. Five minutes later he

"It's all right, Fred," he whispered.

They descended the broad staircase arm-in-arm. No sooner had they disa low chuckle from underneath a coil

A phosphorescent gleam disturbed

Early next morning Ralph Wonderleave the yacht because, in view of son ran nimbly up the rigging of the to-morrow's race, neither your brother | Seamaid, carrying a tray loaded with

toast, eggs, tea and marmalade. He "Fred," said Ralph, "you must critical moment, Ralph, with a mighty tapped at the door of the crow's-nest. take the wheel for a time. I'm going effort, pushed down the wheel. There was no response. After a pause forward to board the Watersnake. he tapped again and cautiously pushed open the door. The crow's-nest was the wheel, while Ralph ran forward empty!

his hand to his forehead. A moment later two soft-boiled eggs devastated through the air and landed upon the the snowy whiteness of the Seamaid's

deck.

Despite their precautions, Lady Margaret had been spirited away during beside the barnacle. the night. As soon as he had recovered from the shock of the discovery, Ralph him with the terrible news. There loosened his grasp on the wheel. The was a period of agonised and fruitless vessel yawed in her course and he was

"Wait! I have an idea," exclaimed

Ralph presently. He pressed an electric bell, and a steward appeared almost simultaneously

"Jenkins, fetch me a race card," said Ralph.

"Yes, Sir," replied the steward. "I anticipated your request and have it here."

Ralph and Lord Tamerton bent their heads over the card.

"See," said the former. "It is as I hoped. Among the entries for the Island Cup we have the Watersnake, owner Sir Ernest Scrivener. He will sail her himself, that is certain. It is equally certain that he has Madge on board. If I know anything of him he will not let her out of his sight. Fred, by yonder centreboard I swear that before the race is over we will win her back."

Bang! It was the signal for the competitors to line up for the great wits sufficiently to shout an order to Unbought are the beach's bananas; race for the world-famous Island Cup.

prize far more precious than a mere cup leap back to her decks. of gold valued at two thousand guineas.

lagged hopelessly in the rear.

Scattering the foam at their bows, lane of clear water which lay between the Scamaid, gazed anxiously forward. efforts, the gap grew less and less. Could they do it?

"Let loose the spinnaker," he com-manded gruffly. "Haul on the signal be done? The frantic spectators behind halyard. Lower the keelson."

The orders were swiftly executed, and the Seamaid leaped forward with blood ran. a bound. The distance between the two vessels rapidly lessened.

"Betrayed," cried Ralph, clapping intervening space was now very small. deck of the Watersnake. The first Margaret, her wrists bound, lying the brim with bubbling champagne,

oath as he recognised the features of he raised it to his lips, ran to Lord Tamerton and acquainted his successful rival. For an instant he compelled to seize the spokes again.

The Turkey Buzzard (to the Sea Eagle). "You may call yourself a Turkey Buzzard if you like, but they'll still know you by your white feather."

his crew, Ralph had caught up Lady Margaret in his arms and dashed to Of all the thousands who pressed the side of the vessel. Deprived of his themselves against the straining booms skilled command, the Seamaid had none realised that the race was for a dropped behind; it was impossible to

Without hesitation, Ralph dived into The Watersnake was in front, a clear the water, and still supporting the now hundred yards separating her from the pursuing Seamaid. All the other yachts swam rapidly towards the yacht. Two minutes later he was gripping the wheel and concentrating all his immense will the two boats rushed along the blue power upon the task of winning the race.

the booms. Ralph, at the wheel of to her rival. Despite all Scrivener's

And now the winning post was close at hand. Could it be done? Could it the boom shouted themselves hoarse. Lord Tamerton bit his thumbs till the beekeepers, says:-"Mr. Dadant's well-

and nearer. Nearer still. At the will sometimes do wonders.

A bare three inches parted the Lord Tamerton obediently grasped Watersnake from the winning post when the slight shudder ran through and crept along the bowsprit. The her which told that the prow of the Seamaid had touched her stern. The Bracing himself for the effort, he shot bump had been made; the race was won.

Ralph Wonderson stood with the magobject which met his gaze was Lady nificent Island Cup in his hand, filled to

"To the restoration of the fortunes Sir Ernest Scrivener uttered a horrible of the house of Tamerton," he said as

THE VIKING SPIRIT.

["The week-end was dull and much rain Before Scrivener could command his fell, but this did not spoil the visitors'

pleasure. The sight of the sea in a turbulent mood was a great attraction."-Seaside note in daily paper.]

It has rained for a week down at Shrimpton:

'Tis zero or less in the shade; You can paddle your feet in the principal street

And bathe on the stony parade;

But still on our holiday pleasures No thoughts of discomfort intrude,

As we whisper, "This sight is a bit of all right,"

For the sea's in a turbulent mood.

There's nobody harks to the pierrots:

For music we don't care a straw:

And the "comic" in vain chants the usual strain

Concerning his mother-in-law.

Our souls are all far above food; Not a man of us dreams of consuming ice-creams

When the sea's in a turbulent mood.

You may prate of the fervour of Phæbus Of days that are calm and serene,

When a tint as of teak is imposed on the cheek

That is commonly pallid (when clean); But we have a taste that 's æsthetic;

Mere sunshine seems vulgar and crude,

Inch by inch the Scamaid crept up As we gather to gaze with artistic

On the sea in a turbulent mood.

The Beekeepers' Record, referring to the photograph of a group of prominent known features are easily spotted." Nearer drew the Scamaid. Nearer We are sorry, but a little cold cream

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FOR NUTS."-The origin of this curious phrase to indicate incompetence in any pursuit or pastime-e.g., "He can't play for nuts," etc.—is obscure; but its antiquity is incontestable. Thus one of the fragments of Ennius runs: "Nucibus non ludere possum." Perhaps the most plausible theory is that which views the phrase as a heritage from our simian ancestors, among whom nuts were the common medium of exchange. On this assumption a monkey-whether gorilla, chimpanzee, baboon or orangutan-who was described as unable to do anything "for nuts," i.e., for pecuniary remuneration, was obviously inefficient. Another explanation, which we believe is supported by Mr. Eustace MILES, scouts the notion of an ancient origin of the phrase and fixes the terminus a quo by the recent introduction of vegetarian diet. Nuts being a prime staple of the votaries of this cult, a person who cannot do anything "for nuts" means, by implication, a carnivorous savage who is incapable of progress. Lastly, there remains the ingenious solution that the phrase as commonly employed involves a misspelling. It ought to be "four nuts," and playing four nuts was an ancient but simple game, which may be connected with the cognate phrase about knowing or not knowing "how many beans make five."

POLLY PERKINS: WAS SHE A REAL Person?—A careful search in the registers of Paddington in the early and mid-Victorian period reveals so many Mary Perkinses as to render the task of identification peculiarly difficult. It will be remembered, however, that the heroine of the famous ballad is described as not only "little," but "pretty;" indeed, she is spoken of as being "as beautiful as a butterfly and as proud as a queen." So far, however, these clues to her appearance have yielded no solid results. The representatives of the famous family of brewers have been unable to throw any light on the subject, and an application to the managing director of the London and General Omnibus Company has also proved unproductive. (Polly Perkins "married the conductor of a twopenny 'bus.") Her brilliant appearance suggests a possible relationship with Dr. PERKINS, the famous pioneer of the aniline dye industry; but this, as well as the theory that she was a descendant of PERKIN WARBECK, is mere surmise.

THE FIRST MAN WHO ATE AN OYSTER. the notorious Roman epicure Publius Paphlagonia.



THE OLD REFRAIN.

First Old Lady. "MY DEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS WAR? ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?" Second Old Lady. "AWFUL! BUT IT CAN'T LAST LONG; THE POWERS WILL SURELY INTERVENE.

Esurius Gulo, who was nicknamed daring experiments, and, when bathing at Baiae on a very hot day, and seeing a bivalve which had rashly opened its jaws in the sun, he dexterously inserted a stone and conveyed the contents to his mouth on the point of the pin of his fibula. He was subsequently created a proconsul by NERO. The only drawback connected with this account is the fact that oysters were recognised as delicacies in Rome at least a hundred years before NERO. It is right to add that the genuineness of Bulbo's Gastronomica has been seriously impugned, the best authorities (including FRANCATELLI) being convinced that the treatise was

PARLOUR PATHOS, SPECIMENS OF .-Bellipotens from the rotundity of his The best specimens of this interesting figure. According to the account given emotional product are to be found in in the Gastronomica of Voracius Bulbo the words of Royalty Ballads. A good (ii. 18) Gulo was always making instance is to be found in the following choice quatrain :-

Nature cares not whence or how, Nature asks not why; 'Tis enough that thou art thou, And that I am I.

COMPARATIVE COUPLETS.—The correct form of this literary disease is as follows :-

A chair without a leg Is like a hen without an egg.

But it is emphatically not to be encouraged, as excessive indulgence in the habit has been known to lead to the break-up of happy homes.

NAMES OF GOLF CLUBS.—The latest addition to the list is, so far as we are of this feat is that which ascribes it to the work of a sixteenth-century farceur aware, the "Sammy," but efforts are who belonged to the royal house of being made to induce the St. Andrews authorities to sanction the "Biffy," a

combination of the jigger and the They've got an awfully hot fast bowler. But if you should hear of a good berth baffy, and the "Duncher," a powerful Bartram now tells me he can't possibly going anywhere I should be extraordin-weapon for extricating the ball out of turn out, and you are the only really arily grateful. rushes, tar and other viscous lies.

claims descent from Joskin ap Gwyggan, the last native prince who ruled in Dwffryn. The earlier lines in the descent are doubtful. The various man. Mightn't your Aunt Martha be families claiming to spring from Joskin seriously ill? Yours ever, Phil. adopted different patronymics in the fifteenth and succeeding centuries. amongst which may be noted Joskins, Gherkin, Guggenheimer, and Gaga.

decent bat I know. We simply can't THE JUGGINS FAMILY.—This family lose to Paddlewick again — we shall never hear the last of it. (No one need know that you don't play regularly for Middlecombe.) Do try your best, old

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick (wire).

Aunt Martha dving. All well. Boss

Yours ever.

CHARLIE HOLCOMBE

P.S.—It was doubly unfortunate (in a way) that I should have scored a six and three fours in one over from his

OLD STYLE AND NEW.

I.—OLD STYLE.

He. Has anyone seen the paper? She. I haven't.

He. Didn't it come this morning?

She. Very likely not. The boy often forgets it. You're the only person who ever looks at it.

He. Well, I suppose I must wait till I get to the Club; but I dare say there isn't anything that matters in it.

She. Have you done with that paper, my dear?

He. Absolutely: there's nothing in it. There never is. I can't think why we waste money in taking it.

She. Then perhaps I may have it for a pattern?

He. Why, certainly. I've nouse

II .- NEW STYLE.

Has the paper come yet? What's the news? Where's the paper? What about Liège? I say, where 's the paper? Isn't the paper here yet? What's the matter with

the people?

absent Thursday, so can explain to him afterwards. Holcombe.

I say, father, you might read quicker. Can't you tear it in half?

Do tell us the news.

Do read it out loud. What about Liége? Quick! Oh dear, why don't we have ten copies of it?

"The 'Daily Telegraph' Algeciras correspondent, wiring yesterday, says news from Gibraltar reports a naval fight off the Canaries. One of the latter was sunk and the other captured and brought to Gibraltar."

Liverpool Evening Express. Our own canary protests indignantly at this treatment of its allies.

In order to be in the very admirable lunch as to the identity of the Paddle- fashion the L.C.C. has decided, we My Dear Charlie,—We shall be wick Spofforth with my chief, of whose understand, to change the name of

MIDDLECOMBE V. PADDLEWICK.

Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe.

Room 99, X.Y.Z. Offices, Whitehall, 8th August, 1914.

DEAR CHARLIE, - Can you possibly turn out for us on Thursday next v. Paddlewick? We lost to them rather heavily in May last and are anxious to give them a sound beating. Their fast bowler is playing for them again, I hear, and we absolutely rely on your help. Can you get off for the day?

P. R. Yours ever.

TT.

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick.

Room 83, P.Q.R. Offices, Lombard Street, 9th August, 1914.

MY DEAR PHIL, - Thanks for Will try to manage it next Thursday, but am doubtful. My chief, though a capable official, is no sport, and I anticipate difficulties. I had a day off only two weeks ago for cricket. Will Thine, do my best. C. H.

III.

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick. P.Q.R.

10th August, 1914.

My Dear Phil,—Awfully sorry; no luck re Thursday. Boss hopeless. I broached the matter this morning (without actually asking for permission), but I fear the worst. You had better get another man for the Paddlewick match. So sorry.

Yours ever.

CHARLIE HOLCOMBE.

Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe. X.Y.Z.

10th August, 1914.



The Patriot. "HOARD MY GOLD! I'D STARVE FIRST!"

Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe (wire).

Good boy. Funeral 11.30. Train Paddington 10.5. Lunch 1.30. Draw 6.30. Ришир.

VII.

Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick. Room 83, P.Q.R. Offices,

14th August. MY DEAR PHIL, -I regret that I was forced to leave somewhat hurriedly after the game last night. I have nothing to add to what I told you at absolutely in the cart without you. sporting talent I was in ignorance. Jermyn Street to Jellicoe Lane.



THE LOCAL TOUCH.

East Anglian. "Tell yow what that is, Sir: that there Kaiser 'e 'ont never be satisfied until 'e 's ruined Mudborduri."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Dornford Yates, whose name I seem to recall as a

WILMSHURST, a favourite black-and-white artist of mine, whose name is unaccountably omitted from the title-page.

If DOROTHEA CONVERS knew as much about English contributor to the magazines, has written a book of the syntax as she does about Irish, and were as certain in the most agreeable nonsense which he has called The Brother handling of a story as she is in the conduct of a horse, of Daphne (WARD, LOCK). For no specially apparent Old Andy (METHUEN) might be taken at a single refreshing reason, since Daphne herself plays but a small part in the gallop. As it is, I advise the reader to tackle it piecemeal, argument, which is chiefly concerned with the brother and a brisk run here and there, followed by a considerable his love affairs. This brother, addressed as Boy, was a bit breather. For the novel is put together in a scrambling of a dog, and an uncommonly lucky dog at that. The fashion, being full of repetitions of almost identical scenes adventures he had! He apparently could not go out for and making very little definite way in a forward direction. the simplest walk without meeting some amiable young There are the usual Irish peasantry and farmers who woman, divinely fair and supernaturally witty, with whom worship the horse for pecuniary and sentimental reasons, he presently exchanged airy badinage and, towards the as the Israelites worshipped the golden calf; the usual end of the interview, kisses. What distressed me a little at first, till I tumbled to the spirit of the thing, was the sarcastic or talk very big and go for the gates; and the discovery that the charmer was always a fresh one, and in usual English visitors, who astound by their guilelessness consequence that these osculations had, so to speak, no and simplicity when confronted by aboriginal horse-copers matrimonial significance. Perhaps, however, Boy recognised and native bogs and stone-walls. If cubbing be included, an essential similarity in each of his partners. He may, I should be alraid to say how many meets are described in for example, have been deceived by the fact that they all this book, or how many hunt-breakfasts and heavy teas in talked exactly the same Dolly dialogue—light, frothy and Irish interiors—interiors of cottages, of course, I mean just a little more neatly turned than is the common intercourse of mortals. You know the kind of speech I mean. It is vastly pleasant and easy to read; but I must decline there is plenty of pure joy in Old Andy, and the most and to believe that any young man could have the amazing the best of it perhaps is to be found in the remarks of fortune to meet fifteen pretty girls who all had the trick of grooms, servant-girls and casual country folk, who as often it. Still, that by no means lessened my enjoyment of an as not have no kind of connection with the thread of the entertaining volume, notice of which would be incomplete tale. "'If meself an' the Masther wasn't rowlin' rocks all without a word of praise for the illustrations of Mr. C. W. the day yestherday, he would be within long ago,' replied



A BRAVE MAN.

"LARGE LAGER, WAITER."

the covert keeper." "If there is one rabbit with a skinned the attention; but I dispute the right of anyone to call it nose there's a hundther, an' they runnin' by mistake to the door they're used to be at." Such scattered flowers of speech abound in a book whose very want of construction is perhaps symbolical and a reflection of the charming incoherence of the Irish mind.

It is my painful experience that, when a novelist sets out to write a tale of English country life, the better he is at the job the more sombre is the finished product. Mr. George Stevenson is very good indeed at his job; he has are little kakophonies, such as: "He was loved, openly and sincerity and power, and a certain austere aloofness that gladly, back." The work is good enough to make worth will take him far; and the result is that Jenny Cartwright (LANE) is about as gloomy a story as ever I read. Above everything else, what I noticed about this book was its freedom from all straining after effect. Whatever takes place, I fancy Mr. Stevenson saying, do not let us be sentimental about it. Half the characters in the book seem the best) of an excellent bunch. It sums up the bitterto come by violent ends; of the two chief women, one sweet of South Africa, which is the setting of all these commits suicide and the other is hanged. Mr. Stevenson, one can only suppose, speaks of life as he finds it. There are really two stories, that of Beatrice Barrington, the faithless wife of Sir Philip, and the dreary mockery of life that we cannot judge how far actual occurrences are based up at The Court, with its hatreds and subterfuges, its on fact or probability. But Cynthia Stockley has some crippled master, frightened children and spying servants. of the mysterious qualities of a possible South African This is the county as the author sees it. Linked with this laureate. Perhaps she will contrive to put away a little is the life of the farm, where Jenny is brought up by an weakness for tail and scornful aristocratic women; but uncle who hates her; where she tends his bedridden wife; in any case, I can commend her book confidently to all where her cousin Beatrice goes wrong; where Beatrice's intelligent beach-haunters. fire; and where finally the dour uncle himself, after shooting the young squire who has offered dishonourable addresses centimes the kilometre."-Globe. to Jenny, allows her to pay the penalty of his crime. So you can get a couple of yards of French roll for about There is undeniable strength about the book and it holds half-a-farthing. Not bad for war-time.

cheerful.

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY has the writing quality in her; she can both see and feel; she can do man-talk with a plausibility beyond the reach of most of her sex; and she works with a refreshing dash and freedom. With a certain care-lessness also sometimes; as thus: "The other, turning to run, got a shot in his leg that put him out of business, but in spite of which he managed to crawl away." And there while the cleansing of these defects. The author certainly puts into a short story more thought and characterisation than is common in these days of half-hours with even the best authors through the medium of magazine pot-boilers. Wild Honey (Constable) is the title of the first (not quite stories of love, adventure, horror and the wild. They give a strong impression of fidelity of draftsmanship, though here we know so little that is intimate of the dark continent

[&]quot;The price of bread has just been fixed by the authorities at 32

"Cambridge public-houses," we read.

are still up for the Long Vacation are

said to be taking it gamely in spite of

matter of fact, they are not real Huns.

CHARIVARIA.

An eclipse of the sun took place on of thanks to a certain mad dog. Friday last. It is supposed to have been an attempt on the part of the place in it.

South Africa has now declared with shall not be held this year. no uncertain voice that she intends to ficht under the British Flag, and the been pitiable.

We hear, by the way, that His IMPERIAL MAJESTY is also extremely

should be resuming their summer holidays at the seaside. This is considered a slight on the power and ubiquity of the German Navy.

Some idea of how well the secret of their ultimate destination was kept even from the soldiers of our expeditionary force may be gathered from the fact that their favourite song on arriving in France was "It's a long way to Tipper-ar-y."

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The German newspapers no doubt perceive in this a reference to our Civil War in Ireland.

lie about the cutting-up of the Black Watch has been scotched, result of the War the proceedings of kindly lent by Mr. W. Howard of Church May they yet live to be "The Black the British Association are not being Watch on the Rhine.'

A gentleman writes to The Observer to mention that an American surgeon, water." This statement, coming from Germans as are left among us eat much extremely valuable.

"THE GOEBEN'S INGLORIOUS SCUTTLE." Daily Mail. Yes, and now full of Turkey's coal.

The Curator, we understand, would be pean War. Result! glad to add to his collection of curiosities any Londoner who is still in favour of a small Navy.

to be a movement on foot among the local stags in favour of passing a vote "are to close at 9 P.M." Such dons as

Which reminds us that that rare the inconvenience of accustoming themsun to prevent the Germans finding a spectacle, a smile on the face of an selves to the new regulation. oyster, may now be seen. It has been decided that the Whitstable oyster feast

The Duc D'ORLEANS has sent back KAISER'S vexation on realising that the to the Austrian Emperor the collar money spent on a certain famous tele- of the Golden Fleece which His Majesty gram was sheer waste is said to have conferred on him in 1896. One can understand a Frenchman objecting to ferring to the Germans as "Modern being collared by an Austrian." We would point out that, as a

It is, as is we'll known, an ill wind They are wrong Huns. annoyed that so many English people that blows no one any good. As a

Every day one has fresh examples of how the War is putting an end to our internecine rivalries. For instance, The Daily Mail is now issuing the "Standard" History of the War. Some of our contemporaries are re-

> "Thousands of young men without ties," complains a writer in The Express, "remain indifferent to the call of their country." We are afraid that this is true not only of those without ties, but also of some who wear expensive cravats.

> "The idea is to make it possible for every individual to register for hims if a number at the General Post Office. . . . All you do is to address him, say: '105051, care General Post Office,' and the officials look up 05051's latest address and forward the letter.'

> We fear that this is just what they would do.

"The members of Caldicot School had their annual summer tea on Tuesday in a field

Farm.

This comes under the heading "War Items" in The Newport Evening Post. On applying to the Official Press Bureau, however, we were unable to obtain from Mr. F. E. SMITH any con-

"The Chairman put the vote, and there being no answering cries of '!' declared the vote carried nemine contradicente. Birmingham Daily Post.

After which the proceedings closed amid approving shouts of "15"."

"A large firm of contractors to hotels points out that a prominent form of waste is eating too much."—Times.

Conversely, eating too much brings on a prominent form of waist.

Motto for debtors: Moratorium, te salutamus.



FAIR LOOT.

John Bull, A.B. "Well, I DIDN'T START OUT FOR THIS; BUT THERE CAN'T Wesleyan Church Sunday We are glad that the BE ANY HARM IN PICKING UP A GOOD THING."

newspapers. Another little advantage arising out on bidding him farewell the other of the War seems to have escaped day, remarked, "Blood is thicker than notice. Owing to the fact that such firmation of the rumour.

reported at their usual length in our

a medical man, who ought to know, is more quietly than formerly in order not to attract attention to themselves, it is now possible to hear an orchestra at a restaurant.

The horse-race habit is, we suppose, difficult to shed. A newsvendor was The London Museum is open again, heard shouting the other day, "Euro-

"An artist who called at a famous firm of etching printers," a contemporary tells us, "found the men were The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds away printing bank-notes." We trust have stopped hunting, and there is said that they were authorised to do so.

THE CALL OF ENGLAND.

Every lover of England is bound to give what he can spare—and something more—for the help of those who may suffer distress through the War. Gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.

> Come, all ye who love her well, Ye whose hopes are one with hers, One with hers the hearts that swell When the pulse of memory stirs; She from whom your life ye take Claims you; how can you forget? Come, your honour stands at stake! Pay your debt!

By her sons that hold the deep, Nerves at strain and sinews tense, Sleepless-eyed that ye may sleep Girdled in a fast defence; By her sons that face the fire Where the battle-lines are set-Give your country her desire! Pay your debt!

He that, leaving child and wife In our keeping, unafraid, Goes to dare the deadly strife, Shall he see his trust betrayed? Shall he come again and find Hollow cheeks and eyelids wet? Guard them as your kith and kind! Pay your debt!

Sirs, we should be shamed indeed If the bitter cry for bread, Children's cries in cruel need, Rose and fell uncomforted! Ah, but since the patriot glow Burns in English bosoms yet, Twice and thrice ye will, I know, Pay your debt!

0.8.

A DETERMINED ISLAND.

III. August 19th.

During this season of splendid weather you may be sure that we in Totland Bay have not been idle. We swim, men, women and children, and we perform great feats of diving from the moored rafts which the authorities have kindly provided for that purpose. And we toil off on the but this plea the sergeant at once put aside. I have thereusual picnic parties and inhale great draughts of health as we lie on our backs on the heather-clad slopes of the hill. But even while we pursue these simple pleasures our thoughts are with the great warships in their ceaseless vigil in the North Sea or with the gallant fellows who slipped away under cover of the night and are now taking their place in the fighting line with our French and Belgian friends. England, too, it seems, can perform a great | Totland and land at Lymington. All is at last well. operation of war on sea and land, and can do it with a swiftness, a precision and a silence that no other nation could surpass. So we hold our heads high and are proud to reckon ourselves the fellow-countrymen of Jellicoe and KITCHENER. We have begun well. May we have strength and resolution to endure without faltering to

I am glad to say that the sewing brigade, which I mentioned in my last, shows an ever-increasing activity. Rather too hot a playground for holiday-makers just now.

All good female Islanders are busy about the manufacture of pyjamas for the soldiery. One of the marks of patriotism amongst our ladies is the possession of a pair of pyjama legs. No picnic party is complete without them. When the men light their cigarettes the women bring out their pyjamas and add stitch upon stitch. Pyjama legs are awkward things in a breeze, being apt to flap about. but they are resolutely tucked round arms or otherwise restrained, and the needle continues its deft work in spite of all difficulties. Pyjama jackets, too, are of course made in the proper number, but they are not so dramatic in their movements as the legs, and I have not noticed them so

I revert once more to Kitchener's triumphant feat in transporting our army to France. We are not very far from Southampton, whence some of the troops must have sailed, but beyond the merest vague rumours we heard nothing. One lady, a fortnight ago, had word from some one that a Belgian padre had seen trucks full of British soldiers in Belgium. A gentleman had heard from a school friend of his daughter that motor-'buses of the General Omnibus Company had been seen in Brussels in all their bravery of scarlet, apparently bound (if their painted announcements might be trusted) for Cricklewood via Brussels with a full complement of soldiery and stores. Another lady knew, she said, that her nephew, an officer, had already sailed for an unknown destination. These were the reports, and they left us all guessing.

I am still in trouble about my tame alien, the children's maid, Maria Hasewitz. Her permit, obtained at Newport with some labour, authorises her to reside at Totland, but not to move more than five miles from the limits of that place. Having decided to leave Totland with family and household on Monday I have suddenly been brought up against the stone wall of Maria's alienship. It was obviously necessary to secure permission for this forlorn German girl to travel home with us. The idea of dropping Maria into the sea five miles from here could not be entertained, in spite of the fact that she is technically an enemy. So I applied, stating the facts, to the Chief Constable, who, with a promptitude and a courtesy which I desire to acknowledge, sent a sergeant to interview me. Struggling against that sense of general and undefined guilt which the propinquity of a police officer always inspires and striving to assume an air of frank and confident honesty, I approached the sergeant and learnt from him that, this being a prohibited area, the Chief Constable could not give the required permission to travel without the express authority of the Home Secretary, to whom he begged to refer me. I urged that it would be a profound relief to the Chief Constable to get rid even of an alien so harmless as Maria; fore written to the Home Secretary. If he refuses I wonder what will happen to Maria.

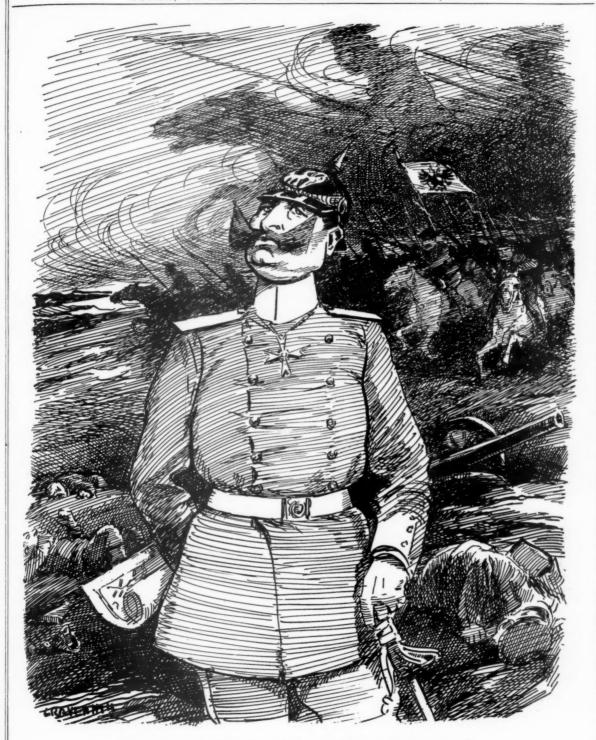
P.S.—The Home Office has replied authorising Maria to embark at Ryde and land at Portsmouth. This is like telling a Londoner to embark at Hull and land at Bristol on his way to Windsor. I have telegraphed.

Later.—The Home Office permits Maria to embark at

R. C. L.

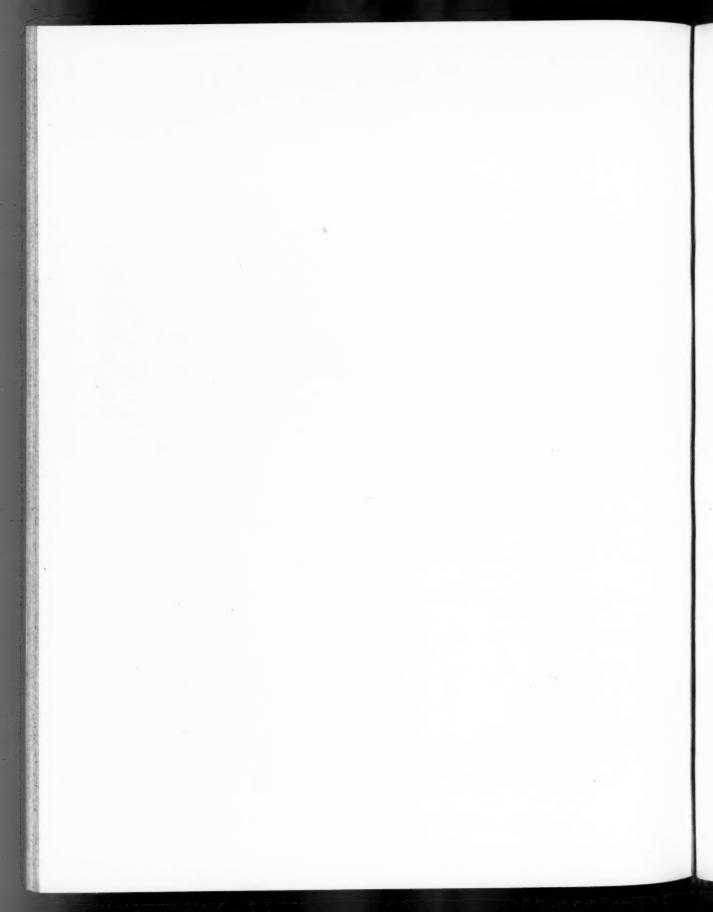
Extract from "Notes from an Alsatian Valley" in Chambers' Journal :-

"As a last word about this charming country, may I point out its advantages as a holiday playground? It offers attractions of many kinds to the sportsman. The climate . . remains singularly warm right up to the end of October."



THE COMING OF THE COSSACKS.

WILHELM II. "WHAT IS THIS DISTANT RUMBLING THAT I HEAR? DOUBTLESS THE PLAUDITS OF MY PEOPLE!"





Zealous Policeman (on German Spy duty, having got motorist's name and address, etc., and received, in answer to his further question, "And is this lady your wife?" a torrent of oaths very much in the vernacular). "Oh! PASS ALONG; YOU'RE A BRITISHER ALL RIGHT.

THE NEW NEWS.

WHILE cordially endorsing all the deserved tributes that have lately been paid to the tact and loyalty of our daily Press, we venture to express a hope that the practice of printing every kind of contradictory war report will pecially was never in better form. not become of universal application to other forms of intelligence.

Imagine, for example, being confronted with this kind of thing in the Cricket specials :-

KENT V. LANCASHIRE.

THE GREAT MATCH BEGUN.

A telegram from Canterbury, dated 11 A.M., Aug 18th, states that the great match has actually begun. No details are given.

AMAZING LANCASTRIAN VICTORY.

Rumour's Agency learns that the entirely overcome; no fewer than fortythree of the home side have been dismissed for sixteen runs. Twenty-nine that Woolley has resigned. wickets fell before lunch.

transmission].—The team has arrived am able to send you definite informaticating Italy's sympathy.

in Canterbury. Captain TROUGHTON, in tion. Amidst a scene of breathless ena stirring address, pointed out that thusiasm the two Captains prepared to hostilities had been forced upon the toss. A roar of cheering soon aftercounty, which however would not be wards proclaimed that the coin had found unprepared. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the team, who are in capital health. WOOLLEY es-

STARTLING REPORT.

A private telegram received in Liverpool states that SHARP took seventeen wickets for no runs in eleven minutes. Up to the time of going to press this had not been officially confirmed.

Dover .- No credence is attached here to the reported success of Lancashire. It is pointed out that in any case the figures given must be greatly overestimated, not more than eleven men being employed on either side. Most probably the casualties include both umpires and spectators, and these resistance of Kent has everywhere been losses would have no real effect on the

Manchester .- It is confirmed here

Canterbury, noon, Aug. 18. (From Maidstone, Aug. 19. [Delayed in our Special Correspondent.] - At last I

declared in favour of-

Message breaks off here and has evidently been censored.]

Folkestone unofficial wires state that at lunch the scores stood-Kent all out 463: Lancashire 14 for 2 wickets (both taken by Woolley).

STOP PRESS.

The Press Bureau have just issued a statement that no play has yet been possible in the Kent v. Lancashire match on account of rain.

"Pingoism in Japan may be matched by Jingoism here."—Pittsburgh Press.

Pingoism should be carefully distinguished from pongoism.

"SILENCE OF THE BRITISH VIRGIL. The awful silence of the British virgil in the North Sea is unbroken still." Newcastle Daily Journal.

We are glad to see our old friend VIRGIL spoken of as British. It is, no doubt, the writer's forcible way of in-

OUR WAR MAP.

I HAVE bought a war map. My newspaper told me to, and I did. It came vesterday with a host of little coloured flags on pins.

Helen and I surveyed it critically. "Why, it's only an ordinary map of Europe," she said disgustedly.

"It won't be," I said, "when we've stuck the flags in."

I removed a picture and pinned the map to the wall.

"First of all there's Belgrade," I

"Where?" asked Helen eagerly. "Er, er-somewhere round here, I

know. . . . I do believe they 've forgotten to put it in. . . ."

Gladys (who is only ten) found it for us eventually, and we arranged a very fine battle there with a river in between.

The Meuse was easier. We infested its banks with our hosts and fixed a splendid array of troops all along the Franco-German frontier. invaded Germany and Austria from the other side with several Russian armies and put some local troops to meet them. Without boasting, I think I may say the result was very pretty. But to our dismay we found we had a must fight somewhere.

"You can't keep all those troops have another prod." idle," she said. "Look at the waste of good material."

"That's true," I admitted.

"Perhaps my newspaper can help."

It did indeed contain enough rumours of battles to dispose of all our flags and a few dozen besides, but at the same time it urged me to accept unofficial statements with the greatest reserve. Mr. F. E. Smith, it declared (it was a Liberal print; such are the vicissitudes of war) was the only reliable authority. Helen and I decided we could accept information from him alone. But Mr. Sмітн gave us no help. I was worried for the moment, I admit; here were all these armies left in the envelope with nowhere to go to.

Then I had an inspiration such as comes to a man but seldom in a lifetime. The Fates should decide.

I pushed the furniture out of the way, led Helen to the other side of the room, blindfolded her, and thrust a British army into her hand.

room without looking and stick it A MILLION OF YOU."



German Bird, "I SEE IT DOESN'T SAY ANY-THING ABOUT EAGLES.

somewhere on the map," I explained. "Scandinavia and the Peninsula are number of armies left. Helen said they out of bounds until we hear further from the Kaiser. If you hit them you world knows nothing. I can rely on

Helen planted her army near Moscow.

the North Sea. The game was very exciting while it lasted. I consider that I won it by placing a French force in the environs of Vienna, an extraordinarily good move. My newspaper would have been glad of the suggestion, I am sure.
Gladys was handicapped by her

height, but, taking everything into consideration, I think she arranged some quite nice struggles in Sicily and the

I took a Servian flag and planted it in

Principality of Monaco.

Wilkinson came in after dinner. He collects the latest rumours and edits them really well. Usually Helen and I find it wise to accept all his statements without a murmur, but vesterday I disagreed with him.

"I'm sorry," I said gently, "but I don't think you've got things quite right. This is more like the position of things at present," and I waved my arm in the direction of our war map.

When at last he regained speech he made some remarks which might have given offence to people less sure of themselves than I.

"No," I said, "I do know the flags of the nations, and so does my wife. But I must beg you to keep that map a secret. You see, I have a friend in the inner circle who has given me some information of which the outside your discretion, I am sure."

"Of course, my dear fellow." He seemed dazed and strangely silent. He had one long last look at the map and departed muttering to himself: "A Belgian fleet off the Outer Hebrides! French troops in Nijni Novgorod!! A Montenegrin squadron menacing

Mitylene!!!'

It is strange how strong the force of habit is. I went to the City as usual to-day. At lunch I met Collins, who told me he had it on very good authority that there was an Austrian fleet bombarding the forts along the Mersey and that a combined force of French and Russians had crossed the Dutch frontier from Arnheim and was advancing on

I hurried home to record these new developments on my map, and was compelled, through shortage of flags, to displace the Servian fleet from the North Sea and Gladys's Belgian contingent from Monte Carlo.



The Hohenzollern (megaphonically). "TAKE COURAGE, MY "The idea is to walk across the BRAVE GERMANS. YOUR KAISER IS PREPARED TO SACRIFICE

Another Impending Apology.

"500,000 copies of 'With the Flag to Pretoria' were sold a few days after publication and thousands were disappointed."—Advt.

IN THE CITY.

Because beneath grev Northern skies Some grey hulls heave and fall, The merchants sell their merchandisa All just as usual:

Our cargoes sail for man's content The same as vesterday And war-risk's down to 2 per cent ...

The underwriters say.

The clerks they sit with page and pen And fill the desks a row. Because outside of Cuxhaven There's them to make it so: We go to lunch, as natural, From one o'clock till two, Because outside of Kiel Canal There's those that let us do.

We check and add our pass-books up Or keep our weekly Boards Unhampered by the works of Krupp And all the KAISER'S swords; At five o'clock we have our tea And catch our usual bus-So thank the LORD for those at sea Who guard the likes of us.

THE COWARDLY CONSUMERS CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY.

The C.C.C.C. has been formed to provide for the wants of unpatriotic or panic-stricken persons in all parts of

WRITE TO US TO-DAY.

WE HAVE MADE COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

A FULL DINNER-TABLE FOR YOU WHILE OTHERS STARVE.

Hors D'ŒUVRES .- Ensure your hors d'œuvres by allowing us to turn your bath into a sardine tank. Your basement too should make an excellent oyster bed. We would flood it for you. Sours.—The mock turtles we supply

are quite tame, and while waiting to be made into soup should keep your children amused. We also deliver Salted Oxtail by the furlong. Send for patterns.

Fish.—Try one of our Frozen Whales

Joints.—Sheep-folds (with sheep) supplied at shortest notice to fit your tennis court, or you might order one of our Handy Styes, which have accommodation for half-a-dozen pigs (congenial company) and are suitable for erection in a corner of any flat or private residence.

Sweets .- Our "one ton" plum puddings placed in position on your premises by our own cranes.

READ OUR TESTIMONIALS. A Grateful Customer writes : _ " Your trans-



London Hawker (addressing obvious Teuton). "Wear yer flag, Sir."

formation of my boudoir into a hen-pen is quite admirable, and enables us to face the future with complete calm. As your circular reminds us, one feels more comfortable about one's country when one is safe oneself.'

Another writes :- " Many thanks for prompt attention. The night-nursery makes an ex cellent cow-house, and the two cows used the passenger-lift with perfect success."

WRITE US FOR QUOTATIONS and assure your fish course for the next FOR ANY QUANTITY OF PROVISIONS REQUIRED.

> So long as the order is large enough we will execute it. No orders for less value than £50 accepted.

> > Special Notice.

Our Hoarding Department has prepared a neat stocking capable of holding 750 sovereigns. Please ask to see one.

All goods are delivered in our own heavily armoured pantechnicons.

A charming miniature White Feather, suitable for personal adornment, will be presented to all customers.

Take no notice whatever of any warnings in the newspapers not to buy largely. Think of yourselves. It is only you who matter. Buy now; buy quantities.

From the regulations governing special constables :

"A special constable guilty of misconduct may be suspended from duty, and, if so suspended, shall forthwith give up his warrant card, truncheon, armlet, and whistle to the police officer suspending him.'

What tune must he whistle to him?

"Admiral Jellicoe has a reputation for thoroughness in the naval service, but a story which shows his kindly nature was told to me to-day (says 'F.' in the 'Citizen'). A defence boom was being constructed at Sheerness, and the admiral was dissatisfied with it. He told the officer in command of some defects, and said it was not so good as the boom at Ports-mouth."

We feel sure there must be even better stories about him than this.

"THEY ALSO SERVE."

JEREMY threw away the stump of his another one.

"Where's the economy of giving up smoking when you've got lots of eigars in the house?" he asked.

says you ought to?"

"The Vicar. He only smokes one non-throat cigarette a day himself. I told him he ought to give that up, but he said it was different. I say, it will want rather a large soldier for that I arrested a man this morning.' shirt, won't it?" He sat on the arm "Jeremy, and you never told of his wife's chair and began to play with the sleeve.

"Jeremy, can't you find something

to do?"

" Yes." He went out and returned with his golf clubs, which he began to polish lovingly. "I think I shall have rate it was I who had the belt and the a special constable." a round to-morrow. If Francis Drake note-book." played bowls when the Spanish Fleet was in sight, I don't see why Jeremy German Fleet is out of sight.'

"I thought you said you weren't going to till the war was over?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't. Golf Haverley police-station together. Englishman to be fit just now.'

you like it."

Jeremy looked up at her in surprise. "Really," he said, "I don't see why I shouldn't like doing my duty."

"Oh, Jeremy!" sighed his wife, "You know I didn't mean that."

"I know exactly what you meant." He dropped his clubs and began to pace the room. "You're filled with the idea that the only way a man can serve his country is by doing something he absolutely detests. That's why you made me a special constable." He constable! Me!"

"Darling, it was your own idea

entirely.'

"You said to yourself, 'There are men who would make excellent special men with a lust for gore, great powerful Haverley, and when we were nearly men who have learnt ju-jitsu. But the home again he left me. I mean I enough sacrifice. The men we want more in it than that." are the quiet, the mild, the inoffensive, the butterflies of life, the men who kiss to him. would simply loathe being special constables, the men who would be entirely in on him this evening and made him a crisis," he said. "Subject for hisuseless at it '-and, having said this sign the pledge."

to yourself, you looked round and you saw me."

Mrs. Jeremy smiled and shook her after-dinner cigar and began to light head at her husband, sighed again, and

returned to her work. "And so now I 'm a special constable, and I wear a belt and a truncheon, and what good do I do? Baby loves it, I "Oh, Jeremy," said his wife, "who admit that; Baby admires me immensely. When Nurse says, 'If you're not a good girl the special constable will be after you, Baby shrieks with delight. But officially, in the village, I am useless . . . Oh but I forgot,

"Jeremy, and you never told me!"

said Mrs. Jeremy excitedly.

"Well, I wasn't quite sure at the time whether I arrested him or he arrested me. But in the clearer light of evening I see that it was really I who was doing the arresting. At any

"Was it a German spy?"

"No, it was old Jack, rather drunk. Smith shouldn't play golf when the I arrested him for being intoxicated on a bridge—the one over the brook, you know, by Claytons. He put his arm round my neck and we started for the keeps us fit, and it is the duty of every didn't want to go to the police-station, because it's three miles off, but Jack "But you really play golf because insisted. . . . He had me tight by the neck. I couldn't even make a note."

"Wasn't he afraid of your trun-

cheon?"

"My darling, one couldn't hit old Jack with a truncheon; he's such a jolly old boy when he 's sober." Jeremy played nervously with his wife's scissors, and added, "Besides he was doing things with the truncheon himself."

"What sort of things?"

"Conducting the Marseillaise chiefly -we marched along in time to it. stopped and glared at her. "A special A smile spread slowly over Jeremy's face as the scene came back to him. "It must have looked splendid."
"How dared he?" said Mrs. Jeremy

indignantly.

"Oh, well, if you make your husband constables—men with red faces and a special constable you must expect angry moustaches who take naturally these things. I consoled myself with to ordering other people about, men the thought that I was doing my duty who instinctively push their way into . . . and that there was nobody about. the middle of a row when they see one, You see, we made a détour and missed fact that they'd all rather like it shows released him. You know, I'm not that it can't really be their duty to what I call a good special constable. join; they wouldn't be making a big I did what I could, but there must be

Mrs. Jeremy looked up and blew a

"However," he went on, "I dropped

"Well, there you are; you have done

some good."

"Yes, but I hadn't got my truncheon on then. I spoke as Jeremy Smith, Esq." He put a brassey to his shoulder and said, "Bang," and went on, "I should be no good at all at the front, and Lord KITCHENER would be no good trying to paint my water-colours, but all the same I scored an inner last night, The scene at the range when it got about that the President had scored an inner was one of wild enthusiasm. When the news is flashed to Berlin it will give the GERMAN EMPEROR pause. Do you know that the most unpatriotic thing you can do is to make shirts for the wounded, when there are lots of poor women in the village who'd be only too glad of the job? Like little Miss Merton. And yet you think to get out of it by making your husband

Mrs. Jeremy put down her work and went over to her husband and knelt

by his chair.

"Do you know," she said, taking his hands in hers, "that there isn't a man, woman or child in this village who is idle or neglected or forgotten? That those who wanted to enlist have been encouraged and told how to, and that those who didn't want to have been shown other ways of helping? That it's all been done without any fuss or high-falutin or busy-bodying, and chiefly because of an absurd husband of mine who never talks seriously about anything, but somehow manages to make everybody else willing and goodtempered?"

"Is that a fact?" said Jeremy,

rather pleased.

"It is. And this absurd husband didn't understand how much he was helping, and he had an idea that he ought to do something thoroughly uncomfortable, so he ordered a truncheon and gave up golf and made himself quite miserable and then put it all on to his wife."

"Well, why didn't you stop me?"

said Jeremy helplessly.

"I wasn't going to be a drag on you; if you'd volunteered for a submarine I should have said nothing."

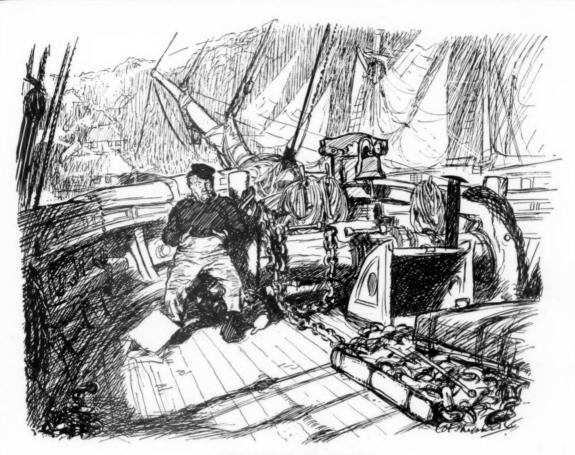
"I should be useless in a submarine," said Jeremy thoughtfully; "I should only fall over the white mice. But I really thought you wantedthen," he cried happily, "I might play golf to-morrow, you think?"

"I wish you would," said Mrs.

Jeremy.

Jeremy took up his brassey and addressed an imaginary ball.

"Sir Jeremy Smith playing golf in A. A. M. torical picture."



A DESPERATE MEASURE.

West Country Skipper (stationary in small Cornish port and ignorant of our Navy's control of the sea). "IF I PUTS OUT AN' GOES EAST I BE SUNK BY T' GERMANS, AN' IF I GOES SOUTH I BE SUNK BY T' AUSTRIA-'UNGRIANS. IT DU SEEM AS 'OW I WERE BEST TO BIDE WHERE I BE AN' GI' T' OLD SHIP A COAT O' PAAINT!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

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asunder, I being taken away to cope with the Germans and you being left at the predatory attacks of our landlady. I imagine you would like to know how you are what we refer to as a something civilian. You must forgive us, Bill; life of the mobilized Territorial.

tessellated floor of a public hall? Has between battles. it ever washed itself in an enamel mug?

and yet it doesn't seem to suffer much I hope I looked like a soldier as I a complete bath.

things are going with me, but please with my chest out and my eyes right, don't trouble to answer, for I don't in I only got as far as the Infants School the least want to know how things are going with you. No one does, my boy; was foregathered. Here we spent our some shady nook about the human it is one of the too few pleasures in the most formidable of these was un-wasted space by not utilizing the inside Has that rosy, well-groomed body a faint heart when I think of myself something or other. A combination of yours ever sought repose on the darning my socks in off moments sword and razor would also be an

From the Infants School we went to of its bed? No, nor had mine before; war station, some thirty miles away. in all, and from there we joined the

harm from the experience. What is stepped out, but I felt more like a My dear Bill, —It is now upwards more, we are beginning to find scope general stores with all my stock of a fortnight since we were torn for little luxuries even in this narrow hanging in my shop window. Next compass; there are mess tins, for time I do this sort of thing I'm going instance, of the larger sort in which to have a row of pegs on my back and home to protect our property against one may, with a little ingenuity, have an extra storey in my head-gear for oddments. There is no denying that When I set off last Tuesday week, the whole arrangement is an efficient one, the only failure being the cellar equipment. It seems to me that the time, the hundred odd of us, getting body where one's drinking water could together the necessaries of life: the be kept cool. Also I think they have doubtedly the housewife. I confess to of one's field-glasses for the carriage of economy.

We increased in numbers as we pro-Has it ever set out on a round of visits the Town Hall to join the Battalion, gressed. At our war-station we joined with luggage limited to 35 lbs., inclusive and the thousand of us marched to our the Brigade, making us four thousand



HOW WE SAVED THE HARVEST AT SLOSHINGTON-ON-SEA.

Division, becoming about sixteen thou- was the order. "Eh?" was the re- and the trimming of their excrescences. be some limit to the capacity of these human. "Where are the other lads?" with less shouting and fuss than is system of train-eatching however is worth mentioning.

Section Commanders were told to have their section ready by six-thirty. That was the order issued by us Lieutenants responsible for half-companies. We had been told to be ready by seven o'clock, under a threat of Hence the margin of half an hour. We took our orders from our Captains, who had them from the Majors, who had them from the Adjutant, who had them from the C.O., who had them from the Brigadier, who had them from goodness knows where. Every rank is prepared to be shot, if need be, but

margin before instructing his inferior. The Brigadier came round this morn-

desires, if possible, not to have it happen

at dawn; so each officer, taking his order from his superior, puts on his

sand. If we go on at this pace, we sponse. "Where is the guard?" asked What a fall from our intellectual shall be getting into the millions soon, the flushed suite. "A dunno," said heights! But so it is with us, Bill; if and then I think somebody's meals T. B. The suite was inclined to be must be overlooked. There's bound to fussy, but our Brigadier is essentially organizing people, although it certainly hasn't appeared yet. They moved our Brigade two hundred miles by train with no particular enthusiasm. The Brigadier and his staff made as if to usual with the single British family enter. "'Ere, you," called T. B., now mobilising for its seaside resort. Their galvanized into activity, "you can't go in theer," and he barred the way. We have since been lectured on the elements of military ceremonial, but at the same time we have been asked to volunteer doubts as to how T. B. and his sort comedian who used to declare as execution on the following dawn confident of their manner towards the glorious old country of ours shall Brown, was overheard calling, "Hi, to turn out and see the troops off." Mr. Brown, d'Arcy wants ver.

an intimation from Private Cox that some and magnificent crew, need have now is my opportunity to see his bare no fear about the homes they leave feet. A fortnight ago I might have behind them. hesitated to accept this kind invitation; to-day I insist upon his bringing them along at once. In fact, my hobby in life is other people's feet; I have fitted ing to have a look at a guard. He a hundred pairs of them with socks found our one and only T. B. Ponks and with boots, and I have assisted per- The object is to find if there are any doing sentry. "Turn out the guard," sonally at the pricking of their blisters without grease on their hair.

we can once get those boys' feet in sound marching order, all the nice problems of the human soul which we used to canvass may go to the -- But I suppose that I must reserve that word for military use.

By the way, when the battalion was asked to volunteer, the men only raised one point. They didn't trouble themselves about the work or the risk of it, but they wondered whether anybody really would look after their homes and dependants when the excitement had as a unit for the fighting line if need died down a little. Their scepticism I think the Brigadier has his may be due to a certain music-hall will impress the Allies, but feels quite follows :- "And if, gentlemen, this enemy. It was the same T. B. who, be- ever be involved in war, I know, I say, ing sent by the magnificent Lieutenant gentlemen, that I know, there is not a d'Arcy to summon Lance - Corporal man in this hall to-night who will fail

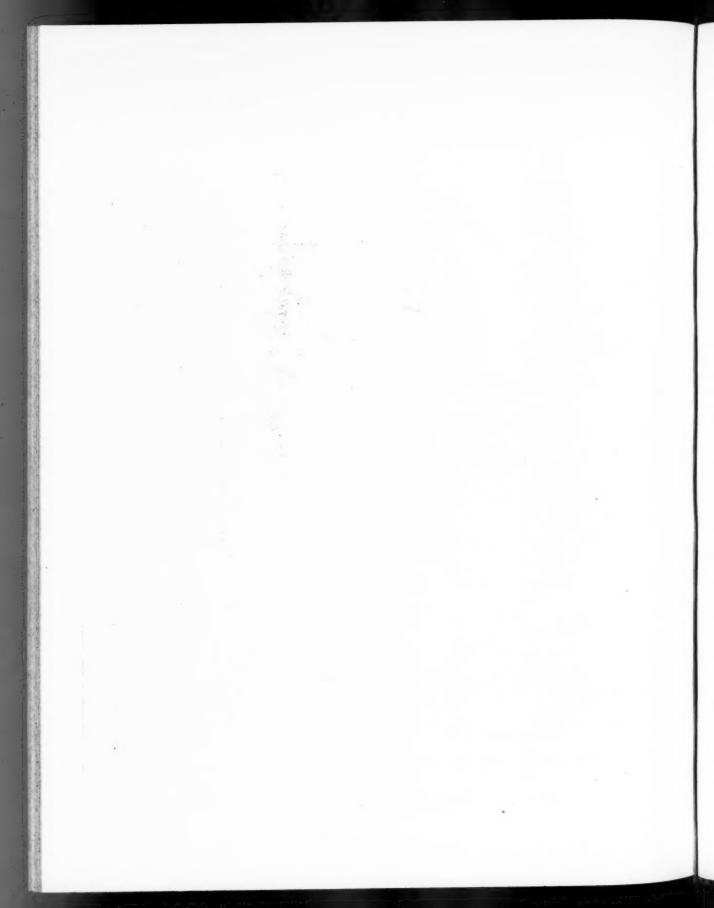
But to-day things are different, and I must break off here, for I have had these boys of ours, a noisy, trouble-

Yours ever.

"WANTED .- Girls to sort nuts." Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."



FELINE AMENITIES.

THANKS to the courtesy of the Editor we are able to publish the following selections from the stories about cats sent in for the prize competition organised by The Scottish Meckly. The first received a complete edition of the sermons of Dr. Angus McHuish, the second a mounted photograph of Sir Nicholson Roberts, and the third a superb simulation gold pencil-case.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A WILD CAT.

Here is a true story of a wild stray cat which I hope may interest your readers. Some years ago I lived with my parents (my father being a retired manufacturer of artificial eyes) on the banks of the river Dodder, near Dundrum. In the back-garden there was an old summer-house, where we used to store cabbages, disused kippers, Carlsbad plums and other odds and ends, and here a stray cat took up his abode in an empty porter cask during the latter part of January, 1901. He was of some rare breed and very beautiful in appearance-a blend between a marmadillo and a young loofah-but so savage that no one dared to touch him. During the cold months of the year we placed bottles of stout in the summerhouse for him, the corks of which he drew with his claws, which were remarkably long. In the summer-time he used to forage for himself, subsisting mainly on roach, with an occasional conger-eel which he caught in the Dodder. One day early in April, 1902, the cat-whom we called Beethoven, because of his indulgence in moonlight fantasias-came to the back door mewing, and on opening the door my father found that it had lost an eye-probably in a fight-and evidently wished him to supply the loss artificially, which he did. I have never heard a cat purr so loudly as Beethoven did on that occasion. After that he completely lost his shyness and became quite one of the family, singing in the choir on Sundays and contributing to the larder during the week by his skill as a fisherman. He lived with us until a few months ago, when he unhappily died through inadvertently swallowing a cork. He is buried in our garden, and on the stone are inscribed the following lines composed by my mother-

Here lies Beethoven in his grave, No earthly power could him save; An envious cork blocked up his breath And that was how he met his death,

MRS. PULLAR LEGGE. Marine Villas, Brondesbury.

CAT OR CHAMELEON? Piffles was a splendid pink Circassian | The Oaks, Long Boughton.



THE MISFORTUNE OF WAR.

Tired Tim. "'ERE, I DON'T ARE LIKE THE LOOK O' THIS, BILL." Work-shy Willy. "No, More Don't I, MATE. Cuss that there Kaiser!"

perfect in colour and shape, with glorious topaz eyes. But the extraordinary thing about him was a gift that he had for changing his colour. Thus my uncle, an old Anglo-Indian who always drank a bottle of Madeira after dinner, declared that from 10 P.M. onwards Piffles invariably seemed to him to be a bright crimson with green spots. Another peculiarity of Piffles was that he always followed the guns out shooting, and used to retrieve birds from the most difficult places. He practically ruled the household, took the boys back to school after the holidays, attended family prayers, and was learning to play the pianola when he was unfortunately killed by a crocodile which escaped from a travelling menagerie.

(MISS) IVY WAGG.

A FELINE PRACTICAL JOKER.

Last year I had a cat who, whenever she was offended, used to go to my bedroom and throw various articles out of the window. I was constantly finding purses, powder-puffs, artificial teeth, safety-pins, hymn-books, etc., on the lawn, and never suspected the culprit until she was caught in the act.

She also had a habit of sitting on the top of the front door and dropping golf-balls on the head of the postman, whom, either for his red hair or his Radical opinions, she disliked bitterly.

She would eat and drink anything, including ice-pudding and green Chartreuse, and was always peculiarly cheerful on Thursday evenings, when The Scottish Meckly reaches our house.

D. Monk Howson.

Steep Bank, Grogport.

THE SCRATCH HANDICAP.

"What do you do?" asked Charles, "when people want you to play lawntennis?

"Sometimes I play," I said. "Sometimes I send Sophonisba. Sometimes round next Saturday afternoon,' they used for landing trout in the spring, I tell them that my head-keeper is say, 'we shall be expecting you,' and and they told me I could get it reaway and I am obliged to look after pass rapidly into the night before I can strung. I said I had no shoes, and the lop-ears. What happens to you?"

"Well, you know what lawn-tennis is like nowadays. In the bygone butter- ache," I reminded him.

pat era I could hold my own with the best of them. Golf had hardly come in, and when one wasn't playing cricket, and the spilliken set had been mislaid, and tiddley-winks was voted too rough, a couple of sets or so was rather fun. Soft un-dulating courts, very hard to keep a footing on, and plenty of sticks and leaves to assist one's screws, and patches of casual whiting here and there so that you could say that it wasn't a fault but hit the line. Now all that is changed. Panther - limbed, hawk - eyed young persons leap about the lawn dressed in white from top to toe. They play on fast and level lawns, entirely circumscribed by a kind of deep-sea trawling apparatus. They want you to hit hard and well. I have only two strokes when I hit hard. One of them pierces the bottom of the seine or drag - net fixed across the fairway, the other brings the man round from the next-door garden but two to say that his cucumbers are catching cold. And then I do not understand their terms. What is a 'fore-hand drive'? It sounds like the

you put on top spin? Do you wind had been asked to play in a tourna- last stroke I played. When I served that your racquet round and round the ball ment, and at dinner the next evening service they laughed at me again, but and then pull it away suddenly, or I sat next to the girl who ought to when I ran to the net they ceased to what? And cross-volleys—what in the have been my partner in the mixed laugh. They said they could easily find world are they?'

own volleys are the best-tempered little always want to play golf. I think the the remainder of the afternoon. Indeed, chaps alive. But, hang it! no one can best thing is to go once and trust to they were quite firm about it." force you to play lawn-tennis if you one's own skill not to be asked again. don't want to.

just the point. They do. They say to time. me, 'You play golf and cricket; of course you can play tennis. Easiest suppose when they've sewn up the net thing in the world.' Swish! swish! and bought new balls——" they go, making a ferocious cross-hand

top-lead from baulk with their um- with a dreamy smile. "You know the brellas. 'That's how to do it. You'll Jenkinsons. You know how keen they soon get into the way of the stroke.' are on tennis and how proud of their 'That's just what I'm afraid of,' I court. I did everything I could to save say, leaping nervously on to the them, but they would have me. I said table. But it's no good. 'Come I had no racquet except the one I had



"BETTER 'AVE ONE AND READ ABOUT IT NOW, SIR; IT MIGHT BE

coaching Marathon. And how do "I did that once," said Charles. "I "I was unwounded; but that was the handicaps, and we had meringues, someone else to complete the four. "Goodness knows," I said. "My No, it isn't safe, and besides one might They pressed me to sit and watch for Anyhow, I don't believe the Jenkinsons it your face that frightened them in the "Can't they?" said Charles. "That's will give me another invitation for some blue cap?"

"What happened?" I asked. "I swered gently, "as my feet."

"No, it wasn't that," he answered, "in my brown golf shoes."

they told me any shoes would do. "One can always have a sick head- I couldn't tell them I had no flannels. because they wouldn't have believed

me. So I went. I wore an old blue cricket cap on the back of my head: I wore long white trousers not turned up, and I wore brown shoes.'

"And your racquet?" I asked.

"I borrowed a real tennis - racquet," replied Charles; "one of those narrow, rather wistful-looking things, with a kink in its head. I thought it would complete the languid artistic effect and help to convince them. It had rained a good deal in the morning, and I rather hoped we might spend the time looking at the conservatory and have muffins for tea. But no. When I reached the house I found that they had decided to play. They laughed at me a good deal, of course -at my cap, and my racquet, and my trousers, and my brown shoes. When we had taken up our stations in the arena they told me I was to serve first. I sent the ball high up into the air underhand and ran swiftly to the net." He paused melodramatically.

"Go on," I said. "Was it the solar plexus or the

"No," he answered sadly,

"I don't understand," I said. "Was

"Not so much my face," he an-

"What was the matter with them?" "There are big nails," he said softly,



Trooper, "Come on behind here and travel with US, Jim!" Jim (from horse-box). "Not much. None of your third-class for ME."

FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

with men, there is one branch of literalove poem by a woman, or, at any rate, a love poem which takes the woman's point of view. Probably many of the most cherished sentimental songs which like this:wake the echoes of the drawing-room and conservatory are the work of women; but they write as men. It is always the masculine aspect which is set before the public; the beloved is always feminine. And yet marriage statistics show that precisely as many men have married as women. But during the preliminary period of exalted emotion any love poetry that was written was written by the men.

Surely, as the advancement of woman lowing any less perfect? proceeds, and she adds territory upon territory to her kingdom, she will redress the balance and write love poetry too.

A very few changes in certain of the classic lyrics indicate how near the two It is a strange thing that, much as varieties of love pooms can be: male women have entered the writing lists and female. Thus, why should not "he" as well as "she have dwelt away Mrs. Browning and Christina not "he" have walked in beauty like Rossetti and you will scarcely find a the night? Poe wrote magically about ANNABEL LEE; why should not one of a dissyllable. his female relatives, for example, have written in a similar strain? Something

> It was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the sea, That a gentleman lived whom you may know By the name of Hannibal Lee And this gentleman lived with no other thought Than to love and be loved by me.

Women must see to it that men do not have it all their own way for ever. LANDOR was moved to a perfect lyric by love of Rose Aylmer. Is the fol-

Ah! what avails the sceptred race? Ah! what the form divine? What every virtue, every grace? George Aylmer, all were thine.

George Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes May weep, but never see A night of memories and sighs I consecrate to thee.

George is of course not the only name, ture which they rarely attempt. Take among untrodden ways? Why should nor is Aylmer. The adaptrix, however, must be careful that the Christian name is a monosyllable and the other

> Again, in the following feminine version of a Shakspearean song the name is subject to alteration :-

Who is Bertie? What is he That all the girls commend him? Handsome, brave and wise is he; The heavens such grace did lend him That he might admired be.

Examples might be adduced from many poets, but two more will suffice. A female Tennyson might have begun a song in the following terms :-

It is the youthful miller, And he is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the pencil That trembles on his ear: For 'midst his curls by day and night I'd touch his neck so warm and white.

Finally, let us look at the very prince

his most famous songs might as well have been written of swains as maidens. natural way in the world lassie becomes laddie, and Mary, Harry :-

Go, fetch to me a cup o' tea, And take it from a silver caddie, That I may drink a health to thee, A service to my bonnie laddie! The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, The ship rides by the Berwick-Law, And I maun leave my bonnie Harry.

Is that injured by the change? Not a bit. And here is another in which we have successfully introduced a variation of the original name:-

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west, For there the bonnie laddie lives, The laddie I lo'e best. There wild woods grow, and rivers row By mony a fleecy flock, But day and night my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jock.

After reading these famous stanzas in their amended form our women poets may perhaps take heart and emulate them: to the immense delight of their fiancés, who like to be wooed as well as to woo, and have never shied very much at adulation.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

III.—THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY.

For weeks past the press boxing contest between Smasher Mike and the famous heavy-weight cham- left hook to the jaw. pion, Mauler Mills, for a purse of £20,000 and enormous side stakes. hundred to one. Photographs of the Mauler in every conceivable attitude had been published daily, together with portraits of his wife, his two children, his four maiden aunts and the pink-eyed opossum which he regarded as his mas- by a fraudulent executor, who had his reading, his amusements and his opinions on war, divorce, the clergy and kindred subjects, testified to the extraordinary interest taken by the public in the titanic struggle.

But with regard to Smasher Mike the newspapers were at a loss. The Daily Flash indeed declared him to be the Sir Ernest Scrivener, but the provison of a popular Cabinet Minister, and dential discovery that the latter was

of love poets-Robbie Burns. Two of Daily Rocket, on the other hand, de-been their implacable and relentless scriped him as a herculean docker, discovered and trained by a syndicate of kidnap Lady Margaret had only been Here is one in which in the most wealthy Americans, and issued photographs of Tilbury Station, Plymouth Hos and the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour. The fact remained that the identity of the daring challenger was a well-kept secret.

Mauler Mills was too experienced a pugilist to be perturbed by the mystery surrounding his adversary. The stakes had been handed in, and the purse of asked. "You look blue." £20,000, in one pound-notes, had formed a full-page illustration in The Trumpet, with a photo of the Mauler eating gooseberries inset. Content with this knowledge, he trained faithfully and bitterly. "That is the result, and that well, treated the interviewers with great is what stands between me and starvacourtesy, and publicly announced that tion." His voice broke, "And-and

Burglar (to his mate). "SEE WOT PEOPLE GITS FUR BEIN' UN-PATRIOTIC! IT'S A PURE TREAT TO GIVE THESE 'ERE GOLD 'OARDERS

had discussed little but the coming | Smasher Mike would be knocked out | behind him, and a small hand stole into early in the third round by means of a

The betting on Mauler Mills was a

Young Lord Tamerton was in desperate straits. The estate to which he had succeeded at the age of ten had been administered during his minority cot. Full descriptions of his training absconded to South America with his day by day, with details of his diet, ill-gotten wealth. Matters had since gone steadily from bad to worse, and the young peer was now face to face with utter ruin.

An effort had been made to retrieve the family fortunes by the marriage of his sister, the beautiful Lady Margaret Tamerton, to her cousin, the wealthy triumphantly published photographs of Downing Street, the Woolsack, the Ladies' Gallery and Black Rod. The

enemy, and his desperate attempt to frustrated by the skill and courage of the famous athlete, Ralph Wonderson,

Lord Tamerton was seated at a grand piano, playing Bach and moodily re. flecting on these matters, when Ralph Wonderson himself entered the room, vaulting lightly over piano and performer as he did so.

"What's the matter, Fred?" he

Lord Tamerton dramatically threw £8 4s. 6d. on the table.

"This morning I pawned the Island Cup, which you won for us," he said

between Madge and starvation," he added.

Ralph laughed gaily. "I'm not rich," he said, "and if I were I don't suppose you'd accept money from me. But I came here purposely to put you in the way of making it. Wager as heavily as you can on Smasher Mike. The odds are a hundred to one against him. I can introduce you to a man who will consider your name sufficient security for a loan of £5,000. That will bring you in £500,000, which should secure you at any rate from absolute privation. As for little Madge-well, I have a bare £8,000 a year, but

A light step was heard

"I would marry you," said Lady Margaret, "I would marry you if it were only £7,000."

As the lovers gazed fondly into each other's eyes, a sinister figure emerged from the grand piano and slipped out noiselessly through the open door.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Sad Case of Cannibalism by Robert.

"Milton scarcely heard her. He was too intent upon wondering how Robert came to be dining tête-à-tête with the one-time Adeline Goodrin, and—if the truth be told—upon that amazing woman, herself." " Daily Mail" feuillcton.

From Chemistry of Plant Products:-

"D'Arbamont concludes that starch, and presumably also sugar, may or may not be essential for the formation of chlorophyll."

We came to the same conclusion long



Excited Veteran. "THE ALLIES WILL PROBABLY REACH HERE

AND THEN SWEEP ROUND WITH A SUDDEN FLANKING MOVE-MENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The heroine of Alberta and the Others (Sidgwick and Jackson) was the eldest of an orphaned family of girls and boys who were finding life a little boring in an English village; and when an unexpected legacy made her mistress there. Naturally, from the circumstances of their start and the giddy altitude of Alberta's hopes, you will be prepared for its being, to some extent at least, a story of disillusion. and general outlook of the daughter of an Oxford don will no doubt differ considerably from that of a Canadian-born lishers say, "in high spirits throughout," and having, I fancy, just this much fiction mingled with its obvious fact, that it ends with a general pairing off and the prospect served in a similar connection, "a number considerably I liked it much. above the average that statistics have laid down for our guidance." But at least it is the amende honorable to the Land of Promise.

From the cover of A Tail of Gold (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I gather with respectful interest that its author, Mr. DAVID HENNESSEY, recently won four hundred pounds with another story in open competition. I did not read the story in question, but in view of its satisfactory financial result I may be permitted to express a hope that it was considerably better work than the present volume. Let me be entirely fair. of a couple of town lots in a place called Sunshine, in A Tail of Gold has some pictures of Australian mining life Western Canada, nothing would content her but to emigrate that are not without interest; but I am bound to add that with the whole tribe—reinforced by a delightful Aunt Mary a careful and sympathetic perusal has failed to disclose any and an animal known as the Meritorious Cat—to the Land other reason for its existence. The plot, so far as there is of Promise. The book is the history of how they got on one, concerns the chequered career of a certain Major Smart, who seems to have been by no means all that a major should be. Amongst other unpleasing peculiarities, he was apparently possessed of a fetish that brought misfortune or Miss Madge S. Smith, who wrote it, says that it is all death to all who were associated with him. These results true; and indeed there is much in the tale that stamps it were in the main involuntary; but it is only just to add as the outcome of personal experience. This being so, I that Smart was not above assisting nature to take her could wish that her attitude in the matter had been a little course. Thus, some years before the opening of the story, less uncompromisingly English. In many ways the language he had deliberately buried one poor lady alive in a cave containing sulphide of mercury. Never ask me why. am as muddled by this as I am over his further conduct in inhabitant of a prairie township; but that is no good reason leaving with the corpse every possible clue in the way of for assuming an air of patronage. However, this defect, letters and ciphers that could bring his guilt home to him. though it exists, is not so pronounced as to spoil one's In any ordinary novel he would have been convicted in a enjoyment of an entertaining record, written, as the public few chapters; but A Tail of Gold wags (if I may use the term) so leisurely, and its action is so much impeded by false starts and repetitions and general haphazardness, that there is no telling how long it might not have continued of three weddings-which seems, as Lady Bracknell ob- but for the limitations of volume form. No, I can't pretend

> Madame Albanesi, in The Cap of Youth (Hutchinson), cannot be accused of excessive kindness to her own sex, for



THE NORTH SEA PERIL.

"BY JOVE, I PITY THE GERMANS IF SHE GETS HOLD OF 'EM!"

the charming women of the book are almost snuffed out by to be paid for Icading an adventurous life, and showed not two poisonous females, Lady Bollington and Lady Catherine Childern. Indeed these ladies are a little too much of a bad I have not any great desire to meet him in the flesh. It thing, and, not for the first time, I am left thinking how wonderfully Madame Albanesi's novels might be improved should have been dragged in by the heels. If fatuous if she could persuade herself to bestow an occasional virtue clerics are worth any novelist's attention they certainly are upon her wicked characters. The heroine, Virginia, escaped from the hands of one of the pair only to fall under the thumb of the other. I must admit, however, that Lady Catherine had some reason to be angry at having Virginia suddenly dumped upon her as a derelict daughter-in-law. Why Brian Chiltern married in haste and then left his wife to endure such impossible conditions you must find out for yourself, but I fancy you will agree that his delicacy of feeling amounted to sheer stupidity. Nevertheless this story is bound to be popular, and I should have had no complaint to make if I did not feel that its author has it in her to do better work.

Even readers to whom American humour is generally a little indigestible may glean some smiles from Penrod (Hodder and Stoughton), provided that it is taken in small doses and not in the lump. If this book were to be considered a study of the normal American boy I should cry with vigour, "Save me from the breed," but as a fanciful account of a thorough and egregious imp of mischief I can, within limits, offer my congratulations to Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON. The triumph of *Penrod* lies in the fact that, although he brought woe and tribulation to his relations and exasperated his friends to the point of insanity, it is nevertheless impossible to suppress an affection for him. Ofttimes and hard his father chastised him with rods, but Penrod merely accepted these beatings as the price that had

the smallest signs of repentance. Yes, I like Penrod, though grieves me, however, that such a character as Mr. Kinosling not worth Mr. TARKINGTON'S, and the only effect Mr. Kinosling had upon me was to fortify my conviction that it is far easier to begin a book of humour than to finish it.

EN PASSANT.

LOUD swells the roar of traffic in the street, The motor-buses rumble on and wind Their plaintive warnings as they come behind Faint folk who dally, dazed by summer heat; The reckless taxis seem a deal too fleet To country cousins nervously inclined, And raucous news-boys fret the curious mind With spicy rumours of the foe's defeat.

But suddenly a hush falls everywhere: Stopp'd is each taxi with its languid load, And, as the City's silence deeper grows, Only a barrel-organ churns the air While Peggy (in the middle of the road) Pauses to put some powder on her nose!

Mr. Chaplin as an Apache.

"RETIREMENT OF MR. HENRY CHAPLIN. SAFETY OF THE STREETS." The Times.

CHARIVARIA.

place in Germany when the news of our participation in the War reached French fashions. that country. Seeing that we had merely been asked to allow our friends gratuitous.

We hear, by the way, that the Germans, who hold Kiao-chau on a long

holders' Protection Societies all over the world to intervene in defence of their interests.

We understand that a new version of the Kaiser's famous "Yellow Peril" cartoon (it bore the inscription, "Nations of Europe, protect your property!") is in preparation at Tokio, in which a jaundiced Kaiser is delineated as the Yellow Peril.

Those persons who complain that the Allies are too frequently on the defensive forget that it is very difficult to be as offensive as the Germans.

The report that among the troops which entered Brussels was a bear dressed up in infamous taste to represent the King of the BELGIANS is denied in Germany. It is quite possible that he was merely one of the Prussian officers.

The Giornale d'Italia re- DEUTSCH? ports that, at a meeting of

to agree to a truce pending the elec- makes his case so sad. tion of a new Pope. It is thought, however, that the KAISER will refuse

It is rumoured that WILHELM II. has competition of the bigger war. despatched all his British uniforms to KING GEORGE. This, anyhow, should not wish to disgrace them.

The temptation to call the Kaiser names is, of course, almost irresistible, but we are rather surprised to come across the following head-lines in our movement is better still. serious contemporary, The Observer :-

"BRUSSELS-AND AFTER. THE GERMAN SWEEP,"

the social horrors of the War. The tary authorities. In Berlin, no doubt, REPORTS still continue to come in as Teuton journal Manufakturist is now this will be taken to signify that our to the outbursts of rage which took prophesying that one of its results heavy cavalry mounts are giving out. will be the substitution of German for

The title of "The King of Prussia," to be robbed and murdered, our inter- one of the oldest licensed houses at to keep the news from the KAISER.

ference is looked upon as peculiarly Barnet, is to be altered. Every effort, we understand, is being made in Germany People must not come down too taking the view that hunting men ought lease, appealed unsuccessfully to Lease- heavily on Keir Hardie. We honestly now to devote their entire attention to more important matters. WARNING them walk!"



["Special constables who can speak German are particularly required,"—Daily paper.]

Special Constable (having cornered his man). "Sprechen Sie eutsch?" Suspect. "Nein! Nein!"

cardinals held at Rome, it was decided believe that he honestly believes that distinguished ally. to issue an appeal to the belligerents his little views are right. That's what

announced, has ended. It is supposed employer (a merchant with a strain to have been unable to stand the of German blood in his veins) quite even such a reasonable request as this. announced, has ended. It is supposed

There appears to be considerable be remembered to his credit. He did difference of opinion as to whether those persons who are in want of a holiday should take it as usual or not. years as well." The "Take your Change" movement may be quite right for women and children; but the "Leave your Change"

> According to The Evening News three elephants have been requisitioned from This is like none of our friends.

There would seem to be no end to the Zoo at the White City by the mili-

The Committee of the Masters of the Foxhounds Association have decided that, while regular hunting will be impossible, they consider it would be most prejudicial to the country in general if it were allowed to lapse altogether. In this, we understand, the Committee and the foxes do not see eye to eye, the latter

> "GERMANS DRIVEN BACK FROM ANTWERP read an indignant old lady. "Driven, indeed!" she exclaimed; "I'd have made

The statement issued to the Press by Messrs. Sutton AND Sons to the effect that large supplies of bulbs from Holland are now being delivered at Reading in as good a condition as ever has, we hear, had a distinctly steadying effect on country at large.

From Hoylake comes the news that certain persons who live in a street there called Prussia Road have petitioned the Urban District Council for a change of name and it is rumoured that the Council, with a view to saving the ratepayers' pockets, have hit upon the ingenious idea of obliterating the first letter only of the present namethereby also paying a welldeserved compliment to a

A clerk who left a month ago for a week in lovely Lucerne and has only The Dominican Revolution, it is just been able to get back found his angry. "I have half a mind to dismiss you for exceeding your leave," he said. "However, you are useful to me. Only please understand that you have now had your holiday for the next three

> "A sow has given birth to a freak of nature. The animal's face is almost human in appearance, it has neither eyes nor nostrils, but a nose like a fish.'

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

THE AVENGERS.

(To our Soldiers in the field.)

Not only that your cause is just and right—
This much was never doubted; war or play,
We go with clean hands into any fight;
That is our English way;—

Not this high thought alone shall brace your thews To trample under heel those Vandal hordes Who laugh when blood of mother and babe imbrues Their damnéd craven swords

But here must be hot passion, white of flame,
Pure hate of this unutterable wrong,
Sheer wrath for Christendom so sunk in shame,
To make you trebly strong.

These smoking hearths of fair and peaceful lands,
This recking trail of deeds abhorred of Hell,
They cry aloud for vengeance at your hands,
Ruthless and swift and fell.

Strike, then—and spare not—for the innocent dead Who lie there, stark beneath the weeping skies, As though you saw your dearest in their stead Butchered before your eyes.

And though the guiltless pay for others' guilt
Who preached these brute ideals in camp and Court;
Though lives of brave and gentle foes be spilt,
That loathe this coward sport;

On each, without distinction, worst or best,
Fouled by a nation's crime, one doom must fall;
Be you its instrument, and leave the rest
To God, the Judge of all.

Let it be said of you, when sounds at length
Over the final field the victor's strain:—
"They struck at infamy with all their strength,
And earth is clean again!"
O. S.

HOW GERMANY CAME OFF.

(Extracts from a diary kept at intervals by a very special correspondent in the Dardanelles.)

GOEBEN arrives Dardanelles. Announcement of sale to

Turkey and of disembarcation of German crew.

Goeben still in Dardanelles. Having been disposed of to

Goeben still in Dardanelles. Having been disposed of to Turkey, the ship again disembarced her crew.

Goeben continuing in Dardanelles, the disembarcation of German crew, which was completed three days ago and again yesterday, began again to-day and was carried out successfully.

The Goeben still being at anchor in the Dardanelles, it was decided to carry out a disembarcation of her German crew on a scale surpassing all previous efforts.

The Gozben continues in the Dardanelles. Owing to the remarkable expertness which her crew has acquired, it was possible to carry out three disembarcations this afternoon. The officer commanding, indeed, proposes shortly to issue a challenge to ships of all nationalities for the Open Disembarcation Championship of the World.

The Goeben remains in the Dardanelles. In response to a pressing request from great masses of the Turkish population, who have been unable before to witness the ceremony, it has been decided again to disembark the German crew, and, beginning to-morrow at 10 A.M., the impressive spectacle

will be gone through at regular intervals of an hour throughout the day. All the railway companies have announced cheap excursions, and there can be no doubt that these disembarcations will easily surpass all earlier ones.

The German crew of the Goeben are agitating for an eight-hour day.

Instructions having reached the crew of the Goeben to return to Germany, a magnificent Farewell Disembarcation took place last night. At its conclusion sympathisers presented an illuminated address bearing the following inscription: "To the crew of the Goeben on the occasion of their final disembarcation before leaving for the Fatherland."

Later.—Arrival of the crew of the Goeben at Kiel. Great popular enthusiasm. Kaiser orders a Special Disembarcation to take place before entire Fleet, a duplicate cruiser (in the regretable absence of the Goeben) being lent for the purpose.

THE TRUCE.

Peace reigns in the club-house on the links. The young men have nearly all gone, and Morris, our veteran "plus two" member, who generally only condescends to go round with the pro. and one or two choice players, is eager for a match with anyone. Only you must play for five shillings for his wife's branch of the Red Cross Society.

In the smoke-room over our pipes—cigars are considered wasteful and bad form—the old conversational warriors look at one another. I glance across at Sellars, a member of that loathsome, I should say highly admirable, institution, the National Liberal Club. It is not six weeks since I denounced him as a pestilent traitor because he demanded, for some reason that escapes me, the blockade of a city called Belfast. And, if I remember, he alluded to me as a traitorous tamperer with the Army. But now I praise the admirable patriotism of John Redmond; I eulogise the financial genius of Lloyd George; I grow fervid as I rhapsodise about Winston.

Then Selfars interposes, "My dear fellow, why do you forget the splendid abnegation of Sir Edward Carson? As for Lloyd George he may have done well, but hasn't he Austen at his elbow all the time? Talk about Winston if you like, but, after all, he has only muzzled the German fleet. F. E. Smith has done a far more wonderful thing. He has muzzled the British Press."

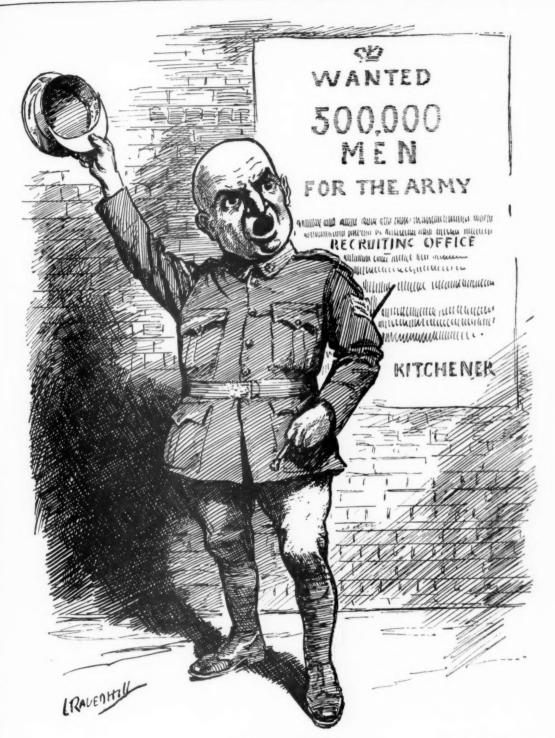
Peace! It is wonderful. Only at the back of my mind there is one sad thought which I strive to put away from me. Suppose a General Election comes whilst the war is still on. I, as a patriot, shall have to vote for the splendid Government. It will be Sellars' duty and joy to support our splendid Opposition. And, if we all act in the same way, we shall have those wretched — what funny slips one's pen makes! — those adorable Radicals back in power for another five years.

But when the war is over and we see a free Europe I promise myself one reward. The night when peace is proclaimed I shall seek out Sellars and tell him just what I think about Lloyd George; and I haven't the slightest doubt that he will celebrate the occasion by some venomous abuse of Bonar Law.

You see at present we are handicapped; we are just Englishmen.

Another Impending Apology.

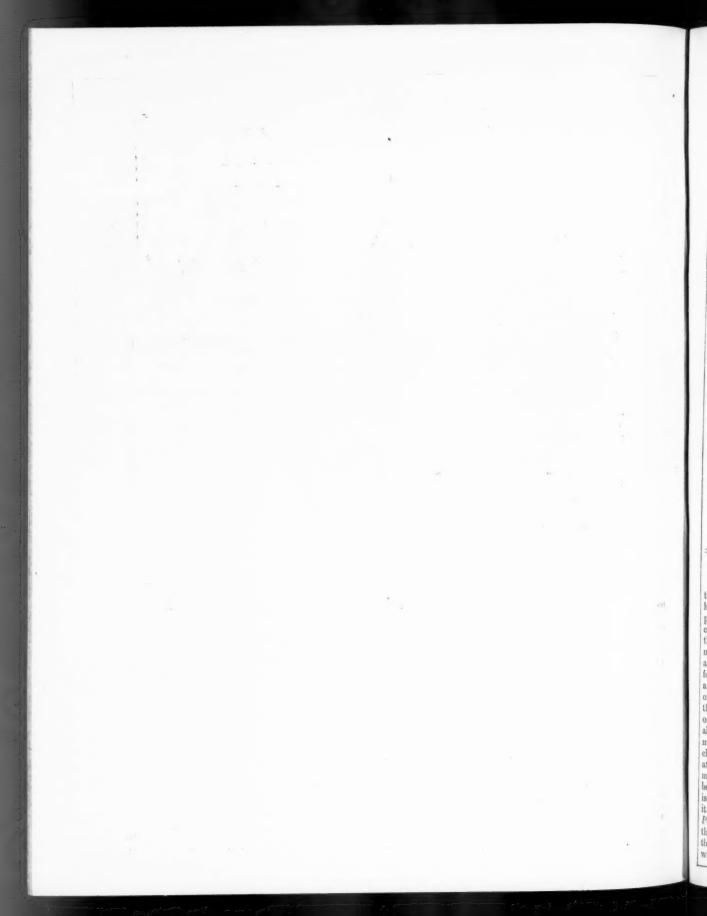
"The first editor of Golfing was Mr. Thomas Marlowe, who is now editor of the Daily Mail. On the other hand, there have been several editors of Golfing who have since risen to positions of distinction."—Golfing



TO ARMS!

I

RECRUITING-SERGEANT PUNCH. "NOW, MY LADS, YOUR COUNTRY WANTS YOU. WHO'S FOR THE FRONT?"





UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

- "Now mind, Mary, if a sentry asks you who you are, you must immediately answer, 'Friend."
- "YES, 'M, BUT WHAT AM I TO SAY IF HE ASKS ME HOW BABY IS?"

THE ATTACK ON CERMAN TRADE,

Those mistaken persons who maintain that "music has no frontiers" have been sharply rebuked by the the season by expelling all German music from their programmes. It is all very well to say that this is confounding the Germany that we honour on the highest patriotic grounds, and although the ban has been partially removed since the season began, it is clearly indicated that this conciliatory attitude will only last so long as the main German fleet continues to skulk it be understood that Tschaikowski's Pathétique Symphony will be worn threadbare by nightly repetition sooner

caused the scratching (at the very last exotic features in our programmes to moment) of the SCHUMANN concerto.

meets the eye. If all German music is patriotic action of the management of eliminated there are bound to be procertain concerts, who boldly opened digious gaps which must be filled up somehow. Very well. The result can only be a new state of activity in the home composing industry. This is no time for giving away secrets, but perand admire with the Germany of the haps we may be allowed to say that the than enough. The step has been taken on the highest natriotic grounds and Royal of Trade of the highest natriotic grounds and Royal of Trade of Tra Board of Trade can only mean that he too is taking his part in a comprehensive and well-considered plan for making war on German industries. Now is the time for the native producer to get to work. Germany must once and for all The allies should come to a better behind the defences of Kiel. If there be ousted from this market. There need is any aggressive movement, then let be no difficulty in obtaining samples, and we look to British industry and enterprise to do the rest.

than that we should have any truck be allowed into this thing. An excepwith Brahms, Wagner or Bach. tion might be made in the case of Italy, Petroleum Company.

Already the occupation of Brussels has but, apart from her, we should limit the the works of our allies in the field. It Of course there is more in it than might give a needed fillip to the national music of Japan.

How it strikes our Contemporaries.

"Yesterday's eclipse of the sun was itself eclipsed by the world shadow. Shortly after noon a large inky blot obscured nearly threequarters of the sun's surface and a violet haze hung over London, but very few people were heeding the phenomenon in the sky.

"Londoners did not permit the war to eclipse the eclipse. The hawkers' cry, 'Smoked glass a penny,' was heard everywhere, and there was a ready sale for the pieces of glass which enabled one to view the darkening of the sun." Daily Mirror.

agreement than this.

"Spies Output Down Again," says a contemporary, and we were just going We are not sure that neutrals should to congratulate the authorities when we discovered that it referred to a

THE FATAL GIFT.

PEOPLE say to me sometimes, "Oh, you know Woolman, don't you? I acknowledge that I do, and, after the silence that always ensues. I add, "If you want to say anything against him, please go on." You can almost hear the sigh of relief that goes up. "I thought he was a friend of yours." they say cheerfully. "But, of course, ifand then they begin.

I think it is time I explained my supposed friendship for Ernest Merrowby Woolman-confound him.

The affair began in a taxicab two years ago. Andrew had been dining with me that night: we walked out to where to go, and Andrew stepped in, waved good-bye to me from the window, and sat down suddenly upon something hard. He drew it from beneath him, and found it was an extremely massive (and quite new) silver cigar-case. He put it in his pocket with the intention of giving it to the driver when he got out, but quite naturally forgot. Next morning he found it on his dressingtable. So he put it in his pocket again, meaning to leave it at Scotland Yard on his way to the City.

Next morning it was on his dressing-

table again.

This went on for some days. After a week or so Andrew saw that it was hopeless to try to get a cigar-case back to Scotland Yard in this casual sort of way; it must be taken there deliberately by somebody who had a morning to spare and was willing to devote it to this special purpose. He placed the case, therefore, prominently on a small table in the dining-room to await the more subtly, and he placed it in my occasion; calling also the attention of his family to it, as an excuse for an outing when they were not otherwise engaged.

At times he used to say, "I must really take that cigar-case to Scotland Yard to-morrow."

At other times he would say, "Someto Scotland Yard to-day.

And so the weeks rolled on . . It was about a year later that I first have dined with the Andrews several times without noticing the cigar-case, for some simple information which I not exactly carelessly; it was too heavy for that.

"Why didn't you tell me," I said, "that you had stood for Parliament and that your supporters had consoled you with a large piece of plate? Hallo, they've put the wrong initials on it. How unbusiness-like."

"Oh, that?" said Andrew, "Is it still there?'

"Why not? It's quite a solid little table. But you haven't explained why your constituents, who must have seen your name on hundreds of posters, thought your initials were E. M. W."

Andrew explained. "Then it isn't yours at all?" I said in amazement.

"Of course not."

"But, my dear man, this is theft. Stealing by finding, they call it. You could get "-I looked at him almost with admiration—"you could get two years for this;" and I weighed the cigar-case in my hand. "I believe you're the only one of my friends who the cab-rank together; I told the driver could be certain of two years," I went on musingly. "Let's sea, there's-

"Nonsense," said Andrew uneasily. "But still, perhaps I'd better take it back to Scotland Yard to-morrow."

"And tell them you've kept it for a year? They'd run you in at once. No. what you want to do is to get rid him. He was pushing, familiar, everyof it without their knowledge. But thing that I disliked. All my friends how—that's the question. You can't give it away because of the initials."

"It's easy enough. I can leave it in another cab, or drop it in the

river.

"Andrew, Andrew," I cried, "you're determined to go to prison! Don't being in possession of stolen goods I you know from all the humorous articles shall be glad to give him any informayou've ever read that, if you try to lose tion. Woolman is generally to be found anything, then you never can? It's leaving my rooms at about 6.30 in the one of the stock remarks one makes to women in the endeavour to keep easily nab him as he steps out. them amused. No, you must think of some more subtle way of disposing of it."

"I'll pretend it's yours," said Andrew

pocket.

"No, you don't," I said. "But I tell you what I will do. I'll take it for a week and see if I can get rid of it. If I can't, I shall give it you back and wash my hands of the whole business --except, of course, for the monthly body must really take that eigar-case letter or whatever it is they allow you at the Scrubls. You may still count on me for that.'

And then the extraordinary thing got mixed up with the thing. I must happened. The next morning I received a letter from a stranger, asking but on this occasion it caught my eye could have given him on a post-card. as we wandered out to join the ladies, And so I should have done-or possiand I picked it up carelessly. Well, bly, I am afraid, have forgotten to answer at all-but for the way that the letter ended up.

> "Yours very truly, ERNEST M. WOOLMAN."

The magic initials! It was a chance not to be missed. I wrote enthusiastically back and asked him to lunch.

He came. I gave him all the information he wanted, and lots more. Whether he was a pleasant sort of person or not I hardly noticed; I was so very pleasant myself.

He returned my enthusiasm. He asked me to dine with him the following week. A little party at the Savov -his birthday, you know.

I accepted gladly. I rolled up at the party with my little present . . . a massive silver cigar-case . . . suitably engraved.

So there you are. He clings to me. He seems to have formed the absurd idea that I am fond of him. A few months after that evening at the Savoy he was married. I was invited to the wedding-confound him. Of course I had to live up to my birthday present; the least I could do was an enormous silver cigar-box (not engraved), which bound me to him still more strongly.

By that time I realised that I hated wondered how I had become so intimate

with him . .

Well, now they know. And the original E.M. W., if he has the sense to read this article, knows. If he cares to prosecute Ernest Merrowby Woolman for evening, and a smart detective could

A. A. M.

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

DEAR maiden of the sunny head And cheeks of coral hue, The lips of rarest ruby red, The eyes of Oxford blue. And other charms I've left unsaid . . . Ah, how I envy you!

Heedless of half a world at war You neither strive nor cry; Though danger knocks at England's door

There's laughter in your sky: You ask not what she's fighting for, Nor reck the reason why.

You little guess, you never will, The force that nerves this fist To toil away for you until My mind is like a mist; The lack of money for the mill, The growing dearth of grist.

Ah, since amid a world grown wild, And horrors still half told, Peace has her palace round you piled, By all the gods I hold You are a very lucky child, My little Nine-months-old.

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Officer Commanding Squad (about to cross Waterloo Bridge). "'Alt! Break step! Large columns of troops when crossin' bridges is commanded to 'break step' so that the unison of their tread may not dangerously threaten the sterbility OF THE BRIDGE.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE FORCE.

"I want to enrol myself as a Special the Conqueror arrived." Constable," I said to the man in mufti behind the desk.

remarked. "The Police Station is next door. This is a steam laundry.

A minute later I began again :-

"I want to enrol myself as a Steam Laund-that is to say, as a Special Constable."

"Certainly, Sir," said the Inspector in charge. "Your name and address?"

I opened my cigarette-case and placed a card on the desk.

"The name of the house is pro-nounced Song Soocce," I said, "not, as spelt, Sans Souci."

The Inspector handed me back the in a book.

"I must ask if you are a British man form fours?" subject?" he inquired.

super-British," I replied. "There is pick it up. And please state at what motor-car to arrive any minute; and I

a tradition in my family that my hours of the day you would be preancestors were on Hastings Pier when pared to take duty.

with squad drill?"

used in the Force."

form fours-and so on?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but life before I'm due on the links. what did you call that?"

"Just a moment," said the Ins

"Squad drill, Sir."

card. It was a cigarette-picture representing the proper method of banturn, I turn to the right; left turn, I circular. "You will see that it will be daging a displaced knee-cap. I rectified turn to the left; about turn, I turn just necessary for you to perform four conthe error, and he entered the information about, but not quite; form fours, I secutive hours' duty form-excuse me, but how does one

"Well," I said, "I've practically "Thank you. That will be all." nothing to do from the time I get up—
"You don't want me to give half-past ten—until mid-day. I could "Well, don't let me stop you," he references, one of which must be a also manage to spare half-an-hour beclergyman or a J.P.? You don't tween afternoon-tea and dinner. And require me to state previous experience, I could just drop in here about eleven if any, or any details of that sort?" at night to see if things were going "Oh, no," he answered. "That'll be all right. You are no doubt familiar fetch me a bull's-eye lantern, a lifepreserver, a bullet-proof tunic, some "Splendid! I had no idea it was indiarubber boots, a revolver, and a letter of introduction to some of the "Right turn-left turn-about turn most skilful cooks in the neighbourhood I can put in one crowded hour of joyous

"Just a moment," said the Inspector. "I don't want to discourage you, but "O-o-h! I thought you said 'quad- kindly cast your eye over these para-

"Good heavens," I exclaimed, "I don't think I shall be able to manage "There will, of course, be others," that. I'm in the middle of an im-"You might almost describe me as replied the Inspector. "You'll soon portant jig-saw; I'm expecting a new

have a slight head-cold. However, if my country calls me, I will see what can be arranged."

I noticed the Inspector's look of admiration at my bull-dog resolution, circular.

"I see," I said, "that we are each supplied with 'one armlet.' What's an armlet?"

"A badge that goes round your arm." "Of course! How stupid of me! Just like a bracelet goes round one'sgoes-no, that doesn't either. I can't think of a simile, but I quite understand. Then we have 'one whistle.' What's that for? To whistle on if I feel lonely?"

"To summon assistance if you should

require it."

get a new one when the original's worn out?"

The Inspector thought there would tout ensemble. be no difficulty in my getting rewhistled.

"'One truncheon," I continued. "That, of course, is to trunch with. One truncheon, though, seems rather niggardly. I should prefer two, one in each hand. 'One note-book'—is that attention; we call a halt at the base mained amiable but on the defensive. for autographs and original contributions from my brother Specials?"

and details of cases," explained the have arrived. The next development ally. Boy Scouts are as tactful as they Inspector. "For instance, if, when on is up to him. duty, you saw Jack Johnson committing a breach of the peace you would-'

"Blow my whistle hard-"

"Certainly not. You would take his name and address and note it down." "And if he refused it I could then

whistle for help?'

"No, you would at once arrest him." "What's the earliest possible moment at which it would be etiquette to blow my whistle?"

"When he offered resistance. Then

you could whistle."
"No, I couldn't," I said, "not unless my equipment included one pair of bellows. Do you mean to tell me that I should be expected to arrest a man of infinitely superior physique to my own with no other weapons than one armlet, one whistle, one truncheon and one notebook? Surely I should be allowed to run for the Mayor and get him to read the Riot Act? If not, I can only say a policeman's lot is-

"Not a happy one?" put in the

Inspector.

"I was going to say a policeman's lot is a lot too much. Would you kindly cross my name off your list?"

"I crossed it off some minutes ago," replied the Inspector.

THE WATCH DOGS.

DEAR CHARLES.—Another letter from the back of the front for you. You will so to hide my blushes I perused the be glad to hear that your Terrier is settling down in his temporary kennel and sharpening his teeth in due course. The time will come when you may look your gift dog in the mouth and be not disappointed, we hope, by the view.

We received orders a day or two ago to take up our beds and walk; that is, no, that won't do. Just like a gimlet a couple of officers and a hundred odd of the men were told off to execute a flank movement on a neighbouring township where there is a range, and do our damnedest with the poor old upon the delinquent. So off we went targets. So we put our oddments in to the Rectory, significantly handling our pillow-case, rolled up our bedrooms our hilts and twirling our military into a convenient bundle and trekked. We were assured that we should be "I have an idea that my whistle will be overworked. Shall I be able to back at our base within the week, but we have learnt to take no chances. We have but one form of movement, the say what we wanted but placed myself

It is quite refreshing to step, over a hundred strong, into a village with no pre-arranged scheme of board and lodging. Like every other wanderer in a strange part, we turn first to the his cap, as behoves a gentleman, but policeman. We march towards him not an officer, and the Rector's wife reof his feet, and then, with the courtesy Charles, our position was a hopeless of the gentleman and the brevity of "For noting names and addresses the soldier, we inform him that we and there but for the arrival of the

It is not to him, however, that we owe our temporary rest. It is to that irrepressible and indefatigable unit, the Rector's wife. It was little he had to Boy Scout. Charles, I believe we'd all be lying out in the rain at this moment but for that assistance. The equipment of the Boy Scout on billeting duty consists of a piece of white chalk and a menacing demeanour. Thus armed, he knocks at every likely door, wishes the householder a good morning you are a civilian in affluence, but when and registers on the door-frame the number of men that may be left till called for within, even while the policeman is still endeavouring to explain the international situation and the military exigencies to the slow-thinking rustic. Many formidable obstacles lie in our path, we know, but we are comforted by the thought that the Boy Scout isn't one of them. If, in the next generation, Britain continues to exist as a nation and not as a depôt for the training of waiters in the Berlin Out he went under sentence of death restaurants, then indeed we shall have by slow torture, and there was I left, something to rely on in these adaptable with a thirst such as 1 have never young fellows.

The host upon whom we officers were thrust was quite polite as long as brimming over the top . . . alone, our Boy Scout stood by, but, left to unseen, undiscoverable . . himself, turned out crusty. He was

rather too old to turn into the perfect hotel proprietor all in a minute, and, as he put it, "he couldn't see his way" to do this and that for us. He was prepared to do all he had to do, but no more. Unfortunately we were not as well up in the regulations as our youthful and now departed protector. So we went out and did a bit of billeting on our own. It is an odd experience, this knocking at somebody's door and, upon being asked what one has come for, answering, "To stay." For ourselves we thought that the Rector would be a good man to experiment on. These parsons are used to being victimised and are known not to be too harsh stubbles. But the essence of war is surprise, and it was the Rector's wife who confronted our attack.

I said, upon enquiry, that I couldn't unreservedly in my colleague's hands. I then took a pace to the rear and prepared to retire in good order. Robertson's whole efforts were concentrated on refraining from taking off one and our careers had concluded then are forgiving; he accepted our explanation and apology to himself and he explained for us and apologised to the say, for never was a less reluctant and more efficient billettee. This kind lady has not only made our sojourn one long series of simple luxuries, she has been through the whole of our kit and washed and repaired the lot. Think what you may about the Church when you are a soldier in distress turn to it first for succour.

Lastly, a minor incident of a regretable nature. Halting on the march yesterday for our transport to catch up (our transport is known as Lieutenant Pearson's Circus) I discovered one of our dusty thirsty warriors having made his illegal entrance into a public-house by an emergency door. There he stood with a glisten in his eyes and his hand just about to grasp the pewter pot! before believed to be possible, alone with a pewter pot, with the foam just

> HENRY. Your fallen Friend,



THE LANGUAGE OF THE HOUR.

Irate Lady (firing Parthian shot after marital misunderstanding). "YEB-YER BLOOMIN' OOLAN!"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Autumn publishing season will most of their forthcoming books. Messrs. Odder and Thynne, however, cannot subsist entirely on newspapers, to publish their full programme, which the local golf club. is unusually full of works of interest.

The foremost place in their list is allotted to Principal Toshley Potts's volume of essays, which bear the attractive title of The Hill of Havering. Principal Potts was recently hailed by Sir Nicholson Roberts as "the Scots analogy will, we feel sure, be triumphantly vindicated by the contents of this epoch making work, which by the way is dedicated to Dr. Emery Cawker, of the University of Brashville, Ga.

cance is a volume of poems, entitled book, Nothing Doing, which appeared in pen of Mr. Alan Bodgers, whom Mr. Sir CLEMENT SHORTHOUSE declared undoubtedly be affected by the war, DAVID LYALL, in a three-column article that this talented fictionist combined several firms having decided to withhold in the Penman, recently declared to be the lilt of Frank Smedley (the author the finest lyric poet since Shelley, and of Frank Fairleigh) with the whimsi-Mr. LYALL seldom makes a mistake. cality of BARRIE and the austeremorality being convinced that the reading public Mr. Bodgers, it may be added, is the of Annie Swan. Otherwise we may be sub-editor of the Kilspindie Courant, have with great public spirit resolved and has a handicap of twenty-two at

Very welcome also is the announcement that Professor Hector McGollop has undertaken to edit a series of Manuals of Moral Uplift, to which he will contribute the opening volume on The Art of Unction. Other contributors to the series are Dr. Talisker Dinwiddie, A. C. Benson," and this felicitous Principal Marcus Tonks and the Rev. Bandley Chadd.

In the department of fiction the most remarkable of the novelties promised by Messrs. Odder and Thynne is The Nut's Progress, by Mr. Ewan Straw. It will be remembered that in a four- France seems to have acquired Ger-Another work of outstanding significolumn review of Mr. Straw's last many's spot in the sun.

Kailyard Carols, from the accomplished the Xmas number of the Book Booster, sure the firm of Odder and Thynne would never have published a work with so risky a title.

Perhaps.

Of wolves that wear sheep's clothing The world has long been full, But I've a special loathing For one in Berlin wool.

Although the wool may cover Not more than half the beast, Perhaps when all is over He'll be entirely fleeced.

"MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST TO THE LOUVRE. Sunspot Visible to the Naked Eye."



Ethel (in apprehensive whisper which easily reaches her German governess, to whom she is deeply attached). "Mother, shall we HAVE TO KILL FRÄULEIN?

REASONING IN THE RANKS.

[Several journals have pointed out that the type of recruit now offering himself is in a high degree capable of reasoning and initiative.]

"but why do you say that there is no me. But why right rather than le't?" such thing as left about turn?"

"Because there isn't," said the sergeant-major unsympathetically.

"But, my good man," urged Number 3, "there must be. I've just done it. Why, look here!"

He did it again.

drill-book," said the sergeant-major decision in favour of right I could curtly.

"But," protested Number 3, "you told us yourself only yesterday that very for the total possible commands are footin the drill-book. For instance, there

is no provision for lining a railway major, "and do what you're told. embankment, often, I understand, a Squad! A-bout-

"Now I want any of you who are anything when one will do. It is genepuzzled about anything to ask ques- rally considered that right about turn a neat left about turn. tions about it," said the instructing is enough ways of turning about for

sergeant-major. . . and anon:

"Right about, Number 3 of the front rank! There is no such thing as left about turn. Squad, form——"

"By all means," admitted the recruit generously, "let us be frugal. Frugality is the mainspring of efficiency. "Excuse me," interrupted Number 3, One way of turning about is ample for

> "Because right's right, and that's all there is to it," said the sergeantmajor, who was tiring of the argument.

"Exactly," admitted Number 3, "and left's left, and that leaves us just where we started. Now if the War Office "Such a movement is not in the had tossed up and made a general understand the position. But my impression is that this is not so. Thus, if I were to step off with the right

"Shut your face," said the sergeant-

-Turn!

"There's no use," he said at last old school of stereotyped militarism. weightily, "'avin' two ways of doin' The hour for initiative her arrival of the anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when one will do to the street of the street of the hour for initiative her arrival anything when the street of the street

And by way of protest he executed

GUNS OF VERDUN.

Guns of Verdun point to Metz From the plated parapets; Guns of Metz grin back again O'er the fields of fair Lorraine.

Guns of Metz are long and grey Growling through a summer day; Guns of Verdun, grey and long, Boom an echo of their song.

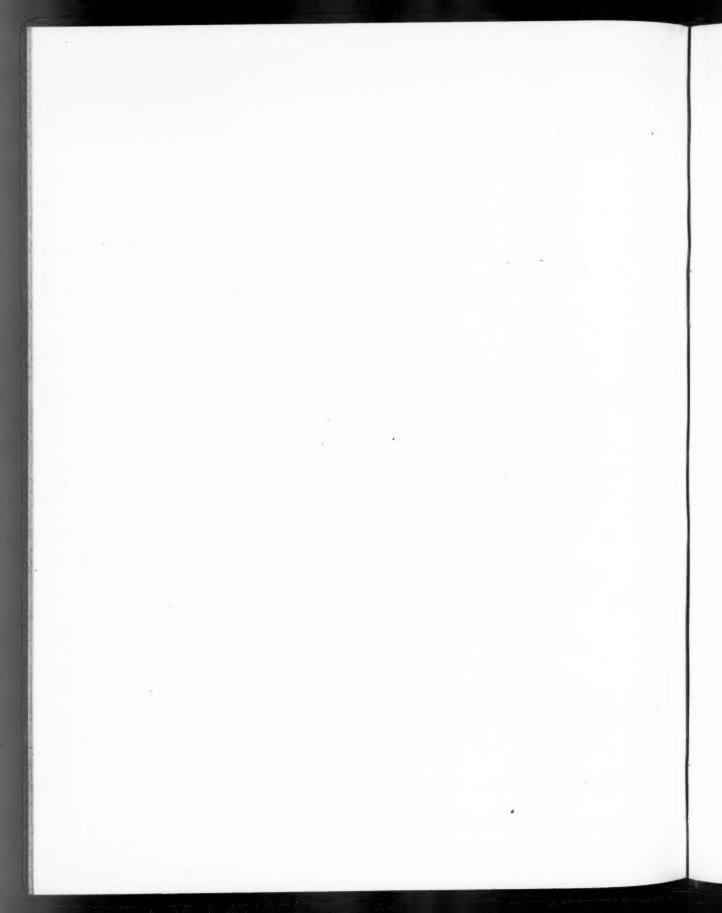
Guns of Metz to Verdun roar, "Sisters, you shall foot the score;" Guns of Verdun say to Metz, "Fear not, for we pay our debts."

Guns of Metz they grumble, "When?" Guns of Verdun answer then, "Sisters, when to guard Lorraine Gunners lay you East again!'



AT THE POST OF HONOUR.

LIBERTY (to Belgium). "TAKE COMFORT. YOUR COURAGE IS VINDICATED; YOUR WRONGS SHALL BE AVENGED."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, Aug. 25. -After fortnight's recess Parliament meets again. Scene mightily changed. At time of adjournment country on brink of war. Now in thick of it.

Contrary to custom interest centred in Chamber at this end of corridor. Man of the moment is the tall stronglyframed figure that enters on stroke of appointed hour and marches with soldierly step to Ministerial Bench. This is KITCHENER, Secretary of State for War, primed with message from the Army which, making its first stand at fices beyond any already demanded will Mons, had a baptism of fire that lasted thirty-six hours.

With characteristic modesty the new Minister seated himself at lower end of Bench. CREWE presently arriving signalled him to come up higher. Accordingly seated himself next to LEADER OF HOUSE. Thence rose at halfpast four to make his maiden speech, a deliverance effected under rarely momentous circumstances. Brought with him one of those "scraps of paper" which the KAISER scorns when they contain such trifling matter as a solemn treaty with a neighbouring nation. On this KITCHENER, more at home on the battlefield than in a place where a man's business is to talk, had written his speech.

It was brief, manly, simple. Made haste to point out that, though associated with the Cabinet, holding high office in the Government, his appearance on the Ministerial Bench did not imply that he belonged to any political party.

"As a soldier," he said, "I have no politics."

House startled to hear him add that his occupation of the post of Secretary of State for War is temporary. Terms of his service are those of the recruits for the new Army. He is engaged to serve during the war. If it lasts longer than three years, then for three years

Faced by grim suggestion that the war just opening may last for three years, a deeper gravity fell over listening House. KITCHENER pre-eminently a man who knows what he is talking about. And here he was in level tones, unruffled manner, taking into account the contingency of the war lasting three years.

That this was no idle conjecture, rather a well-thought-out possibility intelligently provided for, appeared when he went on to describe how the House has with brief intervals been in

Sunday, must necessarily diminish. On the other hand, whilst we have put a comparatively small force afoot, there is behind it, at home and in the Colonies, a vast reserve which, diligently trained and organised, will steadily reinforce the fighting line. In the course of six or seven months there will be a total of thirty divisions, continually kept up to full fighting

Nor was that all. "If," said the soldier-Minister, "the war be protracted, and if its fortune be varied or adverse, exertions and sacri-



ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER." (K. of K.)

be required from the whole nation and Empire."

Ominous words increasing prevalent gloom. At least satisfactory to know that in his official communications KITCHENER will always cheer us by presenting to closest view the worst servience. that has actually happened or is possibly in store.

Business done.—KITCHENER makes repent our decision." his maiden speech.

House of Commons, Wednesday .-No one looking in on House this afternoon would imagine that the country is engaged in an armed fight, issues of which will in one direction or another transform the aspect of Europe. Atmosphere unruffled. usual" the order of the day.

Pretty full attendance considering contingency must be faced. The enemy session since February and meets eloquence like this, delivered with had already brought his full resources again at what in normal times would thrilling force. Bonar Law in equally into the field. It was a maximum which, be period of full recess. PREMIER on brief speech voiced hearty acquies-

after a succession of days like last Treasury Bench at opening of sitting. Having answered a few questions, withdrew to his private room and was no more seen.

LLOYD GEORGE, left in charge, moved through various stages series of emergency measures.

On Currency and Bank Note Bill question of design of new twentyshilling and ten-shilling notes came up. Some disrespectful things said of it. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER admitted its imperfection but pleaded that in the hurried circumstances of the day it was the best that could be done. Exception especially taken on score that the design made forgery easy. Here the CHANCELLOR differed.

"I have been told by an expert in these matters," he said, with the pleased air of one recalling the dictum of a respected friend, "that the plainer the design on a note the more difficult it is to forge it."

All the same the notes are to be called in and replaced.

Business done.—Second reading of Bill giving Government blank cheque for meeting expenses of war carried without debate or division.

Thursday .- PREMIER'S surpassing gift of speech, equally concise and eloquent, never more brilliantly displayed than this afternoon. Proposed Resolution conveying expression of sympathy and admiration for heroic resistance offered by the Belgian Army and people to wanton invasion of their territory. In speech that occupied less than ten minutes in delivery the PREMIER, himself moved to loftiest pitch of righteous indignation, touched deepest feelings of a crowded House.

Referring to Great Britain's intervention in "a quarrel in which it had no direct concern," he pointed out that the country threw away the scabbard only when confronted by necessity of choice between keeping and breaking solemn obligations, between the discharge of a binding trust and a shameless sub-

A deep-throated cheer approved his emphatic declaration, "We do not

Cheers rang forth again when in another fine passage he said, "The Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, even to life itself. We are proud of their alliance and their friend-"Business as ship. We salute them with respect and honour. We are with them heart and soul."

Difficult to follow outburst of genuine

Dohn Redmond, associating Ireland besides, some people are left-handed." war, talked fervidly of what he should besides, some people are left-handed." war, talked fervidly of what he should do for his country if trouble came. I had not liked Hector Swankington the Belgium ten millions as proposed, we with anyone just now, but she was should hand the money over to

her as a free gift, an instalment

of a just debt.

Business done. - More Emergency Bills advanced by stages. Ominous hint of fresh taxation dropped by CHANCELLOR.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE WAR SPIRIT

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,-There was a big party of us at the Clackmannans' Scotch place, Blairbinkie, when all these fearful things began to happen—and now where are we all? The Flummery boys and ever so many more of the party are at the front with their regiments. The Duke of Clackmannan is at the head of the Clackmannan Yeomanry. Norty's gone off to help take care

body who could see things coming dearest! sooner than anybody else it's Norty!

of all my jewels, because it can never people, and nearly got brain-fever.

There was a man in the party at with 'Not approved' scrawled across it. better than any other

stone.

All our first fingers are covered with pricks and look immensely horrid, but we glory in it and won't even put any cold cream on them! As I said yesterday afternoon, when we were all sewing away at flannel, if any woman, I don't care who, offered me her hand and I saw that the first finger was smooth I'd refuse to take it! Beryl must needs weigh in with, "But, my dear Blanche, she wouldn't offer you her left hand! It's the lest forefinger that ge s punished in needlework." "The principle

cence of Opposition in Resolution. is the same," I answered coldly. "And Blairbinkie who, before we were at



GERMAN KAISER. "We are not satisfied with Our mous-

Babs is wild to go to the front, but I Stella, Beryl, Babs and your Blanche say she'd be only a nuisance until she to wear as leader—a ripping scheme, are all back in Town, and when we're knows more about nursing. Someone turned up at one side and with a not taking lessons in nursing we're sewing at flannel. I make Yvonne do my hair quite, quite plainly, and I'm and hindering instead of helping, that giving my jewels to my country. I've during the last war a poor dear in one it at once and report myself somealready given my dear collar of pearls, of the hospitals had his hair parted where or other. Not a word of the I gave that first because I love it best fifty times in an hour by fifty different State recognition I was to receive,

said that, in the event of war, he would raise a troop at his own expense, call it "Swankington's Horse" and lead it himself "wherever the fighting was hottest," I thought I'd not done him justice. So I listened to him and approved and encouraged the plan. And then the storm burst and we all scattered. The other morning I met him in the Park when I was taking my early walk. He asked if I would dine with him some evening at the "Iridescent," and I said it was not a time for dining at restaurants. "No," he agreed, "it certainly isn't now all the French cooks are gone; and what an idiotic idea this is about reducing the number of courses at dinner! Silly rot, I call it!"

I ignored this and asked. "What about 'Swankington's

Horse'?"

of the East coast, and it's lucky to have him helping to protect it and keep watch, for if there's any- always like that—and her hemming, about raising the troop, asked what "Oh! that's all off," he said State recognition I should get, and enclosed a drawing of the hat I meant bunch of feathers. All the answer I got was a few brief words of acknowledgment and a request to set about

> So I've chucked the whole business. And now don't let us talk of that any more!"

> I gave him my freezing look (you've never seen my freezing look, dearest-it's terrible!) and I said with a little calm deadly manner that I very, very seldom use, "I've no wish to talk to you of thator of anything elseever again." And I left

The party at Blairbinkie that scattered almost as soon as it assembled was by way of being a farewell to the old place, for the Clackmannans had virtually sold it to a



FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION.



The Lady of the House. "Just the person I wanted to see. 1've started ten committees in connection with the war Visitor, "MY DEAR! I'VE JUST STARTED TWELVE AND I SIMPLY COUNTED ON YOU!" AND I WANT YOUR HELP."

going to have the old castle taken across in bits and set up again in Pennsylvania; and he was taking all the family portraits, the mausoleum, the old trees in the park and the stags at a valuation, as well as the village itself with all its cottages and people, in order that the castle might have its proper setting out there. There were two more things he wanted included in the bargain-a village idiot and a family ghost ("hereditary spectre," he called it).

Ah, my dear! all this belongs to the happy old days of a hundred years ago, when we were all three or four weeks younger. The man from Pittsburg, so far from being able to buy Blairbinkie,

Josiah is at the uttermost ends of the earth. He went in June, about day about a scheme of mine. Beryl Salisbury's days.

not sure which. I had a cable from more of us are really crack shots, and I him the other day from a place that want to form us into a band of rifleanswer was, "Not anxious. Wherever and we wouldn't let anyone come near! you are you'd better stay there, or you

hardly knows where to look for his that the Bullyon-Boundermere people me. next meal, and as for shipping castles are prisoners on board, and that and trees and mausoleums and village they're making her wash dishes and idiots and family ghosts across the forcing him to work as a stoker or a much closer than in Napoleonic days."

Atlantic he will wishes be could get hullbread or some fearful thing of that Atlantic he only wishes he could get bulkhead or some fearful thing of that himself across, even if he had to work wind! This is not official, my dear, but I give it you for what it's worth.

T.P.'s Weekty.

In the same way the opening of the Panama Canal has made Heligoland

I called a little meeting here yester- much more adjacent than in Lord

Mr. Spragg, of Pittsburg. He was rubber-mines or oil-concessions, I'm and Babs and your Blanche and several began with "Boo" and ended with women and ask the Powers that be to "atty"-I forget what came between. let us guard some important place-a He told me not to be anxious, that he'd bridge or a bank or a powder magazine. get back when and how he could. My We should wear a distinctive uniform, Babs said she hoped the uniform would may get taken prisoner by those be smart and becoming, but I socn creatures, and then I'd never forgive shut her up. "This is not a time to think of cut or colour," I told her. Talking of prisoners reminds me of "Myself, I shouldn't care how my a rumour about the Bullyon-Bounder- uni.orm was cut-even if the shoulder meres. They were cruising somewhere seams were at the elbows. And as for in their new big steam-yacht when colour I'd wear grass-green, though war broke out, and now there's a it's a colour in which I look a mere report that the enemy have taken the fiend, if it would help my country!" yacht and turned it into a cruiser; And Beryl and Babs cried and kissed Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The Suez Canal has brought St. Helena

ODE TO JOHN BRADBURY.

(The new notes for £1 and 10s, are signed by John Bradbury.)

When the Red Kaiser, swoll'n with impious pride And stuffed with texts to serve his instant need, Took Shame for partner and Disgrace for guide, Earned to the full the hateful traitor's meed,

And bade his hordes advance Through Belgium's cities towards the fields of France; And when at last our patient island race,

By the attempted wrong
Made fierce and strong,
Flung back the challenge in the braggart's face,
Oh then, while martial music filled the air,
Clarion and fife and bagpipe and the drum,
Culling to men to muster, march, and dare,
Oh, then thy day, John Bradbury, was come.

John Bradbury, the Muse shall fill my strain
To sing thy praises; thou hadst spent thy time
Not idly, nor hadst lived thy life in vain,
Unfitted for the guerdon of my rhyme.
For lo, the Funds went sudden crashing down,
And men grew pale with monetary fear,
And in the toppling mart

The stoutest heart

Melted, and fortunes seemed to disappear;
And some, forgetting their austere renown,

Went mad and sold

Whate'er they could and wildly called for Gold!

"Since through no fault of ours the die was cast We shall go forth and fight In death's despite

And shall return victorious at the last;
But how, ah how," they said,
"Shall we and ours be fed

And clothed and housed from dreary day to day,
If, while our hearths grow cold, we have no coin to pay?"

Then thou, where no gold was and little store Of silver, didst appear and wave thy pen, And with thy signature

Make things secure,
Bidding us all pluck up our hearts once more
And face our foolish fancied fears like men.
"I give you notes," you said, "of different kinds

To ease your anxious minds:
The one is black and shall be fairly found
Equal in value to a golden pound;
The other—mark its healthy scarlet print—
Is worth a full half-sovereign from the Mint."

Thus didst thou speak—at least I think thou didst—
And, lo, the murmurs fell
And all things went right well,
While thy notes fluttered in our happy midst.
Therefore our grateful hearts go forth to thee,
Our British note-provider, brave John Bradbury!

R. C. L.

"Belgium.—Can any member let me know as to what kind of weather to expect in Belgium towards the end of October, and as to the condition of the roads? I and my wife propose going a tandem tour at that time in the Ardennes, Luxembourg, etc. Are most of the hotels shut for the season at that time? Would the north of France be preferable?—G. J."—C. T. C. Gazette.

This gentleman is evidently particular. We are half afraid he will not get quite what he wants.

THE COLUMN OF ADVENTURE.

Even The Times' "agony column," my staple reading during toast-and-marmalade, suffers from the all-pervading war. Old friends have dropped out of the column on its war march. No longer does the Young Gentleman yearning for the idyllic life call on the charitable to provide him with a year of perfect ease, comfort and luxury. I had hoped to meet him some day, to draw out his confidences, perchance to edit his memoirs. "My Cheek is My Fortune" would be a catchy title. But apparently the War has put him out of business. The idyllic life has gone. Another victim.

His place is being filled by the Sportsman, eager to be up and shooting—partridges. "Either singly or with a house party," he offers. He asks only for board, lodging and ammunition. These provided, he is willing to go for the enemy all September and October.

Another Sportsman, humbler in aspiration, is prepared to specialise on rabbits. He is ready to continue the fight until "Peace terms dictated in Berlin by Allies."

There has also arisen the Professional Rescuer. He offers to go abroad—for a cash consideration—and smuggle back stranded relatives. He does not give particulars of personal appearance, but one may imagine him as essentially Williamlequeuish—small dark moustache, super-shrewd eyes, Homburg hat, a revolver in every pocket, speaking six languages more fluently than the natives, and on terms of intimacy with half the diplomats of Europe. He would open his conversation with a casual: "The last time I was chatting with the Kaiser (I shall, of course, cut him in future)..."

Another occupation has been called into being by the War. It is that of Berth-Snatcher. He is apparently a City man who has realised all his securities and invested them in berths and staterooms on Atlantic Liners. These he now offers "at a small bonus"—exact amount unstated.

Also interesting is the occupation of Amateur Adviser. He has much well-intentioned advice to offer to all and sundry: "To the War Office. It is hoped that something is being done regarding," etc. Or: "Japan, our Ally, could easily lend us half a million men."

Presumably the Amateur Adviser has been denied place in the correspondence columns.

The Young Hungarian Nobleman, whose remittances have been stopped by the war, is reminiscent of the original yearner for the idyllic life. "Is supposed to be of good appearance," he states with obtrusive modesty.

But the romantic halo around these young aristocrats is rather tarnished by the Young French Vicomte. When he advertises that he "would thankfully accept some clothes from English or American gentlemen," one suspects a snug little second-hand business somewhere in savoury Soho.

From a letter in The Bristol Evening Times:

"Only last evening I was passing through one of our main thoroughfares, and saw seven or eight Territorials taking refreshment in a the backbone. I ask in fairness, Is this the backbone. I ask in fairness, is this patriotic?"

In fairness we reply, It is neither.

"The old Latinist has it, 'Deos vult pedere prius dementas.''

Manx Chronicle.

How one's Latin slips from one with advancing age! But he must have been very old.

"The Scheldt can easily be damned."—Daily Chronicle. So can the Kaiser, but it isn't enough to say so.

THE HEROES.

ONCE upon a time, many years ago -how many I cannot say, but certainly it must have been before the Christian era—there lived a sublime Emperor. After being for long the warmest, if platonic, friend of Peace, and forcing the world to listen to his loud protestations of fidelity, he suddenly surprised his hearers by declaring war.

It was shortly after the opening of hostilities that he was seated on his throne presenting awards of merit to the bravest of his brave soldiers. The hall was filled with martial enthusiasm, and the memorable scene was one in which splendour, animation and the confidence of rectitude were equally notable.

The Emperor's noble Vizier, to whose massive mind treaties were of no more consequence than waste paper, stood at the side of his Imperial Master to act as introducer of the gallant soldiers whose exploits (with which the world was ringing) it had been decided to reward although so early in the campaignpour encourager les autres.

"The first decorations," remarked the Vizier, "are for deeds of signal courage.'

He motioned to a stalwart warrior. "This noble son of the Empire," he said, "with his own bow shot six noncombatants within as many minutes."

Loud cheers rent the air. "Three of them," the Vizier continued, "were women."

Louder cheers.

"The other three were old men over seventy."

Immense enthusiasm.

"This determined hacker-through," the Vizier continued, as another giant stood forth, "shot an unarmed priest."

More enthusiasm.

"And," added the Vizier, "burned his temple."

Amid the plaudits of the flower of the State the monarch affixed the cherished tokens to the heroes' breasts. "My in years he was already every inch a emergency," said the master of cere-Braves!" he exclaimed. "In the name | soldier of his country. of the Fatherland I thank you."

"And what, my friend," asked the monarch, "did you do?"

"Nothing, Sire," he replied with the unaffected simplicity of the man of action; "I merely stamped on some little children-twins, I think.'

"Two medals for that," said the Emperor with ready wit, and there was not a wet eye as he placed them in their proud position.

officer on whose lip the down was great work. hardly yet visible. But though young



Ex-Teuton (to landlady). "Ach! Madame, eet is all right! I vos Engleesh now! I HAVE TO-DAY MEIN PAPERS OF NATIONALIZATION TO YOUR HOME OFFICE SENT OFF. Dere vos several oaths by half-a-dozen peoples to be svorn. It vos a tremendous AFFAIRS ! "

"This gallant gentleman," said the

risk, shot a baby in arms."
"In arms?" asked the monarch heroism?"

"I meant in its mother's arms," the mensothat the enemy should not shoot." Vizier hastily explained.

"Ah!" said the Emperor with a sigh of relief, "that reassures me." amid profound excitement he embraced him for intelligence, but for valour." the soldier, pinned the coveted badge to his breast and bade him quickly the master of the ceremonies, indicating The Vizier beckoned to a youthful return to the front to carry on the the remaining award.

"The next reward is for resource in

monies an hour or so later.

He beckoned to a superb officer, Another warrior stepped out and Vizier, "unaided, and at great personal splendid in his trappings-a blue-eyed colossus of nearly six-feet-six.

"This highborn Captain," said the sharply. "Surely that mitigates the Vizier, "snatched some women from their beds and pushed them before his

> The hall resounded with applause. "'Twas a brilliant thought," said the And Emperor. "Not only will we decorate

> > "The last is for chivalry, Sire," said

An officer stood forth.

"This warrior," said the Vizier,

some public flower-beds in the enemy's capital."

"Bravely done," said the Emperor. "A great and imaginative lesson. We'll learn them to resist invasion!"

Amid renewed demonstrations of loyalty and fervour the Emperor brought the proceedings to a close.

"Among so many deeds of valour," he said, "I find it impossible to say which is the most splendid. All are glorious. I am in a position to assure you that Heaven is proud of you. The Fatherland also is proud of you, and, above all. I am proud of you. May the blessings of Heaven continue to fall upon our great and merciful campaign for the right!"

With these words the proceedings terminated and the heroes hurried back to the fighting line, eager to win more laurels by similar feats of culture.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR.

IT is frequently remarked that the present war will be far-reaching in its consequences. The truth of this is apparent from the following notices, gathered at random from the column of "Personal Paragraphs" which the Editor of The Shrimpington-on-Sea Gazette publishes weekly, without charge, thereby earning the reputation of a patriot :-

In consequence of the present crisis in the Money Market, Mrs. Pincham desires to give notice that she hereby disclaims all liability for any debts contracted by her at Bridge, and the same will not be paid.

THIS IS TO SAY THAT, owing to the war and my pocket-money being stopped because I broke the diningroom window, if Jackson Minor does not pay me the balance of sixpence remaining for his half-share of the white rabbit we both bought last term, his half of the rabbit will be sold and the proceeds kept by the undersigned, SMITH TERTIUS.

LADY STRAITER regrets to be obliged to announce that, in consequence of the perilous financial situation in Europe, she will be forced to discontinue her subscription of 2s. 6d. per annum to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Dustmen.

MR. ALURED DE MORTIMER TALBOT-Howard-St. Maur begs to inform his Act is particularly well worked up, and many friends and the general public one remark of Aubrey's to Leslie Tarthat the above is his real name, and botton brought down the house. ("You ment ran through the hall. that he is proud to say he is by birth are the sort of man who would go and descent an Englishman. spiteful rumours which allege that he originally kept a pawnbroker's shop in padded with things which are not really

of malicious persons who are envious of his property and social position.

As the Shrimpington-on-Sea Golf Course has been entirely ploughed-up (with the exception of the greens) and planted with onions, turnips, cabbages, and beetroot, to increase our national food-supply, all members are requested to play in rubber-soled shoes only during the next two months, so as not to damage the growing crops.

AT THE PLAY.

"MY AUNT."

REALLY, the only question to ask oneself of this adaptation from the French is "Is it funny enough?" With so much being offered by the



SHOULD THE TELEPHONE BE USED EXCEPT UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE

Mrs. Martingale .. Miss LOTTIE VENNE. Dr. Sweette Mr. Ernest Hendrie.

newsboy outside the Vaudeville that is to find inside the doors a little relief from the world.

I will give the authors the benefit of any doubt I may have felt now and then, and say that My Aunt serves its (for a reason which still escapes me) there was a sudden burst of clapping when Aubrey Braxton announced that he had received an "ultimatum" from Suzanne. The latter part of the Second facings, crawled through the ropes and The to call on a sick friend . . . and eat Hamburg, where his name was Wilhelm funny, but it gives us an opportunity

"ordered his men to trample down Guggelheimer, are merely the inventions of seeing a little more of Miss LOTTE VENNE, to whom the authors had not previously been generous. (I love Miss VENNE'S voice and I love her manner of waving her arms in the air. It was delightful to see and listen to her again.)

For the best parts of the first two Acts, then; for Miss Lottie Venne's voice; above all, for Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB's face, My Aunt is worth while. As Aubrey Braxton Mr. Bask-COMB — the never - to - be - forgotten Slightly of so many Christmassesgoes through all the many troubles of a hero of farce with his own inimitable air of hopeless resignation. I hope that his efforts will not be unrewarded. and that the management will find that, without rivalling the success of that other aunt, Charley's, they will yet for some time be able to play to

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

good "business as usual."

III .- THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY. (Concluded.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT: The great boxing boom is at its height.
A fight arranged between Smasher Mike and the famous heavyweight champion, Mauler Mills, is arousing intense excitement throughout the country. Nothing whatever is known of the Smasher, and the betting is therefore 100 to 1 against him. Young Lord Tamerton is at this time in desperate financial straits. His bosom friend, Ralph Wonderson, who is in love with his sister, the beautiful Lady Margaret Tamerton, prevails upon him to wager heavily on Smasher Mike, and undertakes to put him in the way of obtaining a loan of £5,000 for this purpose. Their conversation is overheard by an agent of Sir Ernest Serivener, alias Manduke Moorsdyke, who is the mortal enemy of Wonderson and is plotting to get Lady Margaret Tamerton in his power.]

THE vast area of Corinthia was not at all funny, it would be pleasant crammed with eager spectators, whose eyes were concentrated with feverish intensity on the raised platform in the centre of the hall. In the seats near the ring, for each of which a hundred guineas had been charged, sat the cream purpose. In places it made us all laugh of Britain's aristocracy, including Lord a good deal, and I don't think we were Tamerton and Lady Margaret Tamerprepared to be easily amused; although ton, for whom two tickets in a plain envelope had been left that morning.

> At last the preliminaries came to an end and Smasher Mike, clad in a claretcoloured dressing-gown with yellow went to his corner. As he raised his face to the lights a murmur of amaze-

> "It's Ralph Wonderson!" Margaret gripped her brother's arm till the perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"It's Ralph Wonderson!"

whisper passed from lip to lip, merging presently into a burst of cheering as Mauler Mills scrambled up to the platform, wearing an electric-blue dressinggown with green facings and pink sash.

Ralph sat motionless in his corner, watching his gigantic adversary with a pleasant smile and softly whistling the air of a popular song. At length the referee leisurely entered the ring. As he did so, Ralph gave a violent start and Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till his teeth chattered. referee was not the popular Algernon Mittens, as had been announced, but Sir Ernest Scrivener!

Lord Tamerton stared up at the ring with ashen lips. With such an official in charge nothing but a miracle could save Ralph Wonderson from being disqualified in the first round. The House of Tamerton was more utterly ruined than ever.

But in thirty seconds Ralph, trained in many sports to meet all emergencies, had summed up the situation and decided upon his course of action.

The gong sounded and the two pugilists advanced warily towards each other. Suddenly Ralph lashed out a terrific right which, as he intended, missed the Mauler by a foot. Unable, apparently, to retain his balance, he swung completely round with the impetus of the blow, and his clenched fist landed squarely upon the referee's jaw. Sir Ernest shot high over the ropes and crashed down on the Dowager Duchess of Cumbersea, whence he rebounded with terrible force into the arms of the Marquis of Meltington.

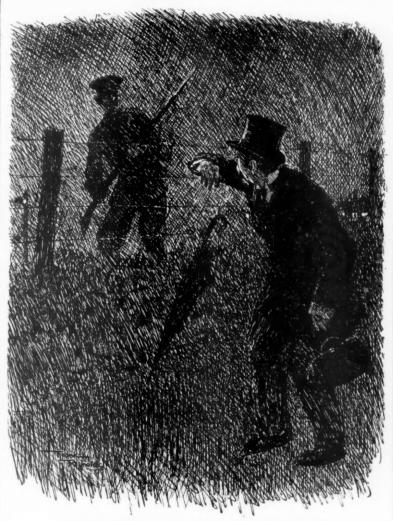
After a brief delay all three were removed to the hospital.

The fight, under a new referee, was in its twentieth round. Not a sound could be heard beyond the shuffling of the pugilists' feet and the thud of fist on flesh.

Feinting with his left, the Mauler Presently, after a courteous enquiry right, and again Ralph parried the combat. blow, this time by sending his left to the funny-bone and thus paralysing the his opponent severely on the occiput. preserve his balance.

A savage roar went up from the crowd, roused now to a pitch of frenzied excitement. " Now you've got him! Finish him! Put him out!" they shouted.

But Ralph, chivalrous as always, drew back, bowed formally to his oppo-



Sentry (suddenly appearing). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?" Brown. "ER-SEASON!"

clinched heavily with his right, but and an assurance from the Mauler that Ralph foiled the attack with a clever he was quite ready, the pair exchanged half-nelson. Again Mills swung his a warm handshake and renewed their the referee was like the voice of inex-

Taking a deep breath, Ralph advanced with cat-like tread and flashing arm. He then dashed in and uppercut eyes upon his adversary. Knowing from painful experience what to expect, Mauler Mills staggered to the ropes, to the latter circled cautiously away, which he clung frantically in order to covering his face with his hands. But Ralph, realising that time was short, of Tamerton was saved. determined not to be baffled. Combining the agility of the chamois with the ponderous strength of the hippopotamus, he crouched low and sprang like a tiger through the air upon the un- boxing-gloves. happy Mauler, striking him full on the solar plexus. White to the lips, the nent and quietly awaited his recovery. Mauler fell squirming to the floor, while with emotional cheers.

Ralph nonchalantly adjusted a lock of hair which had floated loose.

"One-two-three . . ." the voice of orable Fate . . . "four-five-six . . . Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till his hair stood on end . . . "seven-eight . . ." The Countess of Snecks fainted with a loud shriek . . . nine-Out"!

The great fight was won. The House

Clad in his claret-coloured dressinggown, the new champion pressed his fiancée against the yellow facings and stroked her fair hair fondly with his

"My little wife!" he whispered.

And the vast area of Corinthia rang

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FAR too rarely does the conscientious reviewer enjoy such a chance as has come to me now, a chance to let himself go deeds, there has come into my hands a slender volume brilliantly successful campaign in front of him. called Naval Occasions (Blackwood), which seems to me to be the most entirely satisfactory and, indeed, fascinating thing of its kind that ever I read. The writer chooses

safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend." Never surely did a book appear so aptly. At a moment like this, when the dullest collection of naval facts can stir the pulse, such pages as these, full of the actual life and work of the men who are safeguarding us all, deserve a public as vast as the Empire itself. The appeal of them is amazing, for their art is of so concealed a quality that the writing seems simplicity itself. To say that they bring the atmosphere of salt winds and the tang of the sea, is nothing; a skilful novel about Margate sands would deserve this praise; it is in their humanity that the charm lies, the sense of courage and comradeship and high endeavour that is in every one ing at the back of the eyes,

because of the tears that are in these things; but they are canons. Mrs. Penrose has shown in her earlier books so the proud kind, never the sloppily sentimental. And at real a sense of beauty and so touching a spirit of kindliness the end I am mistaken in you if you do not close the book that I am bound to confess that, with the exception of her with the rare and moving sensation that you have found treatment of her hero, this rather acid and ironical piece of something of which you can say, as I myself did, "This nonsense is a disappointment. is absolutely It!"

Amongst the thousands of helpful suggestions for the conduct of war which have recently filled the columns of these days of the world's history." the daily press, I do not remember having seen any scheme The word "Servia" might express what moves his army. for supplying the officers of the Allied Armies with an Irish terrier apiece. And yet if MARIE VON VORST is to be trusted, this is a very serious omission, for, had it not been for Pitchouné, I fear that the gallant hero of His Love Story (MILLS AND BOON) would have perished in the Sahara and have now left Norway." never have won the lady of his heart. The Comte de Sabron For other reasons, we hope. was forbidden by his military orders to take a dog with him to Algiers, but Pitchoune ran all the way from Tarascon to "PLEASURE TOURS.—St. Petersburg from London ria Kiel Canal." Marseilles and jumped into the boat. Subsequently, when till they sent out a relief expedition. A boy scout could not off Heligoland should increase your popularity.

do more, and, though my own experience of Irish terriers has led me to think that they do not spend over much time in the study of ordnance maps, yet for sentiment's sake, and because His Love Story is a charmingly written romance, I am ready to believe in all the feats of Pitchoune, in the matter of praise without stint or reservation. As a and even to hope that he will not after all be de trop now reward doubtless for some of my many unrecorded good that M. le Comte is happily wedded, but may have another

Although Mrs. Penrose's new novel, Something Impossible (MILLS AND BOON), gaily admits in its title its difficulties. for his own sufficient reasons to disguise himself as I cannot pretend that I consider her to have made the most "Bartimeus," and under that name I have to ask him to of her opportunity. There are at least two classic examples accept my very sincere gratitude. The little book contains of her theme, Mr. Anstey's Vice Versa and Mr. De la Mare's twenty-five sketches, mostly quite short, relating to (I quote | Return. Mrs. Penrose cannot approach either the charmits text, taken from the Articles of War) "the Navy, whereon, under the good Providence of God, the wealth, On a lower plane her story has its amusing moments, and

there is a vein of real tenderness in her picture of the tion of matrimonial infidelia consolation also to many to "have features of classical beauty" is the most unformisses an opportunity of exposing its shallow sentiments why are all novelists of today so merciless to the probe some pleasant people in Cathedral cities. I am weary

relations of her hero and his faithful lady—a happy relief after the monotonous repetities dealt out to us by the average novel. It will be readers to discover that plain people are far more popular than handsome ones and that tunate of handicaps in the race for comfort and success. Mrs. Penrose, like many other women novelists, is very cruel to her own sex and never and transient affections. Butvincial town? There must old maids, and unctuous



The Small Man. "IF I WAS AS WELL SET UP AS YOU I'D GO AND of them. You will laugh often FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY, I WOULD!"

The Large Man. "No good, Mate, I've tried it. Told me at quite suddenly, you will find yourself with a prickly feel-grands."

THE WAR OFFICE I WOULD SPOIL THE UNIFORM APPEARANCE OF ANY portised with a prickly feel-grands."

THE WAR OFFICE I WOULD SPOIL THE UNIFORM APPEARANCE OF ANY portised colonels with portions at the back of the colonels."

Cathedral cities. I am weary of retired colonels with portised the back of the colonels.

> From the Emperor of Austria's telegram to Wilhelm II.: "Words fail to express what moves me, and with me my army, in

The Scotsman on the condition of things in Norway: "Food supplies and rents are controlled by the Government, and spirits and wines cannot be purchased. Most of the English people

Advt. in " Times."

his master was lying wounded in the desert, he tracked down Take your camera with you, and snap the jolly little German the nearest native village—twelve hours away—and barked battleships as you go past. The result of the recent fight

CHARIVARIA.

The Deutsche Tageszeitung says:-"Our present war with England shall not be done by halves; it is no war to be stopped by 'notice,' but by a proper settlement. Otherwise the peace we all desire would be both rotten and dangerous." Your wish shall be respected, Deutsche Tageszeitung.

The fines which Germany has been

informs us, ultimately prove, to be what are known in City circles as "temporary loans."

By the way, The Globe tells us that the Kaiser was once known to his English relatives as "The Tin Soldier." In view of his passion for raising tin by these predatory methods this title might be revived. * *

The German threat that they will make "Gurkensalad" of the Goorkhas, leaves these cheery little sportsmen undismayed.

We give the rumour for what it is worth. It is said that, overcome with remorse at the work of his vandals at Louvain, the Kaiser has promised when the war is over to present the city with a colossal monument of him-

Meanwhile President WILson is being urged by innumerable tourist agencies one of our cruisers. It speaks well for the restraint of our Navy that, with so tempting a name, she was not blown up.

A proposal has been made in The Globe that all "alien enemies" in this country shall be confined within compounds until the end of the War. Suggested alteration in the National Anthem: "Compound his enemies."

"Carry on" is no doubt an admirable imposing so lavishly on towns and motto for these times, but the Special Such the land that in an age uncouther provinces will, a commercial friend Constable who was surprised by his Bred the soul-emancipating LUTHER.

CHAY GRAVE

in his country to stop the war before any more historical buildings are demolished.

The Thinker. "You say this war don't affect you: But 'ow. INSTEAD OF A BRITISH COPPER SAYIN', 'GIT AHT OF IT,' WOULD YER LIKE ONE O' THEM GERMAN JOHNDARMS TO KEEP PRODDIN' AT YER WIF 'IS BAYNIT?"

The Late "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse."

cellars. La Gioconda is to be interned misleading. at an extra depth, as being peculiarly liable to be run away with.

Strangely enough, the most heroic single-handed feat of the war seems only to have been reported in one paper, The Express. We refer to the following announcement :-

> "AUSTRIAN WARSHIP SUNK By J. A. SINCLAIR POOLEY Express Correspondent."

It is stated that the German barque Excelsior, bound for Bremen with a valuable cargo, has been captured by

the pictures in the Louvre have, with (which he thought to be part of his a view to their safety, been placed in professional duty) complains that it is

> We hear that some of our Nuts have volunteered to serve as regimental pets.

Partridge shooting began last week, but poor sport is recorded. The birds declare that it is not their fault. They turned up in large numbers, but there were not enough guns to make it worth while.

The Gibraltar Manner.

"GIBRALTAR LIFE NORMAL. Ladies Making Garments."

THE TWO GERMANIES.

MARVELLOUS the utter transformation Of the spirit of the German nation!

Once the land of posts, seers and sages, Who enchant us in their deathless pages.

Holding high the torch of Truth, and earning

Endless honour by their zeal for learning.

15

Such the land that made our debt the greater

By the gift of Faust and Struwwelpeter.

200 Now the creed of NIETZSCHE, base, unholy,

Guides the nation's brain and guides it solely.

Now Mozart's screne and joyous magic

Yields to RICHARD STRAUSS, the hæmorrhagic.*

Now the eagle changing to the vulture

Preaches rapine in the name of culture.

Now the Prussian Junker, blind with fury,

Claims to be God's counsel. judge and jury.

While the authentic German genius slumbers,

Cast into the limbo of back numbers.

* Great play is made in STRAUSS'S Elektra with the "slippery blood" motive.

First Student of the War. A number of the more valuable of wife while carrying on with a cook | Why did they call it "Kaiser William the Grocer?

Second Student. Don't know. I should have described him as a Butcher.

"PETROGRAD.

NEW NAME FOR THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL. Petrograud (St. Petersburg), Tuesday, By Imperial order, the city of St. Petersburg will henceforth be known as Petrograu. Evening Standard.

It looks more like three new names.

Q. I hear the Sugar Refiners are raising cane?

A. That's because they haven't yet got the German beet.

[Awarded Gold Medal and Banana Skin for worst joke of the war.

FOR THE RED CROSS.

YE that have gentle hearts and fain
To succour men in need,
There is no voice could ask in vain
With such a cause to plead—
The cause of those that in your care,
Who know the debt to honour due,
Confide the wounds they proudly wear,
The wounds they took for you.

Out of the shock of shattering spears,
Of screaming shell and shard,
Snatched from the smoke that blinds and sears,
They come with bodies scarred,
And count the hours that idly toll,
Restless until their hurts be healed,
And they may fare, made strong and whole,
To face another field.

And yonder where the battle's waves
Broke yesterday o'erhead,
Where now the swift and shallow graves
Cover our English dead,
Think how your sisters play their part,
Who serve as in a holy shrine,
Tender of hand and brave of heart,
Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah, by that symbol, worshipped still, Of life-blood sacrificed,
That lonely Cross on Calvary's hill
Red with the wounds of Christ;
By that free gift to none denied,
Let Pity pierce you like a sword,
And Love go out to open wide
The gate of life restored.

O. S.

The Red Cross Society is in need of help. Gifts should be addressed to Lord Rothschild at Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

"I THINK we may advance to attack," said the Prussian Commander, folding up the Berliner Tageblatt War

"One moment, Sir," interposed the Chief of Staff, "the supply of captured alien women and children is exhausted."

"Then," said the Commander, "we shall be forced to confront the enemy's fire without the usual screen."

"Why not advance under a flag of truce?" suggested the Chief of Staff.

"I am loth to violate the canons of civilized warfare," said the Commander, "but really there seems no other way, unless—unless—Here! Hand me a telegram form. I have an idea."

The Commander wrote rapidly for a minute. "Send this at once," he said, "and pre-pay the reply."

In an hour the answer arrived. The Commander tore it open with eager haste. "We are saved!" he cried. "The advance commences at daybreak to-morrow." He tossed the telegram over to the Chief of Staff, who read:—"Am forwarding immediately per special train 1,000 foxes as requested.—Hagenbeck, Hamburg."

And the Kaiser, reading the Commander's despatch later in the day, mailed his Super-strategist the insignia of the Order of the Double-faced Vulture.

DIARY OF A KAISER.

Sunday.—To-day has witnessed another triumph for the high-souled German army. Ten Belgian villages have been burnt. Some of the inhabitants have been also burnt; the rest have been driven out to starve. This will teach Belgium not to build villages in the way of a possible German advance. General von Schweinehund was in command of the noble German column. Have telegraphed my supreme congratulations and have conferred upon him the Iron Cross. How splendidly God is behaving in these days.

Monday.—It is stated that in East Prussia a village has been burnt by the Russians during a battle. This is monstrous, and must be stopped at once. Have sent a protest to the Tsan and have telegraphed to neutral countries pointing out that Russia is spreading barbarism, whereas Germany is spreading civilisation and culture. A reply has come from America; it contained only one word—"Louvain." That may be meant for humour, but I do not understand it. The Americans must not forget that Louvain was burnt by German troops, at d that being so there can be no complaint. Have told my Court Chaplain, Dr. Meuchler, to draw the Divine attention to this infamy on the part of the Russian Huns.

Tuesday.—Six Belgian mayors and five hundred selected Belgian villagers have been shot by my gallant troops. One of them had sneered at Lieutenant von Blutgierig as he sat at breakfast. The Belgians are indeed a stiff-necked race, but with God's help they shall be made to understand the sympathetic gentleness of the German character. But to sneer at a man in uniform is an inconceivable crime worthy only of an Englishman. The lieutenant has had to go into hospital to recover from this shameful treatment. He is a true German and shall be rewarded.

Wednesday.—Ordered three cathedrals to be razed to the ground. Forget how many ordinary churches have been destroyed. All Belgian and French universities are to be at once bombarded and burnt for failing to recognise superiority of German intellect. Have just read noble book by Professor Lumpenthor, who proves that Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Napoleon, Attila and Genghis Khan were all Germans. He seems to fear that we modern Germans are too merciful. This is no doubt true, for the Belgians are not yet reconciled to us as their God-appointed masters.

Thursday.—Our wonderful navy continues its magnificent deeds. Two Danish boats and an English trawler have been sent to the bottom by mines in the North Sea. Have commanded religious services to be held in all German churches to thank God for all His mercies.

Friday.—Have arranged everything with Turks, who will shortly intervene with their army to help Germany to spread civilisation and the Gospel. Hear that England is about to use Indian troops. This, being an attack on German culture, cannot be allowed. Unless something is done about it shall countermand religious services.

Saturday.—Have ordered all remaining Belgian villages to be burnt and inhabitants to be shot. This will please my glorious troops. The Divine blessing is evidently on our cause.

"The Rev. N. J. Poyntz, M.A., is appointed a chaplain on the Bengal Establishment.

Add to European Crises."—Pioncer.

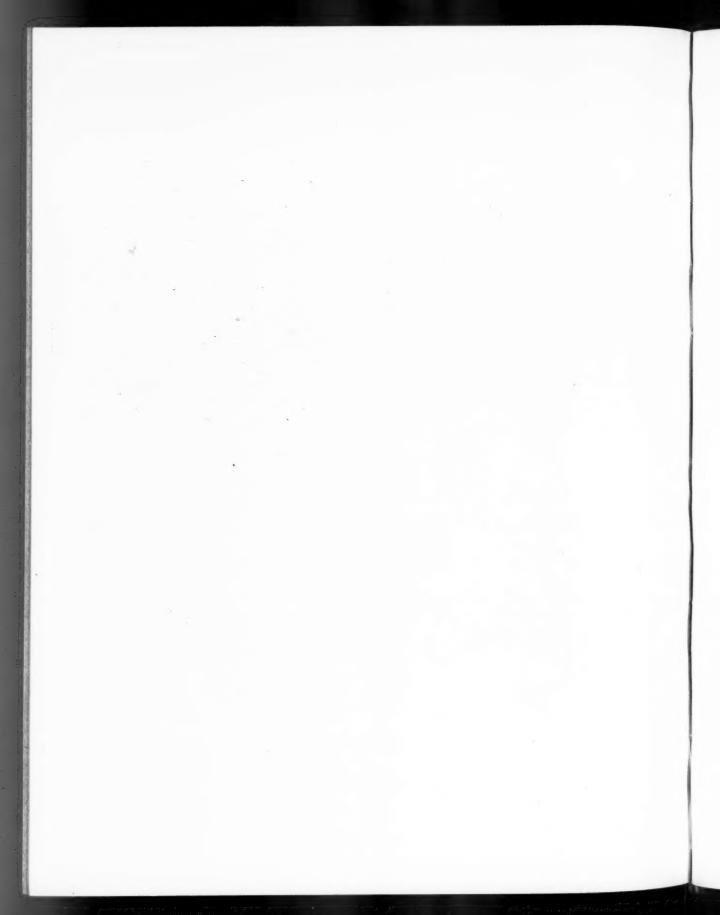
It can't be as serious as that.

"Lost, Appendix, heart shaped, short chain attached."
Sunderland Daily Echo.

It must be a very fierce one to have bitten through its lead.



INDIA FOR THE KING!





Imperial Patron of Art, "Don't trouble about architectural details; just get a broad effect of culture." [A well-known battle painter of Düsseldorf has been commissioned by the Kaiser to make studies of the present campaign.]

HIS FIRST VICTORY.

"YES, I like the kit," she said, "and it on?" I'm glad you came to show yourself, because I've got a little present for hair," he objected. you." He winced.

"I ought to say," he remarked, "that have it. I have already received five barbed-wirecomforters, six writing blocks--"

"Oh, but this won't take up any the bottom. room," and she held out a woollen helmet of the popular colour.

ing back, "but I never wear them."

cold bare ground. In fact when once clapped her hands in delight. he gets it on he never wants to take it off again."

"From the look of it," he remarked, look quite handsome." "it will be a case of Hobson's choice. You've underrated the size."

"I took your measurements last week," she said coldly.

subsequent developments."

"In any case the wool stretches," she observed. "Are you going to try

"It will play the very deuce with my

"Very well," she said. "Dick shall

"Never," he exclaimed, and snatching cutters, three vacuum flasks, eleven up the woollen object, began to ram his

Halfway through, apparently yielding to panic, he sought to return to "Thanks awfully," he replied, draw- fresh air and the light of day, but her ruffled hair. "In another minute the hands ruthlessly seized the elaborate Germans would have missed their "Of course you don't," she said; crochet edging, and pulled and tugged billet."
"they're not meant for tennis tourit down mercilessly towards his should." "Ne naments or the opera, but for the ers until his distorted features appeared to wear it now," she said, and her lip campaigner whose lodging is on the at the hole in front with a pop, and she trembled.

> "It fits you like a glove," she cried, "and though your nose is a bit red you

"I'm being strangled," he gasped, clutching at his throat; "take it off!"

"In time of war," she observed, "we all have to put up with a little incon-"But that was before I joined the venience. I shall soon be living on colours. You forgot to allow for turnips, for instance, and you know how I hate them."

With a strange gurgling in his throat, he collapsed on the Chesterfield. His face grew purple, his eyes bulged and rolled, his veins swelled, his head dropped forward. She grew alarmed.

"Are you really choking?" she exclaimed. "Here, take your hands away. Let me help! Good gracious! Darling! Oh! Whatever shall I do?" sleek head into the small aperture at She sprang for her scissors, and in a moment the helmet lay on the carpet hopelessly mutilated.

"Thanks," he replied, smoothing his

"Neither you nor Dick will be able

"Dick won't," he said, "and as a

matter of fact I 'm going to."
"How can you?" And there was a catch in her voice.

"Not on my head perhaps, but on my heart-or rather," he added, slipping a khaki arm round her, "on the place where my heart used to be."

Next morning, on parade, his chest measurement was the object of universal envy.

THE TWO RECRUITING SERGEANTS.

UPSTAIRS, Baby, after many false starts, had finally settled into sleep. Downstairs, the little maid, alternately rattling knives against plates and saying in a sudden passion. "You can't leave as usual' might be a good motto, but "S'sh" to herself, had cleared away me, John, you can't! I couldn't bear 'Happiness as usual' was a thing we dinner. John, who had been strangely it. silent during the meal, was in his deep eighteen months. How can you want arm-chair, smoking. It was Mary's to go away and leave me and baby peace-hour.

She lay on the sofa, for she was always tired by now, reading the morning paper—her first chance at it. As she read, she made little comments aloud, as that the Germans were beasts, or doing so well; and this was the signal darling! I've prayed to God all day to for John to join in with the latest strategic gossip from the City.

Only to-night he didn't. sat smoking and thinking. . . thinking. "I suppose the French," said Mary, looked across at him suddenly, realizing all at once that he had answered none of her questions, knowing all at once that something was the matter.

"Yes?" he said, coming out of his off his face. thoughts with a start.

jerk and craned her head forward at Governor introduced him-Denham, his him-"you haven't been dismissed?" She clenched her hands tight for the at once. You know how you feel that answer. Sometimes at night, when he about some people . . . He said he was asleep and she wasn't, she would thought perhaps some of us didn't quite

dismissed. with a laugh.

She gave a sob of relief and went to enlist, but perhaps we didn't quite over and sat on his knee and put her know how much England was in arms round his neck.

"Oh, John, I was so frightened. But what is it? There's something."

he put his pipe down, kissed her, and England . . . Said he was afraid it was lifted her off his knee.

"I want to tell you something," he said; "but you mustn't look at me or he being too old to fight. Said he knew I couldn't. Sit down there." She some of us would have to make terrible curled herself up on the floor, leaning back against his knees. "Mary"—he swallowed something which had stuck in his throat-" Mary, I've got to enlist." She was round in a flash.

"What do you mean you've got to?" she cried indignantly. going to make you?" The beast was her. On the whole he thought it would John's employer, a kindly man, whose be much easier to pretend he hadn't fault it was to regard John as one only noticed. among many, a matter on which Mary often longed to put him right.

got to.'

"Who's making you, then?"

child. Let those without go first."

thought of that."

She threw her arms round his neck Why, we've only been married mustn't expect . . . and --- Why, you might get killed!" Her voice went up to a shriek.

"I don't want to leave you," said John, a strange, terrifying, rapid-speaking John; "I hate it. I hate war, I hate fighting, I hate leaving you-oh, that it was splendid about the Russians my God, how I hate leaving you, my stop the war before I have to go, but of course He won't. Oh, Mary, help me He just to go; don't make it harder for me.'

She got off his knee; she brought a chair up opposite to him; she sat down lazily, "are going to - John!" She in it and rested her chin on her hands and looked straight at him.

"Tell me all about it," she said.
"I'm quite all right." So he told her all about it, and she never took her eyes

"A man came into the office to-day "John, you—," she sat up with a to talk to us about the war. The name was . . . I knew he was all right England was in danger, we'd all rush danger, and all that England stood for -liberty, peace, nationality, honour and so on. In fact he'd come down to the best and cleverest in the country, He smoked rapidly for a little. Then see if any of us would like to fight for rather cheek of him to ask us to defend him, because that was what it came to, sacrifices, sacrifices which he wasn't in the least making himself. Hoped we'd forgive him. He couldn't say that if he were as young as us he'd enlist like a shot, any more than he could say that if a woman jumped off Waterloo Bridge "That beast on a dark night he'd jump in after In fact that's very likely what he would do. But if someone, say the mother of the girl, pointed out "No," said John. "But-but I've the body to him, then he'd have to come "I don't know . . . I suppose the down to point out the body. He conferman Emperor really."

you go. You've got a wife and a save, but he was doing it because he thought it might be of some service. "I know," said John doggedly. "I've That was what we all had to realize, that it was a time when we had to do things we didn't like. 'Business

John fell into silence again. "What else did he say?" asked Mary, still with her eyes fastened on his face, as though she were looking at him for the last time.

"That was how he began. I can't tell you all he said afterwards, but I felt as if I'd just fight for him, even if there was nobody else in England

"Aren't there lots of people who wouldn't mind going as much as you?" said Mary timidly. "I mean men with no wives or children. Oughtn't they to go first?"

"I suppose they ought. But, you see, you'd never get anywhere like that. A would wait for B who was married but had no child, and B would wait for C who wasn't married but had a mother, and C would wait for D who was an orphan, and so on. That's what Mr. Denham said."

"I see," said Mary miserably.

"I don't quite understand what we're in the world for," said poor John, "or what the world's for at all. But I suppose the great thing is that -that good ideas should live and bad wonder what they would do if he were know what to do, and he wondered if ideas should die . . . I haven't done he could help any of us . . . Said of much for good ideas so far, I'm not "Silly, of course not," said John course he knew that, if we thought the sort of person who could . . . just one out of thousands of others . . . But I could do something for good ideas out there. I could help beat the bad idea of War . . . Mr. Denham says if we win there's lots of men, all

> win first." "I know it sounds a wretched thing to say, but what about money?" asked Mary hesitatingly.

who are pledged to see that there shall

be no more war. Well, that's what I

call a good idea . . . only we've got to

"Mother would take you in; there'll be enough to pay her something. We might try and let the house."

And then all the memories of summer evenings and happy Sundays rushed upon Mary and she broke down.

"Our little garden of which we were so proud!" she sobbed.

"The Belgians," said John sadly, "were proud of their little gardens."

So far Recruiting Sergeant Denham. to a decision. Well, he was in the Meanwhile Recruiting Sergeant Flossie position of that mother, he had come had also got to work. Flossie, awaked by the shock of war to the surprising fact that, after twenty-two years of "There's lots that ought to go before pointing out bodies for other people to vain, idle and inglorious life, she was



Old Servant (to lady who has just returned to her week-end cottage). "Dreadful this news about the war, Mum; and young MR. KENNETH AWAY WITH THE FLEET, AND ALL THE GENTLEMEN ABOUT HERE RECALLED TO THEIR REGIMENTS, AND THERE 'S BEEN A DISASTER I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT. THE MOTH HAVE GOT INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM CARPET, MUM."

adopted eagerly the suggestion of some whatever it happens to be, you know. stupid and unimaginative old gentleof London. to John, as he made his way next morning to the recruiting office. A. A. M.

HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?

I SOMETIMES doubt whether my bank to me. takes me really seriously. Not that it to the minute when I have overdrawn my account by five and elevenpence; but they cash my cheques with a ceris all on my side.

to my bank to cash a cheque for a if it was really necessary to pay a cus-

now of the most complete unimport-hundred and fifty pounds. (How he tomer exactly the complicated bunches ance to her country, had (for the first gets through all that money in a week of monies he demanded; and, if so, time) a sudden longing to "do some- I have never had the courage to ask whether it couldn't be done any quicker. thing." And so, being unfitted for him.) Every Saturday morning I come needlework, nursing or the kitchen, she to my bank to cash a cheque for—well, I determined to arrive earlier last

man, and constituted herself (under coincide; only the other man always of an hour till I saw my rival approach. God) Supreme Arbiter of Men's Con- seems to coincide first. And, as he I came in just ahead of him, and presciences for the South-West Suburbs takes his hundred and fifty on a selective sented my cheque. The eashier re-Patriotically aglow, she principle, I am beginning to know from ceived it with his usual little smile and handed out white feathers to all the bitter experience what he will ask for turned it over. Then his usual little un-uniformed young men she chanced and how long he will take to get smile left him and he set sadly to work. to meet . . . the whitest of all coming served. He begins with a note for fifty and goes on with fifty in fivers. Then chafed and stamped his feet behind me he has twenty sovereigns, and so on, for ten minutes, while I gloated. It down to the pound in copper. He and was my day—my Tag. the cashier chat airily the while of abbages and kaisers. Then at last he what shape I demanded the payment of goes away full, and the cashier turns my modest fifty shillings:-

The Saturday before last I ventured isn't businesslike. They let me know to ask whether, if the hundred-and-fifty pounder always insisted on arriving two seconds before me, it wouldn't be possible to cash my cheque, which tain air of patronage, whereas, if you is a simple little thing, in one of the look at things properly, the patronage intervals during which, after sending to the cellars for more gold, they relapse Every Saturday morning a man comes into easy conversation; or, alternatively,

Saturday. I made no mistake. I hung The trouble is that we nearly always about the door of the bank for a quarter

The hundred-and-fifty pound man

I think you may like to know just in

1 0 0 in one pound notes. in ten shilling notes.

0 10 0 in gold. 0 10 0

0 5 0 in shilling postal orders.
0 2 0 in threepenny bits.
0 0 94 in halfpennics.

1 10 in farthings. O 0 0 4 in silver, if possible (otherwise stamps).

0 0 01 in pins.

2 10 0

WAR DECLARATIONS.

"No, I don't mean that at all," said my wife hastily. "You quite misunderstand me. Of course everyone is to have as much, quite as much, food as he wants."

"Stop a bit. Does that mean as much as he likes?" I asked.

"Or as much as his system requires?" suggested the Reverend Henry.

"Or as much as he can contain?" demanded Sinclair. "It may seem to be a fine point, but I think we ought to have it cleared up."

The hostess resumed: "Everyone is to have as much as he likes, certainly. Of course he is. We are not going to be inhospitable. On the contrary, we are prepared to share our last crust. But there must be absolutely no waste."

There was a short pause. No one was inclined to demur to that proposition. The Reverend Henry alone had doubts.

"It is difficult at a time like this, you know," he began mildly, "to be quite certain that you are doing the right thing. If you stop all waste in your household are you sure that you may not be encouraging unemployment? If you don't waste biscuits it follows that fewer biscuits are made and therefore-

The Reverend Henry was adjudged to be on the wrong tack and his protest was swept aside.

"Breakfast now," my wife began briskly, bringing into action her block of notepaper and fountain-pen. "All that I want to know - I wouldn't dream of stinting you-is-how much do you intend to eat?"

She looked round expectantly, the pen poised in her hand. There was rather an awkward pause. The question seemed at first blush a little indelicate. Sinclair tried to temporize.

"But wait a bit," he said. "Can't the servants manage to consume-

"The servants breakfast long before you are up, Mr. Sinclair," my wife reminded him.

"It's perfectly simple," said I, suddenly taking the floor; "I think it an admirable idea, the essence of good citizenship. What we have got to do is to declare our appetites overnight so that every man eats the food he has booked and we make a clean sweep. Book me for two eggs and a kipper.'

"Sorry there are no kippers to-morrow," said my wife. "Boiled eggs, bacon and kidneys and mushrooms.

"It would be wrong to suppose that I do not consider it a wise and indeed public-spirited idea in every way," said the Reverend Henry after some reflection, "but it is a little difficult, you

one sleeps and what one feels like, and a lot of confusion by trying to barter a what sort of morning it is, and the brace of mushrooms against my second letters that come, and the war news."

"And on the temperature of one's tub," added Sinclair. "For my part I eat a lot at breakfast. I don't feel that I have the face to advertise the whole catalogue in this sort of way. It's too cold-blooded. Besides, I fluctuate like the first morning a very awkward thing anything."

"Come on," said I. "You fellows are simply trying to shirk the thing. I declare two eggs, no bacon and three mushrooms, assuming an average size



GERMAN KAISER. "LET US PREY."

for mushrooms. One cup and a half of coffee. Three lumps in all."

"Well, that's a fairly good lead," said Sinclair. "I propose to double you on mushrooms and I should like a certain amount of—let us say material to be put down for a kidney. What waste, but we are causing, on the other about you, Henry?"

"Nothing but one rasher of bacon, please," said Henry meekly. "I am never hungry in the morning and I have always wanted to know how much nose, and as for Charles" (that is mybacon there is in a rasher. A single cup of tea, no sugar, but plenty of cream."

My wife had been writing busily. "What about Now she looked up. toast?" she enquired.

Sinclair approvingly. rather depend on the size of the slice? one to eat them." You may enter me for a couple of

know. It depends so much upon how said my wife, for Sinclair was causing egg (or at least to hold an option on the egg) in case he changed his mind before the morning. "And now I'll just send this to the kitchen, and then I'll go to bed."

It never really panned out well. On happened. My wife, in her zeal to provide for her guests, had omitted to count herself in. We had to make a subscription for her, and it must be said that a splendid response was forthcoming, Sinclair nobly renouncing his kidney. But the result was that lunch had to be put half-an-hour earlier, and the day was disorganised.

On the second morning, the Rev. Henry was down early and bagged all my toast, while Sinclair, who had slept badly, refused to meet his obligations in the matter of kedjerce.

By the third day there was a good deal of unseemly barter and exchange going on, and Sinclair made a corner in eggs. "The trouble is," he explained, "that you never really know how good a thing is till you see it. Overnight a sardine on toast means nothing to me; and it was never announced that these eggs were going to be poached."

On the fourth day the scheme was tottering. Sinclair had actually been for a walk before breakfast and was consequently making an unsuccessful tour of the table in quest of extra toast. He then looked for the second time under the little blue blanket that keeps the eggs warm and peered disconsolately into the coffee pot. And then he struck.

"I'm afraid we shall have to chuck it," he announced. "We mean well, but it doesn't work.

My wife was a good deal taken aback, but Sinclair went on to prove his case. "We are trying to avoid waste," he said. "Well, we may have eliminated hand, the most deplorable moral waste. Henry and I were simply not on speaking terms yesterday after he scooped my marmalade under my very self) "he is simply out for loot. He gets down before the gong. And this is essentially a time to heal all differences and stand shoulder to shoulder."

"But I can't have waste," said my "You are going into details," said wife, who likes to stick to her point. "Doesn't it "If things are left over there is no

"It will give me great pleasure," the slices, three by two. And jam—no, Reverend Henry broke in eagerly, "to marmalade. An ounce of marmalade." present you with a couple of live pigs "Do be quiet while I add it up,"—the animal kind, I mean."

THE CENSOR HABIT.

Nor the least disastrous circumstance for which this war must be held responsible is a certain misunderstanding arrived at between Phyllis and myself. Fortunately the sky is clearer now, but there was a time when the situation looked extremely ugly.

This is a copy of the letter I received from Phyllis a few days ago :-

"DEAR JACK, -So sorry for you that you couldn't pass the doctor. Have just heard from Leo for the first time. He left - on the -, and after a satisfactory passage arrived at They entrained soon after and are now in the neighbourhood of ---. What do you think? The --- s have occupied -. Captain - sends his regards "Yours, with love, "PHYLLIS."

I only know one man in the regiment that Phyllis's brother adorns, and his name is Captain Nares. Even supposing that the name had been censored in Leo's letter, there could be no doubt as to the identity of the person to whom the writer referred.

So far as I could see there was one of two possibilities. Either Phyllis was involuntarily developing the Censor habit, or she was treating the exigencies of correspondence in war-time with a levity that in a future wife I firmly deprecated. Humour of this kind is all very well in its place; but these are not days in which we must smile without a serious reason. I determined to teach her a lesson.

"DEAR PHYLLIS," I wrote,—"Many thanks for Captain --- 's regards. I don't remember the name, but possibly we are acquainted. By the way, you and very determined. When I told him closed a blank sheet of paper to Phyllis, admired in the window in -- Street? the Covet Commandment for ever, so I bought it yesterday. I don't like sendcorner of — Circus and — Street at --- o'clock, on --- night, I will sorry you won't be there. bring it along.
"Yours ever,

"JACK."

Knowing her as I do, I thought that this, if anything, would bring Phyllis to her senses. On the other hand, she appeared to look on it as a kind of challenge, and sent me the following

"DEAR JACK,—Thanks very much for your nice thought. But you must have mistaken the shop. I'll tell you why. Only this morning I was gazing at the very bracelet, when who should come up



CLOTHES OF THE PERIOD.

"I WANT SOME SMART COLLARS."

"Yessir. Mr. Simpkins, just bring me down an assortment of 'Dirigibles' and some 'Super-Dreadnoughts,"

remember that bracelet you so much what I was looking at, he actually suggested buying me the bracelet. Of I really could not let you go on breaking course I said that no lady would an envelope addressed to me with no dream of accepting a present like that, but he wouldn't hear of a refusal and ing it through the post at this critical simply pushed the darling thing into time, so if you will meet me at the my hand. I am meeting him at the -'s at luncheon on Friday. So "THYLLIS."

Yours ever,

In reply to which I wrote :-

"DEAR PHYLLIS, - You'd better " JACK." marry -

Phyllis wrote back :-

"Sorry, shan't be able to now. has just been called up, and sails from for ____ on ___. So perhaps you and I had better be engaged again. I'm longing for a bracelet.

There was only one way of answering

signifying my complete indifference.

Her still more negative answer was enclosure at all.

To this I replied by not replying.

And here, by all the laws of sequence, our correspondence should have been brought to a standstill. I calculated, however, that when the postman delivered my phantom communication next morning Phyllis would not remain twiddling her thumbs for long.

Sure enough, about 9 A.M. I received this wire:

"Regret your letter of apology intercepted by Censor. Will take same for granted in consideration of war-time. All is forgiven. Call here this evening with bracelet .- PHYLLIS."

New Wisdom for Old.

Grattez le Prusse, et vous trouvez le



INFANTRY.

In Paris Town, in Paris Town-'twas neath an April sky-

I saw a regiment of the line go marching to Versailles;

When white along the Bois there shone Shall march beneath some linden trees the chestnut's waxen cells.

And the sun was winking on the long Lebels,

Flic flac, flic flac, on all the long Lebels!

The flowers were out along the Bois, the leaves were overhead.

And I saw a regiment of the line that

swung in blue and red; The youth of things, the joy of things, they made my heart to beat,

And the quick-step lilting and the tramp of feet!

Flic flac, flic flac, the tramping of the feet!

The spikéd nuts have fallen and the leaf is dull and dry

Since last I saw a regiment go marching to Versailles;

And what's become of all of those that heard the music play?

They trained them for the Frontier upon an August day;

And some of them they stumbled on the slippery summer grass, And there they 've left them lying with

their faces to Alsace; The others—so they 'd tell you—ere the

chestnut's decked for Spring,

to call upon a King: Flic flac, flic flac, to call upon a

AT THE PLAY.

"OUTCAST,"

Mr. H. H. Davies to regard seriously wife-I must leave to the author to the love of a man for a maid. North reveal to you. Meanwhile I thank him of the river and west of Temple Bar it for an absorbing play, in which the is the intrigues of the highly compromised middle-aged which are supposed to be most worthy of attention Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER and Miss on the stage. But Mr. Davies (luckily) is never afraid of being young. So he human people. starts us off with a picture of Geoffrey in the clutches of drink and drugs just must easily break all records. Never because Valentine has jilted him. True have so many stage cigarettes been lit that when Valentine is finally married (and thrown away) in the course of an to another man Geoffrey is still in love evening. I wish that somebody who with her, and receives her at midnight reads this and is tempted to pay a in his rooms; but by this time Mr. visit to Wyndham's would let me DAVIES has given us three excellent know the full number. Flie flac, flie flac, all on an August day! Acts in his own best manner.

And these Acts are hardly concerned with the love of Geoffrey for Valentine at all, but with the relations between Geoffrey and Miriam, a woman of the town. She is, like Geoffrey, an outcast; but she has all the good qualities which he lacks, and she is brave and loving enough to drag him from the pit into which he was sinking. He rewards her by chasing after Valentine again (now tired of her husband)—and also by getting Mr. Davies, as I thought, a little way out of his element.

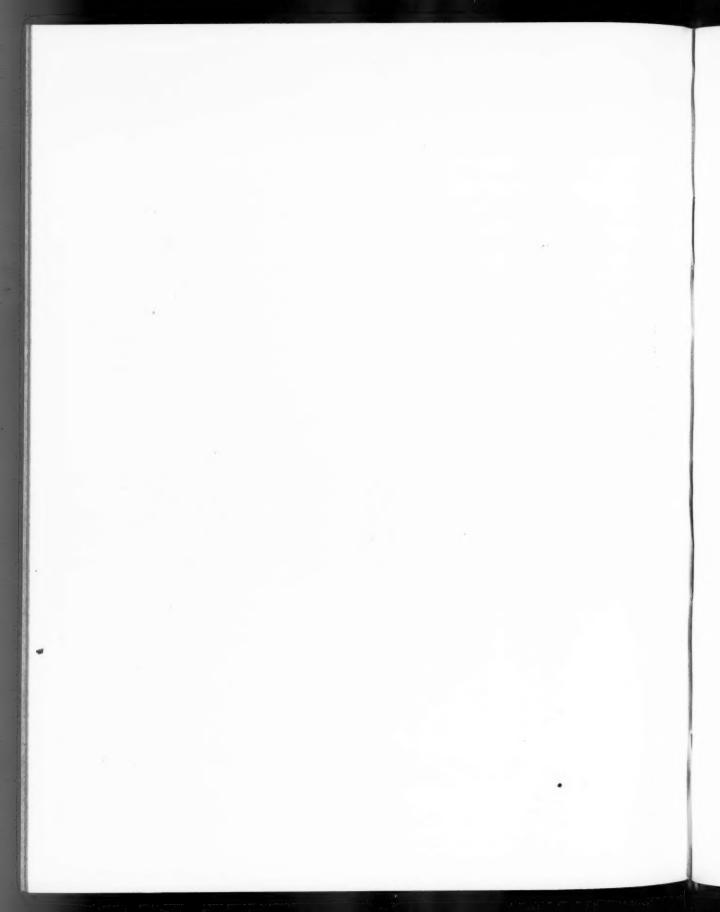
The solution of this less common It is very fresh and delightful of triangle-man, mistress, other man's well worked out. Perfectly played by ETHEL LEVEY, they were two very

> By the way, in one respect Outcast I began counting too late.



GOD (AND THE WOMEN) OUR SHIELD!

STUDY OF A GERMAN GENTLEMAN GOING INTO ACTION.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 31.—The peace in the Parliamentary arena which passed the understanding of the Kaiser and went far to foil his

plans, is temporarily broken.

Moving adjournment PREMIER reminded House of actual situation concerning Home Rule Bill and Welsh Disestablishment Bill. But for the outbreak of war Parliament would have been prorogued at least a fortnight ago and, by automatic procedure under Parliament Act, these measures would have been added to Statute Book. On outbreak of war political parties, amid plaudits of the Country, patriotically put aside partisan tactics and presented a united front to the common foe.

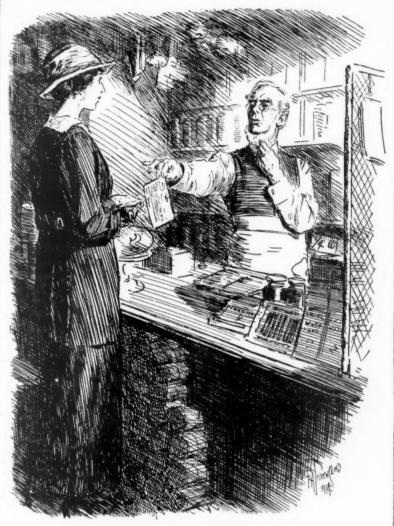
As PREMIER reminded House this afternoon, three weeks ago he declared desire that no party in any quarter of the House should gain advantage or should suffer prejudice from the temporary suspension of domestic con-When this was resumed, troversy. matters should be taken up and proceeded with exactly at the point and under the conditions at which they were left. The main feature of such conditions was the avowed intention of the Government to place the two Bills on Statute Book, hope being cherished of arrival at friendly settlement by means of Amending Bill.

This simple uncontrovertible statement of familiar facts quietly listened to. No note of contradiction broke the silence. Bonar Law frankly accepted the situation as set forth by the PRE-MIER. Expressed hope that in the interval between adjournment and resumption of sittings some means would be found of avoiding renewal of controversy which he described as "a disgrace to the House," adding, amid general cheers, "The country will not readily forgive those who are re-

sponsible."

JOHN REDMOND assumed that if the proposal to reach a friendly settlement failed the intention of the Government to place the two Bills upon the Statute Book remained in force. This obvious assumption, based upon reiterated statements from the Treasury Bench, drew assenting cheer from Ministerialists.

It was here Prince Arthur inter-Amid angry interruption he asked Members opposite to "consider whether it is possible decently to introduce subjects of acute political discussion in the present circumstances.' Lively talk followed, showing that the bitterness of Home Rule controversy is not dead or even sleeping.



OUR VILLAGE INFORMATION BUREAU.

Postmaster (to lady who has handed in a telegram in French to a friend in Switzerland). "WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO ACCEPT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS, MISS. THERE'S A WAR ON-ON THE CONTINENT."

creditable scene of the kind deprecated by PRINCE ARTHUR was averted by in- appreciated has found practical expression terposition of the Premier. In gravest has been many years in business here, has tone, "with all the solemnity I can found a very considerable increase in his turncommand," he besought the House to over during the past week or two." bring the discussion to a close.

to disposal of remaining business, remaining at work till half-an-hour after midnight.

Business done .- Adjourned till Wednesday in next week.

Heavy Work at the Front.

tterness of Home Rule controversy is to dead or even sleeping.

What might have developed into dis(Italies by Mr. Punch.)

"I had been snatching an hour's rest after a tiring day in the shade of a great pear tree."

"Evening News" War Correspondent.

"How much the bravery of the Belgians is

West London Gazette.

Appeal irresistible. House turned One customer showed his appreciation by having his hair cut three times last week. But a subscription to the Belgian Relief Fund is perhaps the better way of doing it.

> "Lord Hatherton has placed Teddesley Park at the disposal of the Penkridge Rifle Club, and offered himself as instructor in the use of the rifle."-Standard.

> The heading "Peer's House as Hospital" is perhaps a trifle offensive.

OUR OVERBURDENED HEROES.

THE "K. OF K."
SMOKER'S COMPANION

Comprising two pipes, cigar holder, cigarette holder, pipe cleaner, patent lighter, smoker's knife, pouch with silver plate for monogram, match box, and burning glass. All compactly contained in crocodile leather case.

Price Three Guineas.
Should be in every officer's kit.

HAMMERSTEIN AND PUMMELOFF.

Genuine Offer to all Soldiers on Foreign
Service.

Superb Boudoir Grand Pianos

At 25 per cent. reduction.

Will just fit into a Bell tent.

With removable legs.

Can be also used as a bed or a billiard table.

THE COMBINED
REVOLVER, FLASK & TIN-OPENER.
Occupies no room. Invaluable in Camp
and Action.
Price £10.

GNU-BOOT-EASE.

Should be in every knapsack.

The invaluable Remedy on Long Marches.

One Shilling per packet.

Should be in every Soldier's knapsack.

To all who are going to the Front.

Don't start without one of

DIPPER'S

PANDEMONIUM GRAMOSCOPES.

PANDEMONIUM GRAMOSCOPES. Enlivens the Bivouxc. Promotes Optimism. Price, during continuance of hostilities, 50 gns.; with special truck, 250 gns.

THE A1 PORTABLE KITCHENER.

With this compact and serviceable range a delicious hot meal can be cooked in a few minutes in whatever way is wished—by roasting, boiling, baking or grilling.

Total weight, 8 lbs.

Price Four Guineas.

Should be in every Soldier's knapsack.

THE "ROBERTS" TOILET SET.
Comprising 1 bottle refreshing dentifrice,
1 cake scented soap, 1 bottle Eau de Cologne
(warranted made in England), 1 tube facecream. Neatly packed in art case.
One Guinea.

A Charming Present for our Brave Lads or the French.

THE

"IAN HAMILTON" SHOULDER BALM.

For bruises caused by recoiling rifles.

5s. Tins at half price to every bona-fide soldier.

No knapsack should be without it.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

MESSRS. PUDELHEIMER AND JOSKINS, the Famous Art Dealers,

Offer their Entire Stock of Horrifying Post-Impressionist and Futurist Pictures and Sculpture To Officers serving Abroad or on

Home Defence.

No reasonable offer refused.

No reasonable offer refused.

No enemy can stand against them.

The Gorey Gallery, Bond Street.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT ENDOWMENT SCHEME.

Jane's uncle—Jane is my daughter—came to me one day and said, "What do you think of my giving Jane a camera for her birthday? Wouldn't she be pleased? The advertisement says, 'Any babe can do it,' and she'll be ten."

"I have no doubt she'd be delighted," I said, "but there's a but. If you give it you must endow it."

"What do you mean?" said Jane's

"The camera's the least part of it," I replied. "For half-a-guinea you can cast a camera upon the world, but have you given a moment's consideration to that camera's means of support? No, I thought not. One more proof of the happy-go-lucky spirit of the present day. Yet you know that a camera has to be fed on plates, that it consumes quantities of poisonous acids, and expresses itself on reams of paper. It is altogether a desperate and spendthrift character. On whom do you suppose the cost of all this will fall?"

"On the employer, I should think," said Jane's uncle. "Doesn't Jane get pocket-money?"

"Threepence a week," I said. "Barely her share of the camera's insurance stamp. Jane being under age, any debts she may incur will devolve on me, and I am really not in a position to take on this responsibility. No, I repeat, if you give it you must endow it."

Jane's uncle meditated. Then he said, "Very well, I'll endow it to the extent of £1 a year, to be paid in quarterly instalments of 5s. each."

Jane was delighted with the scheme. She had never had five shillings to spend before, and was enthralled to find that it would buy not only paper and poisons and plates, but also a mackintosh coat for her camera. Then she took snapshots indoors and outdoors, at all times and in all weathers, with catholic indifference to subject and suitability.

"The book says one has to learn by experience," she said, showing me a pile of under-exposures, "This one of

you is very good—the only pity is that I didn't get your head into the photo." This was one of many small details,

Jane looked forward feverishly to the payment of the second instalment.

"You'll have to put it by," I said,
"You have plenty of paper and things left, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I want a dormouse."

"Oh, but that wouldn't be legal," I said. "That would be a misappropriation of trust funds."

"What's that?" said Jane.

"Well," I said, "don't you see that the money's given to endow your camera, and must be spent on that camera and nothing else?"

"But there's nothing more to get for it," urged Jane.

"Then the money must accumulate interest until there is," I said.

Women have no heads for the law. I could not make Jane see that to buy a dormouse with the funds of the camera would be an irregular and punishable proceeding. Finally, in despair, I had to promise to ask her uncle if he would recognise the application of one quarter's payment to the purchase of a dormouse. He acceded to the somewhat unusual request with his customary good-nature.

with his customary good-nature.
"But remember," I told Jane, "the next instalment must be spent on the camera."

Slowly but surely, however, the camera fell into disuse. I was asked more rarely, and more rarely still, to look through prints. At last I was asked no more.

Then the third instalment arrived.
"You want some more paper and things by now, I suppose?" I said encouragingly.

"The light hasn't been good lately," said Jane evasively. "I've not been taking many photos."

"Then what are you going to do with the money?"

"Ask Uncle if I may buy a stampalbum."

Shortly after this, Jane's uncle's birthday came round. I passed a shop in the City which had recently had a fire. Five hundred silver eigarette-cases had been pluckily rescued from the flames and, to celebrate their escape, were being offered for sale at a remarkably low figure. One of these survivors was dispatched to Jane's uncle.

He dined with us the next evening, and was more grateful than I could reasonably expect. He handled the

cigarette-case quite fondly.
"But what about its endowment?"

he asked. "What do you mean?" I said.

"Well, isn't a cigarette-case as eligible

as a camera?" he said. "Its needs are. I consider, even greater. Presumably this gift is meant to facilitate my smoking, but an empty cigarette-case offers me nothing to smoke-it implies the heavy responsibility on an already overburdened man of keeping it filled. Now, suppose you complete the gift, as I did Jane's, by at least a year's endowment?"

I began to wish that the cigarettecases had perished, but after his kindness to Jane I could hardly refuse.

"Well, what would it cost?" I said. "That's easily reckoned," said Jane's uncle. "Say I smoke on an average fifteen cigarettes a day-that's 105 a week-that's- Have you a piece of paper?"

It worked out at just under 5,500 cigarettes a year. At 8s. a hundred, twenty guineas would just cover the year's endowment. It seemed out of all proportion to the cost of the case.

"It's a good deal more than Jane's camera got," I protested.

"I told you its claims were greater. Of course you can't expect to get off as cheaply with a fixed habit of maturity as with the passing caprice of a kid. On the other hand you might have done worse. Suppose you had given me golf-clubs-there'd have been golf-balls, caddies, club subscription, lunches, fares and postage on correspondence with The Times. Compared with that, what is a paltry five guineas a quarter?"

On reflection I found that very few presents would have escaped the endowment scheme altogether, and that the cigarette-case was really a comparatively modest pensioner, and I felt a little comforted.

For four quarters I remitted five guineas to Jane's uncle.

My present seemed to change his nature. Whereas he had been a man rather to ignore the claims of clothes than to consider them, I now noticed that he looked more prosperous and was better dressed than I had ever seen him before. Once, when he appeared in a new lounge suit—the second new one within my knowledge in six months -1 could not refrain from remarking on it.

"One has to dress up to a silver cigarette-case, old fellow," he said, and the subject was dismissed.

The year was on the point of expiring. One day I was talking with Jane's uncle and another man at the Club. The other man offered me a cigarette, uncle over with these words :-

going to give you a reprieve?"



First Lady. "I SEE THE MASTER CUTTING A DASH THIS MORNING. NOBODY WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS HARD UP.

Second Lady, "Lor' bless yer, no! Since this 'ere Merrytorium come in he WALKS DOWN THE HIGH STREET IN FRONT OF ALL THE SHOPS AS THOUGH HE DIDN'T OWE 'EM A PENNY.

a pinch of snuff.

cigarettes a day?"

"A parallel case to Jane's," he answered. "There seems something fatal about these endowments. Three days uncle sent me a handsome silver-after you had agreed to endow the mounted walking-stick. "It is the only and to my amazement passed Jane's cigarette-case my doctor forbade me, on thing I can think of that requires no pain of some awful 'itis,' to exceed endowment," he wrote. "Pavements "No good offering you one, I know, three cigarettes a day. With the first are supplied by the County Council, poor old chap. When is your doctor instalment you had provided me with and you have an umbrella-stand.

"I don't know," he said sadly, taking I do in these circumstances but follow the precedent set by your family? "What does this mean?" I said Only, instead of a dormouse and a when we were alone. "What about stamp-album, I chose to purchase the endowment at the rate of fifteen smartness. I spent the three remaining instalments on my wardrobe."

It was my birthday yesterday. Jane's

cigarettes for the year. So what should I should like to use it across his back.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

IV .-- IN THE HIGHLAND FORESTS.

(In the approved manner of the Sporting Feuilleton.)

ALONE in a first-class compartment of the Scotch Express Ralph Wonderson, athlete and sportsman, journeyed running sturdily at his stirrup. A away, discharging itself uselessly into northwards for the grouse hunting curious, taciturn fellow, this loader, the branches of the oak. Clasping his He was surrounded by gun-cases and with a tangled mass of flaming red adversary by the throat Ralph pushed cartridge-belts, and, as the train flashed hair and a bushy red beard which him backwards to the ground, and the through the summer landscape, he re-flected pleasantly that "Grey Bob," below his sporran.

his magnificent hunter, was snugly hunter, was snugly have a summer landscape, he re-bleow his sporran.

Arrived at what appeared a suitable relaxed his grip and lay limp and still.

little Highland station. As he stepped a massive oak He was extracting the the false wig and beard of his prostrate

out of the carriage with jingling spurs he was greeted by Grey Bob, who stood impatiently pawing the platform. Flicking a speck of dust from his favourite's glossy neck, Ralph leaped lightly into the saddle and cantered out of the station towards Clancrachan Castle.

As he rode through the gathering darkness he caracoled with an enviable lightness of heart. Was not his host for the next three weeks his bosom-friend, young Lord Tamerton? And was not the beautiful golden - haired Lady Margaret Tamerton with her brother? Little marvel that Ralph tossed his rifle high in the air and caught it again and again from sheer exuberance of spirits.

When he reached the Britain, assembled in the

gun-room. I was about to announce in the ap-silence for a full minute. proved manner of Chivalry that the rewarded with the hand of my only dictate.' sister, Lady Margaret. It is for you to do your devoir like a preux chevalier."

There was a chorus of laughter and and prepared to write. applause. Only Ralph remained serious. His fingers tightening on those of Lady "I—Ralph Wonderson—hereby constill. The probabilities were that Seri-Margaret, he plunged his eyes earnestly fess—that I poisoned—the late Lord vener, realising he had been outwitted, into hers. Doubtless he read there Tamerton.—I also hereby renounce—all would sooner or later turn his rifle sudwhat he had hoped to see.

It was a merry party which set out next morning, and, as each cavalier Ralph handed back the sheet. He hurl himself upon the other.

passed Lady Margaret, who stood on could not forbear a grim smile as he the terrace, he playfully pledged him- did so. He had written the single word. self to do his knightliest.

Soon they parted, each taking his own route. Ralph, urging Grey Bob tion of protest. Ralph ducked and turned to his best paces, plunged straight into in one catlike movement and hurled the heart of the forest, his loader himself upon the loader. The rifle flew

ensconced in the horse-box adjoining. spot, Ralph tethered Grey Bob to a Breathing heavily, Ralph raised It was dusk when they arrived at the sapling and took up his position behind himself to his knees and pulled away

THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.

Germany. "PERMIT ME TO RECOMMEND THESE GLASSES, MADE IN

ancient castle he found dinner over and the guests, among whom were some of the keenest sportsmen in Britain assembled in the

"In the nick of time, Ralph!" ex- when his pulses contracted as he felt If he backed away as commanded, claimed Lord Tamerton, clasping his a cold rim of metal pressed suddenly Sir Ernest would then mount Grey hand warmly. "We are trying to against the back of his neck. In a Bob and ride off with Lady Marcreate a mediaval atmosphere in keep- flash he realised that it was the muzzle garet, and Ralph realised that even ing with our surroundings, and as host of a rifle. There was a grim, tense her death was preferable to this. If

Champion of to-morrow's hunt shall be voice of the loader, "and write as I

Ralph took the paper and fountain-

"Commence," continued the voice.

"Rats!"

It was received with a loud exclama-

foe. Not altogether to his surprise he beheld the features of Sir Ernest Scrivener. alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke,

A low gasp of relief made him glance up. Seated on her black palfrey was Lady Margaret, who had been watching the struggle with breathless and agonised anxiety.

" Madge!" cried Ralph, rising to his feet. "What are you-

Her quick cry of warning came too late. Wheeling round, Ralph found that the treacherous baronet had seized a second rifle and had levelled it directly at Lady Margaret's heart.

"I rather think," said the slow, sneering voice, "that I am now in a position to enforce my commands. You will walk steadily backwards for two miles. If you refuse I shall shoot Lady Margaret. And I shall shoot to kill."

His nerves as steady as

steel in this desperate crisis, field-glasses from the case at his side Ralph swiftly analysed the situation. he made a dash at the assailant, "Take these," said the cold, drawling the latter, to save his own skin, would almost certainly fire. But Ralph knew that Sir Ernest, in spite of his threat, had no intention of shooting pen which were thrust over his shoulder Lady Margaret if it could possibly be avoided.

He determined to remain perfectly pretensions—to the hand—of Lady denly on Ralph, and Ralph, in all the Margaret Tamerton. Now sign it." denly on Ralph, and Ralph, in all the pride of his magnificent physical powers, In obedience to a further command knew that in that brief moment he could



LATEST WAR NEWS.

"WE'LL SOON 'EV THE KAISER PINCHED NAH. THE COPPER'S GORN FROM OUR COURT!" [The Press Bureau does not guarantee the accuracy of this statement.]

But Sir Ernest knew it also.

Ralph stood motionless. Lady Margaret, playing her part bravely, sat motionless on her palfrey. Sir Ernest lay motionless, his rifle pointed inflexibly at her heart. No word was spoken.

A grouse in the oak-tree croaked jeeringly.

An hour passed. Two hours. Three. Four. There was not the tremor of a muscle among the three.

Five hours passed. Six. Seven. Then Ralph felt that the strain could be borne no longer. He resolved to count a hundred and at the end of that time to rush desperately forward, hoping against hope that the murderous bullet would not find its billet.

Ninety-seven ... ninety-eight ... ninety-nine ... Ralph caught his breath sharply. The finger on the rifle trigger had relaxed.

Sir Ernest had fainted.

him hand and foot. With a long, slid from her horse and threw herself Margaret, who had assumed the rôle of nificent hoop of diamonds.

her to his breast in a passion of was no escape from that deadly eye. gratitude.

But Lady Margaret quickly disengaged herself. "What about the grouse?" she exclaimed.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Ralph, snatching out his watch. "It's four o'clock! I have only one hour, and the others will have had eight."

He seized his field-glasses, sprang into the oak and swept the surrounding of despair.

"Follow me!" said Lady Margaret. "I know their sanctuary. You can do it yet."

Snatching up the rifles, Ralph followed the girl as she threaded her way "There they are."

And, indeed, Ralph saw that all the

Bang! A grouse fell at his feet. He Ralph's shoulder. quivering sigh of relief Lady Margaret snatched the second rifle from Lady

into her rescuer's arms. Ralph crushed loader. Bang! Another fell. There

Lady Margaret had been brought up to sport from her earliest youth. As a child she had watched many of the finest shots in Europe. But she had never seen anything like this. Such unerring precision enthralled her.

And she played her own part nobly. Almost before Ralph had surrendered the empty rifle the loaded one was in his grasp. And when the barrels grew country. There was not a grouse in red-hot, her quick wit saved the situsight. He gave vent to an exclamation ation and she thrust them into the stream which trickled at their feet.

Bang! . . . Bang! . . . Bang!

Again the guests were assembled in the gun-room.

"Oyez! Oyez!" cried Lord Tamerthrough the trees. At last she halted abruptly. "Look!" she whispered, to be Ralph Wonderson, with a total bag of two thousand brace."

Amid a clamour of laughter and contrees around him were congested with gratulation Lady Margaret came shyly In thirty seconds Ralph had bound grouse. He levelled his rifle and fired, forward and laid her left hand on

On its third finger glittered a mag-

THE FIRST BLUNDER.

How I succeeded in getting this interview I should very much like to know. But I did. Let that suffice. When I entered He was standing

before His mirror fumbling with His is it?" moustache, which seemed unwilling any more to point upwards, but had a persistent droop. "Donner und blitzen!" He exclaimed irascibly as he added more and more stiffening paste.

Observing me He paused and sat down, motioning me to do the same. is that?" Then, after taking a tablespoonful of beside Him, He bade me be quick with my questions as He was busy.

I explained my visit at once. "It and irreplaceable." says in the paper," I said, "that your The last word se

Majesty's troops are being withdrawn from the North of Belgium."

He nodded.

"And that," I continued, "the province of Antwerp is free of them."

He nodded again. "But," I said, "surely that is a mistake—an error both of tactics and judgment of the greatest seriousness?"

"How?" He asked. "This chastisement of the world," I said, "which you

are to inflict-He smiled agreement. "This spread of Geist-

I continued. He beamed.

"How can it be thorough if you shirk your duty?" I

He bade me explain myself more fully.

"Take Louvain," I said, "as a start. That was splendid."

"Wasn't it?" He replied. "Hoch!" "That's the way," I continued. "Destroy the gems of architecture. Burn the priceless and unique manuscripts. Wreck the seats of learning. That will teach the world what you

really mean, what you really stand for." His eyes glistened. "We do our best," He said. "Hoch!"

"But why be half-hearted?" I went on. "That's the folly. It seems to me that some one among your generals He said. must be blundering very badly if Antwerp is to be so scandalously neglected. The lesson that it might teach if properly handled! The enormous value of its example to those must think." parts of the civilised world that are still on the fence!-Holland, for instance, iron tonic, and was once more at the are buying or selling it." Italy, Bulgaria.'

quickly," He said with his hand on the telephone.

I drew from my pocket a packet of picture postcards and showed him

"How beautiful!" He said. "Where

"Antwerp Cathedral," I replied.

"What a lovely spire!" He remarked wistfully. "So tall and slender. looks as if it would fall so easily.'

I showed Him another.

"That is charming," He said. "Where

"Antwerp again," I said. "The the blood-and-iron tonic in a bottle Plantin museum. The most interesting printing establishment in the world. So quiet, so serene—in short, perfect



Turkey. "LOOKS VERY TEMPTING AND FRUITY; BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHO'S GOING TO PAY THE DOCTOR'S BILL IF COMPLICA-

He repeated it once or twice.

"Yes," I said. "And these"-show-

"Yes, you are right," He exclaimed. "It is outrageous. What fool ordered the withdrawal from Belgium, I wonder-with all this work for culture still

He was furious.

"Not a stone should have been left," "The true Geist must pretaken. There will be trouble over this, stupendous. I can promise you. Leave me now. I

He turned again to the blood-andmirror when I left. His moustaches "But the blunder? For God's sake had come undone again. Both ends I should say for My sake—tell Me now pointed resolutely to the carpet.

THE COUNTING OF CHICKENS.

For business reasons I had to take my holiday alone this year, after my wife and children had come back from Cornwall.

While I was away Peggy wrote to me and said that Evangeline, her favourite Minorca, had laid eleven eggs. Whereupon she, Evangeline, had become broody and refused to be comforted; so Peggy said she had added two eggs that Clara, one of the Cochins, had laid and was saving up, and put them under Evangeline, who had sat on the lot for the regulation period, the result being ten of the dearest little fluffy chickens you ever saw. My first reflection was that there The last word seemed to strike Him. they were, ten of them, eating the bread

of idleness, and in war-time, too, with so many other more useful mouths to fill.

But Peggy's last paragraph was consoling. She informed her father that she intended to collar some of the alien trade, and had made a good start with her ten chickens, in addition to the three Minorcas, five Cochins, and two Pedigree - unknowns, which were all laying eggs like anything. Another of the Cochins, Maud Eliza, was beginning to get broody, and was being trained for her sitting Marathon on a box of my best golf-balls, and altogether things looked rosy -from Peggy's point of view.

I replied by return of post that she was really trying to ruin a neutral Denmark, and that to compete with the hated foe

"And these are at Antwerp?" He she must induce Evangeline, Clara & Co. to turn their attention to laying sausages, the brass collars of electricing Him more photographs—"are at Bruges. And," I added meaningly, but, so as not to discourage her, I "still standing." splendid table-decorations later on, and would keep down Williamson's absurd bills for meat.

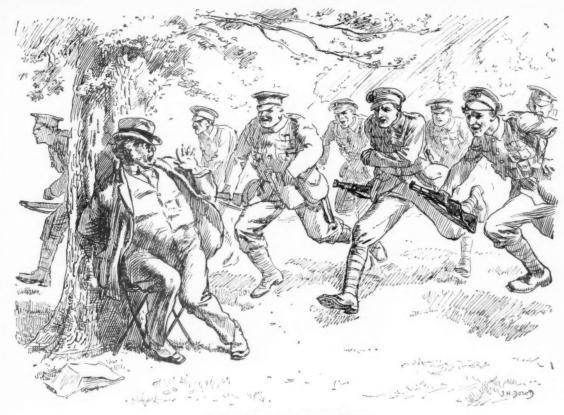
I came home yesterday; and after tea Peggy presented me with a sheet of paper covered with figures - a set of multiplication sums in fact. There was a column for each of the hens and their vail. Every opportunity of proving possible offsprings, and the grand total, our enlightenment should have been expressed in terms of chickens, was

"What," she said, "is a chicken worth when it's ready to cook?'

"It depends," I said, "whether you

"Selling," she said. "Oh; say 2s. 6d."

"Then to be on the safe side," she



TRAINING IN THE PARK.

OLD GENTLEMAN ENGAGED IN QUIET SIESTA IN KENSINGTON GARDENS SUDDENLY WAKES TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE ALARMING SITUATION AND HASTILY CONCLUDES THAT THE GERMANS HAVE ARRIVED.

said, "we'll call it 2s. That makes that?"

I found a stump of peneil, and an empty corner of The History of the War, and worked it out. "£112 2s. 0d.," I said at last.

"Not so bad, Daddy, in twelve months."

"Marvellous!" I said; "colossal! But you haven't allowed for the chickens we shall eat."

"No," she said, "but we shall save 2s. on each one we cat, so it's the same contribution. Doesn't she mind?" thing in the end."

I admitted the plausibility of this calculation.

"But," I said, "you're not allowing for deaths and bad eggs."

"Oh yes, I am," she said; "I've only allowed half the eggs to become chickens.'

"You'd never make a company promoter," I said.

"I'm going to be a hospital nurse, thank you, Daddy," she said with her nose in the air. "Do come and see Evargeline's family."

twice 1,121 shillings. How much is down to the poultry run, taking the though I'm sure they wouldn't if they multiplication sums with us.

Evangeline, the optimist, was busy scratching up the more or less kindly fruits of the earth for her family and didn't make the slightest sign of recognition, though I coughed twice.

"She's much too busy," said Peggy, "to notice that you've come home. Aren't they darlings?"

"They 're certainly a healthy-looking lot. Two of them I recognise as Clara's

"I don't think so," said Peggy; "she's busy too. She's been sitting now for nearly a fortnight, and Maud Eliza's on eggs as well."

"I hope none of my golf balls are addled," I said. "I want to have a round to-morrow afternoon."

"Of course not. I've washed them all and put them back again."

"Good egg!" I said.

Suddenly I had an unhappy thought. "Where," I asked, "are the figures relating to this lot of Evangeline's?"

So we strolled into the garden and chickens. I've allowed five to die, knew what they 're wanted for."

"I'm afraid you'll have to work it all out again."

" Why?"

"Look here," I said, "five chickens, and each going to lay at least enough eggs to sit on, and half of the sitting to mature, as it were; that sounds fair enough, but not more than three of this lot will lay eggs at all."

"Oh! why ever not?" she said. "Nature's limitations," I explained. 'Seven of them are cockerels.'

Our Latest Cinema Film.

"The Boa Constrictor, 3,500 feet." Advt. in "Cape Times." There must have been some centipedes

in the family.

"'I received orders from my employer,' he said, 'to go to —,' but found that the train service was stopped. I had to do many miles on my bicycle."—Yorkshire Evening News. We trust that he did not scorch very

badly on his arrival at this unmen-"Here," she said, "under 'E.' Five tionable destination.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

topical and local colour in the setting to secure success, once. He would have had my sympathy. even without an interesting story such as is told here. One may perhaps fairly easily detect its inspiration in certain actual happenings. It is the story of a woman, Lucy philosophy passed off upon it as new goods by the author Briarwell, clever and gifted with personality, the grass- who has a gift for dialect and uses an American negro as

widow of an apparently incurable lunatic who, living in Bruges, falls under the influence of a Belgian poetdramatist. Together - for Lucy is shown as his collaborator and source of inspiration-they evolve a wonderful new form of miracle play in which she presently captivates London and Paris as the reincarnate Notre Dame de Bruges. So much of the tale I indicate; the rest is your affair. It is told in a pleasant haphazard fashion, enriched with flashes of caustic wit and disfigured with a good deal of ungrammatical and slovenly writing. I think I never met a novelist who did more execution among the infinitives. Also I suszeal for theatrical setting

have permitted a dramatist to speak of his "caste," or the without being persecuted by their friends and their friends' leading lady to leave the theatre (even under circumstances doctors, pet remedies and religions." On the whole, I of faintness) in her stage costume. But for all that my may quite safely recommend these two hundred and fifty congratulations to her on a good story.

that it would be better worth reading if it contained less of revolutionary lines of thought. There is nothing pecuthe tale—which, to speak quite candidly, is parlous non-liarly good or bad in the many comic illustrations by sense—and more of the trimmings. The trimmings are mostly concerned with art bargain-hunting, and are excellent fun. Most of us have the treasure-trove instinct sufficiently developed to like reading about a young man Marie Van Vorst's delightful romance, His Love Story, he who picks up Gainsboroughs for a tenner, or unearths lost masterpieces of Turner on a clue supplied by an old letter. Vorst. He offers his best apologies. The young man in question was Hugh Limner, and in his off moments he fulfilled perfunctorily the duties of hero of the story. But I can't help thinking that Mr. M. McD. Bodkin, his creator, liked him best as an expert. Certainly I myself did. Hugh, as I say, found his buried Turner on the authority of an autograph letter from the artist, which in its turn he had found in a volume entitled "Turner's Poems," that proved to have belonged to Ruskin, the whole purchased off a stall for ten shillings.

That was the kind of expert Hugh was. When he had dug up the picture he exhibited it in a private gallery, where "each day an eager crowd freely paid an entrance-fee of Some people have all the luck! Fancy preparing for half-a-guinea." How, when he could achieve that kind of publication this summer a novel whose scene is laid in luck, could be be expected to take more than a languid Belgium. The picture of Bruges Tower on the cover of interest in a tale where the most impossible people behave The Belfry (Hodder and Stoughton) should alone be most impossibly; where, for example, a missing peer posts enough to sell it like the hottest of hot cakes. Of course a letter to his wife at the back of a picture-frame for no it would be rather too much to expect the story to treat earthly reason; where the villain, younger brother of the of the Belgium we all love and admire to-day. Indeed, long-lost, comes into the heroine's drawing-room and says, MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS, writing in the old times of "You must allow me to introduce myself. I am Frederick six weeks ago, permits herself some good-natured humour Ackland, Earl of Sternholt"? We were only beginning at the expense of the little red-trousered army. To-day it the second chapter, but my wonder is that a fellow like sounds oddly archaic. But, this apart, there is enough Hugh, who was within hearing, didn't throw up his part at

The public is quite content to have any amount of trite

mouthpiece. Miss Dorothy Dix employs a black laundress of the name of Mirandy (Sampson Low) for philosopher; and cheerfully persisting with the "yessum's," the "wid's," the "dat's" and the "becaze's," tells us with incessant humour many things we all knew before about husbands, their little idiosyncracies and weaknesses and the methods by which they may be best caught and trained for their purpose in life. Now and then Mirandy gets away from matters matrimonial, and it is upon these too rare occasions that she is at her best. I was particularly moved by her views on the just rights of the invalid, summed up in the urgent demand that those on the sick-bed should (omitting



A PATRIOT.

The Visitor. "BUT YOU DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU COULD SINK A BATTLESHIP WITH THAT, DO YOU?

Patriotic Seaside Villa Resident. "No, I DON'T THINK IT WOULD pect that Mrs. Saunders' Carry far enough; but at any rate it might draw the enemy's

outran her knowledge of it, otherwise she would hardly the lingo) "be allowed to enjoy being ill in their own way, pleasantly written and delightfully printed pages to readers who like to muse quietly on the elementary principles of My impression of Behind the Picture (WARD, LOCK) is love and life without risking the surprise of startling or

> Mr. Punch regrets that in his last week's notice of spoiled her good Dutch name by calling her Marie Von

The Touch of Nature.

- "Turkey is our natural Ally."—General von Bernhardi.]
- "Hoch! Die Kultur! High Heaven speed the work!
- Thus cries the aspiring Teuton to the Turk. Creation echoes with the glad refrain,
- Deep calls to deep, Armenia to Louvain.

CHARIVARIA.

"Our future lies upon the water," once boasted the KAISER. "And our present lies in it," as the German soldier remarked when the Belgians opened the dykes near Antwerp.

The mass of the German people would seem to be extraordinarily illstand sadly in need of enlightenment in quantity in the War.

Many of the little scraps in which the Germans were reported by their Press to have been victorious now turn out to have been merely scraps of paper. * *

According to The Times one of the first acts of the new Pope will be to urge the Powers at war to desist from hostilities in the interests of humanity. It is rumoured that Austria-Hungary thinks this a capital idea.

Our readers will, we are sure, be sorry to hear that the lady who, as reported in our pages the week before last, in the course of a difference with her husband, called him "a bloomin' Oolan," has once

after him, "You 'Un!'

following extract from a letter touches to the effect that:on the subject :- "On Wednesday heavy German cavalry charged us with drawn sabres, and we only had a minute to prepare to receive them. We left our entrenchments and, rallying in groups, they drew near." * *

this year, there is considerable distress popular figure with us. among London burglars. The oldest among them do not remember a duller season.

is delighted to hear that the Crystal

Palace has been taken over by the Admiralty, as she loves the place, and it is so brittle.

Another dear old thing suggests that,

With the object of benefiting the to?" informed in regard to the War and to local branch of the National Relief Fund there has been published at a sentry, outside barracks or an encampsome respects. For example, their Brighton the first number of a paper ebullitions of rage against everyone called The Ally. Our contemporary, and everything English shows that Ally Sloper, has generously decided in they are ignorant of the fact that we the circumstances to take no proceed-don't know me." are a decadent nation and a negligible ings with a view to protecting its title.

"Why," asks a lady, "should not

THE HUNTER HUNTED. [With acknowledgments to Mr. J. C. DOLLMAN.]

again had words with him. This time, waitresses take the place of the German to be observed when meeting a sentry; the husband complains, she shouted waiters whose services are now being but the scene always ends at this point dispensed with?" Possibly we may be wrong, but we seem to remember An appeal has been made for maga- once having seen an announcement zines for the men at the front. The on the placard of a feminist journal

> WOMEN CAN NOT WAIT.

Lord Rosebery, speaking the other emptied our magazines into them as day at Broxburn, said that defeat for us would not mean foreign tax-gatherers in the country. We are glad of this. We regret to hear that, owing to so It would be deplorable if the taxmany persons failing to go out of Town gatherer were ever to become an un-

The Fog of War.

" A final shell struck the Laurel amidship-A dear old lady writes to say that she enveloping her in a dense certainohtstl

Glasgow Citizen.

THE CHALLENGE.

"Arthur," I said, "you are not handsome, but you have sterling qualities and know a thing or two."

in order to facilitate the work of the police, all spies should be compelled to wear a distinctive dress.

**

With the last of the work of the police, all spies should be compelled to wear a distinctive dress.

**

With the last of the work of the police, all spies should be compelled to yourself," Arthur retorted, "and I'm not sure that you have any particular qualities yet. What does this lead up

"This," I said. "Suppose you are ment of some kind.'

"I'm supposing," he said.
"And suppose," I went on, "you

"I've supposed worse things than

that," said Arthur with decision.
"And try further," I said, "to imagine
that it 's a dark night, and I come along and don't notice you. You'd say,

'Halt, who goes there? wouldn't you?" "I should if I remeni-

bered my lines, I suppose." "Very well," I said. "Then I should say,

'Friend.'" " Well," said Arthur, where's the catch?'

"There isn't a catch," I said. "What I want to know is, how do we go on after that?

"I should ask you if you'd got such a thing as a cigarette about you,' said Arthur.

"You might do that," I said, "but it doesn't sound helpful. The reason I ask is because I've read the instructions several times in the papers on the courtesies

- Friend.' What happens next?

"Perhaps the right thing," said Arthur, "would be for you to ask after the Colonel's wife. But I might not let you get as far as that. The odds would be in favour of my not believing you when you said 'Friend,' and in that case I should either shoot or pink you. The choice between these two processes would lie with me."

"But wouldn't that be rather sudden? Surely you make another remark first. I seem to remember something about sign and countersign."

"You're thinking of trigonometry, aren't you?" said Arthur.

"Perhaps I am," I said. "Anyway it's awkward not knowing what happens next.'

"I know the best way to find out," said Arthur suddenly. "Get your boots on. We'll go and enlist."

LEAVES FROM AN IMPERIAL NOTE-BOOK.

As I have taken occasion to tell them from time to time. God is sparing no effort in favour of My brave armies. The noble courage with which they have crushed a defenceless peasantry (who, by the way, do not seem to share My recognition of the Deity's support of Our methods) has proved them to be the authorised medium of the Divine vengeance. I am very pleased with both them and God.

The destruction of Louvain, seat of a culture wholly distinct from the Prussian ideal, was an inspiration, in which I once more detect the Hand of Heaven. Unfortunately it has been misunderstood in neutral countries; and, to appease their protests, I have had to explain that this feat of righteous wrath has given me an attack of bleeding heart.

I am despatching an Imperial telegram to the President of the Oxford University Boat Club to say that when My armies reach that city I may possibly spare Oriel for the sake of My Rhodes Scholars. This generous thought occurred to Me in church when I was returning thanks for the demolition of the library of Louvain.

I have also instructed My intrepid aviators to reserve a pew for Me intact among the ruins of Notre Dame de Paris for thanksgiving purposes.

I have repeatedly warned NICHOLAS that God is against him. It is like his impious self-assurance to imagine that One whose services I have exclusively secured for My side could for a moment entertain the idea of supporting My enemies. I confess, however, that I had expected FRANZ-JOSEF, as My ally, to receive a larger portion of the Deity's favour than has so far fallen to him. From what I hear of the Lemberg affair, it looks as if his independent arrangements for Divine support had been inadequate. I am afraid I must leave him to get on without it as best he can. I shall want all I've got for my own use.

I see that a new Pope has been elected at Rome. At any ordinary moment this world-event must have attracted the attention of Heaven. But the present attitude of Italy towards the Triple Alliance naturally precludes any Divine cognisance of her concerns. On the other hand I have Myself thought it expedient to address congratulations to the Italian who now occupies the Pontifical Chair, and have ordered the fact to receive due publicity as part of My subsidised Press campaign.

In order that the organisers of this campaign may the better persuade neutral countries to accept My version of the justice of Our cause, I have given directions for them to appeal throughout to the God of Truth. We were, as usual, first in the field, and the Father of Lies has a lot of ground to make up.

My dear son Wilhelm tells Me that his own army has a tough proposition in front of it. I sometimes fear that he lacks the unquestioning piety of his Imperial Parent.

I note that services are still permitted to be held in the English church at Dresden, but that no prayers for the success of British arms are allowed. In view of My monopoly of Divine protection I regard this precaution as unnecessary.

Some blundering operator in Berlin has circulated the ridiculous report of a disaster to My army in France. I have ordered the fear of God to be put into him.

Even I cannot be in two places at once, and I am too busy in exchanging felicitations with My Creator in the background of Our western sphere of operations to be able to give My benediction in person to the brave defenders of My beloved Prussia. My lack of the gift of omnipresence has always been rather a sore point with Me in My otherwise co-equal relations with the Almighty. I hope in course of time to have this corrected.

THE NEW NOAH'S ARK:

OR, A WORD TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ON THE IMPORTANCE OF SEA-POWER.

[As a part of our campaign to capture Germany's trade, it has been suggested that Noah's Arks should in future be made in this country.]

Remove von odious concern That once outrode the mimic storm, And deep in darkest shelves intern Her captain and his pirate swarm: Sweep, sweep, that Dreadnought from the seas Of England's carpets, if you please, And set no more by two and two On Sabbath days her bestial crew, That mask with peace the Prussian uniform.

I seem to see the War-Lord's lace Bedeck that bosom mild and stout: Athwart you patriarchal face The Kaiser-like moustaches sprout; The wideawake becomes a helm, The staff a sword to overwhelm, Hypocrisy stands writ and cant On yonder pale-blue elephant Tusk-less (Maud did it when Mamma was out).

What makes he with a lilac dove This Corsair desperate and daft? Behold the conning tower above The big stern chasers pointing aft! This is not he that saved mankind With pards and pigs from tempests blind, But rather he that forged a flood, And not of water but of blood, And filled with worse than wolves his impious craft.

But come, we'll build a larger boat Of English breed, no Teuton shams, Where sheltered animals shall float, The lion couchant with the lambs: See from the cabin's open door What mild-faced dromedaries pour! What Shems are these? what host arrives Of gentler Japhets with their wives? What antelopes? what un-Westphalian Hams?

And sometimes, should the pageant cloy, Supposing Nurse has left the room, We'll take again that outcast toy From the deep cupboard's inmost gloom; We'll shell that buccaneering barque With the good guns of England's ark; We'll chase it flying like a rat For some fort-guarded Ararat, And leave it flotsam for Jemima's broom. EVOE.

Peace: Old and New Style.

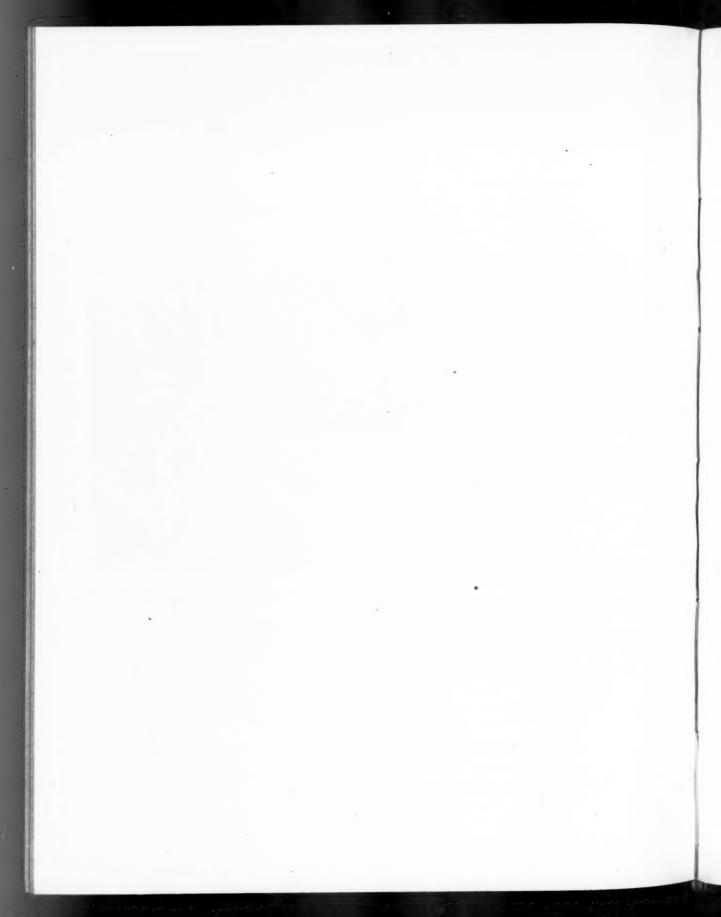
Now that the Allies have all agreed not to make separate peaces, we can look forward to the War stopping all at once, and not just a bit at a time, though of course the calendar of the Russians will allow them the option of keeping at it for twelve days after the others have finished.

"GLORIOUS COMPEAGNE.—For ever memorable in the smals of the country will be the name of Compeigne."—News of the World. Nor shall Compiègne, we hope, be utterly forgotten.



MADE IN GERMANY.

KAISER. "I'M NOT QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE SWORD. PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, THE PEN IS MIGHTIER!"



DISPOSITIONS.

My wife was certainly ruffled, and, more than that, she was mystified. She could not understand it at all.

"And this is the second time," she

"Have you questioned the servants?" I asked.

"It is not likely that my servants would amuse themselves by throwing lumps of coal on the drawing-room carpet," she replied, " not being lunatics. But as a matter of fact I have questioned them."

"It is the sort of thing a playful kitten might do," I suggested. "Or a

puppy perhaps."

"No, they couldn't have lifted the tongs, and the tongs were in it too, and three walking-sticks. It must have been children, I suppose; but I don't think there have been any children in the house.'

I found her the same afternoon studying some scratched hieroglyphics on the gravel in front of the house. It was quite an elaborate design with squares and circles and curving lines, and with a wobbly streak running through it. And that evening she announced once and for all that the house was bewitched and she gave it up. She had found a loofah, two sponges and some cakes of soap elaborately arranged in a pattern on the bathroom floor.

She had not yet gathered, as I had, that it was Sinclair and the Reverend Henry. I do not think that these two can have been properly trained in their youth to put away their toys when they had finished with them, as all tidy children should. They had no right to go out suddenly and play tennis, leaving the drawing-room carpet in that condition.

I had seen it coming on for some days. As soon as Henry has spent his first half-hour on the newspapers he is ripe to explain in detail the exact disposition of the Allied forces and "what they are evidently driving at." And the thing is getting very complicated. He cannot make you understand. He tries to draw maps on the back of envelopes, but his drawing is pitiable, and then naturally he reaches out at any object that happens to be lying on the table, planks it down for Paris or Verdun, and gets seriously to work. He and Sinclair were sitting before the unlit fire in the drawing-room when Sinclair put forth his brilliant hypothesis about a flanking movement on Von

Chalons; and that shovel is Soissons. | coal-"move your chair back. There, them under the sofa.) "This is the



Belated Reveller. "YOU A SPESHUL CONSHITABLE?"

Special Constable. "Yes." (Long pause.)

B. R. "WHAT ARMS 'AVE YER?"

S. C. A TRUNCHEON AND A WHISTLE, AND (suddenly inventive, in view of reveller's superior physique) a SIX-SHOOTER."

B. R. "AH, WELL, I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY FORTRESHES TO-NIGHT."

You must not forget that the Ardennes that's Paris, and the edge of the sented by a heap of logs from the wood- not asleep his game is obviouslybasket-"and that is the Meuse. Of course it isn't quite so straight as that left out the Crown Prince." "Look here," he said. "There's Stop a bit"—he filled both hands with afield, and there was quite a lot of

lie in behind here "-realistically repre-fender is the Marne. Well, if JOFFRE is "Stop a bit," said Sinclair. "You've

"No, I haven't. That's him there really "—he put the poker in position—
"but that is the line of it. Very well.
"No, I haven't. That's him there
in the work-basket. And you must Can't you see that what he is at is to remember that there are Uhlans all KLÜCK'S right. Henry was quite certain nip this force here between two fires? over the place." (I think that it must it was wrong. He was down on his by Jove, the tongs will do splendidly have been the Uhlans that chiefly have been the unit of the came to kness in a moment grabbing pieces of for that. Might have been made for it. exacerbated my wife when she came to

Allied front"-Sinclair had brought him several walking-sticks by this time. "Now suppose we were to the way. Why do people put silly it up, will you? Of course FRENCH is here. You must keep your eye on FRENCH. But-

"What about these lines of communication?'

Henry paused. "Well, there's always the Belgians. I'm afraid we'll have to at Shrimphorough. move the piano. Just give it a heave at the other end, will you? That'll do. clared, the conductor of the Shrimp-extracted quite far enough to be sure of

Now you see how it works. The whole thing from here to here moves sideways."

"Stop a bit," says Sinclair. "You're moving Paris sideways. Whatever they may do to it when it falls-if it ever does-I don't think they'll move it sideways."

Now that the Reverend Henry is no longer permitted to play with coals in the drawing-room or make maps on the gravel he has found an outlet on the breakfast-table. But he is not allowed to start till after the meal is over, ever since he got down early one morning and had the whole place laid out in army corps and fortresses, with a horrid tangle of knives and forks, cruet-stands, rolls, egg-cups, plates and coffee-pots, at the point where the main action was going on in the

But he is not at all satisfied with the occasion. From his demeanour and a was victory! One against so many breakfast-table. He has to crowd things certain flurry amongst the musicians, He had proved himself. He had terribly close together at one end in the Pacificist, scated prominently in the conquered! order to have room for the Eastern two-penny chairs, had about three theatre; and Posen (a toast-rack) keeps minutes' warning of what was coming, honest conviction, his forebears had falling off the edge.

The Kirkintilloch Herald describes the manœuvres of a submarine thus:-

"Without its presence being detected, it approached within a few hundred yards of a German Dreadnought, at which it discharged two torpedoes. In order to escape attack the submarine was then obliged to sing."

Suggested song: "Get out and Get under."

"We will overhaul the chassis . . . let us undertake the work now. The War will protest. It was obviously, under the a large proclamation in red and white. probably be over by the time the Car is ready for use."—Advt.

We cannot decide whether this is an example of Commercial pessimism or Military optimism.

THE PACIFICIST.

swing round like this—I say, do move it all. In the first place it worried rose from them, mingled with a few your chair. Like this. Confound it, him (quite honestly) that his country easy French words happily introduced I didn't notice that little table was in should ever go to war at all. In the when occasion seemed to serve. They second place it vexed him profoundly were far too preoccupied to trouble little vascs of flowers on tables? Mop that the war should be against an about the Pacificist. He had been enemy whose pure-souled benevolence prepared for every kind of martyrdom. he himself had proclaimed and written for abuse, hustling, even for blows. All about for years. Most of all, perhaps, he got was a few looks of embarrassed was he secretly irritated that these concern from his immediate neighbours. untoward events should coincide with the beginning of his own annual holiday seemed to go on and on for hours. As

A few mornings after war was de-Those pianola records are just the borough orchestra (a genius of cosmo- British tastes) gave the audience four

"Mrs. Smithers, if you are unpatriotic enough to HOARD YOUR FOODSTUFF, THAT IS A MATTER FOR YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE; BUT PLEASE REMEMBER IN FUTURE NOT TO GIVE ME A HOARDED EGG FOR BREAKFAST.'

audience, thrilled but a little self-con-this fighting down opposition! What scious, climbed to its collective feet as was life, after all, but a fight? He had of the Marseillaise, the Pacificist had he knew. The flame that burnt in his newspaper, but almost immediately almost anyone would do. gave this up as unconvincing and remained staring straight before him.

hundreds did not rise. A little to his come," he said fiercely, "to enlist!"

secret disappointment the hundreds made no apparent counter - demon-THE Pacificist was very worried about stration. An enthusiastic humming

To his excited imagination the tune a matter of fact the genius of cosmopolitan extraction (who had not been thing. No, not so near together. So. politan extraction) rose nobly to the verses where one would have been

better. And all this time the anger of the Pacificist grew. His cheeks burned, and the excited pounding of his heart was like to stifle him. He knew himself one, alone, against hundreds; impressing them, no doubt (despite their pretence of indifference), with the courage of a right cause. To face odds like that! It was intoxicating.

At last he could bear it no longer. Just as the band ceased and the rest of the audience subsided again to their morning papers, the Pacificist rose. He walked a little unsteadily. The light of battle flashed from his eyes, meeting and beating down what he took, erroneously, to be the glare of a hostile mob. (As a matter of fact no one noticed him any more). Stumbling, white-faced, with set lips and the face of a visionary, he gained the turnstile. This, this,

The battle-spirit-for, despite his so that when the conductor swung been soldiers and sea-dogs-surged up round with uplifted baton, and the within him. How splendid it was, the band crashed into the opening bars never realized that before. But now already decided upon his conduct. He blood demanded other foes, other worlds sat still, even for a few moments he to conquer. It had become an urgent feigned to be absorbed in his favourite need with him to continue fighting;

Immediately opposite to the turnstile was the open door of a large building; It was perhaps not a very impressive flags surmounted it, and at each side was special circumstances of the case (which With shoulders squared, flashing eye, need not detain us), an entirely foolish and the demeanour of NAPOLEON at the and mistaken one. But he made it. head of the Old Guard, the Pacificist He alone in that audience of several entered the recruiting office. "I have

SUPER-SYMPATHY.

"THE crumbling towers, the shattered fanes.

The havoc of the Belgian plains; Dead mothers, children, priests and

Who fall before My conquering Huns-Believe Me, friends, these grievous woes Deprive Me of My due repose, And, though enforced by higher need, Make My Imperial bosom bleed."

As the fat spider wipes its eye Over each strangulated fly: As ABDUL HAMID once was fain To weep for the Armenian slain: As HAYNAU felt his eyelids drip When women cowered beneath his whip;

As TORQUEMADA doubtless bled With sorrow for the tortured dead-So in his own peculiar style Weeps the Imperial Crocodile.

THE IMPERIAL PRUSSIAN COLLEGE OF CULTURE.

Telegrams: "Kultur, Berlin." Principal Dr. von Hackheim, assisted by a large staff of University Professors.

BRUTALITY is acknowledged by the most distinguished Teutonic psychologists to have an important place in modern warfare, as serving to maintain a properly submissive attitude on the part of the unarmed enemy, and the College has been established to complete this side in the training of cadets for the Imperial German field army.

TRAINING BY GRAMOPHONE.

Many difficulties have had to be surmounted. For instance it was found that, in spite of training students, proceeding to the front showed hesitation in the execution of non-combatants, and grew pale on first hearing the cries of women and children. This difficulty is being obviated by means of gramophone records taken in Belgium, which serve to inure the novice to the sounds of anguish. By the time he proceeds to the front no cries for mercy have any power to move him.

LITERÆ INHUMANIORES.

The curriculum is extensive. In addition to regular musketry practice at moving and stationary Red Cross waggons, hospital bomb drill, etc., courses of lectures are being given by thinkers of the first eminence. Some of the most celebrated names on the contemporary record of German culture are to be found in our staff list. During the and Iron," "Infantile Mortality and towards non-combatants.



Teutonic Barber. "SHAFE, SIR?" Customer, "YE-ES -- THAT IS, NO! -- I THINK I'LL TRY A HAIR-CUT."

its Promotion," "Philosophic Doubts regarding the Value of Mercy," illustrated by photographs taken in Louvain; and a course of lectures on "The Debt of Art to Atrocity" will be delivered by Professor Blutwurst, who occupies the ATTILA Chair of Anatomy in the University of Leipzig.

RECREATION.

The proper recreation of students is not neglected and sports are encouraged. Paper chases are held frequently, the paper torn up for the trail being provided by the courtesy of the Foreign Office, who supply the College with a!l treaties found upon their shelves.

RECORDS IN BRUTALITY.

The Principal desires it to be known coming term, for instance, Dr. Junker, that he will always be glad to hear of the Bernhardi School of Philosophy, from past students now serving with will give a series of discourses on "The the Imperial Forces who have per-Evolution of the Doctrine of Blood formed any notable act of inhumanity

THE OUTPOST.

THE lurid sunset's slanting rays Incarnadine the soldier's deed: His rugged countenance betrays The bulldog breed.

Not his to shun the stubborn fight, The combat against heavy odds, Alone, unaided—'tis a sight For men and gods!

And now his back is bowed and bent, Now crouching, now erect, he stands, And now the red life blood is sprent From both his hands.

He takes his punishment on trust, As one who sees and yet is blind, For every lacerating thrust Comes from behind.

The twilight creeps, the sun has gone, But triumph fills the soldier's breast; He's sewn his back brace-buttons on While fully dressed!

JAMES FEELS BETTER.

THE Sergeant-Major was speaking. "Company—'shun!"

We 'shunned. We stood motionless (all but one of us) waiting for his next doubtfully, "but I'm not sure if-

words. Then he spoke again.
"Blank blanket," he yelled, "what the blank are you doing?" He was looking at me, and my heart was in my mouth. "Blanket," he went on, "if "Squad—'shun!" We were five files, you want to scratch your nose, step out and I was No. 3 in the front rank. here and scratch it. My blank!" My heart dropped back again. He must be talking to James behind me. I longed to look round and watch the generous front rank. Put that pipe away, Private classic features, to fix with a reproachful eye that Roman proboscis which he had been grooming; but duty, or natural

"Company—dis-MISS!"

James affectionately by the arm. "How's the neb?" I said.

And then James told me what he

thought of the Sergeant-Major.

as if he were a rotten schoolboy. If I met him in ordinary life he'd say 'Sir' to me-probably ask me for a was going to sack him."

how good it is for you to be ordered about for a change. And think how pleasure. stimulating it is for the rest of us. I another man being cursed."

other members of our platoon. James was silent, but we others talked eagerly about the difference between "Right himself. form" and "On the right form company," and other matters which had suddenly become of great importance.

drill," said one of the keen ones.

"It'll only turn into a rag," I said.
"But of course we shall have to agree to take it seriously and obey orders. Who'll come?"

About ten of us offered ourselves. jumped up quickly. We went off to a guns at dusk. As you were. It's corner of the field, and lined up two no good taking half measures with and October were to be ruined by people

James.

We all hung back nervously. To obey an order as one of ten is so much easier than to give an order as one of and surveyed us sternly.

"I will, if you like," said James

"Go on," we all said; "have a try." James stepped out of the ranks and faced us.

"Stand at-case . . . Number Three, what the blank are you smoking for? Number Three-the stout one in the waves of colour stealing over James's Haldane. Blanket, Sir, this isn't a Cabinet meeting; you're drilling."

"Steady, James, old man," I said.
"Silence in the ranks! Two days had been grooming; but duty, or had integrity of character, or fear of the Sergeant-Major, or something, held week-days. 'Shun! Number! . . . Form fours!" cells for Private Haldane-both of them

We formed fours. Of course it is We turned to the right and I took absurdly easy, even with an odd number of files, but it is also absurdly easy

to forget. "As you were!" shouted James.

"The last file is always an even number. "Pretty good rot," he said, "talking Surely you ought to know that by this like that to a man in my position. time, Private Kitchener. The fourth Cursing a married man with a family file-Private Asquith and Private Tree, chest out, Private Tree-the fourth file stands fast. Form fours! Right turn! Form two deep! 'Bout turn! Form job, and go about in a holy fear that I fours! I thought so; Private Tree is wrong again. Silence, Private Hal-"Discipline, James," I said. "Think dane! Private Haldane will be shot at dawn to-morrow. Private Tree will be shot at dawn on the day after, this jolly it must be for the Sergeant-Major giving him time to prepare his farewell to swear at well-known public men. speech. Right turn! Where are you, Don't grudge him his little bit of Private Carson? Try and remember And finally, think how that you're not reviewing troops just now; you're attempting to decide assure you, James, there's nothing as quickly as possible which is your more bracing to a man than to hear right hand and which is your left. You'll find it a much harder job. James muttered to himself. We lit The Army Corps will advance. our pipes and sat down among some the right, quick march! Step out, Private Tich, my lad, step out."

James was now thoroughly enjoying

" Left incline! Theirs not to reason why, Private Kipling; if I had meant 'right incline, and stop at the canteen,' "Let's go and have a little private I should have said so . . . Tut-tut, ill," said one of the keen ones.

I should have said so . . . Tut-tut, Private Tree, 'left incline' doesn't mean 'advance like a crab' . . . Right incline! Aud now where are you, Private Masterman? Left behind again. Halt! Dress up by the right. Blanket. Private Haldane, you're still talking. I looked at James; to my surprise he Private Haldane will be blown from the Private Haldane; kindness is wasted like the Misses Fressen. "And now who'll drill us?" said on him. Private Haldane will be stopped jam for tea this afternoon."

And then a smile came over James's face. He repressed it, drew himself up.

"Squad, 'shun! Scratch - noses!" * 1/2

"Thank you, I feel much better." said James. A. A. M.

DISCOVERERS' RIGHTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH .- Unless the blackberrying season is to be utterly ruined and thousands of homes thus rendered poisonously unhappy, something must be done to make people play the game.

Why is it that this simple little fruit should have such a bad influence on otherwise nice persons? But it has, It makes them utterly selfish and inconsiderate.

Take our experience last week on the Common. We went out with basketsthree of us-Elsa, Dolores, and me, and, after hunting about for some time and getting fearfully scratched, we came upon a perfectly priceless group of bushes which no one had discovered.

The blackberries were there in millions, ripe too, and all sparkling in that patent-leather way which makes the mouth water and prevents as many getting into the basket as ought to. We were of course fearfully bucked by finding such a spot, and began at once in earnest. Judge then of our dismay when another party of blackberriers, attracted, I imagine, by our cries of rapture, came up and began picking too! These were the two Misses Blank, whom we know very slightly. They ought, of course, to have gone right away and done their own discovering. Instead of that they just nodded, and then snatched away at our bushes as though they were in their own garden. One of them even came up to a bush on which Elsa was engaged. What was she to do? She could not remonstrate, as we knew them so slightly, so she abandoned the bush with a gesture of contempt which should have made a duminy blush, but had no effect whatever on these thick-skinned Prussians, as we now believe they must be. Probably their real name is Fressen, Elsa thinks.

Common decency (I don't mean this for a joke, but I suppose it is one) should prevent anybody from going to a place discovered by somebody else; and why I write is to ask you if there is not an unwritten law against such conduct, and if so will you make it widely known?

It would be dreadful if all the blackberrying parties during this September

> I am. Yours faithfully, FAIR PLAY.



BY REQUEST.

Visitor (to Percy of "The Mauve Merriments"). "What would you charge to sing 'It's a long way to Tipperary' into auntie's ear-trumper?"

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE formal declaration of war (altogether unexpected by the best minds of the community, though the opposing armies had been mobilised for a month previously), came like a bolt from the blue on September 1st. In an instant the whole country was engaged in sanguinary conflict. We give with reserve the following reports which have reached us from our correspondents at the front :-

CIVILIANS IN THE BATTLE LINE.

On he north-eastern frontier a keen encounter occurred between the famous Albion South End Corps and an invading division of the redoubtable Cockspur troops. Fifteen thousand spectators from posts of vantage round the field witnessed the fearful onslaught of the enemy. Civilians were so moved by the imminent peril of the home troops that, arming themselves with stones and bottles, and shouting "---" (excised by Censor), they flung themselves on the wings of the invading army and utterly routed them. It is rumoured that the Cockspurs contemplate reprisals. In the event of the South End Corps invading their country it is bedeath against the invader.

THE OLD BRITISH SPIRIT.

Thrilling scenes were witnessed at the opening of the Ealham Thursday campaign. A huge crowd, thirsting for a sight of the conflict, gathered in the confines of the battlefield. A force of blue-clad mercenaries held them in check for a time. But thirty thousand volunteers are worth more than a hundred paid men. With magnificent unanimity the Britons formed in column. The dense black mass pressed forward. For a moment the conflict was fearful. Then the thin blue line of the mercenaries gave way and they fled in disgraceful rout. A moment later thirty the Bullington Arsenal corps. "We captured the position.

OUTRAGES ON NON-COMBATANTS.

We record with deep regret a violawhistled appeal for an armistice to time?" courageously protested against this saved Britain.

infamy. In an excess of military fury the General smote the neutral officer to the earth. It is believed that, unless the offending General be instantly submitted to a regular court-martial, the Shatterham Wanderers' army will be solemnly declared outside the pale of humanity. (Note.-The Censor allows the foregoing account to be printed but disclaims all responsibility for its correctness.)

BRILLIANT RECRUITING CAMPAIGN.

Great weakness has been observed amongst the advanced sharpshooters of thousand unconquerable Britons, laden must have men at any cost," said their with booty from the pay-boxes, stood determined Secretary. A cheering triumphant on the shilling reserved crowd attended him to the station as he mound. That wonderful charge had set out for --- (excision by the Censor), accompanied by two commissionaires bearing armoured bags of bullion. A rumour reaches us that at the cost of four thousand pounds the Secretary tion of the laws of war by the General has secured two famous shots. Great of the Shatterham Wanderers army, anxiety is felt in Bullington. Crowds In the heat of the combat with the gather round the headquarters of the Notts Strollers brigade he ignored the corps and ask, "Will they come in

pick up the wounded. Proceeding LATER.—A wire from Scotland consteadily he fired a deadly shot into the firms the news. The Union Jack is LATER .- A wire from Scotland conenemy's fortifications. A neutral officer, flying over the headquarters. It is felt lieved that all civilians will fight to the under the protection of the Red Cross, that the great recruiting campaign has



"HELLO, MARIA! STOPPED SEWING FOR TO-DAY?"

"YES, SAMPSON. I THINK THERE IS MORE NEED OF MEN THAN OF PYJAMAS, I HAVE DECIDED TO PART WITH YOU, AND SHALL GIVE YOU TO LORD KITCHENER-MYSELP! GET YOUR HAT ON."

THE TIRPITZ TOUCH.

(A new nautical ballad.)

They faced the winds, the waves, the fogs,
For they were a gallant band,
And they ventured forth, the bold sea dogs,
From the bight of Heligoland.

Six ships of war they steamed along, Audacious and yet discreet, When lo! on the skyline, fifteen strong, They sighted another fleet.

Oh! theirs was indeed a perilous choice,
'Twas a case of fight or flee,
When the captain cried in a resolute voice,
"Let us fight, my lads," cried he.

"Long have we panted to come to grips, And here we shall gain our wish; Moreover, I fancy that yonder ships Have nothing on board but fish."

Then up spake a grizzled Gochen lad,
"We be far from land or fort;
I should feel more safe if I knew we had
A battleship in support."

"There be six of us, and fifteen of them;
Have a care while the odds are thus;
We may rake 'em with shell from stern to stem,
But they might throw herrings at us."

The captain he said, "Take heart of grace;
There's many a risk to run;
A herring's an awkward thing to face,
But it's not so bad as a gun.

"My mariners all, be not afraid To venture on bold designs; Remember ye come of the stock that made The North Sea stiff with mines.

"So clear the decks for a scrap, my braves, Since fight ye must and shall, Like sons of the men who rule the waves, The waves of the Kiel Canal."

So all that day they fought and drank Of the battle's fierce delight, And blazed and blazed away till they sank Those trawling boats ere night.

Then they steamed away, Yeo ho! Yeo ho!

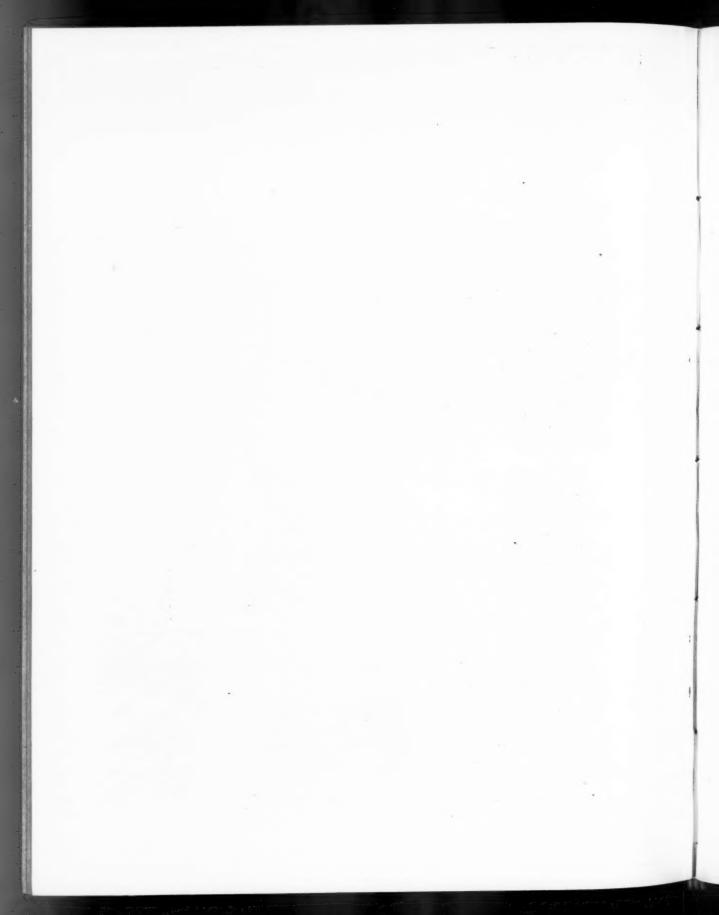
Brave men who had gained their wish,
With lots of captives of war in tow,
And any amount of fish.

The Distinction.

"The members of the Cheltenham Club do not play on Sundays; the ladies and gentlemen of the Cotswold Hills Club do play on the Sabbath."—The Homefinder.



HAIL! RUSSIA!





THE LAST OF THE NUTS OF SANDY COVE;

OR, HOW TO MAKE USE OF OUR STAY-AT-HOMES.

Lady in the background (also engaged in making night-wear for the wounded). "I say! I wonder if you would be so good as TO LEND HIM TO US WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH HIM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

9.—Parliament met again after brief promise between conflicting parties. recess. Compared with recent rushes has well earned the holiday deferred people of India are each all one in impossible feat of welding Ireland into by exigencies of war.

PREMIER in place at Question time. Did not stop long. Expected to make statement on position and prospects of Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills. As his magnificent speech at Guildhall testified afresh, when occasion arises he can say the right thing in perfect phrase. Constitutionally is disinclined to talk.

No absolute need to make preliminary statement. Everyone knows these matters are settled; nor are details of settlement a secret. Prorogation will be decreed early next week, and, in accordance with provisions of Parliament Act, Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill

House of Commons, Wednesday, Sept. used for final effort to arrive at com- story received with outbursts of cheering.

at critical epochs, attendance scanty, varied by reading of statement from the ____, I mean the Kaiser, his due. Among absentees the Speaker, who Viceroy describing how chiefs and At a stroke he effected the long-time

will be added to Statute Book. But enthusiastic loyalty in the hour of an interval will elapse before they England's need, and how lavish are (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) become operative, an opportunity to be their offers of help. Reading of Eastern

"No one to say a good word for the Proceedings, in the main formal, Scourge of Louvain. But let us give

> a loyal entity enthusiastically ready to draw the sword in aid of its long-estranged Sister across the Channel. Less than a year ago India was in state of ominous unrest that found partial expression in attempt on life of VICEROY. The Kaiser, secretly plotting treacherous design on a friend and neighbour accustomed to lavish hospitality upon him, took note of these things. Contidently counted them in when reckoning up his game, and arranging time and opportunity for opening it. lo! when he stands unmasked, he finds among the trustiest wings of the Empire's Army those supplied by India and Ireland.



THE RT. HON. JOHN BURNS FAILS TO RECOGNISE HIS PORTRAIT AS PAINTED BY A GERMAN PRESS AGENCY ARTIST.

on his way to the Club to read the spirits in the profession.) The history beard as a permanent feature; for, as latest telegrams from the seat of war.

Bills advanced a stage.

Thursday. - Five weeks ago, when Declaration of War with Germany boomed across Europe, PREMIER asked the Commons to sanction increase of enthusiastically affirmative. To-day comes down again and, like a young person who shall here be nameless, "asks for more."

National response to recruitment of first batch most gratifying. Save 60,000 men the half-million already enrolled. At present rate of progress another couple of days or so will see number completed. Meanwhile PREMIER asks for another half-million.

These forthcoming, and in present mood of nation there is no doubt on subject, "We shall be in a position," he added, "to put something like 1,200,000 men in the field," a sight that would make Wellington, not to mention Marlborough, stare.

With that patriotic zeal that has marked attitude of Opposition since war began Bonar Law warmly supported proposal. Vote agreed to without debate or division.

Business done. - Having voted additional half-million men for Army, House adjourned till Monday.

AT THE PLAY.

"BLUFF KING HAL."

THE arrangements for the production of Mr. Louis Parker's pageant-comedy had of course been made long before war was contemplated. The completion of Mr. BOURCHIER's beard in itself points to a comparatively remote date for the play's inception. Certainly there too, who was prepared to compose an possible Woman fully, and that the at the present juncture; for HARRY OF ENGLAND, suffering from the gout, blustering into a sixth marriage, and haunted by the ghosts of four dead wives and the wraith of the sole survivor, as a permissible distraction for noncombatants.

You need not be terrified by the

of human interest.

It was pleasant to make the acquaintance of two future Queens-Mary and him renew the horrific processes of its Army by half-a-million man. Reply Elizabeth—at the less familiar stages of girlhood. Mary, very nicely played by Miss MINA LEONESI, showed no sign of her subsequent taste for blood; but Miss KATHLEEN JONES, in the part of the pedantic little Princess Elizabeth, this play) was that many chapters gave us some very happy premonitions of the domineering qualities of the Virgin Queen. The tiny Prince Edward,



"I DUNNO 'OO NANCY IS-BUT THAT THERE KAYZER CAN'T BE NO GENTLEMAN TO STAND BY AN' SEE 'ER KNOCKED ABAHT!

is nothing very apposite in its theme epithalamium for his royal parent's others will at least find it interesting. final wedlock, already gave promise of a scholarly career. Apart, however, from the charm of Miss VIOLET VAN-BRUGH as Katharine Parr, and the gentle dignity of Miss ALICE LONNON is not a figure precisely calculated to as Anne Askew, there was little distincinspire patriotic fervour. Still, the cir- tion shown by the others, though the cumstances of the play are sufficiently Lord Chancellor Wriothesley of Mr. national, and it should serve well enough Humphreys, and Mr. Burton's Bishop Gardiner, conducted their villainies with a proper restraint.

The honours of the evening obviously complexity of the cast, which consists went to Mr. Hugo Rumbold, who of twenty prominent characters, twenty- devised the admirable scenery and four in smaller type, four ghosts and a costumes, and to Mr. Bourchier in the wraith, and a sprinkling of nameless title-rôle. By nature and constitution "halberdiers, huntsmen, minstrels, servitors, etc." (The soldier-supers— a type not to be confused with the was the voice of Mr. BOURCHIER, but Mo super-soldier—were a very scratch lot; for the rest he identified himself with sunk several herring-boats:—Nemo reand I must hope that this defect was due the undefeatable Hal. I hope he may pente fuit Tirpitzimus.

Thus the Member for Sark mused to the enlistment of the more martial be persuaded to retain the monarch's of the period is made easy for all a finished product, it suits him well in Business done. - Various emergency intelligences, and the relations of private life; and, if he is to make a prac-Katharine Parr with her lover, Sir tice of playing the part of Henry VIII. Thomas Seymour, furnish a clear thread whether to the words of Shakspeare or Mr. PARKER, I would not, for his own sake and that of his many friends, have

"THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN."

The joy of Tante (from which novel Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS has adapted went by before the reader realised that Madame Okraska was indeed an impossible woman. One began by liking her; went on to criticise; decided that she wasn't so nice as the author intended her to be; and then discovered suddenly that she wasn't intended to be a sympathetic character at all, and that, in fact, our changing attitude towards her had been just the changing attitude which would have been ours in real life. That was Miss Anne Douglas SEDGWICK's art. She took her time. Mr. CHAMBERS on the stage has not the time to take.

And so "Tante" is shown to us at once as a histrionic vampire, feeding on the admiration and love of others. Gregory Jardine, in love with her ward, Karen, has already seen through her; we have seen through her; the question is, when will Karen see through her. Forget about the book and you have the foundation of a good play here, on which Mr. CHAMBERS has built skilfully. I gather from the fact that he took alone the call for "Author" that he would wish us to forget about the book. I cannot quite do that, but I can say with confidence that whoever has not read Tante will enjoy The Im-

Miss LILLAH McCARTHY was a superb Okraska. Since she had to reveal herself plainly to the audience, the temptation to overplay the part must have been great, but she resisted it nobly. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, still a little apt to smile at the wrong moment, was a thoroughly efficient Gregory; but Miss Hilda Bayley did not give me a very clear idea of Mr. CHAMBERS' Karen, and was certainly not Miss Sedgwick's. Miss May WHITTY and Mr. HENRY EDWARDS, in the small but important parts of Mrs. Talcot and Franz Lippheim, were of very great assistance to the

Motto for German sailors who have



Member of Relief Committee (taking down "all particulars"). "Thank you, that's all. Oh, by the way, I haven't got YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER.'

TEETH-SETTING.

over France-

Lo, the glinting of the bayonet and the quiver of the lance !-When a rowdy rampant Kaiser, stout and mad and middle-

Strips his breast of British Orders just to prove that he's enraged;

When with fire and shot and pillage He destroys each town and village;

When the world is black with warfare, then there's one thing you must do:-

Set your teeth like steel, my hearties, and sit tight and see it through.

Oh, it's heavy work is fighting, but our soldiers do it well-Lo, the booming of the batteries, the clatter of the shell !-And it's weary work retiring, but they kept a dauntless front,

All our company of heroes who have borne the dreadful brunt.

They can meet the foe and beat him, They can scatter and defeat him,

For they learnt a steady lesson (and they taught a lesson,

Having set their teeth in earnest and sat tight and seen it through.

When the thunder-shaking German hosts are marching | Then their brothers trooped to join them, taking danger for a bride,

Not in insolence and malice, but in honour and in pride; Caring nought to be recorded on the muster-roll of fame, So they struck a blow for Britain and the glory of her name.

Toil and wounds could but delight them, Death itself could not affright them,

Who went out to fight for freedom and the red and white and blue.

While they set their teeth as firm as flint and vowed to see R. C. L. it through.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

[A German cargo of lead has been captured.]

IT is not lost to you, so make no moan; You shall receive it back, O Potsdam pundit; We do but take a temporary loan, Intending to refund it.

And goodly interest it shall not lack, A generous rate per cent. for every particle; We take the raw material, sending back The manufactured article.

MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

V .- A HUNTING MORN.

(In the approved manner of the Sporting Feuilleton.)

Ralph Wonderson swarmed up the ently in the morning sunshine, while Virginia-creeper until he reached the the champing of the horses' bits blended closely-shuttered window. Here he harmoniously with the choiring of clung precariously with one hand while with the other he produced a throng moved the Master, Sir Ernest gimlet and noiselessly bored two holes Scrivener, bowing his greetings right in the green shutters. Was he too and left as he passed. late? The question shot through his brain. With a quick intake of breath for the start the approach of a solitary he applied an eye to one hole and an horseman caused many eyebrows to lift ear to the other and watched and in surprise, while Sir Ernest for an inlistened.

In the lighted room before him sat he laughed scornfully. Sir Ernest Scrivener (alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke) and a brutal - looking the Hunt. "What on earth are you

"Everything, I think, is ready," he said in his cold, level voice. wedding is to take place in the village "But I see no reason why I shouldn't church to-morrow at eleven. You, hunt first. Drake, you know, played Ragley, will take up your position, bowls during a crisis, and Nero fiddled." disguised as a policeman, by the church porch, arrest Wonderson on a narrowly. The Master was making his charge of arson, and detain him until I arrive, if I should not be already there. I have here the policeman's his horse insensibly nearer. uniform complete. We are cub-hunting make my way across to the church, provided with the forged warrant of from his breast pocket. arrest (which I shall, as a magistrate, hand to you), the forged death certificate upon the papers and carried them off motor which will be waiting, and I shall proceed to marry Lady Margaret. Yes-yes, everything is quite ready."

Ragley, "if you'll excuse me mentioning hunters streamed out in a confused and it. Supposing as how the lady refuses

Sir Ernest tossed away his halfsmoked cigar and smiled evilly.

"That has been foreseen," he said. ready a bottle of smelling salts. I

prevented him from hearing more. Only the sight of the two murderousfrom tearing open the shutters and jaws. dashing into the room.

creeper and regained terra firma. His Ralph lessened, while the gap between mind was working rapidly.

The meet of the Chingerley Hunt made a gay spectacle. The red coats of the men and the fascinating Parisian SETTING his teeth determinedly, toilettes of the ladies shone resplendnumberless larks. Through the brilliant

A few minutes before the hour fixed stant went white to the teeth. Then

"Why, Wonderson!" cried one of Moorsdyke) and a branch stranger. Sir Ernest was speaking. doing here? I understoom thing I think is ready," he being married this morning. doing here? I understood you were

"That is so," replied Ralph easily.

way towards the iron cage in which the fox cub was imprisoned. Ralph edged

to-morrow morning, and at the proper Sir Ernest leaned down from his saddle moment I shall leave the hunt and and raised the catch with a flourish. As he did so a packet of papers fell

In a flash the released cub had pounced of my present wife, and the forged in his mouth. With a savage oath Sir special licence for the marriage of Lady | Ernest plunged his spurs into his horse's Margaret Tamerton and myself. You flanks and gave chase. Ralph, perwill then rush Wonderson off in the ceiving instantly what had happened and guessing the all-important nature of the papers, was by him in a stride. Side by side the pair thundered along, "There's just one thing, Sir," said while behind them the hounds and glittering medley. They were off! The hunt was up.

Crouching low on the necks of their panting steeds, the two protagonists swept forward, plying remorselessly "The shock of Wonderson's arrest will whip and spur, curb and snaffle. For cause her to feel faint. I shall have a time neither gained an inch. Then, without warning, the fox doubled. need not go into details . . . drugs . . . With a single turn of his iron wrist Ralph wrenched his horse round without the blood boiling in Ralph's ears out the loss of a second, but as he With a single turn of his iron wrist glanced back over his shoulder he perceived that the Master was only looking revolvers on the table and the twenty yards behind. Ralph redoubled knowledge that he could not afford to his efforts, his eyes glued to the white take risks at this juncture stopped him bundle clenched in the cub's dripping

Through field and farmyard, by barn Sir Ernest rose to his feet and and byre, over rick and river, they sped, simultaneously Ralph slid down the and ever the gap between the fox and able picture.

Ralph and Sir Ernest grew wider, and the savage baying of the hounds, mingled with the frenzied view halloos of the Hunt, receded further into the distance. Never had the Chingerley Hunt known such a chase.

At last Ralph recognized that his chance had come. Leaning over his horse's ears, he took careful aim and slashed out with his long whip. Unerringly the lash coiled round the papers and jerked them from the fox's mouth. A single glance showed him that they were, as he had anticipated, the forged documents.

Two minutes later Sir Ernest found the exhausted fox lying insensible by the roadside. Glancing up, he perceived Ralph vanishing over the crest of a

"Curse him!" he muttered savagely. "Curse him! I must and will overtake him before he reaches the church or the game is up. If I take a short cut under the hill I can outwit him yet. Curse him again!"

Mercilessly lashing his foaming As he spoke he watched Sir Ernest horse, he galloped in the direction of the church. As he rode a sense of the urgency of the situation grew upon him. If he arrived first, Wonderson could be arrested, if necessary at the Amid the eager plaudits of the Hunt pistol's point, before he entered the churchyard, and the papers recovered. If he was too late. . . He plunged his spurs an inch deep into his weary mount.

> At length the desperate Mazeppalike dash was over. As he shot through the lych-gate Sir Ernest breathed a sigh of relief. A policeman stood by the church porch awaiting him. Wonderson had been beaten.

> With an ugly laugh of triumph he swung himself from the horse. Stolidly the constable turned to face him. Sir Ernest gave one startled exclamation as he saw, not Ragley, but a stranger. He had been forestalled.

The heavy hand of a second policeman fell on his shoulder from behind.

"Sir Ernest Scrivener," said a voice solemnly, "I arrest you on a charge of forgery, and I advise you to come quietly.

Sir Ernest glanced round and saw that he was completely surrounded by police.

As the handcuffs clicked over his wrists there crashed above him the joyous clamour of wedding bells.

2/2 Ralph Wonderson paused for a moment at the lych-gate, his lovely fair-haired bride clinging to his arm. Standing in the mellow beauty of the English landscape they made a memor-

A red-coated figure, covered with the stains of hard riding, approached them, bowing low. In his hand he held a magnificent fox's brush.

"This has been unanimously awarded to you, Sir," he said, "as a memento of the finest ride in the annals of the

Chingerley Hunt."

And, as Ralph and his bride raised the brush to their lips, from the admiring throng which pressed about them went up that thrilling immemorial hunting chorus, "Tally-ho! Yoicks forrard! Rah! Rah!"

ANOTHER MANIFESTO.

WE, the undersigned, having carefully considered the situation in all its bearings and applications, have come to the decision that it is no longer consonant with the self-respect of Englishmen to share a name with the great swollenheaded German aggressor-the despiser of treaties, the desecrator of Belgium and the foe of the liberty of the world. We therefore give notice that from now and henceforward we renounce the name of William in all its variations.

(Signed)

WILLIAM ARCHER. WILLIAM ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. WILLIAM BOOSEY. BURGLAR BILL (Shade of). WILLIE CLARKSON. WILL CROOKS. WILLIAM DE MORGAN. WILL EVANS. GULIELMO FERRERO. WILLIAM GUNN. WILLIAM KNIGHT. WILLIAM LE QUEUX. WILHELM MEISTER (Shade of). BILLY MERSON. WILLIAM OSLER. WILLY POGANY. WILLIAM RAMSAY. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (Shade of). WILLIAM THE SILENT (Shade of). WILLIAM STRANG. BILL SIKES (Shade of). WILL'AM WATSON. WILLIAM WHITELEY, LTD.

IT'S AN ILL WIND. . . .

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I thought you would like to hear about the Intelligence Bureau which we have estabare serious risks.

Clarence thought of it. He is my allowed to read anything in the papers been doing, and it is all right. but the cricket scores, but now we may read all.



A Pufflecombe Worthy speaks. "You be telling us, James Buzzicott, bout this 'ERE LOOVANE THERE'S S'MUCH TARK OVER IN THE PAPERS, AN' THE DESTRUCTION OF A GRAN' OLE BUILDING. BUT WOT DO EE ZAY, JAMES BUZZICOTT, 'BOUT PUFFLECOMBE A GRAN' OLE BUILDING. AND T'OLD 'BELL AN' HORNS' IF US BE INVADED? WOT DO EE ZAY 'BOUT THAT?

meeting somewhere. They are all dren's service on Sunday afternoon,' making things for soldiers, and soldiers' something about a pienic on Monday. wives and children, and Belgian peaslished at home since the War broke out. ants. Briefly, when she's gone, Clarence is the special duty of an Intelligence It is run on German lines and so far writes on a piece of paper the fact that Bureau. has been most successful, although there Mother has no objection to our fishing, shows it to our governess, and off we our example useful, Isn't that clever of Germany? cleverest brother. He got the idea from a When mother returns she forgets to newspaper. Before the War we weren't ask of the governess what we have

> The other week-end mother went "GERMANS FALLING BACK ON THE MUSE." away and wrote to Clarence that we

> The Bureau works like this. Clarence were to be sure to go to the children's goes to mother and says, "May we go service on Sunday afternoon. Clarence fishing this afternoon?" Mother says read the letter aloud, and when it came "No," and hurries off to the sewing to that part he said, instead of "chil-

Hoping that other children may find

Yours truly, I remain, BETH MANN.

The Return to Culture.

North Mail.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

I was working in the garden, tidying up after the weekly visit of the jobbing gardener, when Bolsover put his head over the hedge. "Heard about the Pottingers' governess?" he asked excitedly.

"The Pottingers' governess?" I repeated. "No; what about her? Has

she given them notice?" "Well, she's not exactly the Pottingoverness to some intimate friends of

vouch for the truth of the story." "Get on," I said. "Don't keep me on tenterhooks. What's shedone?"

"Why, the police have discovered that she is a German spy," said Bolsover mysteriously.

"" Angels and ministers of grace

"Yes," he went on, " she had been with them three years, teaching the children 'Ich bin geworden sein,' and 'Hast du die Tochter des Löwen gesehen,' and all that. It appears that the police called at the house one night recently and insisted on searching her room and her trunks. Mr. Ings protested; said they'd made a mistake, pledged his word on her honour and integrity, but all with no avail. They searched and found-what do you think?"

"I'll buy it," I said; "Uncle Jasper's coming to lunch with me. What did they find?"

"It's no catch," protested Bolsover, "but the solid truth. They found in one of her trunks a German service-rifle and a quantity of ammunition."

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"Only once," retorted Bolsover.

near Hendon." I thought no more about the matter until midway through lunch. We were

waiting for the souffle when-"Have you heard that story about a German?" Uncle Jasper and I

began simultaneously.
"After you, Uncle," I said dutifully. "What were you going to say?"

"I was about to ask you if you had heard the story of the Polworths' governess," he said.
"No," I answered. "Tell me. You

refer to the Polworths of Croydon?"

Well, they-or rather "Exactly. some friends of theirs named Culverton, living at Purley-had a German governess who had been in the family for some years. A night or two ago the police-

essentials it was Bolsover's story over actually happened to the man who again, the only differences being that told me-I daresay some of you know they found three bombs and that the Bickerton?-or rather to an old friend governess was incarcerated at Horsham.

Uncle Jasper to the railway station. On my way home I met the Vicar, and we fell to discussing the war. Eventually the conversation got to espionage.

"That reminds me," said the Vicar, "of a very strange case in the housegers' governess," he replied, "but hold of one of my parishioners-or it would be more correct to say that what theirs named Ings living at Pon- I am going to tell you occurred in the manner. ders End. Anyhow, I can absolutely house of a friend of his at Canterbury.



London Scot (proud of his English). "AW'LL BE HAME ABOOT EICHT O'CLOCK THE NICHT, AN'-Voice of Operator (obedient to Government in structions). "No foreign languages, please." [Cut off.]

"She's now in a Concentration Camp | However, the bona fides of the facts is to in the version you heard?" I asked. absolutely unimpeachable. It appears

> And here followed another version of the governess episode, identical in all respects with those of Bolsover and Uncle Jasper, save only that the police found a loaded revolver and a plan of Chatham Dockyard, and that the woman had been deported.

That same evening I dined at old Colonel Jevers', and when the ladies had withdrawn to the drawing-room labour as womanual. our host began-

"Ta king about the war reminds me of a most extraordinary spy story I heard to-day about a German gover- done and their smart appearance."

smiled. can say at once that what I am going on forming a hollow square.

But I needn't repeat it. In all to tell you is authentic, for the events of his, which, under the circumstances, In the afternoon I accompanied is practically the same thing. Well, this friend of Bickerton's, whose name

> "Ings, Mullens, Doddridge, Finlayson," we all, except young Pitts, murmured sotto voce.

". . . Petherby, lived at—"
"Ponders End, Woking, Cleckheaton, Norwich," we added in a similar

". . . Maidstone, and for some time had had in his employ a German governess."

And so the tale went on until the Colonel got to the searching of the trunk. "... and in it was found" . . .

"A service-rifle, three bombs, a loaded revolver, plans of fortifications," we supplied as before.

". . . incriminating letters showing clearly that for years the woman had been in communication with the German Secret Service Bureau," concluded our host.

Young Pitts left with me and walked to my house.

"I didn't hear any asides from you while the Colonel was repeating that hoary old yarn," I said as we heard it before?"

"I heard it in the train this morning," Pitts answered.

"You don't believe it, surely?" "Of course not. Amongst other reasons, because the man in whose house the events were supposed to have taken place happens, I know, to be a bachelor, and would not therefore require the services of a German governess."

"Who was the person referred

"You," he replied.

Footwork.

"In a comparatively short time now, taken, and the ground prepared for next spring's display; all of which will be laborated as a spring's display; all of which will be laborated by the spring of the spring usually regarded as manual, but which is well within the capabilities of a strong intelligent woman."—Country Life.

Who would of course regard such

"Forming a hollow square in front of Webbe Tent, Lord Grenfell addressed the corps, and complimented them on the work they had The Contingent.

All the men exchanged glances and After which the C.O., on behalf of the The Colonel continued—"I corps, complimented Lord Grenfell

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Seaside Minstrel, suspected of being an alien, is made to remove the black from his face FOR PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION.

IMPERIAL FAVOURS.

WE read with very great interest the official and authentic information circulated by the Wolff Agency with regard to the status of the Austrian Landsturm. From this we learn that "on account of its gallant conduct" (attended apparently by disastrous results) the Emperor Francis Joseph has granted it permission to serve outside Austria. This is a gracious concession which will no doubt be very highly appreciated by the Landsturm; but one trifling difficulty seems to stand in the way. To be frank, we do not quite see how they are going to get outside. At least it would be well for them to take steps before it is too late. Events have not facilitated the journey viá Lemburg, or that viá Sarajevo. We know it would be a cruel disappointfrom enjoying this exceptional boon. Perhaps they might try the emergency exit to Italy, where a warm reception would await them.

Meanwhile the idea has been taken up by Francis Joseph's brother Emperor, who never likes to miss a good We understand that he has granted to the German Fleet - on account of its gallant conduct in the Then we hope Middle Templar is Kiel Canal-permission to serve outside ashamed of himself.

n the North Sea and also in the Solent. We need hardly add that the news has been received with the utmost geniality Eastwarp the buzzing tram-car dips by the British Fleet.

Nasty Accident to Divine.

Cardinal Vanutelli, the doyen of the Papal Conclave, has had the misfortune to break his conclave."-Liverpeol Echo.

Another Attack on the Press.

"The Antwerp correspondent of the 'Telegraaf' states that yesterday, between Termonde and Ghent, German soldiers fired upon a train full of Reuter."-Birmingham Daily Post.

From a poster:-

" WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER TTALY. The Globe."

This is, of course, a rhetorical exagment if they found themselves debarred geration. Actually it would be a small piece of Austria.

The Confession.

From a letter in The Globe on the liberty allowed to German prisoners:-

"With Portland and Weymouth almo: t within artillery range the thing seems monstrous. Who is responsible?—I am, &c., MIDDLE TEMPLAR."

TO LIMEHOUSE.

Adown Commercial Road,

Till you may see the masts of ships, With all their canvas stowed, Stand o'er the house-tops, high

> Against blue sky And thus Romance doth stray, Mid work-a-day.

O drabbest of all penny fares! Yet may you catch a glimpse Of little dusty courts and squares Where little dusty imps

Play by the plane-trees there, Squalid, un-fair-If these a child or tree Could ever be.

The trams they go with hoot and lurch Long miles, through glare and grime, With here and there a dim cool clurch Wide open all the time;

Where on this lovely day Folk stop to pray That wars, at length, may cease And we have peace.

Etamping Out the Enemy.

"With German factories paralysed and the cold grip of the British Feet about her throat, Germany, it is argued, must bring the war to a close before starvation conquers her." Yorkshire Evening Post.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I confess that I did not foretell the present state of affairs, and I refuse to believe anyone else who professes to have done so unless he can produce his prophecy in writing. reprint proves the lecturer to have been wiser before the servant—who surmounts, with not too much indelicacy, event than many of us are even while the event is happening. the primary difficulty of his young wife's ingenuousness

Territorial; he would have willingly praised what he has somewhat hastily derided. His theme, however, is not criticism of the Allies, but appraisement of Germany; and his arguments, simply but eloquently expressed, should be very closely regarded by those haphazard optimists who suppose this War to be the personal prank of a braggart Kaiser, doomed to an immediate failure for want of his subjects' support. I have devoured more pages of printed matter since this trouble began than I care to think about, but from the whole lot I have had less enlightenment than from this half-crown volume: I have learnt exactly what is taking

the contents of the reservoir, on its way down through a mountain-jungle, brought along with it what Mr. BATTERSBY pleasantly calls "clattering carapes of gigantic crabs." A truly gripping finish!

It would seem a far cry from the clash of armies to the Germany and England (MURRAY), however, puts the late romance of a honeymoon spent on a raft de luxe drifting Professor J. A. Cramb definitely among the few and per-lazily down a river of Burma. That is the theme of Love's sistent prophets who should long ago have been very much Legend (Constable), by Mr. Fielding Hall, author of The more honoured in their own country. The book is a resume Soul of a People, But there may be a war of sex with of lectures delivered in London in the early part of 1913, sex scarcely less tragic than the wars of men with men (or and it was first published a few months ago. The present brutes). The author shows us an oldish husband—a civil Had he lived to see "the day," he would certainly have in relation to the sacrament of marriage. But a further revised his incidental opinions of French competence and and worse difficulty is waiting for him when he comes to Russian honesty, British resource, and the utility of the deal with the incompatibility of the sexes in the matter of

moral standards. The thing. of course, has been done once for all by Louis Stevenson in Virginibus Puerisque. But he did it in essay form : here we have the piquancy of personal narrative and dialogue. Husband and wife in turn are responsible for the story, each assuming a partial attitude towards facts and opinions: or else it is one of his old friends (a source of foolish jealousy to the wife) who takes up the tale without warning when they meet at some riverside station. This means a pleasant variety of styles, and there is a certain childlike freshness about the method by which the husband adapts himself to his wife's intelligence, presenting his more difficult arguments in the form of fairytales - a habit which the



THE PICNIC, SEPTEMBER, 1914.

who, unhappily, died before sandwiches, spirit lamp, sugar, tea, milk, jan, ammunition, any of the existing wars Anxious Mother. "I HOPE WE'VE FORGOTTEN NOTHING, FRED?-

No doubt you already know the work of Mr. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY (FRANCIS PREVOST) in "another place," i.e., on the battlefield, where as a war-correspondent he has proved But he can also write romances uncommonly well. His latest, The Lure of Romance (LANE), displays once more exactly the qualities that have brought its author previous renown picturesque aspects of a big fight. He knows exactly what a bullet sounds like as it whistles over the head of the person to whom it was addressed; and as no doubt many of us are taking an unusual interest in bullets just now there should be a large public for a story that is so largely concerned with them. On its own merits as a tale it is bustling and picturesque enough. The scene of it is laid being a man, I thought the woman wanted smacking. in a South American Republic (that useful variant on Ruritania), and the plot deals with the rescue of the charming daughters of a rapscallion President, threatened by local revolutionaries. Naturally, therefore, there is some shooting-in the American sense-all of which bears the sign of expert handling. The affair ends with a really thrilling climax, in which Doyne, the engineer and chief hero, confounds the politics of his enemies by letting loose to alter the name of the Central Baths to 'The Kursaal.' a reservoir upon them. This is great fun. Especially as What next?

was declared. Clearly the days of miracles are not yet dead, author may, for all I know, have assimilated through intercourse with the local native. All goes badly, and things began to threaten an impasse, when one foggy night the raft is cut in two by a paddle-boat and the pair get separated and nearly killed. They are so pleased to be himself a keen observer and an accomplished master of style, restored to one another alive that they tacitly agree to waive their differences. It is perhaps rather a puerile dénouement, and not likely to be very helpful to the newlywedded public. There must be very few couples who can -an appreciative eye and a ready pen for the dramatic and count on having their elemental differences healed by means of a collision between a honeymoon raft and a paddle-steamer on a Burmese river. All the same I commend the book, for it has a charm of manner that will appeal to all. As for its matter, half of it will seem sound to you if you are a male, and most irritating if you are a female; and the other way about with the other half. Personally,

> The new German National Anthem (we hope):—Deutschland unter Allies.

> We are living in unsettled times. St. Petersburg has become Petrograd, and now we read in The Yorkshire Observer that "The Bradford Baths Committee have decided

THE NEW RAKE'S PROGRESS



GERMAN KAISER. "LET US PREY." Sept. 9, 1914.

Cartoons from "Punch"
Illustrating the Kaiser's Career,
1888-1914.

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A WISE WARNING.

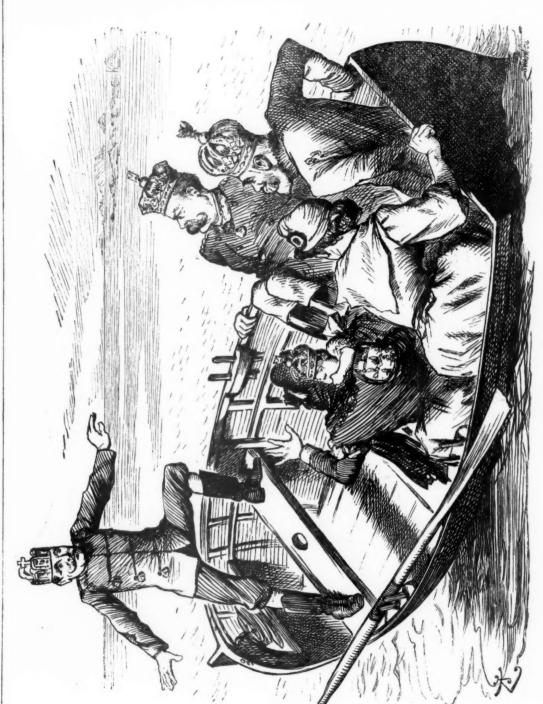
Dædalus Bismarck (Political Parent of Wilhelm Icarus).

"My son, observe the middle path to fly,
And fear to sink too low, or rise too high.

Here the sun melts, there vapours damp your force,
Between the two extremes direct your course.

"Nor on the bear, nor on bootes gaze,
Nor on sword-arm'd orion's dangerous rays:
But follow me, thy guide, with watchful sight,
And, as I steer, direct thy cautious Flight."
Ovid, "Metamorphoses," Book VIII., Fable III.

October 6, 1888.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

CHORUS IN THE STERN, "DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT -OR YOU'LL UPSET US ALL!

, The Kaiser begins to alarm his fellow Rulers.



THE IMPERIAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Chorus (Everyboly). "Everything in Order Everywhere! O! what a Surprise! Sold Again!"

January 30, 1892.



THE MODERN ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF SOUND.

"WITH RAVISHED EARS, THE MONARCH HEARS, Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
and seems to shake the spheres!"

March 5, 1892.



THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(Up-to-date Version of "Struwwelpeter.")

"LET ME SEE IF WILHELM CAN
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;
LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE!"

"BUT FIDGETY WILL HE WON'T SIT STILL."

JUST LIKE ANY BUCKING HORSE.
"WILHELM! WE ARE GETTING CROSS!"

February 1, 1896.



A NEW RÔLE.

Imperial "Manager-Actor" (who has cast himself for a leading part in "Un Voyage en Chine," sotto voce). "Um—Ha!
WITH JUST A FEW ADDITIONAL TOUCHES HERE AND THERE, I SHALL MAKE A FIRST-RATE EMPEROR OF CHINA!"

January 15, 1898.



COOK'S CRUSADER.

Imperial Knight Templar (the German Emperor—to Saladin). "What!! The Christian Powers putting pressure upon You, my dear Friend!! Horrible! I can't think how People can do such things!"

October 15, 1898.



ON TOUR.

(Tangier, March 31.)

Kaiser Wilhelm (as the Moor of Potsdam) sings:-

" 'UNTER DEN LINDEN '-ALWAYS AT HOME,

'UNDER THE LIME-LIGHT' WHEREVER I ROAM!"

April 5, 1905.



NOT IN THE PICTURE.

Scene-On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

Mr. Punch (*Photographer*, suavely, to the Kaiser). "Just a leetle further back, please, Sir. Your shadow still rather interferes with the group."

July 12, 1905.



THE SOWER OF TARES.

(After Millais.)

August 23, 1905.



"ISOLATION."

Peace (attending the Inter-Parliamentary Congress at Berlin). "Everybody else seems to be my friend; why do you stand aloof?"

GERMAN KAISER. "BUT HAVEN'T I ALWAYS SAID THAT I WAS YOUR FRIEND?"

PEACE. "YES; BUT CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO PROVE IT?"

September 23, 1908.



THE TEUTONISING OF TURKEY.

GERMAN KAISER, "GOOD BIRD!"

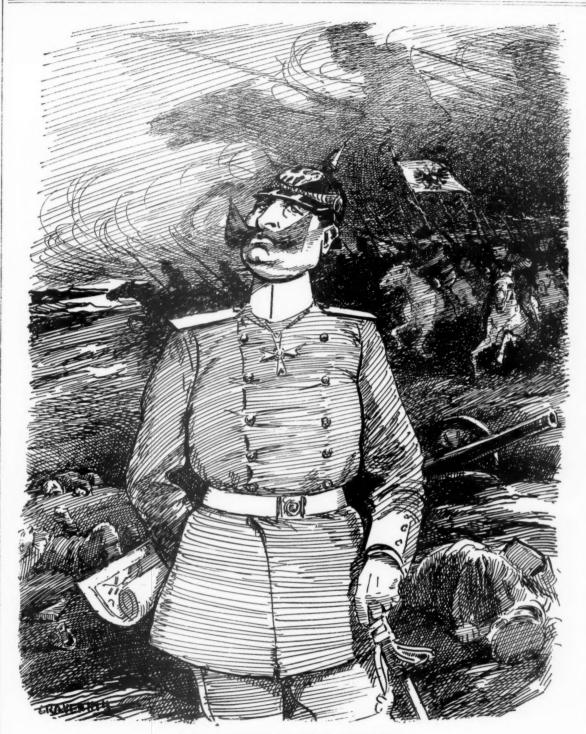
October 5, 1910.



HARMONY.

[The GERMAN EMPEROR has been patronising the Centenary of KRUPP'S Gun Factory.]

August 14, 1912.



THE COMING OF THE COSSACKS.

WILHELM II. "WHAT IS THIS DISTANT RUMBLING THAT I HEAR? DOUBTLESS THE PLAUDITS OF MY PEOPLE!"



THE WORLD'S ENEMY.

THE KAISER. "WHO GOES THERE?"
SPIRIT OF CARNAGE. "A FRIEND—YOUR ONLY ONE,"

August 19, 1914.



Chorus, "Boo! 'OO KISSED 'ER 'AND TO THE KAISER LARST TIME 'E COME OVER? YAR! BLOOMIN' GERMAN!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER, we are told, travels with an asbestos hut. We fancy, however, that it is not during his lifetime that the most pressing need for a fire-proof shelter will arise.

what looks like a bottle-neck exit." Lies. Their fondness for the bottle is, of course, well known and may yet be their undoing.

pagne." It was, as might have been a College Window (in Louvain). expected, a very wobbly line.

French ought to have allowed the Mad with the enemy. Dog to retain Loonevville.

The German papers publish the notice by racing men of betting news statement that a Breslau merchant has having been delayed on more than one offered 30,000 marks to the German occasion owing to the wires being They must have caught it from the

practice the reward, it will be noted, closely into the matter. is offered to the man personally and would not be payable to his next of

"The Germans," said one of our manufactured in Germany can be made "but be you from Lunnon town?" experts last week, "are retreating to just as well here. The exception is The visitor nodded. "Then maybe,

rumour that Mr. A. C. Benson's forth- be strained?" coming Christmas book is to be a The Times, one day, gave a map Eulogy of German Culture and is to showing "The Line of Battle in Cham- bear the title, Some Broken Panes From

A Corps of Artists for Home Defence The Press Bureau cannot guarantee the A somewhat illiterate correspondent is being formed, and the painter memwrites to say that he considers that the bers are said to be longing for a brush

soldier who, weapon in hand, shall be required for war purposes. We are Germans.

the first to place his feet on British confident that if a protest were made soil. By a characteristic piece of sharp to Lord KITCHENER he would look very

Another item reaches us from the dear old village of Pufflecombe this week. The oldest inhabitant met a With one exception all goods hitherto stranger. "'Scuse me, Zur," he said, Zur," said the rustic, "you can tell me if it be true, as I have heard tell, that We have been requested to deny the relations 'tween England and Germany

> "If every man and woman in the country were mated, the number of men who would still remain bachelors would more than equal the entire population."—Daily News.

> truth of this.

"Germans on board, who were arrested, Cases have been brought to our stated that reports circulated in Hamburg declared that the British troops had been

PROBATION.

(To a King's Recruit.)

Now is your time of trial, now When into dusk the glamour pales And the first glow of passion fails That lit your eyes and flushed your brow In that great moment when you made your yow.

The Vision fades; you scarce recall The sudden swelling of the heart, The swift resolve to have your part In this the noblest quest of all By which our word is given to stand or fall.

Your mother's pride, your comrades' praise-All that romance that seemed so fair Grows dim, and you are left to bear The prose of duty's sombre ways And labour of the long unlovely days.

Yet here's the test to prove you kin With those to whom we trust our fate, Sober and steadfast, clean and straight, In that stern school of discipline Hardened to war against the foe within.

For only so, in England's sight, By that ordeal's searching flame Found worthy of your fathers' fame, With all your spirit's armour bright Can you go forth in her dear cause to fight. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. I.

(From Herr von Bethmann Hollweg.)

MAJESTY,-Though you will never receive this letter, I feel that I must write it if only to relieve my mind of an intolerable burden. There is no doubt about it, things are not going well with us, and we shall soon be in a situation of a most deplorable kind. Our armies have been driven back in France-this is what Von Stein means when he declares that we have had "partial successes"-and Paris, which was to be captured weeks ago, seems to be as strong and as defiant as ever. The English are still unbroken and are pouring new armies into France. In Galicia the wretched Austrians are running like sheep; even Servia has beaten them and is invading Hungary and Bosnia; and our wonderful fleet, which cost so much good money, is bottled up. Soon we shall have the Cossaeks on our backs, and then the dance will begin in earnest.

But you don't care-not a bit of it. You've been prancing about and making speeches and showing yourself on balconies and congratulating God on being such a good German. Do for Heaven's sake give us all a rest. We are in for a frightful war, and untold miseries are sure to fall upon us. Do you suppose that we shall be helped to bear them if you continue to act like an inebriated madman in the sight of the whole world?

Of course I shall have to bear the responsibility. 1 know that well enough. So, while I still have the liberty to use my pen, I mean to make my protest and throw back the burden you want to put upon me. Let me tell you this: you can't go on bragging and trampling on others and glorifying your splendid and immaculate self without rousing anger somewhere. Other people have their feelings—I've spent many an enjoyable hour over his books, such as 'Three Men in got some left myself—and in the long run they're bound to a boat'?'—Timaru Herald. get tired of being exposed to your insolence. We may be Obviously the writer of the above paragraph.

miserable worms, but we don't want to be told so

And then how wanton and silly the whole management of the affair has been. Think of our Empire so gloriously won, so magnificently established. France, no doubt, brooded over the possibility of a revanche, but no other country envied us our success or desired either to damage our prestige or to interfere with our growing commerce. Everybody was glad to hail us as friends. And now nearly the whole of Europe has been brought about our ears. Almost all countries wish for our destruction and are trying to bring it about. Italy deserts us. Even America, though you cringe to her, dislikes us and mentions Louvain when we speak of culture. What a masterpiece of folly and miscalculation and wasted opportunity it has all been. And the truth is that there's nobody to thank for it except your sublime self. Others have made mistakes, but you alone were capable of constructing this colossal monument of detestable blunders. Our fault has been that we did not attempt to check you when you pulled on your jack-boots and mounted your high-horse to ride rough-shod over the world, and that we pretended to believe you when you assured us that all was well because you had taken in the Almighty as a sleeping-partner in the business of governing a State. That fault in all conscience is big enough, but it becomes a mere speck when it is measured against yours.

I could add more, but what I have said is enough. At any rate I am now feeling better.

Yours, with all deference, VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG.

THE EVANGELIST.

I HAVE found favour in the sight of God; From all His servants He selected Me To take His gospel, "God and Germany," To Belgian heretics. Lo, I have trod Through Belgium terribly, and taught the pack; I put their ancient cities to the sack, gave their men and women to the sword, I took their Belgian babes upon my knee And broke them to the glory of the Lord.

It may be that one Belgian kennel stands, One Belgian dog, not trampled into dust, Still battles on beside these hosts of Hell Who think to question the Most High's commands -God will forgive me one, for He is just; The blood of many thousands lights my feet; Calmly I step before the Judgment Seat-"Have I done well, O Lord, have I done well?" A. A. M.

A Fable.

A SUFFOLK Sportsman, wandering out with his Gun to get what he could, once brought down a Pigeon.

It was a fine Bird, and he popped it in a Pie and made a hearty Meal of it.

And then he began to feel most horribly ill in his

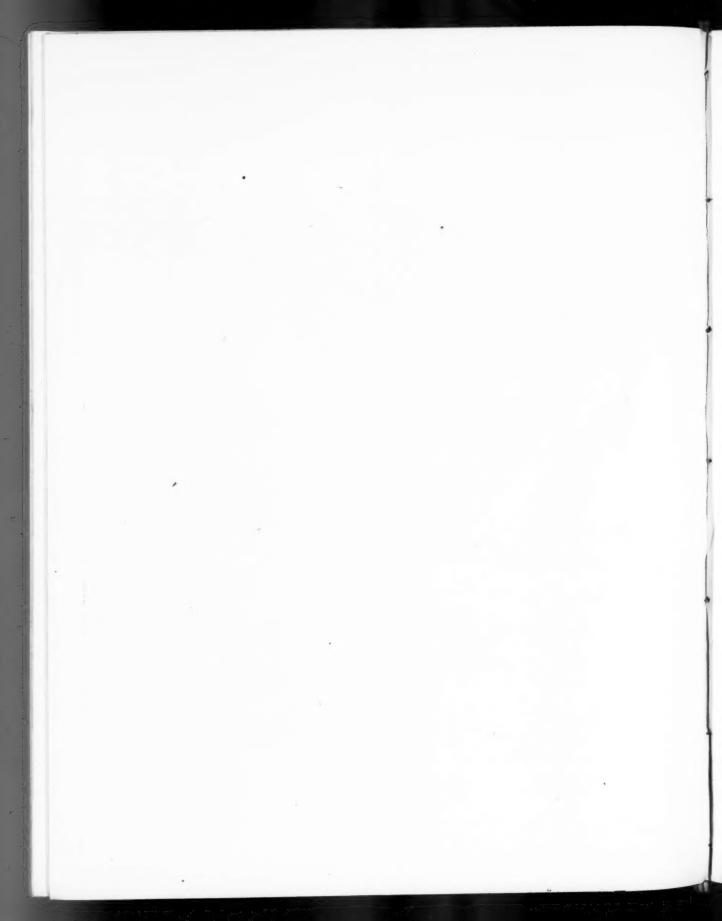
The Moral is that one should not eat German homers, for Evil Communications Corrupt Good Digestions.

"Who has not read the humorist W. W. Jacobs? who has not



NOTHING DOING.

IMPERIAL DACHSHUND. "HERE I'VE BEEN SITTING UP AND DOING TRICKS FOR THE BEST PART OF SEVEN WEEKS, AND YOU TAKE NO MORE NOTICE OF ME THAN IF——"Uncle Sam. "CUT IT OUT!"





Territorial Sentry (by profession a telephone operator). "ARE YOU THERE?"

THE SPLENDID FAILURE.

friend in the depths of woe. "What is it?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm done for, useless. You see I'm forty-six, and that 's the papers?" I went on. a devil of an age just now. You're as fit as you ever were in your life, but of course the War Office won't look at you. Forty-six is impossible! 'But I can walk thirty miles a day, 'I tell them. 'Not with all the accoutrements,' they say. 'I'm a member of the Alpine Club,' I tell them. 'You're over age, they say. 'I'm stronger than any of them. 'You're forty-six,' they say. And it's true!"

"Then the new regiment of Sports-I tried them. No good. Forty-five is their maximum. So there you are! I'm done-useless. No one wanted to help more than I did, and I can do

absolutely nothing."

"I'll bet you've done a lot," I said, "if you would only confess."

"I tell you I've done absolutely nothing," he repeated testily. "I'm no use."

"But surely you're on a dozen committees?" I said.

"No," he said, "not one."

"Then you have started a Fund? THE NEW SCHOOL OF DIVINITY. I FOUND my old cheerful active Some minor fund guaranteed not to divert any money from the big ones?" " No."

"But of course you've written to

"Not about anything? Not to make selves much as follows.] the Government buck up about blankets or squashing German lies, or allowing Correspondents at the Front, or anything like that?"

" No."

"But surely you have views as to the better management of things? The your twenty-year-old recruits,' I tell Press Bureau, for instance. Haven't you pitched into that?"

" No."

" Not even clamoured for all Germans men came along," he continued, "and in this country, even the naturalised ones, to be shot? Surely you've harried McKenna a bit?"

" No.

"Well, you must at least have published a scheme for the partition of Europe after the war?"

"No; I never wrote to the papers in

my life.

I shook his hand.

"Good heavens!" I said, "and this is the man who grumbles because he has done nothing for his country."

[The most fashionable and eminent German theologians have enthusiastically endorsed the official view of Germany as the hierophant of Peace and Concord reluctantly forced into a defensive war by the perfidy of England. As worshippers in the new Temple of Teutonic Truth they may be imagined to express them-

"As the ghostly adviser Of WILHELM our Kaiser I think this erection Is simply perfection. No censure can dim it, Because it 's the limit In massive proportions And splendid distortions. To compare it with Ammon, Whose temple's at Karnak, Is the veriest gammon," Exclaims Dr. HARNACK.

"Since the days of my youth I have laboured for Truth, And, though keenly assailed By the arrows of slander, She has mostly prevailed. But now that she's nailed To our counter for aye, Neither black, white nor Grey Shall have power to withstand her." (Signed) Dr. DRYANDER.

THE WATCH DOGS.

DEAR CHARLES, -I hope you haven't been worrying yourself to death because for a fortnight. The Germans haven't got us yet, and what is more we haven't yet shot each other. There is a private my charge who ought to be especially grateful to Providence on this account. for I cannot induce him to make use of the red "Cease Fire!" flag before he ascends from the safety-pit; even when he does, he drags it out behind him so that the first thing those on the firingpoint see is himself, and the second account to be nervous about it. thing is the flag. I think he must have been an ammunition-monger in private blows, we'll go"? It is a great favourite Zeppelins; to the French frontier to life and mixed with bullets in their less dangerous moods.

We complain of the work and we complain of the food, but really we are very happy. The great thing about in itself, and it is not made more attracour life is that there is nothing to tive by being sung when the band is bother about; someone is looking after us all the time, that is from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M. They fetch you out of bed, one. This morning Lieut. Wentworth, they exercise your muscles, they put food into you, tell you where to go, for a route march, borrowing the Adju-when to come back, how to fold up tant's horse for the purpose. As the your kit, and when to go to sleep. The party marched away at ease, some of only thing they don't do is to come their friends asked them where they round the last thing and tuck you up in your little valise. You can strap yourself in, all but the head, and as to that there is a flap which anybody with a little gum could fasten down as an envelope. If, Charles, you hear a rumour moment, for I have happened to be that my battalion has been sent across orderly officer once or twice lately; in Germany to join the Russians on the other words I have been a sort of other side by parcel post, don't be too detective housekeeper. The first thing ready to dismiss it as an absurdity.

Everybody has got somebody to look after him here. There was an instance on the range yesterday. The men were at the cookhouse that I am supposed firing their standard tests and there to have my most deadly effect. You can and the Major in charge of the whole portance having passed off, it is then Musketry Detachment did not deal time for me to do something intelligent. loomed up, and the Major had to ex-

attack; but not so, for up rolled a done that once and the Adjutant has motor which had come all the way happened to be looking you don't do it from London and the War Office and even the dear old General was found to composite dish containing everything be capable of error. You may imagine in the world which is edible and sayoury. you haven't heard from your Territorial that the five rounds which were being and I ask the Cook-Sergeant why we shot all this while by a mere private cannot get that sort of thing in peace were somewhat spasmodic, especially as he was used by all parties as an who comes down into the butts under illustration of their particular meanings. Standing by myself all the time while this unhappy man was severally instructed by N.C.O., Lieutenant, Major, Adjutant, Brigadier, General and Permanent Staff, I was a little amused to note that even so he failed to pass his test! And they all told him on no

You know the song, "Where the wind on the march; and full marching kit, together with eighty rounds of ball ammunition carried by each man, cannot stop it. It is not a beautiful thing playing something else. But it takes little to turn a bad thing into a good not usually mounted, took out a party were going. They answered to music: "Where the horse goes, we'll go." Wentworth tells me that this opinion was not ill-founded.

Food is my strong subject at the I have to do is to see that everybody gets up at reveille-a charity, Charles, which has to begin at home. But it is were rumours of an inspection. The see me paying visits en surprise, all the privates did their duty. Be sure we look as if they weren't doing anything kept a relentless eye on the N.C.O.'s, wrong! The pleasing sensation of imgently with us. Then the Adjutant It is easy enough to tap a camp-kettle with a nonchalant cane and commence plain himself as best he could; next the removal of the lid, but it is much came the Brigadier, and the Adjutant more difficult to cope with the pieces was on his defence. Just as the of boiled beef with which I am then Brigadier was getting into his stride, confronted. As a subject of conversa-"The General, Sir," whispered the tion boiled beef is not, in my opinion, Brigade-Major, and it was then for the Brigadier to account for things being to ask about it—"Is it beef?" "Is it as they were and to promise that boiled?" There is no way of finding very shortly they should be otherwise. out its merits except by eating it, and You'd have thought that a man so mature and beribboned as our Divisional my men's food! The temptation is to We prefer to say (less familiarly).

again. So I turn to the "pontoon," a time, pay what we will. Oh, yes, my boy, we in the officers' mess have long abandoned our chefs and caterers, and have taken to drawing out rations and. secretly, thanking Heaven for the same.

You want to know what is to become of us. I will tell you on absolutely reliable information. We are going to Cherbourg to stand by as a reserve force: to Paris to act as a protection against surprise attacks; to Ostend to relieve the Casino; to Antwerp to resist guard lines of communication; to Leicester to supervise German prisoners; to Africa to conduct a show of our own: to India, Malta, Gibraltar and Egypt for garrison duty; to the North of Scotland to protect coast towns (which abound in that part); and to the right of the Allies' first, the centre of the Allies' second, and the left of the Allies' third fighting line. That, Charles, is our official programme: when we have completed it we shall be getting near Christmas. Then, of course, we proceed for rest and recreation to Berlin; our one fear being that when we get there we shall be turned on to military police duty, and the protection of German women and children against their own men-folk.

Meanwhile to-morrow's programme is less dashing. It consists of Church Parade. The Musketry Detachment is at some little distance from the main body, so the Padre has arranged for a private parade of our own. An officer is to read the lessons and has been instructed for the purpose. "The Party," as we call him for convenience, "will move two paces forward and, upon N.C.O.'s in charge, being a bit anxious cooks springing to attention and the the word 'one,' will take the Book themselves, were seeing to it that the very potatoes in the dixies trying to smartly in the left hand. Upon the word 'two' he will raise his right thumb to his lower lip and moisten the same, thus enabling it to turn over the page efficiently. When this movement is complete, he will cut away the right hand sharply and proceed to carry out his duties." Don't suppose we are irreligious-far from it; but always we are disciplinarians. I believe there is somewhere in the Infantry Training a correct way laid down for blowing your nose to numbers.

HENRY. Yours ever.

"TRADING WITH THE ENEMY BILL."

Commander would be immune from prod it with the cane, but when you've "Settling accounts with the Kaiser."

A FOOD WAR.

Some folk believe that wars commence From greed of gain or self-defence; But Austrian sages have divined Incitements of a different kind.

The Servian Army (so 'tis said) Has run completely out of bread, And every day the hungry souls Fight Austria for Vienna rolls.

The Austrian battles with the TSAR Because he dotes on caviare, And must that monarch's realm invade Because he likes it freshly made.

The Russians cannot do without The soul-sustaining sauerkraut, And march their armies to the West Because Berliners make the best.

The German confidently thinks That absinthe is the prince of drinks, And therefore must attack the land That keeps the most seductive brand.

The Frenchman, tired of his ragoats, Covets the meat that Teutons use, And charges like an avalanche For German sausage, not revanche.

The Briton, vexed by rules austere, Has heard the fame of German beer, And nought his onward march can

While Munich holds a single drop.

The bold Italian stands prepared With rifle loaded, sabre bared, And to a questioning world replies, "Who touches my spaghetti, dies!"

THE CATCH.

I HAVE a friend who is a Special Constable. He has had an experience which by no means casts any discredit upon him; but he would rather not write about it himself, he says; so I take up the pen on his behalf.

My friend is an artist, and as such is accustomed to use his eyes. The other day he saw a smartly dressed man whom he conceived to be a German spy, for, besides wearing an alien aspect, he carried a walking-stick which tapered suspiciously on the way down, and near the top of it was an obvious trembling. little catch. "A sword stick!" said the Special Constable to himself.

He followed the man. The man ultimately entered the purlieus of a police station and joined a queue of exotics who were waiting to be regis-

The Special Constable then accosted a pukka Police Inspector who was standing at the door and explained his suspicion as to the walking-stick and its probable contents. The Police In-



First Golfer (to friend who has come from a distance to play with him). "But, my dear chap, where are your clubs?"

Second Golfer. "HUSH! NOT A WORD! I'VE GOT 'EM DISGUISED IN HERE."

something in it. He beckoned to the German. The alien enemy, trembling palpably, came up to him.

"Any arms?" asked the Inspector. "No," replied the alien enemy, still He worked to save us ccaselessly,

"Undo the catch of that stick," commanded the Inspector. With fumbling fingers the alien enemy did so-and drew forth a silk umbrella.

Two consecutive advertisements in The Portsmouth Evening News :-

"Lost, Sunday, Ring, with G.H.E. stamped

"Dash it," said G.H.E., one of the first pector also thought there might be to pay his sixpence, "I've been had."

BOBS' WAY.

HE knew, none better, how 'twould be, And spoke his warning far and wide; Setting his well-earnt case aside.

We smiled and shrugged and went our

Blind to the swift-approaching blow; His every word proves true to-day, But no man hears, "I told you so!"

From a Territorial's letter in The Huddersfield Examiner:

"We wash in a bucket-one bucket for eight men. We fall in when the bugle calls." And then climb out again and look for the towel.

AS ENGLAND EXPECTS.

Ben had boomed the hour which marked the rejection of the ultimatum, Bates was full of fire. He had bought a penny flag, and in a spirit of grim determination had walked the streets, processing with the processionists. of this talk? It There was no brag or bounce about Englishmen to do. him, no hideousness of noise or mafficking, no hatred of foreigners or cruelty of uncharity, but a grim steadfastness of determination which He rather expected to be chaffed for meant that, so far as he might, Bates would do or die.

He returned to his third-floor back in St. Paneras, and, lighting his lamp and a candle to ensure as much illumination as possible, looked with brooding earnestness at his reflection in the worn uncertain looking-glass. . . . He began to realise the truth of things. The flag was in his button-hole, his eye had a glint of lingering excitement, his brain was ruffled; he saw himself as he was. England must fight, Englishmen must help, for England could not fail. On her rested the truest heart, went out by a side door. He was and noblest concerns of humanity.

Bates removed his coat. He was five-foot two; his chest measurement was less than proportionate to his height. His muscles, so far as they existed, were flabby. He moved his arms to exercise their powers; then, and the sight of regiments marching, realising his weariness, went slowly to bed. Bates was a little tiny man, but telling the truth and the not-so-truthful,

his heart was large. He was restless throughout the night, badly. He went forth to his labourshe was a ledger-clerk in some Storesfeeling greatly depressed. Gradually, passed. The world was full of sunshine, were anxious and unsmiling, there was no despondency about them. Where no despondency is, there surely is hope. Bates began to feel hopeful. The sight walked again with someth unusual vigour, squared his poor chest, swung his arms, and whistled softly to himself the chorus of some piece of music-hall patriotism-

"They can't build boys of the bull-dog breed!"

By the time he reached the officewell before the hour-he was a pugnacious and confident patriot for all his scarcity of feet and inches.

The days that followed were full of emotions and excitements. Three of Bates's colleagues went the Khaki confident that we shall win. way, and every hour brought some discussion of international problems. The counting-house thrilled with argu-

ments of high strategy. What KIT-CHENER should do, and where CHARLIE When the war broke out and Big Beresford should be sent, were questions confidently settled. Bates, whose want of stature made him too insignificant to speak with confidence in these discussions, held his peace, but listened with both ears. What was the good of this talk? It was incumbent on

> That night he was one of a multitude who stood at the entrance of the local drill-hall hoping to become Territorials. his pains, but, though there was plenty of jollity among those waiting, there was no unkindness; and at last, thanks to squeezing and patience, he was able to get within the charmed gate. So far and no farther; not so far even as to the medical officer. A watchful sergeant grasped him by the shoulder, and, smiling with earnest eyes, said :

> "It's no use wasting your time here, young fellow-my-lad! You'd better shave your upper lip and apply to the Boy Scouts.

> Bates turned on his heel and, sick at angry with himself, at his inadequate inches. What could he do for England? He was deeply grieved at his uselessness. He crept up to his room and sat in the darkness, brooding.

His spirits were low for some days, of soldiers with their friends, of placards made him feel very futile. He spent hours of every evening wandering rose but little refreshed, and breakfasted through the streets, watching the lighted windows of Buckingham Palace, gazing at the policemen who guarded Downing Street. He wanted to do so however, that sense of oppression much for England, yet he must stand and wait. He had left the mimic flag and, though the faces of the passers-by in his pin-cushion at home; he was in

Then an idea came to him. His spirits rose, his eyes brightened; he walked again with something of a of a Territorial with a kitbag completed martial swing, and whistled to himhis recovery. He strode out with an self softly and inoffensively that even a neighbour might not have heard.

Bates had found his way. He too could serve England. He sacrificed all but his bare necessities, and grew actually thinner and even less obtrusive. His outer insignificance shrank, but inwardly he was as happy as a warrior. Every week a postal order went to this relief-fund or to that. It was regularly acknowledged to "One of the Bull-dog

Bates wears his flag boldly and is

Old Proverbs re-made in Germany. I. "Vedi Parigi e poi mori,"

KINGS FROM THE EAST.

CITIES of wonderment. Pink as the morn, There, of the sunrise sent. Reigned the Sun-Born: From the high heaven's gate, Sprung from the flame. Ere Nineveh was great. Ere Thebes a name!

Emeralds, milky pearls Plucked from blue seas, Footfall of silken girls-Such for their ease; Shimmer and silken sheen, Jewel and maid-These but the damascene Chasing the blade!

For on a royal day Lost in the years Chose they the Happy Way-The way of spears; Ere Rome's first bastionings Climbed from the sods In the old East were kings Warring with gods.

Lo, through the eastern sky Crimson is drawn, Kings in their panoply Ride with the dawn; Sprung from high heaven's gate, Sprung from the flame, Ere Nineveh was great, Ere Thebes a name!

The Hohenzollern Stiggins.

" 'Oh, my young friend,' said Mr. Stiggins, here's a sorrowful affliction. . . . It makes a essel's heart bleed.'

Mr. Weller was overheard to murmur some-thing about making a vessel's nose bleed." Pickwick Papers.

A New Version.

When French joined FRENCH Then was the tug of war.

Motto for the War.

ENGLAND MEANS "BUSINESS -As USUAL."

"Who that England know who only England knows.' We are not certain of the precise verbality, but thus the poet sang."
"Leader," B. E. Africa.

The "precise verbality" is merely a private trouble of the poets.

From an official notification in The Shanghai Municipal Gazette:-

"Where mosquitoes cannot be exterminated by abolishing stagnant water or by the use of erosine oil, or by reporting their presence to the Health Officer, the mosquito net should be carefully used."

Elderly bald Gentleman (to mosquito): "Now I've warned you once; and if you sting me again I shall report you to the Health Officer."

THE WAR DAY BY DAY,

WE understand from our Special War Correspondent, who is counting the butter at Copenhagen, that great activity is manifesting itself among the officers and men of the German Slack-Water Fleet. This is owing to the fact that they are learning a new German National Anthem which has just been introduced into the Fleet, set to an old English tune. A rough translation of the chorus goes as follows :---

"Rule, Germania, Germania ever shall Ru-u-u-u-u-ule the Kiel Canal."

The order enforcing this new song is signed "WILHELM, Grand Admiral of the Canal."

The announcement that an indemnity of 100,000 cigars had been levied on Ghent created some little surprise. It is a fact, however, that before the campaign began a list of suitable indemnities for all the towns and villages through which the Germans hoped to pass had been drawn up by the everready General Staff. A list of such war levies for various places in England has accidentally come into our possession, a dispatch-case containing this and other important documents having been dropped by a carrier-pigeon as it was flying over Bouverie Street on its way back to Berlin. We give a few examples, so that our readers may know what to

London. - £100,000,000, the Albert Memorial and three-dozen special constables.

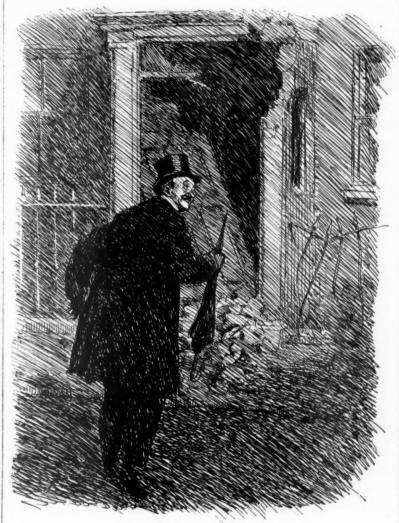
Beaconsfield.—Mr. G. K. —— (suppressed by Censor).

Tonlridge.—100,000 cricket bats with splices, 10,000 pairs of leg-guards, and 1,000 wicket-keeping gauntlets.

Greenwich .- 200,000,000 bunches of whitebait, 200,000 lemons, and 750,000 slices of brown bread and butter.

Steeple Bumpstead .- £5,000,000 and a mangold-wurzel. Three weeks will be given the inhabitants in which to collect the money, but the wurzel must be handed over at once.]

By the way, the plan for this invasion of England is a remarkably subtle one. The invading army will be under the command of the Crown Prince, who, according to the latest reports, is now fighting simultaneously on the eastern and western frontiers of Germany, and has volunteered for spare-time work. when the British Fleet is looking the for Servia's own good, has triumphantly other way, the Grand High Canal achieved its object. Fleet will slip out with barges in tow,



A USE FOR ZEPPELINS.

Belated Citizen (who has been lamenting the loss of his latch-key all the way home). "HELLO! HERE'S A BIT OF LUCK!'

containing six army corps and His Royal Lowness. And, as Vox Moltke passed through Llanfairfechan, Inversaid to the present writer's-the present ness and Bushey last Saturday, on its Kaiser's grandfather, "Victory will be way to outflank the German left wing ours, Sire.'

Austrian arms, both in the East and this is true or not, and cannot think of in the South. reliable authority that more than sents to its publication in the hope that 200,000 Austrians have forced their it will frighten the Kaiser.] way into Russia, and are now guarding the more important Russian prisons from within. In the South the chas- won a pronounced victory (but not by Waiting for the psychological moment tisement of Servia, undertaken solely us) at Przemysl.

The Japanese army corps, which at Metz, has arrived safely at Scutari, and is now marching on Vienna. [The Success continues to attend the Press Bureau has no notion whether It is announced on any way of finding out. But it con-

We learn that the Russians have

Shakspeare on the Situation. "List! list! oh list."-Hamlet, Act I., Scene 4.



Old Lady. "I've brought back this war map you sold me yesterday, Mr. Brown. It's not up to date. I've been looking all the morning for Armageddon, and can't find it marked anywhere."

CDE TO THE SPIRIT OF WIRELESS VICTORY.

(An attempt, suggested by certain Marconigrams, to shed still further light on the nature of the principal Teutonic deity.)

What to thee are marching legions, Cannon smoke and sabre thrust, Goddess of the cloud-rimmed regions In whose might the Germans trust? Though, however high and regal, Kingly pomp may break and bend Soiled with murder (labelled legal), Thou, more active than the eagle, Thou endurest to the end.

Thou wast not behind their banners
When they scoured the Belgian plain,
When they taught their Teuton manners
By the wreck of farm and fane;
Clear of battle's mire and fury
On those sightless feet and hid,
Thou wast wafted with the story
Saying this was German glory
To Chicago and Madrid.

Long e'er Paris heard the thunder, Herald of the Uhlan's lance, Thou wast making Stockholm wonder At the dying flame of France: Not on wires, with no word written, Thou hadst trod thine airy track, Faster than the mailed mitten, And behold our fleet was smitten Somewhere near the Skager Rack.

So. And when their lines are broken,
When their shrapnel falls less fast,
Shalt thou fail to send a token
Undefeated to the last?
Surely not. Red devastation
Still shall urge by land and sea
Every proud advancing nation
While Marcon's installation
Rules the skies of Germany.

Still when pagan peoples sever
Railway line and telegraph
Thou shalt keep thy staunch endeavour,
Thou shalt scatter us like chaff.
Still, O goddess of the Prussians,
Thou shalt sound thy trump of tin
Undeterred by rude concussions
While the Frenchmen hail the Russians
On the flagstones of Berlin.
Evol.

A German Motto:- "Gott mit Huns."

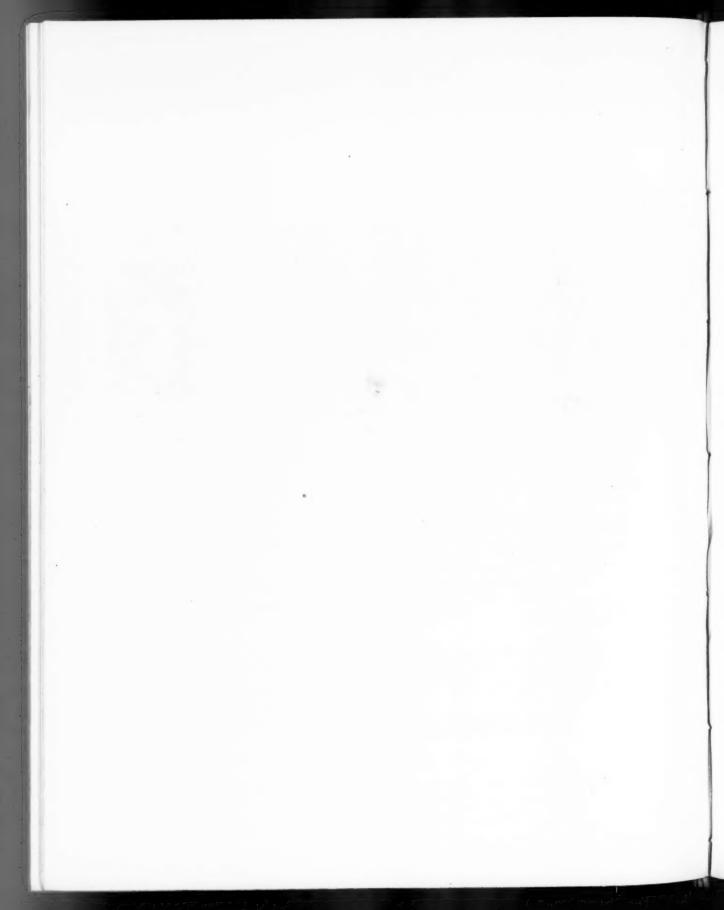


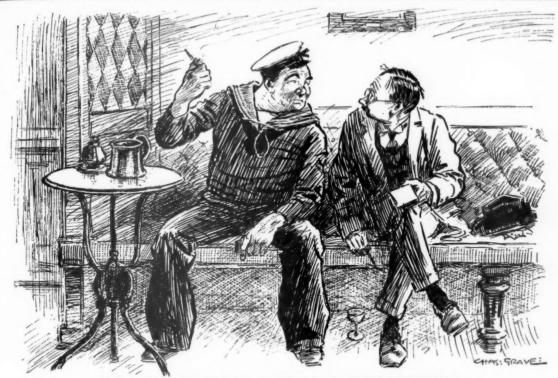
THE GREAT ILLUSION.

KAISER. "MY POOR BIRD, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR TAIL-FEATHERS?"
GERMAN EAGLE. "CAN YOU BEAR THE TRUTH, SIRE?"

KAISER. "IF IT'S NOT FOR PUBLICATION."

German Eagle. "IT'S LIKE THIS, THEN. YOU TOLD ME THE BRITISH LION WAS CONTEMPTIBLE. WELL-HE WASN'T!"





FROM OUR SPECIALLY CREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT.

Stoker. "I see the torpedo approachin' us; so, without waitin' fer any orders, I dives overboard, just gives 'im a flick on 'is little budder, an' off 'e goes to starb'd an' passes us 'armlessly by."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Sept. 14. -House met to-day with proud feeling of altered circumstance. A fortnight witheasy adaptability to present circumago things looked bad in France. Allied stances of our old friend the EMPEROR Armies were continuing prolonged re- William:treat not made more acceptable by being officially named "Retirement." A detailed narrative compiled in neighbourhood of the Army had described the little British Force, long fighting

To-day a more hurried retreat is comparative safety of his own country, whilst French and British, elate with the nation. repeated victory, hang with uncomfortable closeness on his heels.

Duke of York' on an expedition to Flanders had 'twice ten thousand men,' excursions, especially excursions. how he 'marched them up to the top

The gallant plumed WILHELM Had twice a million men; He marched them up to Paris town And marched them back again."

As in depressing circumstances of a at odds of four to one, as "broken to fortnight ago the House betrayed no sign of dejection or variation from re-Seemed as if Paris were on verge of solve to see the fight out to a finish, so another triumphal entry by German to-day it does not present itself in suming the offensive," as despatches forces: Franco on eve of a second mafficking mood. It is nevertheless from the Seat of War have it, he lapsed more than ever resolved, at whatever cost of blood or treasure, to make an daily accumulating speed. This time end of the throned Kaisen and his in his "infamous proposal" that this it is the invader who, in order to avoid system of militarism, the curse of country should connive in breach of final disaster, is racing back to the Europe these more than twenty years. Wherein it is truly representative of of Belgium.

advance and sudden withdrawal, we consequence of addition to Statute forth behind the Speaken's chair, exhave," said the Member for Sark, "a Book under Parliament Act of Bills ample numerously followed above and parallel episode in our own military his- establishing Home Rule in Ireland below Gangway. tory. You remember how 'the gallant and disestablishing Church in Wales. | This excursion number one. Number

Tuesday .- A sitting of alarums and

PREMIER introduced Bill suspending of the hill And marched them down for twelve months, or longer if War again'? The simple verse lends itself lasts, operation of Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Bill, which, in accordance with Parliament Act, will on Prorogation be automatically added to Statute Book. In speech which BONAR Law described as "temperate and moderate," he defended himself from charges of broken pledges brought against him by gentlemen opposite.

"I shall endeavour to imitate him," said Leader of Opposition."

Got along moderately well till, "reinto comparison between conduct of PREMIER and the action of the KAISER common pledge to preserve neutrality

Here broke forth shouts of angry Business donc.—Premier announces that Prorogation will be accomplished before end of week, with incidental lyance and sudden withdrawal were recommended by a sudden with drawal were recommended by a sudden with the sudden with

cluded his speech, shook from off his feet ance of whatever duty may be assigned the House and walked out, to it in any portion of the Empire." Crummles is not a Prussian," there was

accompanied by entire body of

Opposition.

Mr. FLAVIN, not liking to see Front Opposition Bench desolate, moved down from accustomed seat in Irish quarter and temporarily assumed place and attitude of LEADER OF OPPOSI-

Byles of Bradford proposed to offer a few words of counsel and farewell. His interposition received with such shout of contumely from friends and neighbours that he incontinently dropped back into his seat.

PREMIER observed walking towards glass door under the Gallery. Surely he too was not going to leave us? No. Was merely acting in accordance with immemorial custom that when Minister or Member

"brings in" a Bill he must start on | his journey at the Bar. As he walked to the Table, a sheet of foolscap paper in right hand, Liberals and Nationalists Disestablishment Bill. leapt to their feet waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheering like madmen.

Business done.—Bill postponing operation of Home Rule and Welsh Church Acts till close of War carried through all its

stages.

House of Lords, Thursday .-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR takes kindly to new position. His statement to-day, explanatory of general military situation, a model of lucidity and brevity. Had much of the charm of French's historic despatch, the modesty and simplicity of which delighted everybody. One omission in the document KITCHENER generously supplied. FRENCH said nothing of his own share in accomplishment of feat of arms rarely paralleled. Amid cheers unusually warm for this Chamber, KITCHENER paid tribute to "the consummate skill and calm courage of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.'

Tribute also paid in another quarter, the more valuable as it came from a man of few words and no disposition towards flattery. "The Territorial Force is making great strides in

will before many months be ready to take creates profound sensation. a share in the campaign. This force is proving its military value to the Empire | Theatrical Company of which Nicholas

two, more exhaustive of audience, fol- by the willing subordination of personal Nickleby and Smike were for a time lowed when Bonar Law, having con-feelings to the public good in the accept- Members caused the insertion in a local



Admiral of the Atlantic (to himself). "It is My Imperial PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE ORDER OF THE MASTHEAD BROOM (FIRST CLASS) IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS IN SWEEPING THE SEAS."

lation of Official Report of Commission

some obscurity about his object. It is now clear that his instinct was sure, his prevision acute. After experience of last seven weeks all decent-minded men would like it to be known that they are not Prussians,

Business done. - Parliament

prorogued.

TO A NAVAL CADET IN THE GRAND FLEET.

There are over 500 naval cadets. aged 15 to 17, at present in the Fleet, serving as midship-

Young man, a little year ago At Osborne (where the admirals grow)

I saw you fall on a mimic foe With tackle and shove and

ALDWYN'S Amendment to Welsh Church | Where the figure-head flaunts her golden sheen.

> You fought, or cheered, for your Term fifteen,

As a fellow of mettle must . . . Yet now those deeds seem

mighty small You dared in the chase for a leather ball-

Now that you trip On His Majesty's Ship Playing the finest game of all!

A year ago, a naval fight Was a tantalising dim delight That fed your dreams on a Wednesday night,

When History prep. was through.

Yet yours was a Destiny strong and clear

That ever, unknown, was stalking near;

And now in a flash, it's here, it's here-Now are your dreams come

true! . . . There are grey old admirals in

our land Who never have stood where

now you stand,

Here on your feet In His Majesty's Fleet— With a real live enemy hard at hand!



Business done. - Suspensory Bill agreed to without insistence on Sr. There by the jolly trim canteen,

House of Commons, Friday.—Circu-



The Wolff. "Good MORNING, MY DEAR LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU ONE OF MY PRETTY TALES?"

Little Miss Holland. "THANKS; BUT I'M NOT LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR FAIRY STORIES."

efficiency," the WAR LORD said, "and of Inquiry into Atrocities in Belgium

When the Manager of the Itinerant

Britannia to the French Generalissimo :-

"A l'honoré de nos deux nations J'offre-cent mille félicitations!"



THE EGOIST.

Warlike Mistress. "Don't you think, James, you would like to join Lord Kitchener's Army?" Peaceful Footman. "Thank you, mum, but I don't see as 'ow I'd be bettering myself. War's for them as likes it, WHICH I NEVER DID."

DOUBT.

(among others). It has filled me with Were I on a jury I should find every one "Not guilty" now—unless, of course, the prisoner were foolish enough to bring evidence on his own behalf, that? It is not the German Press Bureau that has done this. It has maintained its customary high standard with magnificent consistency.

My faith in human testimony has been shattered by Mactavish's uncle, Bloomer's maiden aunt, and Wiggins' brother-in-law. I put on one side the statement of Mirfin's grandmother because her allegation that 193 trains passed her house one night might have goods train. One knows the fiendish troops passing through here. persistency of the shunted goods train at night.

But let me take the bald statement an elder and a drysalter. He wrote won my absolute belief. to Mactavish: - "I regret that the atten-

and produced a much-crossed letter from his pocket. "Just read the last few lines," he said triumphantly.

I read with zest.

"Damsons are very cheap this year, a pocket-flask. I am jamming an extra quantity. Do you think pots of jam could be safely that no Russian troops have passed sent to the chaplains at the front? Kiss through this country. I have now no the dear baby for me. Excuse a longer faith in anyone's uncles, aunts nor yet letter, but I am quite worn out with brothers-in-law. I believe nothing. been based on the shunting of a single handing hot meat pies to the Russian Is there a Kaiser? Is there a War?

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

MILLICENT BLOOMER." of Mactavish's uncle. He is a baillie, meat pies." Somehow that little touch

to Mactavish:—"I regret that the attendance at the Kirk on Sunday was most ment of Wiggins' brother-in-law. He is, unsatisfactory. The younger members according to Wiggins, a patriot of the of the congregation were all watching finest type-only prevented from going the disembarcation of the Cossacks. I to the front by the claims of business, win, and we invite Italians to gin with us?

understand that the Established Kirk a family of nine, and a certain superheld no services at all. I did not feel fluity of adipose tissue. "When guard-THE War has caused one thing it consistent with a proper observance ing a railway bridge as a special conof the Sabbath to go and watch them stable a troop train stopped through an infinite distrust of human testimony. myself, so I only saw by chance, and an engine breakdown. Numbers of not intentionally, the six regiments finely built men in fur coats descended which marched past my house."

Two of them came to What could be more conclusive than me and, making signs of thirst, said, at?
The very next day Bloomer met me warmly after I had offered them my pocket-flask, and then, shouting Berlin, rejoined the train."

I could quite believe that. Any brother-in-law of Wiggins would have

Yet the Press Bureau solemnly asserts Or is the whole thing a malignant invention of LLOYD GEORGE to save a tottering Government? But then Not "meat pies," mark you, but "hot again-(most terrible of all doubts) -is there a LLOYD GEORGE?

More Spirituous Hospitality.

From a German pamphlet quoted by the Ipswich Evening Star :-

"With German energy we are determined to

THE SILVERN TONGUE.

It was his vest-slip which chained my to set us to rights just by the Marble Arch, but a vest-slip was a new note.

was thin, undecided, not really assertive enough to be impressive . . . Ah, now

I had the range of him.

"You may call 'im a beneffercent despot. I don't. You may 'ave a tiste for aristocrercy, plootocrercy, ortocrercy. I 'aven't. You may prefer to 'ave a ironshod 'eel ground on your fices. I don't.

"There was a professor at Kimebridge, some years ago, who said to me, when I 'come-up,' as they say, after tikin' my degree, 'My boy,' 'e says, when you git out into the world, when you desert these 'ere cloistered 'alls, these shidy lawns, these venerable cryp's, never you eat no dirt! Not inflooence, what the outer world ardly for other reasons. The only question for nobody, my boy! Remember your ol' collidge, think of your awmermiter, think of 'istoric Trinity 'All, an' the pelloocid Isis, and never eat no dirt!

"Yes, gents, they was 'is larst words to me, one of 'is fivourite pupils, if I may say so; 'is Pawthian shots. An' if that there estimable ol' man could look down on me now, as I stand 'ere an' you may larf with scorn to 'ear an tea? And burnt almonds?" fice to fice in front of you, 'e would ol' feller speak the words, but there candidly admit that I 'ave always bore in mind 'is fawtherly adjuritions.

"I'll tell you what it is, gents. If Pellis at this moment, an' 'ave a friendly word with 'Is Mejisty, do you Europe. kid yourselves 'e would igspress any what I may call cuzzen-like feelin' for this-this perisite? Do you fan your from 'is cuzzen's fat 'ead?

"If there are any Germans present, is there one among them who will 'ave the 'ardi'ood to step forward now and say a word, one little word, gentlemen, one single bloomin' 'Och!' on be'alf the 'alf-'undred, religious scruples notof 'im?

thousing times naow!

"'Eaven forbid that I should talk above your 'eads, my friends, but I say, an' I maintain, that this insolent upstawt, this pestilenshul braggadosho, this blood-suckin', fire-eatin', sparkspittin', sausage-guzzlin', beer-swillin' cawdboard beak an' a tin 'elmet, this 'ypercritical 'umbug, 'as forfeited the larst shred of the respec' of any but the mos' sooperfishul stoodent of international affairs, or welt-politik, as the French would put it.

"I know what I'm talkin' abaout, the door step of the po'rest workin' man almost anything of me to display my

dinner, my little 'alf-bottle, my Larranaga or Corona, my corfy, my eve. Spats and the lesser niceties are lickewer an' my tooth pick, in the gents, what might not 'ave 'appened, common among the altruists who strive language of every capital in Europe.

"Well, gents, where did I get my I can walk into the private offices of snuff, or said it looked like rain, or asked if they 'ad seen the Shaw of Persha litely?

"You don't suppose I got my intimercy with questions what 'ave brought further clues to Shurshy-lar-fam. a Continent, ay, an' 'alf a world, to grips, by 'angin' round Embassies an' Consulites, and Chawncelleries, do you?

"There is always somethink subrowsa, somethink be'ind the scenes, ever 'ears of.

"An' what is it, in 'undreds of cises? of the gallant defenders of Leege-Shurshy-lar-fam! That little phrise, gents, in cise you may 'ave forgot your first?" she asked, frowning. French or Belgian, as the cise may be, means 'Look for the woman,' gents.

"I may not look it now, my frien's, was a time, shortly arfter I come-up from the Varsity, an' just before I took my commishun in the dear ol' Tinyou was to walk quietly into Buckin'am Bellies, when there was no man more popular than me in the salongs of

"Take my word for it, gents! Young, wealthy, not undistinguished in the matter of learnin', well-bred, nurchured ducks, in vulgar pawlence, that if the in the lap of luxury, tolerably good-King's 'ands was free 'e would not lookin', if not actually 'andsome, my your pipe there ought to be some chear 'asten to be the first to pluck the bauble way was easy, gents. It was child's and filling substitute for my almonds.' play for me to get at the inside of things, to get under the surface, to see what was agitatin' the boorses of 'alf the Continent, to understand why big financiers was orderin'-in 'ams by Naow, gents, naow! Ten withstandin'. Why, if I was to sit down an' put pen to piper I could sell my memo'rs of them days for a fabulous sum--if the biggest publishers in the land was not too bloomin' chicken-'earted to publish anythink so 'ot, gentlemen!

"Your ears would wag, my friends, ranter, this imitashun eagle, with a if I told you one 'alf of the spells what some of them Continental society sirens wielded, an' but for my mastery over My idea was a nice, not too-expensive, their 'earts what might we not have champagne, like what they get for the igsperienced years agow? An' this, subscription dances." gentlemen, at the biddin' or the innuendoes of vile bein's not fit to 'arthstone road and sing the Marseillaise. Ask

gents. I can call for my seven-course what plods 'is 'eart-broken way acrost this Pawk to-night!

> "You 'ave no idear, I assure you, what cruel, what damn . . ."

B 2471, who had gradually edged rch, but a vest-slip was a new note. information, my insight, my instinc, on toward the stool on which he stood, these things? 'Ow came it to be that stepped up to him and spoke softly. "That 's bloomin' well torn it, matey," the biggest bankers in Europe, knowin' said B 2471. "You've 'ad a good time full well what they would understand if all to your little self, but we 'ave to I so much as suggested a pinch of dror the line. You'll 'ave to 'op it, old sport!

And, just as we were getting into his confidence, he of the vest-slip 'opped it, and we were left behind, without

The woman still remains a mystery.

CUTTING DOWN.

"EVERYBODY's doing it," I said, "so somethink suttle, some unsuspected as to have more for the Funds. Also is what?"

"Well," said Ursula, "let's make a Gents all, I will tell you, in the words beginning." She produced a silver pencil and some celluloid tablets that are supposed to look like ivory. "What

> I reflected. "Clearly the superfluities ought to go first. What about my sacrificing sugar-cakes for afternoon

"M' yes," said Ursula. "I was thinking myself about giving up cigars."

"Heroine! But let us be temperate even in denial.'

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I'm getting to detest almonds."

"And I simply loathe-I mean, I'm sure pipes are ever so much better for one than cigars."
"Good!" observed Ursula. "Cigars

and almonds go out. Only if you have your pipe there ought to be some cheap

"Turkish delight," I suggested, "supposing it turns out all right about the Gocben.

"And, if not, I could get along with Russian toffee. That settles tea. How about other meals?"

"We're at the end of that Hock." "I'm glad of it," said Ursula. "Nasty German rubbish. I wonder it didn't contaminate the cellar. Now we must drink something patriotic instead."

"What about good old English water?

"My dear! With all those spies simply picnicing round the reservoirs! Goodness knows what they've put in.

"Dearest! Ask me to go out into the

pride and affection for our brave allies. but do not, do not ask me to drink sweet champagne at lunch!"

"You shall choose it yourself," said Ursula, "and it isn't for lunch, but dinner. At lunch you will continue to drink beer. Only it will be English, not German."

"Glorious beer! C'est magnifique!" "Mais ce n'est pas lager!" said Ursula quickly.

This was rightly held to constitute one trick to her, and we resumed.

"About clothes," I said.

"There was an article I read in some paper," observed Ursula, "pointing out that if everybody did without them no one would mind.'

"Still, even in war time-

"Of course I meant new clothes and

fashionable things."

"An alluring prospect!" I agreed wistfully. "Fancy reading in the frockpapers that 'Ursula, Mrs. Brown, looked charming in a creation of sacking made Princess fashion, the chic effect being heightened by a bold use of the original trade-mark, which now formed a striking décor for the corsage."

Ursula did not smile. "No man can be amusing about clothes except by accident," she said coldly. "The article went on to advise that if new things were bought they should be specially good. It called this the truest economy in the long run."

When Ursula had sketched out a comprehensive wardrobe on truest economy lines, and I had mentally reviewed my pet shades in autumn suitings, there was a pause.

"What about the green-house?" I asked suddenly." Do we need a fire there all winter just that John may swagger about his chrysanths?"

John, I should explain, is the gardener who jobs for us at seven-and-six weekly, and "chrysanths" is a perfectly beastly word that we have contracted from him. In summer John mows the lawn (fortissimo at 6.30 A.M.) and neglects to weed the strawberries. winter he attends to what auctioneers would call the "commodious glass."

"M'yes," said Ursula reflectively. "But what about John himself?"

" My dear girl, surely it is obvious by the simplest political science-

anything to do with the Moratorium or now. hoarding gold, is he? Because, do remember how cross you got trying to a beginning! explain that!"

"I remember nothing of the sort!" "And, anyhow," she continued, "now we're saving in so many other things, I intend to pay John an extra halfcrown, in case food goes up.



Father (who has been stung by a wasp on the back of his neck). "I DON'T CARE IF IT'S FULL OF GERMANS, I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK UP AT IT.

of preparing the schedule of our do- country on such easy terms. mestic retrenchment. At lunch she produced it.

"The bother is," she observed, "that what with truest economy clothes and champagne, and John, and some other "Sweetheart!" interposed Ursula things, it seems to work out at about anxiously, "John isn't going to have two pounds a week mere than we spend

"That," I said cuttingly, "is at least

However, since then I have discovered an article in another paper denouncing panic economies as unpatriotic. So we shall probably return to the old regime, plus John's halfcrown. Even with this, it will mean a

There was obviously only one thing distinct saving of thirty-seven-and-six to do, and I did it. I retired in fair on Ursula's proposals. It is not often order, abandoning to Usula the task that one gets a chance of serving one's

TO A POMPADOUR CLOCK.

BRIGHT loves and tangled flowers Adorn your china face; You beat out silver hours Within your golden case.

Still rings old Time's denial Of respite in your tone, But o'er your painted dial Is built a little throne-

A throne so neat and narrow Where, heedless of your chime, Poising his gilded arrow Sits Cupid killing Time!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I suppose that never in the history of this nation did we harbour quite so many military experts. From the Service Clubs to the street corner their voice goes up daily in unceasing hortation. Therefore the moment seems specially apt for me to call your attention to a volume by a military man who really was expert, in other words to a new edition of Pasley's Military Policy of the British Empire (Clowes), brought up to date by Colonel B. R. WARD, R.E. I blush to think of the number of civilian readers to whom the name of Pasley conveys nothing. I blush still more to reflect that I have myself only just ceased to belong to them. But, quite honestly, if you are at all concerned with the science and policy of arms (as who nowadays is

enough to say, "Germany may become so powerful as to act the same part in Europe which France now does." It is perhaps on the ethical side of war that he is most impressive. Fair play, we all know, is a jewel; but many of us may have secreted an uneasy suspicion that the side that practises it suffers from a certain handicap. All those unpleasant persons whose names have become so uncomfortably familiar lately -CLAUSEWITZ, BERN-HARDI, and their professional crew-have so vociferously preached the gospel of Might as Right, that it is refreshing to read here such maxims as "It is an advantage in war to show moderation and justice,"

only sound policy." This is the sort of sermon-from an it aggravate, not lessen, my artistic crime if I made the authoritative source—that we do well to lay to heart just now; while still retaining a fixed determination to exact for future assurance the uttermost penalty from an enemy that has broken every law of God and man.

In ordinary life it would be a distinct advantage for a man to become possessed of a spell which rendered him immune from death, pain or restraint, enabled him to pass through walls and floors and generally freed him from all those little restrictions which make life the tiresome and precarious thing it is. A man so constituted would conduct himself after the manner of his fellows from day to day and would resort to the use of his peculiar powers only when the necessity arose. But the hero of fiction has his duty always to perform, and he may well find that such transcendental gifts are apt to become a burden. He must for ever be turning them to account and finding new France is no distance after Mars. material to work upon. That the scope is limited anyone will at once discover who reads The Great Miracle (STANLEY Paul). He may never do the same thing twice; once he Relief Committee has been formed to deal with unemployhas disappeared through a floor at a critical moment, floors ment among those ambassadors who have been thrown out are off. Each feat must be more astounding than the last: of work by the war.

when he has worked his way through a prison wall it would be an anticlimax to do a job with the wall of a mere dwelling-house, and, of course, he is absolutely precluded from the common use of doors. I am afraid Mr. T. P. Vaneword's primary conception has been too much for him: he lacks the nice imagination of a Wells to carry it off. Also he fails to deal with the humour of the position. whether in the madhouse, the court of justice, the manager's office or the palace, an elementary mistake which the most amateur conjurer will always avoid. It is rather the author's misfortune than his fault that his incidental picture of war, introduced only as a new field of operation for his prodigy, is rendered almost fatuous by the actual conditions at present existing.

When the father of Patience Tabernacle (MILLS AND not?), you will find this book of extreme interest. A few Boon) suddenly left his books at the bank in a state of chance quotations will be enough to prove that the gallant regrettable inaccuracy and went off to borrow the wig and Captain was a man who knew what he was writing about. other equipment of his elderly maiden sister I thought I In the year 1810, for example, he could look ahead far was to have one of those jolly, naïve detective stories which

the feminine hand can best weave. But I was deceived, know that such an incident had no essential relation to any other in this quiet story of the love affairs of Patience and the wrong boy rejected, and the right man discovered, in time; that it wasn't even introduced so as to throw light on the cerned? Now I would ask Miss Sophie Coles what she would think of me if I began my (projected) Sussex village epic with making it part of any design

nor do I consider quite fairly. For how was I to character of any one conthe blowing up of the local public-house by anarchists and contented myself with merely casual references to the matter, never really



anarchists related to my heroine? Of course it would. Very well, then. And I am afraid our author can't claim the privileges of a lawless realism, for she distinctly doesn't belong to the photographic school.

THE CANDID ENEMY.

It is stated that the Germans have forsworn the use of all words borrowed from the English, including "gentleman."]

> THE Germans all English expressions eschew, And on "gentleman" place an especial taboo; Well, the facts of the case their decision confirm, For they've clearly no more any use for the term.

" Harrods have exported their Chocolate to all parts of the universe and are now forwarding large consignments to the forces on active service."—Advt.

A benevolent old lady writes to enquire whether any

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CHARIVARIA.

The German troops which started remarkable qualities as a perfume. out for a "pleasure trip" to Paris are now reported, owing, no doubt, to the taking their pleasures sadly.

following. Owing to the Red Cross formation. Flag being flown from one of the towers the Germans thought the building was only a hospital. * *

humour wishes it to be known how glad he is to see that the Frenchmen have been getting their Aisne back.

It is reported that the Kaiser is proceeding to East Prussia to assume the chief command there. In Petrograd the news is only credited by extreme optimists.

It does not say much for the enterprise of our English newspapers that we should have had to go all the way to India for a reference to what must have been an exceedingly clever capture of one of the enemy. "As the war progresses," says The Times of India of the 20th ult., "the stories of German brutality become more and more frequent. One instance is shown in

in a mail-bag in Lorraine."

We have always held that the Turkish sense of humour has been under-Germany one thing—her magnanimity she shares with the great Turkish con- to use against the enemy. querors of the past.

feeling among the poor in our big towns that, if hard times should come, making for the troops.

The attention of the public is being prisoners.

directed to the value of fish as a food, in contradistinction, we suppose, to its A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE.

influence of British environment, to be "The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of modern Europe" has, we hear, had a curious and satisfactory sequel. Large Several reasons have been given for numbers of adepts in the art of pigthe destruction of Rheims Cathedral. sticking are joining the Sportsmans' The real one is now said to be the Battalion which is now in process of

the War would seem to be that it has papers and magazines, that stood in put a stopper on decadent ideas as to the centre. He approached it and, A Scotsman gifted with much native dress. Mile. Gaby Deslys, we read, drawing up a chair, began to take the

TAKING NO RISKS.

a letter from a German soldier captured found herself unable to begin her sea- where or other of a-a German Royalty. son at the Palace the week before last The uniforms in this caused him a as her dresses were delayed in Paris.

A London-born Italian organ-grinder about to wake. rated. A leading Ottoman statesman who was plying his trade in Wales has, has told Der Tag (the newspaper of The Express tells us, enlisted in Lord that name: the real thing has not Kitchener's Army for foreign service, turned up yet): "We only fear for and has left his organ in charge of the recruiting officer at Barmouth. A pity. towards the conquered, a quality which It should have made a powerful weapon turning the pages, here reading a

There is reported to be an uneasy brutality of the Germans that it seems only fair to draw attention to an act of humanity on their part. Steps have an attempt will be made to foist on been taken at Stuttgart, at any rate, to them many of the weirder garments protect prisoners against annoyance. which kind-hearted ladies have been "It is," runs a proclamation, "rigorously forbidden for any woman to cast head fallen forward amid the twoamorous glances at British and French months-old newspapers of the dentist's

THE young man who had come into this quiet room looked round him with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's statement that a sigh of relief at finding it empty. It was a large room, and he knew it well. Usually a little sombre and even oppressive of aspect, to-day it seemed filled only with an atmosphere of kindly security and benevolence. He noticed (being sensitive to such impressions) that in some strange way this restful atmosphere seemed to emanate from Not the least encouraging result of the large table, covered with illustrated

papers one after another into his hands.

Then he understood. Gradually, as he read, the nightmare that life had lately become faded away from him, and he saw himself once more surrounded by the sane and gentle interests that had been familiar to him from childhood. In one paper he read how such and such Duchesses were preparing yacht-parties for Cowes, and of the thrilling triumphs of the Russian ballet. Another told him that the Government was a collection of craven imbeciles, and that the price of rubber continued disappointing. He saw photographs of golfchampions and ladies in the chorus of musical comedies. One paper had a picture representing the state entry into some-

momentary uneasiness, as of a light sleeper who stirs in his dream and seems Then he turned the page, and the dream closed upon him again as he contemplated an illustrated solution of the problem "Where shall we spend our summer holidays?"

He sighed contentedly and went on paragraph, here merely glancing at pictures or headlines. Thus the hours So much has been written about the passed. How peaceful it was in this quiet room! And this table of literature, strange that never before had he appreciated its subtle charm. . . .

Long afterwards, when they came to seek him, he was found asleep, a happy smile upon his face, and his weary waiting-room.

AN IMPERIAL OVERTURE.

[From notes taken by a British airman while engaged in hovering over the Kaisen's headquarters at ——. The name of the place is excised because the Press Bureau Authorities do not wish the Kaisen to be informed of his own whereabouts.]

Now let an awful silence hold the field, And everybody else's mouth be sealed; For lo! your Kaisen (sound the warning gong!) Prepares to loose his clarion lips in song.

In time of War the poet gets his chance, When even wingless Pegasi will prance; Yet We, whose pinions oft outsoared the crow's, Have hitherto confined Ourself to prose. But who shall doubt that We could sing as well as That warrior-bard Tyrtæus, late of Hellas, Who woke the Spartans up with words and chorus Twenty-six centuries B.U. (Before Us)? Also, since Truth is near allied to Beauty, We are convinced that We shall prove more fluty Than certain British scribes whom We have read (Recently published by The Bodley Head).

Well, then, it is Our purpose to inflame Our soldiers' arteries with lust of fame; To give them something in the lyric line That shall be tantamount to fumes of wine, Yet not too heady, like the champagne (sweet) That lately left them dormant in the street, So that the British, coming up just then, Took them for swine and not for gentlemen.

Rather we look to brace them, soul and limb, With something in the nature of a hymn, Which they may chant, assisted by the band, While working backwards to the Fatherland. Put to the air of Deutschland über alles Or else to one of Our own sacred ballets, The lilt of it should leave their hearts so fiery That at the finish they would make enquiry—"What would our ATTLA to-day have done?" And, crying "Havoe!" go and play the Hun. For there are some cathedrals standing yet, And heavy is the task to Culture set, Ere We may lay aside the holy rod Made to chastise the foes of Us and God.

And now that We are fairly in the vein Let Us proceed to build the lofty strain.

Ho! bid the Muse to enter and salute

The burnished toe of Our Imperial boot!

Hush! guns! and, ye howitzers, cease your fire!

We, WILLIAM, are about to sound the lyre! O. S.

Note.—Unfortunately the actual composition of which this is the preface has been censored, as likely to have a disintegrating effect upon the discipline of our forces at the front.

The Two Voices.

"It was Mr. Will Crooks, the well-known Labour member, who asked the Chairman if the House might sing 'God Save the King,' and when Mr. Crooks started it in his deep bass voice everyone stood up and joined in the singing."—Westminster Gazette.

"Moreover, Mr. Crooks had pitched the tune a little too high, and it seemed for a moment that he with his rich high tenor voice would have to sing the anthem as a solo."—Daily Chronicle.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. II.

(From the Rev. Dr. DRYANDER, Court Chaplain.)

MOST ALLGRACIOUS SIR .- Now that I have finished writing my sermon for next Sunday I can find time for a little quiet sound thinking by way of a change. I can say quite seriously that I am tired to death of writing and preaching sermons. It is not permitted, highly honoured EMPEROR, that in my sermon I say anything displeasing to your Imperial self. I must not remind you that you are a man like other men, a man liable to weakness and error. swaved by temper, capable, since your position gives you power, of trampling on the rights of others in a moment of passion, of confounding justice with your own desires and of mistaking the promptings of ambition or malice or envy for an inspiration from Heaven itself. No. I must not say all this or any of it, but, on the contrary, I must describe you to yourself and your family and the chosen intimates who flatter you beyond even my power to flatter, I must describe you, I say, as the Lord's anointed, as the vice-gerent of God on earth, as being raised by God's favour above all human foibles, in short, as being supremely right and just whenever your faults and your injustice cry aloud for the divine punishment. Even if you were a thoroughly good and sensible man, totus teres atque rotundus, instead of being a bundle of caprice and prejudice, the task would be difficult. As it is, it is unpleasant and ought to be impossible. My sermons exist to prove that I have attempted it with such courage as I could command, although in these conditions courage is only another name for the cowardly compliance that causes a man to detest himself and to take a low view of human nature.

At any rate I have done my best for you, How many times have I not bidden the faithful to fall down before you and worship you? Have I not proved from Holy Scripture that your lightest word is spoken, not by you, but by the Almighty; that you, in fact, are something higher and better in bones and flesh and blood and brains than anything that mere ordinary mortals can pretend to be? I can see you nodding your head in Imperial approval when such phrases came from me, and all the time I knew in my heart that the God of whom you were thinking, and to whose intimacy you pretended, was not the God under whom a Christian minister takes service, but a being formed after the image of a Prussian drill-sergeant who wears a pointed helmet and a turned-up moustache.

Sir, I have my doubts as to this fearful war in which we are engaged. You entered upon it, you say, to carry out your treaty obligations to Austria. Treaties, no doubt, are sacred things. But why, then, was not the treaty obligation to Belgium as sacred as that with Austria? Was it because Belgium was weak and (as you thought) defenceless that you invaded her country, slaughtered her people, and sacked her towns? Was this the reason for the foul treatment of Louvain? And is it agreeable, do you think, to the Almighty that the glorious Cathedral of Rheims should be bombarded and ruined even by German shells?

When the years have rolled on and you shall have been called away to render an account of what you did on earth, for what reasons will you be remembered amongst men? Not because you established justice and did good deeds—or even great ones—for your people, but because you plunged the world in war in order to feed your vanity, and laid waste Belgium and shattered the Cathedral of Rheims. Truly a shining memory.

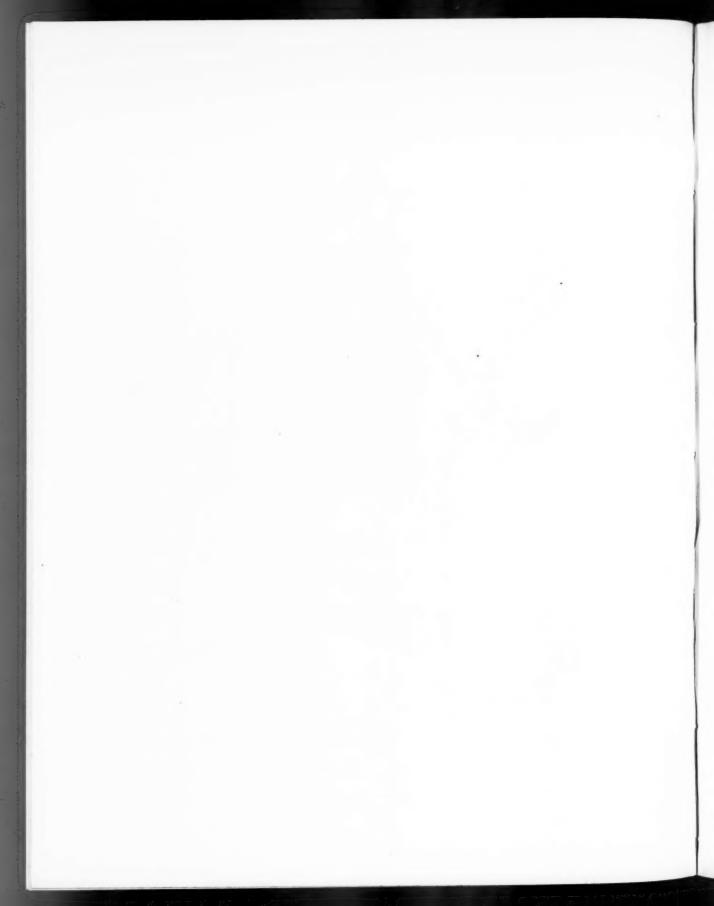
Yours, in all humility,

DRYANDER.



BOER AND BRITON TOO.

GENERAL BOTHA (composing telegram to the Kaiser). "JUST OFF TO REPEL ANOTHER RAID. YOUR CUSTOMARY WIRE OF CONGRATULATION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED: 'BRITISH HEADQUARTERS—GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.'"



THE LAST LINE.

WE are the last line of defence. When the Regular Army and the Reserve Army and the new Million Army and the Indian Army and the Overseas Army and the Territorial Army are all entering Berlin together, then the defence of England (we hope) will rest entirely upon us. There are not many of us, as armies go nowadays, but there ought to be one apiece for all the towns round the coast, and what we lack in numbers we shall make up for in pride.

We are the last line of defence. We all have wives or defective retinas or birthdays previous to 1879, or something that binds us together unofficially. Our motto from Monday to Friday is, "Soldier and Civilian too," and in camp at week-ends, "Remember Przemysl." At present we have no uniforms, to the disgust of our wives; but they are coming. Opinion is divided as to whether we want them to come. Some say that, clad in khaki, we shall get admiring glances from the women and envious glances from the small boys which are not really our due; our proud spirit rebels against the idea of marching through London in false colours. James says that, seeing that a soldier is only a soldier, and that he himself (James) is a special constable from 4 A.M. to 8, a dashed hard-working solicitor from 9.30 to 5, and a soldier from 5.30 to 7, not to mention the whole week-end, he jolly well expects all the admiration he can get; and that, if any small boy cheers him under the impression that he is only a Territorial, he is doing him a confounded injustice. Perhaps a tail-coat and khaki breeches would best meet the case.

Then we come to the question of rifles. There are at this moment thousands of men in the Army who have no rifles. Whole battalions of new recruits are unarmed. Our battalion is not unarmed; it has a rifle. We have all seen it; those of us who have been on guard through the cold dark hours of Saturday - Sunday have even carried it-respectfully, as becomes a man who thanks Heaven that it is not loaded. Our pride in it is enormous. Were a sudden night attack by Zeppelins made upon our camp, the battalion would rally as one man round the testamentary dispositions. . . .



Incredulous friend (to soldier invalided home), "What—You captured ten Germans by Yourself? Good gracious! How did you do it?"

Tommy, "I JUST SHOUTED OUT 'WAITER!' AND THEY CAME ALONG."

much can be learnt without arms (cf. which made James throw out his lower "Infantry Training" passim—a book chest a couple of inches further than we all carry in our pockets), and we usual. Whereupon the Admiralty airhave the promise of enough rifles for a ship hurried up and, flying slowly over company in three weeks. When the us, inspected us from the top. I say last lot of German prisoners begins to nothing of what James must have land we shall be ready for them.

old rifle, and fling boots at the invader indeed we feel that the authorities have by two Generals and an airship simulout. Then, spiking the Lee-Enfield, so example. We paraded the other night authorities. that it should be useless if it fell into the hands of the enemy, we should retut, a couple of Generals. One of them keenness. On our first Sunday in

invaders will not come yet. Meanwhile pared for the extraordinary-and so on; looked like from the top; what I say is We get plenty of encouragement; that not many battalions are inspected until the last pair of ammunition gave a special eye upon us. To give an taneously. We are grateful to the

tire barefoot and in good order, James addressed us afterwards and gave us to camp our company commander stood busily jotting down notes of our last understand that, having seen the us to attention and asked for three flower of the Continental armies at volunteers-for some unnamed forlorn But, of course, we know that the work, he was, even so, hardly pre- hope. The whole company advanced

two paces. He took the first three in the first platoon and handed them over to a sergeant. They were marched off on their perilous mission with nine men from other companies. The dauntless twelve. We that were left behind composed explanations to our wives, making it quite clear that we had volunteered, but pointing out that, as only twelve could go, they had probably chosen the ugliest ones first. Our three heroes rejoined us during an "easy" an hour later. The forlorn hope had been to dig a hole and bury all the unused fragments of last night's supper-the gristly bits . . . And now, when three volunteers are called for, the whole company remains rooted to attention. It is our keenness again; we are here to drill; to form fours, to march, to wheel; we want to learn to be soldiers, not dustmen.

But naturally we differ in our ideas upon the best way to learn-particularly in regard to night-work. What James says is, "Why be uncomfortable in camp? If I could do anything for my country between the hours of 10.30 P.M. and 5.30 A.M., I would do it gladly. But if my country, speaking through the gentleman who commands my platoon, tells me to retire to my tent with the fourteen loudest-breathers in Middlesex, I may at least try to get a little bit of sleep." So he brings with him two air-cushions, a pillow, three blankets and a pair of bed-socks, and does his best. On the other hand, John says, "When one is on active service one has to sleep anywhere. Unless I am preparing for that mo-ment, what am I here for at all?" So he disdains the use of straw, selects the hardest brick he can find for his head, and wraps himself up in a single coat. And I doubt if he sleeps worse than James. Personally, I lie awake all night listening to the snores of the others and envying them their repose . . . and I find that they all say they have been doing the same.

It was James, by the way, who created such a sensation the first time he appeared on parade with all his impedimenta. There was a shout of laughter from the company-and then a quiet voice behind me said reflectively, "He decided not to bring the parrot."

A. A. M.

"There is a story here of a reservist, arriving from the provinces, who saw on the Nevsky a brilliantly lighted picture palace, and took off his hat before it and crossed himself devoutly. The point of that story is that the man, when pointed out to me on the parade-ground, was working in rubber gloves upon the installation of field wireless apparatus."—Daily Chronicle.

Ha-ha! (Yes, just for a moment it escaped us). Ha-ha! HA-HA-HA!

VALHALLA.

(A vision and a protest.) I saw in the night unbroken, In the land the daylight shuns, At their long tables oaken The Sea-kings and the Huns.

Strong arms had they for smiting, To them death only gave More feasting and more fighting, More plunder for the brave.

Scant use had they for pleaders, They boasted of their war, The pitiless bright-eyed leaders, And their battle-god was Thor.

And "When this right hand falters," Quoth one, "the soul is fled;" "And I made so many altars Ruinous," this one said.

And lo! as they sat and vaunted Across the mist of the years, There came to them one that flaunted The helm of the war-god's peers.

A little shape and a mightless, And the strong men laughed and roared:

"Is our father Odin sightless That bade him share the board?

"From what realms spoilt and plundered. From what shrines burnt art come?

Has thine hand hewed and thundered On the crosses of Christendom?"

And he said, "I too had legions, I fouled where ye defiled, I trod in the selfsame regions And warred on woman and child.

"Tricked out in my shining armour And riding behind my Huns, I harried the priest and farmer,

I followed the smoking guns."

But the kings cried out and shouted As they drained the sweetened mead:

"Was it thus that the Franks were routed.

When we made Europe bleed?

"This king with a leaden rattle And death that comes from afar, What pride hath he of the battle? What lust to maim or mar?

"The loot and the red blood running Were the only signs we saw; But the gods that gave thee cunning

Have also given thee law." And a Northman spake: "With seven

Fair churches when I died I had paved my path to heaven; Their pillage was my pride.

"I tore the saints from their niches With the red hands of my rage; But what hast thou in thy ditches To do with a craftless age?

"Thou hast felt no Viking's starkness; Thou hast lost a Christian's throne."

And they drove him forth in the darkness

To find a place of his own.

EVOE.

THE SILENCE OF WAR.

I HAVE a confession to make. Once in the happy far-off days-it seems ages since—I was bored by my fellow-passengers' conversation in the train. I daresay that they were equally bored by mine; but against that view there is the fact that this is my confession and not theirs. Well, I am punished now. I admit that I would give a good deal to hear Griffith's story of how he did the dog-leg hole in three again. There sits Griffith opposite to me, and no one would know that he had ever handled a club. He has become a golf-mute.

Or think of Purvis. The recital of the performances of Purvis's new car lent an additional terror to railway travelling. I have forgotten the very make of his car now. I cannot particularise the number of its cylinders or say if it is electrically started. Purvis is conversationally punctured.

There was, too, one recalls, an Insurance Act. Wilson felt a special grievance because he employed an aged gardener, out of charity, two days a week. He talked, if I remember correctly, about a cruel fourpence and a mythical ninepence. He read fierce letters he had composed for the Press, and when the papers published them, which was seldom, he read them to us all over again. As an anti-insurance agitator Wilson now comes under the unemployment section of the accursed

And the strange people who intruded with third-class tickets, and trampled on our toes, and smoked shag, and talked repulsively about the Cockspurs and Chelsea's new purchase from Oldham Athletic, and gave each other "dead certs" of appalling incertitude, and passed remarks which to my mind showed a shocking lack of respect for the upper and middle classes! We were not one class in those times.

May it all come back to us soon-all the old chatter! Come back to us, Sir THOMAS LIPTON and the Cup! Come back to us, GLOOMY DEAN! Come back to us, Ninepence for Fourpence. Come back to us, "dead certs" and "also rans." Come back golf and motorcars. Come back, Wicked Government and Wicked Opposition. Life is too painfully interesting now. I long to be bored again.

But it must be boredom with honour.

MR. PUNCH'S WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW STYLE.

HEARING that the German troops were advancing from the North-East along the line Malines - Mons -Mezières-Soissons-Verdun-Belfort, I immediately made off due South-West for a reason I may not give. I managed with the utmost difficulty to find someone to carry my kit, but at length persuaded an old peasant whom I found weeding (probably the last weeds he would ever dig) to act as my courier, and even then I had to resort to the vulgar strategy of pretending to be a Uhlan.

We joined the throng boarding an old motor-bus (61 h.p.). There was nothing to show to outward appearance that the dreaded Germans were within 250 miles of the little townlet where I found myself (name suppressed). After booking my room at the only decent hotel in the place, I cast about for something to eat. Alas, the only eatables were roast duck and apple tart (the last probably we should ever see). I then unpacked my kit, and after folding my riding breeches I placed them under the mattress, wondering when I should take them out again. It is curious how even the simplest necessities of life mechanically assert themselves in the midst of the most strenuous and adventurous circumstances.

Troops, troops, and yet again troops. And people still go on living their daily lives. I saw two men seated in a café playing draughts, and they quarrelled over a move as though they had never heard tell of the KAISER. Such is la guerre. I am rapidly polishing up my French which I learnt at -, how many years ago I may not

We know little of the German plans, and that much it is useless for me to communicate as the Censor is stopping all news of any interest. But this we do know here in our little town of that the Kaiser will undoubtedly defeat the English armies if he can. To-day I saw an officer who had been sent back to count the milk-cans on a large The Daily Cry and Echo. The officer with difficulty stopped, as his horse Such is war. reared on seeing the paper in my hand. once told me to go to (name withheld). I often think of that gay young officer and wonder what he is doing.



Malel. "Mother, dear! I do hope this war won't be over before I finish my sock!"

To-night I sat up late (how late we used to sit up in London!) sewing a button on my (word excised) and darning one of the legs. I am now dashing this off to catch the morning post (prodairy-farm (probably the last cans he bably the last post that will ever leave would ever count); as he clattered down for England). I could not sleep for the road, mounted on his charger, I thinking that in a few days' time I stepped in front of him and held up my may hear the boom-boom of the hand, in which was a recent copy of German 17.44 guns, the sound of which has been likened to a puppy yelping.

I hope later on to send an important I then asked him where he would document dealing with the dispositions after of the Welsh Army Corps—the Chancellor advise me to go, as I wanted to be of the various armies engaged. I have of the Exchequer.—Western Mail. where the fire was hottest. He at been fortunate enough to get a glimpse If we allow Mr. Owen a generous 8 feet, of plans not more than a month old this would make Mr. LLOYD GEORGE which a Colonel of Howitzers carelessly about 4 ft. 2 in. He must be taller left in the pocket of his bathing-suit. than that.

"Hor Pursuit. BRITISH PRESS ON HEELS OF ENEMY."

At last the British Press is getting to the front.

We are officially informed that, when every cat and dog in the German Empire has been enrolled and armed, each cat will be allowed to provide its own kit.

"Physically, Mr. Owen is a fine type, and his height is almost double that of the origin-

THE CHOICE.

THE scene was Maida Vale-in the home of Julius Blumenbach, an Eng- is disliked here, how much wiser, when

lishman of one generation.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Blumen-bach on his return from his office, "it won't do. The time has come to take 'Kitchener.' Isn't that——''
the plunge. We have often talked "Too far? Perhaps so," said his this morning I received five letters

"You know I have urged it on you often enough," said Mrs. Blumenbach. "And not only have I thought it necessary, but my relatives have urged it too.'

Mr. Blumenbach repressed a gesture of impatience. "I know, I know," he said. "Well, we must do it. The Times has a dozen notices of changed names every day."

"The question is what shall the new one be?" his wife replied. "We must remember it's not only for ourselves and the business. but it will be so much better for the boys, too, when they go to Eton. A good name-

but what?"

difficulty. Now I've got a little list here. I have been jotting down names that took my fancy for some time past. Of course there are many people who merely translate their German names, but I think we ought to go farther than that. be thorough while we are about it."

"Yes, and let us be very careful," said Mrs. Blumen-It's almost as critical as-for

a woman - marriage. Let us take a really nice name.'

"Of course," said her husband. "That goes without saving."

that goes well with 'Sir' or 'Lady.' You never know, you know.'

"I don't see, myself, that 'Sir Julius Blumenbach' would sound so bach fiercely. bad," said her husband; "I've heard worse."

"But 'Sir Julius Kitchener,' for ex- isample, would sound better," said Mrs. Blumenbach.

Mr. Blumenbach started. don't really suggest—" he began.

want you to see that while we 're about it we may as well be thorough. If at the present moment we have a name which taking another, to choose one which is popular!

"True," Mr. Blumenbach said. "But

about it, but now we must act. Only wife, "Then what about 'French'?" "A little too short," said her husclosing the account-all because of the band. "I favour three syllables." "Then 'Smith-Dorrien'?'

"That's it," said Mr. Blumenbach. "That's the We ought to

Enthusiast (explaining the situation). "LET THIS 'ERE MEAT-AXE bach. "It's a great respon- be the Russians a-comin' in on the East; the carvin'-knife's sibility—a critical moment. The Frenchies along 'ere; our boys is the Mustard-Pot; and be," said his wife. "Well,

had rather a partiality for them. Directory." "Yes," she continued, "but a name They're very classy in England, too, as you would know if you were as English he hurried for his hat. "Just to think as I am."

"I am English!" said Mr. Blumen- peated, as he bade her farewell.

"Yes, dear, but not quite so-Still, let us pass that over. The point the war."

"No hyphens, anyway," said Mr. potential Sir Julius Bannockburn. Blumenbach. "They're dangerous. "You They carry too much family history. on't really suggest—" he began.
"No, I don't," she replied. "But I best. Like, say, 'Macdonald."

"Scotch?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I hadn't been thinking that way." said Mrs. Blumenbach, "but I agreewhy not 'Sir Julius Macdonald'? Yes that 's all right."

"Or 'Mackenzie'?" said Mr. Blumenbach, consulting his list.

"I prefer 'Macdonald.'"

"Or 'Macintosh'?"

" No. no."

"Or 'Abercrombie'?"

"Too long."

"Lauder'?"

"No. I think not."

"He's very popular."

"I know; but the music-hall? No," said Mrs. Blumenbach, taking up a pen, "let it be 'Macdonald." She traced the name. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed suddenly, dropping the pen and pushing away the paper with a gesture of finality, "of course it can't be that.'

"Why ever not?" Blumenbach insisted.

"Fancy you not knowing!" Mrs. Blumenbach replied. "You of all people! Why, think of the linen and the silver-all the monograms. Everything would have to be marked afresh. It must begin with B, of course."

"Of course," said Mr. Blumenbach, mopping his brow as the terrible truth broke on him, "of course! What an idiot I have been! Of course it must begin with B. The expense!"

"But fancy you not thinking of that!" Mrs. Blumenbach insisted.

"Yes, fancy. It's worry over the war. I'm not my-

"Poor dear! You can't what shall we do now?"

"Oh, let's be shy of hyphens," he "It's all right," said Mr. Blumen-pplied. "I'll go to the British Museum "Why?" she asked. "I've always to look out the B's in the Edinburgh

"Do, dear, do!" said his wife, and of you not thinking of that!" she re-

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "But it's the war, I'm sure. I'm sure it's

Later in the day he returned, a

Shakspeare Germanised.

One touch of NIETZSCHE makes the whole world sin.

SOUND AND FURY.

A DOUBLE Dutch Agency circulates a report of a great patriotic concert recently held in Berlin. The programme, which is printed on a mere scrap of paper, was as follows:—

A

GRAND PRUSSIAN PATRIOTIC CONCERT

IN AID OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT WAR FUND

Will be held in the
DISMANTLED BRITISH EMBASSY.

PROGRAMME.

I.

SELECTION:

"Hail, Smiling Marne."
Band of the Imperial Prussian Guard.

II.

Song:

"Father, dear Father, come Home with me now."

Words and music by the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

III.

BANJO RECITAL:
"The Sally of our Ally."
Words and music by
the Emperor Francis Joseph.

IV.

CHORUS:

"Forty Years On."
Setting arranged by
Count Von Moltke the Second.

V.

Song:

"Oft in the Stilly Night."

Words and music by

Count Zeppelin, composer of
"What does little Birdie say?"

VI.

RECITAL:

"The Blue Carpathian Mountains."

The Viennese Orchestra,

VIII

Humorous Song:
"The Bonny Bonny Banks."

Arranged by
the Imperial Minister of Finance.

VIII.

Song:

"And Nobody cares for Me!"

Respectfully dedicated to
the German Emperou.

IX.

Grand Patriotic Chorus (in which the audience is requested to join): "Prussia Expects That Every Man This Day Will Grab His Booty."



"Great Scott! I must do something. Dashed if I don't get some more flags for the old jigger!"

THE STEEPLE.

There's mist in the ho!lows,
There's gold on the tree,
And South go the swallows
Away over sea.

They home in our steeple
That climbs in the wind,
And, parson and people,
We welcome 'em kind.

The steeple was set here In 1266;

If WILLIAM could get here He'd burn it to sticks.

He'd burn it for ever,
Bells, belfry and vane,
That swallows would never
Come home there again.

He'd bang down their perches
With cannor and gun,
For churches is churches,
And WILLIAM's a Hun.

So—mist in the hollow
And leaf falling brown—
Ere home comes the swallow
May William be down!

And high stand the steeples From Lincoln to Wells, For parsons and peoples, For birds and for bells!

"It makes things clearer, for example, if one knows that a howitzer gun drops its shells, while an ordinary field gun fires them to all intents and purposes vertically."

Weekly Dispatch,

Much clearer.



Youthful Patriot. "Oh, mummy, you must speak to baby: He's most awfully naughty. He won't let nurse take his VEST OFF, AND (in an awe-struck voice) HE KEEPS ON SCREAMING AND YELLING THAT HE LIKES THE GERMANS! ANYBODY MIGHT HEAR HIM."

A WAR-HORSE OF THE KING.

I KNEW you in the first flight of the Quorn, One who never turned his gallant head aside From bank or ditch, from double rail or thorn, Or from any brook however deep and wide; I know the love your owner on you spent; I know the price he put upon your speed; And I know he gave you freely, well content, When his country called upon him in her need.

I have seen you in the bondage of the camp With a heel-rope on a pastern raw and red, Up and fighting at the stable-picket's tramp With the courage of the way that you were bred: I have seen you standing, broken, in the rain, Lone and fretting for a yesterday's caress; have seen your valour spur you up again From the sorrow that your patient eyes express.

Now in dreams I see your squadron at the Front, You a war-horse with a hero on your back, Taking bugles for the horn-blast of the hunt, Taking musketry for music of the pack; Made and mannered to the pattern of the rest, Gathered foam—and maybe blood—upon your rein, You'll be up among the foremost and the best, Or we'll never trust in Leicestershire again!

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

War or no war, the children must have their Christmas presents, and they wouldn't look at the usual toys made in Germany, even if they could be had this year. The Women's Emergency Corps has the matter in hand. Some fascinating models have been designed and registered, and many women who were in need of work are engaged in copying them under skilled direction. Funds are needed badly at the start, though the scheme will eventually support itself. For the children's sake, and even more for the sake of the women-breadwinners to whom the war has brought distress, Mr. Punch begs his generous friends to help this work. Gifts should be sent to The Duchess of Marlborough, Old Bedford College, 8, York Place, Baker Street, W.

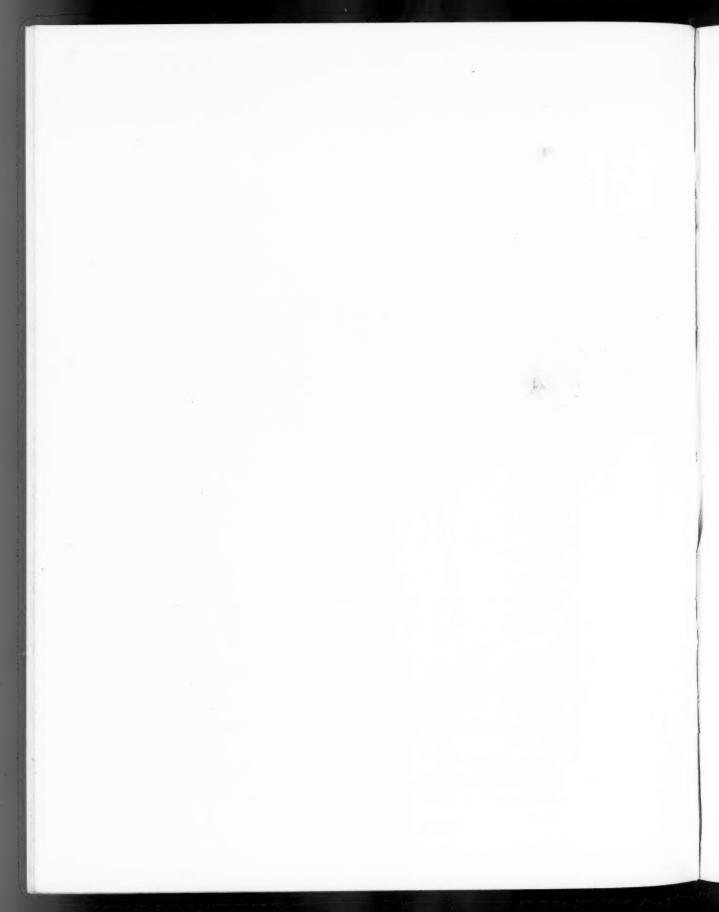
IN MEMORY.

TO THOSE WHO DIED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR. Nor theirs to triumph yet: but, where they stood, Falling, to dye the earth with brave men's blood For England's sake and duty. Be their name Sacred among us. Wouldst thou seek to frame Their fitting epitaph? Then let it be Simple, as that which marked Thermopylæ:-" Tell it in England, thou that passest by, Here faithful to their charge her soldiers lie."



THE GREAT GOTH.

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN A NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT POTSDAM.





Newly-gazetted Subaltern, "Girls! Girls! You really mustn't crowd round me like this. I've missed two salutes already."

OUR DUMB ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH the German army already owes much of its efficiency to useful Fortunately, if zoological warfare is to the first to leave the colours. hints garnered from the animal kinghas been employed with such conspicuous success in the streets of Brusselswe were hardly prepared for the far-reaching mobilisation of the more familiar mammals which is now foreshadowed. It is true that we had already been much impressed by the Kaiser's threat to continue the war to the last breath of man and horse, but it is none the less startling to learn, on American authority, that the German Government would, at a pinch. he prepared to arm every cat and dog in the Empire. It will thus be open varian regiment. It runs as follows: - already, to the future historian to speak of "the cats of war."

overlooked-if the Kaiser is willing and was told to register! Of course west of Verdun."-Manchester Guardian. to take a suggestion — in the form he's got a streak of the Persian in him The War has changed many things; of the domestic cattle of the Father- on his mother's side, and used to brag among them the triangle's old habit

natural warriors exist.

But the new menace must be met. become am accomplished fact, the Corps of dachshunds.

On the whole we welcome the new standard in German civilized warfare. in the 10th Tortoiseshells.

An interesting light has been thrown on this new mobilisation by a letter concealed in the whiskers of the cap-

> Potsdam. (Can't divulge address.)

land. These, we believe, are admirably about it, as we all know; but now it's of having two of its sides together adapted to attack in close formation done him in the eye, and he's fairly greater than the third. But there: upon entrenched positions. And much mad. Carl is in the commissariat and "necessity," as the IMPERIAL CHANmight be done with the rats from the tells me we've got three million tins of CELLOR says, "knows no law."

cellars of Munich-than which no finer sardines; so that's all right as far as it goes; but, if there's any weakness in the victualling department, I shall be

They're making one huge mistake. dom—such as the goose-step, which British Empire has great untapped re- The dogs are called out too. You know sources. It is rumoured that a Camel what German dogs are-sausage-food, Corps has been despatched from India we call them. Of course they'll be cut already, and a squadron of elephants up and give the show away. But, if should be a match for a whole Army they're in the first line with us behind them, they'll have to fight somebody.

Albrecht is in the Royal Blacks departure. It may lead-who knows? (Empress's own). Max has joined the -to the establishment of a higher 3rd Tabbies, and I've got a command

Your one and only

Puss in Prussians. P.S.—It's a joke with the Tabby tured mascot (a Tortoiseshell) of a Ba- regiments that they 've got their stripes

"Ste. Menehould is 32 miles due west of There is another branch of the community which should not be for poor Schneider. He went to enlist of Ste. Menchould and a dozen miles north-

THE WATCH DOGS.

IV.

DEAR CHARLES, -Half-a-dozen officers of the battalion, including your own pet terrier, have got cut off from the main body, but are all alive and well, as you company he was attached, and he quietly apprehended? The first enemy shall hear. We have come down from our war to our peace station in order to gather together the few hundred re-cruits who have been enrolled to bring up the brigade to its proper establishment, and fill the places of those luckless fellows whose flesh was too weak lected equipment. for Imperial service, however willing their spirit might have been. I must say I was more sorry for the "medically unfit" than I have ever been for posts, their duty and their manner of and let him have it!" was the order,

anyone in this hard world. when we took affectionate

leave of them.

The recruit is an excellent fellow, whose only fault is that he ddn't start before. Now and then he is a plutocrat, as I have found to my cost. It was my first job to prearrange the lodging of two hundred of them in their temporary billet, an unoccupied mansion originally designed to house twenty persons at the outside. There was an overflow, as you may imagine, which had to be lodged in the outhouses. The garage I marked out for twenty-five. leaving it to themselves to decide whether or not the inspection-pit was the place of honour reserved for the N.C.O. in charge. Other business prevented my receiving them at the front gate and conducting them to GIVE US ONE OR TWO GOOSE-STEPS!" their several rooms. When

down to anything; an hour later I found the twenty - five of them comfortably tucked in for the night, crooning unanimously, "There's no place up on the wall, "The Ritz Private Boarding Establishment; well-aired let you hear the last of it. beds; bring your own straw. Excellent cuisine. No garage."
This is the sort of remark which, as

you go the rounds of the mess tables,

which exists in the hard circumstances | nerves, and when something substanof military life. "George, lend me your tial does emerge which one may get a slice of bacon to clean my knife with." The most moving reply I have person- to say that no violence is required and ally received came from one of the lesseducated section. I asked to what the enemy is successfully observed and didn't know, "Who is your captain?" I said. "'Im with the scuppered 'at." was the descriptive reply. Captain appointment served only to make the Herne has since lectured his gang on the rudiments of military discipline, first, however, replenishing his neg-



Humorist (to Cinema Commissionaire). "Now yen, Wilhelm,

I did arrive on the scene it was performing it. Outpost companies, it club in an emergency, and begged to

"sloping arms," only to unslope them

grip on. . . what use is it for an officer enough is done for present purposes if to approach turned out, on arrest, to be just an innocuous cow; but this disaspect of my men even more menacing. The next arrival was a hapless scout of the attacking party: he had come cted equipment.

And now let us turn from the surprise, but was himself violently surprised. What advice and exhorta-

> which was obeyed. The necessity for silence was forgotten: here was something upon which to wreak all the pent-up feelings consequent upon a month's perusal of German atrocities. It was excusable, if unsporting, for the scout to bite the thumb of his nearest assailant-and a good thorough bite it was. It fell to my lot later to dress the wound; as I did so the casualty explained to me fully and often the exact circumstances of the case. But he was not angry about it: far from it. With an expression of feature combining interested enquiry with perfect readiness to accept whatever might be in the proper order of infantry training, he said, "And then 'e bit me thumb, Sir. Was that right?"

> D'Arey and I had an awkward moment the other day. We turned into a wayside golf

my heartrending duty to explain to must be remembered, do their work at be allowed to buy our tea there. Privates Anstruther and Vernon that night. I don't know, Charles, whether Even as we did so the Secretary himthe reason why they couldn't find you have ever sat under a hedge for self arrived in a motor car, which, their bedroom was because they had hours on end in the dark, waiting the as we were not aware, had but a filled it with their motor-cars. But approach of the enemy. It must be little while ago overtaken Major it is wonderful how people can settle bad enough in real warfare, where Danks and the half battalion under his there is a chance of his turning up; charge. Even the Secretary himself, but in practice it is worse, for there is accustomed to ignore foot-passengers, the certainty that he must turn up. did not appreciate that he had roused He left the camp an hour before you the Major's wrath by the haste of his like home!" To-day they have chalked did yourself, and, if he does succeed in overtaking. The Secretary was, to us, getting through your lines, he'll never politeness itself—nay more, he insisted upon our being the guests of the club Now you must remember that my not only on that occasion but on every fellows had spent many weary days available opportunity. Other members gathered round and endorsed his view. again almost immediately, and in other We returned thanks in brief and solyou have to pretend you have not sufficiently bloodless pursuits. They dierly speeches. There were, by way heard: "The officer wants to know if are naturally of a pugilistic breed, and of reply, votes of confidence, and, in you have all got plenty of potatoes. the attacking party comprised old-time rejoinder, expressions of reciprocated Every man stand up and say 'I have';" opponents. Constant efforts to keep a esteem. The invitation was extended and, to demonstrate the camaraderic watch in the dark are trying to the to every officer in the battalion, and



Scene: Play round of sand in a London park.

Kind-hearted Old Lady. "That little box looks very lonely. Why don't you ask him to play with you?" Little Girl. "Ow, DON'T TIKE NO NOTICE OF 'IM, LIDY. 'E'S SWANKIN' 'COS 'E'S BIN TO THE SEASIDE."

then we withdrew to the wash-house to prepare to receive hospitality. Hardly had we departed when the Major arrived, and we returned from our ablutions, if not into the open, at least sufficiently near to hear him reprimanding the Secretary in the most violent terms, threatening arrest to the annihilation of the whole clubhouse which followed.

"A very nice morning, Sir."

a joke, and rather a good joke, too.

Yours ever.

ONE OF THE SECRETS OF RUSSIAN SUCCESS. (By our Military Expert.)

cluded, as he bowed me out of the shop. (pronounce Woolloomoolloo) deserted exigencies of the situation. their guns and retreated in haste with | To sum up, we have in our Eastern HENRY. a complete breakdown of moral.

The cause of this breakdown may escape most observers, but it is in reality simple enough. It has long been known that the Austrians have THE brief statement from Head- found themselves terribly handicapped quarters at Petrograd that on the South- by their inability to deal faithfully with West front Wszlmysl has fallen and that the consonantal difficulties presented by the pursuit of the Austrians has reached the names of towns and districts in miscreant chauffeur, and, indeed, the Mlprknik has a significance that may which the ethnic basis is Slav and not easily be overlooked by those who Teutonic. Quite recently, on the capand links, and every man, woman and are unfamiliar with the topography child in or about them. Old man, I have never less enjoyed a meal at others' expense than I did the tea is a large fortified town in the disassistance of a powerful Claxon horn), trict of Mprzt (pronounce Ha-djisha), the garrison were found to be in a Acting temporarily as Quarter-Master at the junction of the rivers Ug (pro-deplorable condition of aphasia and I went to the butcher's to-day. "A nice mounce Oogh) and Odzwl (pronounce suffering from chronic laryngitis. We morning, Sir," said he. What could Odol), about ten miles to the N.E. of have therefore the best grounds for be do for me? "What about some Ploschkin (pronounce as written), with believing that a similar cause operated which it is connected by an electric in the case of the Austrian defenders tramway. The information available of Wszlmysl. They fled because they shows that the garrison of Wszlmysl were unable to cope with the vocal

I'll tell you my opinion of these the Russians in hot pursuit. Now, ally a nation not only great in numbers, soldiers, Charles, amateur or professional. Feed them like princes and pamper them like babies, and they'll Shumsky (pronounce Sch-tchoomsky), complain all the time. But stand them to be stronger than either Namur or phonetic variety and so formidable in up to be shot at and they 'll take it as Liege, the precipitate retirement of the consonantal concentration as to strike Austrians can only be accounted for by terror into opponents of lesser linguistic capacity.

AT THE PLAY.

"THOSE WHO SIT IN JUDGMENT."

In days of great national tension the public needs some coaxing to be got into the theatre at all. Our managers should either, at the risk of appearing callous, offer us a pure distraction from the strain of things or else provide something in harmony with the emotions of the time. But frankly I cannot find in the programme at the St. James's any apparent sign of consideration for present conditions. It is true that it supplies excellent entertainment for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who has plenty of occupation in a part that suits him well. But I was thinking, selfishly enough, of my own needs and those of other non-combatants.

I admit that the scene in West Africa was a diverting novelty. I had never before, to my recollection, met a native monarch from the Gold Coast, and I have pleasure in accepting the assurance of Mr. CROWTHER, Secretary for Native Affairs in this district, that they are like that. But it was impossible to feel any very deep concern as to what might happen to the damaged hero (Michael Trent) on his return to England after the failure of his rubber schemes. The best he could hope for, by way of consolation for being misunderstood, was to become a co-respondent in a suit brought by the chief sitter-in-judgment. Even so we might have contrived a little sympathy if the woman's fifth-rate environment had not made any community of tastes hopelessly improbable. For her, too, it seemed to us a poor business that the only encouragement she could offer him in the undeserved ruin of his career was to get it blasted all over again-and this time on a true charge-by running away with him.

But the rubber-man in the play was never a hero. There in his Gold Coast shanty we see his lover's young brother dying of fever under his eyes. Yet from the moment when he himself gets a touch of the same complaint he takes to brandy, and practically loses all further interest—at any rate of a coherent kind—in the fate of his protégé. And at the end—though he seems to take a good deal of personal pride in the prospect—the only heroism that lies before him is the living-down of a sordid scandal in the divorce-court.

As Michael Trent, Mr. GEORGE ALEX-ANDER played excellently, and I have cold in the head. nothing to say against either the quality orthequantity of his work, except that in has not strained herself severely in dying. the First Act the tale of his experience writing Young Wisdom, and the result

the Geographical Society. That clever pleasure. Miss Maude had a part with actress, Miss Henrietta Watson, had a little comedy in it for once, and she to play a difficult part as Trent's lover, played it delightfully. in a vein that, I think, is new to her. She did it well, though she seemed to start on a note of intensity which left her too little margin for the time when she really needed it; her appeal, honourable game of acrostics and we too, was rather to our intelligence had to think of and describe a word than our hearts. Mr. Nigel Playfair, bounded on the West by the initial E, waiving his gift of deliberate humour, and on the East by the final H. showed himself a master of the petty meannesses of a certain phase of suburban banality. Mr. Volpé presided, with the right rotundity of a rubber company's chairman, over a very spirited meeting of indignant share-Mr. REGINALD OWEN so well as the more choice than the rarest flavours 0. 8. manner of his dying.

" Young Wisdom."

slavery of the marriage-tie, the liberty of the female subject, and high-sounding things of that sort, and kept books of found them and thought them dull, their wedding. Peter, a simple gentleman with a mouth permanently engaged to Victoria, insisted upon Victoria also living up to her theory midnight in an old moorland cottage

(1) Gail decides in about twenty minutes that she loves Max, not Peter. (2) Victoria decides that she hates an encouragement to the doubters; or trial trips. So they all five go back if they don't their husbands do. It is together, and, after a lot of "Tut-tutwhat-the-blank-upon-my-souls" from the military stage-father, they sort themselves out again and get married power of fascination that consummate properly—Peter being left over with a

The author, Miss RACHEL CROTHERS,

have been Mr. Roosevelt, in a mood two sisters, and Mr. John Deverell of exaltation, describing his river to as Peter, gave us all a good deal of

MEDITATIONS ON MUSHROOMS.

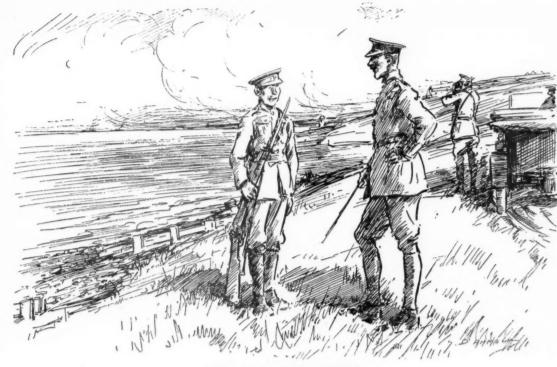
WE were playing the ancient and

"That which you can never have of mushrooms," was one of the descriptions. It was, of course, guessed at once—"Enough;" and could there be a truer compliment to this strange exotic delicacy, which costs nothing but a walk holders. And, finally, nothing became in an early autumnal morning and is ever designed by the most inspired of chefs? For certainly there has never "Young Wisdom." been enough of them. I, at any rate, have never had enough. The thought very wise. She knew all about the of mushrooms missed must add pathos

to many a death-bed.

It is a terrible moment when the dish comes in and one rapidly notes advanced thinking secretly under her the disparity between the paucity of its mattress — where her little brother contents and the vast and eager anticipation of the company. For it is useand her mother found them and less to attempt to conceal greed when thought them rather funny. Victoria's mushrooms arrive. A certain amount theory was that all marriages ought to of dissimulation has mercifully been be preceded by a trial trip, but it was given by a wise Providence to all of us her sister Gail who had the pluck to for the lubrication of the cogs of daily put this theory into practice. She life; but it does not extend so far as insisted on her young man, Peter, this. And particularly so if the musheloping with her on the night before rooms have been fried in butter. Stewed they are not of course to be undervalued, especially if one dares to open, was reluctantly persuaded. soak one's bread in the juice; nor even Whereupon Christopher, the best man, reposing in tragic isolation on Juan Fernandezes of toast: but the real way is to fry them in butter. As I say, it is and eloping without clerical assistance a terrible moment when the dish arrives -which she did almost as unwillingly and the faces of the guests are studied; as Peter. The two couples meet at but should there be one present, or - more ecstatic moment still - two, rented by an artist called Max (no, not who confess to a dislike of this perilous the one you think), whereupon two fungus, then what an access of rapture important things happen:— by way of compensation! Truly wise hostesses have been known to murmur something about toadstools and risk, as however no real good! Even with two defaulters the dish does no more than stimulate desire; whilst such is its gourmets have been known to express no dismay at the possibility of poison being there, a death so won being worth

Mushrooms, to win such homage as in the Beresu forest, which began with is a pleasantly innocent little play, this, must be picked in the fields and a very natural air, developed into some | which, thanks to the Misses MARGERY cooked at home. The forced mushthinglike a recitation. He might almost MAUDE and MADGE TITHERADGE as the rooms which grow under the shelf in



BULL-DOG BREED.

Officer. "Now, MY LAD, DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE PLACED HERE FOR?"

Recruit. "To prevent the henemy from landin', Sir."

Officer, "And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by Yourself?"

Recruit, "Don't know, Sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a dam good try!"

the greenhouse or in a corner of the cellar lack something of divinity; while there is not a restaurant chef in the sooner does a public cook get at a and says fiercely, "Where was you?" When the chef comes in at the door the therefore I said that one can never known to withstand him. have enough mushrooms I meant at home.

what this meat is; but my own hazy recollection says mutton. Still that prohibition is not for us, who know the hibition is not for us, who know the and the butter spread too thick.

It is rumoured that the freedom of "Warned him," he wrote. Hunstanton is to be conferred on the KAISER.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

CORKEY is the School Attendance ERE our lesson to the KAISER, world who has not a long record of Officer and a terror to every boy in the ruined mushrooms to his name. No neighbourhood. He looks at the truant mushroom than it begins to deteriorate. Then he wags a savage finger at him. "Yes, you was," he says, "you was, sayour flies out of the window. It is you know you was. I caught you in a point of honour with him. When the hact." No boy has ever been

Yet Corkey has a heart.

William Frederick Wright is our It is an injustice to the mushroom chief boy scout. In the first great days to eat it as an adjunct to other food; of the war, William was on duty at a while there is one meat which in railway bridge up the line. Local fame Though your mind showed some imalliance it renders unwholesome. The placed him somewhere between French odd thing is that every one differs as to and KITCHENER. Sent to round up the

only way in which mushrooms should the same report. Then business instinct be eaten: fried, with bread and butter, began to war with patriotism in the breast of Corkey. During the third week he once more looked the culprit up.

sadly returned.

THE AWAKENING.

Self-anointed Lord of Earth, Left that furious monarch wiser Re our troops' intrinsic worth, Frankly, I had thought you flighty, Callous to the very core; Lovely?—yes, like Aphrodite; Nothing more.

Later, when you slaked your thirsting For an apron, cuffs and cap, Long before the war-cloud, bursting, Made a mess of Europe's map, provement, Lady, I conceived you had

Joined a purely social movement For a fad.

Now the scales at length uplifted From my eyes in you reveal, erily, a woman gifted With the power to help and heal.

So I send, for shame, these verses Where you brave the battle's brunt, On the following Monday William One of England's noble Nurses At the front.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

background of claims and veins and drifts and oresthings that I for one delight to read about because of their he has done better work. infinite possibilities, the romance of the gamble that is in them. There is plenty of this gamble in Perch of the Devil he could have enjoyed prosperity, when it came, for its own origins, assumptions, justifications and pretensions, and

sake and for that of his pretty wife. But, though he bestowed upon her all the luxuries that successful mining commands-frocks and cars and European travel-it was another woman, Ora, who had his heart. And unfortunately she was the wife of his partner. It is with this quartette of characters that Mrs. Atherton works out her tale, an unusually small cast for a story of 373 pages; but you will hardly need to be told with what sympathetic and subtle skill she depicts them. Her art is, as always, extraordinarily minute and close. The two women especially are made to live before us with a She has wit, too, of a dry,

You must read this book

In no industrial survey of the present situation have I The Gate of England (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with the in to play with them? sub-title, A Romance of the Days of Drake, and is in every way true to its admirable type. What I mean by this is that it contains everything that you expect and are glad to find -a Virgin Queen, imperious and quick of retort, with a generous eye for the claims of gallantry; a hero who simply could not be more heroic; villains (of Spanish name, priests, murderers, all a regular bad lot), and the right proportion of female interest and humorous relief. Need I give you the details? How the hero, Captain of the Queen's body-guard, saves Her Majesty's life (a scene with a genuine thrill in it) and is rewarded by her. How he goes in fellow-officers had to share between themselves a meal prepared for command of an expedition against Channel freebooters, and finally ends up as an agent of the British Intelligence The records of the war have furnished many instances of Department, finding out things about the army of His Grace physical hardship, but none more terrible than this.

of Parma, then at Dunkirk awaiting conveyance by the Spanish fleet. He seems, however, to have been something of a failure in the way of intelligence, as by lack of this the I always open a new book by Gertrude Atherton with hero managed to get himself and his companion imprisoned a pleasant grace-before-meat sensation of being already for spies (which indeed they were), and was only rescued by truly thankful for what I am about to receive. And it is the intervention of DRAKE as the god from the machine. A hardly ever that I am disappointed. I do not mean to tell pleasant, if undistinguished, tale that will be enjoyed by the you that her latest story, which bears the attractive title young of all ages. It is a minor point, but when one finds Perch of the Devil (Murany), will eclipse the record of all the hero called Christopher Stone, and another character that has gone before; but it need not do that to be well rejoicing in the name of Gabriel Ray, it is hard to acquit worth reading. It is a tale of mining life, set against a the author of some poverty of invention. His own name (I had almost forgotten to mention) is MORICE GERARD; and

Pan-Germanism (Constable) is a seasonable cheap re-(the mountain township where the miners lived). Gregory print of a study of that egregious creed by Roland G. Compton, the hero, makes his pile all right, and has some Usher, an American Professor of History. With an almost rare moments in doing it. He would have been happier if cynical candour and detachment the author analyses the

foreshadows with insight the miscalculations. of those who have essayed to direct the destinies of modern Germany. It is as well that this essay comes from a neutral pen; it would else be discredited as a freak of prejudice. Germanism, as here seen, is the reductio ad absurdum of the doctrine that all is fair in war-and peace. It is no less than blank anarchy, philosophic and practical, and indefinitely less workable as a theory of international life than that of the so long discredited Sermon on the Mount. The honest Briton can find here solid justification of his cause. Perhapsit is not altogether unwholesome that

our national withers don't rather grim, kind. I liked her comparison of Gregory's entirely escape wringing. We are a little guilty, but much emotion on finding himself in love with Ora to that of a less guilty than our arch-opponent; so thinks this sober small boy despising himself for a second attack of measles and wide-eyed critic . . . Certainly, and the more signifibefore he discovers the later complaint to be scarlet fever. cantly since it is without direction or intention of the writer, one sees behind all the tragedy of these dark weeks and of the long months and years to come the sinister picture of a man of no more than common earthly wisdom seen any reliable estimate of the probable output of patriotic saddled with responsibilities that might well break the romance. Yet the figures seem likely to be impressive. nerve of a council of the gods. Is it well, if the matches One of the earliest samples is before me now. It is called must be kept in the powder-magazine, to let the children



great effect of actuality. Perhaps the London February attention of actuality. PERHAPS THE LONDON PUBLIC WOULD FEEL MORE SECURE IF OUR

That he will arm the German cat and dog The Kaiser swears in language hot and heady; He leaves the swine out of his catalogue Because the swine, it seems, are armed already.

The Horrors of War.

"Another German officer prays for a decisive engagement which will put an end to bloody encounters. One evening he and his

war on President CARRANZA. Everybody's doing it. * *

Is there, we wonder, a single unfair for service. weapon which the Germans have not used? It is now said that not inadvances to attack.

A regrettable mistake is reported from South London. A thoroughly patriotic man was sat upon by a Cockney crowd for declaring that the Kaiser was a Nero.

Servia, The Times announces. will in future be called Serbia in our contemporary's columns. We would suggest that in the same way Bayaria might be called Babaria.

All German soldiers are close-cropped. To show, ap-parently, that they have the courage of the conviction they deserve.

The German officers in France are said to be extremely careful as to what they eat, betraying a great fear of being poisoned. It is, of course, a fact that one grain of verminkiller would dispose of any one of them.

It has been suggested that the explanation of the Kaiser may be that he is a "throwback." His parents were gentlefolk, but his ancestor, FREDERICK WILLIAM I., was a well-known undesirable.

It is now stated that the reason why the German troops destroyed the historic edifices

to be left unturned to prove that the their counter attacks. Germans are the apostles of Culture.

It has been decided, after all, that SHAKSPEARE may be played in Ger- Sound policy this. The enemy cannot many; and the proposal that the fight without his commissariat. name of the bard should be changed

denied that CARPENTIER, the famous German manners.

boxer, has been wounded. This re-CHARIVARIA.

General Villa has now declared minds us, by-the-by, of one more mischiefly notable for his spectacle "The calculation that the German War Party Miracle," has, The Express tells us, made. In choosing their date for the been acting for the past month as

frequently a German band is made idea, and are calling us a nation of to play when the enemy's infantry shopkeepers. Certainly we have been

Hawker, "This ain't my usual way o' gittin' a livin', lidy; but, owin' to the war, I--"

the Kaiser's order that no stone was fairly successful so far in repelling cajoleries of Scraphina.

"GERMAN PIES SHOT."

to Wilhelm Säbelschüttler has been dropped in deference to the wishes of the Kaiser, who thought it might lead to confusion.

A well-known Floor Polish firm has seen the Kaiser, who thought it might lead to confusion.

A well-known Floor Polish firm has collected 1,000 fat sheep as a gift to the British troops. The price of butter has been reduced troops. The price of butter has been reduced to 4 per ton, and the wheels of the export trade will be immediately set in motion."

Daily Chronicle. with an alien enemy if they care to

Dr. KARL VOLLMÖLLER, who is outbreak of war they relied on the fact Germany's head Press agent in Rome, that CARPENTIER was not yet liable and has now sailed for New York. One would have thought that there was greater need for him in Germany, where The Germans have had a bright new only a miracle can save the situation.

> Publishers seem to be realising that books, to sell nowadays, must have warlike titles. Mrs. KATE Douglas Wiggin's new volume is, we note, called A Summer in a Canon. * *

> > By the way, The Price of Love is announced. It is six shillings.

EPITHETS FOR ACTORS.

THE dramatic critic of The Daily Chronicle, speaking of the first performance of Mamcena, observes, "Mr. Oscar Asche, jutting, proponderant and softly corrugated, was a splendid Zulu chief."

Following this distinguished example, we have endeavoured to express the histrionic inwardness of some of our leading actors and actresses on similar lines :-

Sir George Alexander, dolicocephalic, fimbriated and supra - lapsarian, interpreted the rôle of the archdeacon with consummate skill.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, goliardic, tarantulated and pontostomatous, invested the character of the great financier with a fluorescent charm.

Mr. AINLEY, prognathous, salicylic and partially oxydised, made a superb lover.

Miss GLADYS COOPER, lambent, pyramidal and turturine, fully realized the polyphonic

A Coincidence.

Thursday .- The Kaiser distributes 20,000

Friday.—Great Britain declares pig-iron contraband of war.

It has, we are glad to see, been supply a little of it for the benefit of How fortunate that the price of lubrication fell just in time.

ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER."

[" The Times" of October 1st rouches for the following Army Order issued by the German Kaiser on August 19th: "It is my Royal and Imperial Command that you concentrate your energies, for the immediate present, upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little Army."

WILHELM, I do not know your whereabouts. The gods elude us. When we would detect your Earthly address, 'tis veiled in misty doubts Of devious conjecture.

At Nancy, in a moist trench, I am told That you performed an unrehearsed lustration; That there you linger, having caught a cold, Followed by inflammation.

Others assert that your asbestos hut, Conveyed (with you inside) to Polish regions, Promises to afford a likely butt To Russia's wingéd legions.

But, whether this or that (or both) be true, Or merely tales of which we have the air full, In any case I say, "O WILHELM, do, Do, if you can, be careful!'

For if, by evil chance, upon your head, Your precious head, some impious shell alighted, I should regard my dearest hopes as dead, My occupation blighted.

I want to save you for another scene, Having perused a certain Manifesto That stimulates an itching, very keen, In every Briton's best toe-

An Order issued to your Army's flower, Giving instructions most precise and stringent For the immediate wiping out of our "Contemptible" contingent.

Well, that's a reason why I'd see you spared; So take no risks, but rather heed my warning, Because I have a little plan prepared For Potsdam, one fine morning.

I see you, ringed about with conquering foes-See you, in penitential robe (with taper), Invited to assume a bending pose And eat that scrap of paper! O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

(From the EMPEROR-KING OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.)

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER AND BEST FRIEND,—I seize a few moments of leisure to write and congratulate you, as I congratulate myself, on this constant succession of almost of course, they must be quite grown up by now. incredible victories that have brought new laurels to your arms. Your presence in Paris at the head of the splendid troops whom you have conducted from triumph to triumph places the coping-stone on your life's work. Oh, that it had been possible for your dear old grandfather—I did not always value him as he deserved—to have lived to see this glory. But, then, I suppose your part in the work would have been less brilliant and prominent, so, perhaps, all is for the best as it is.

To have captured the whole French army; to have driven the English army into the sea and drowned them in what they call their own element (by the way, when are you going to make your triumphal entry into London?); to have brought the ungrateful Belgians to recognise you not merely as their conqueror but also as their benefactor-all this is really almost enough of honour for one man. But in addition you have made the plans which have kept so many of the disgraceful Russians cooped up in their own country, and you will soon, I am sure, lead your troops to Moscow and on to Petersburg. My own brave fellows shall march shoulder to shoulder with them. Nothing will be impossible to these armies thus united and thus led.

What my noble soldiers have hitherto done has been tremendous and overwhelming. You have, of course, read the bulletins issued by our War Office. These, however, give an inadequate idea of what has taken place, and you will, I am sure, forgive me if with the natural pride of an old man I relate to you these matters in their true propor-We have made a military promenade through Montenegro and Servia and have annexed both these troublesome countries. Only ten Servians and four Montenegrins have been left alive, so that in future, it may be hoped, we shall not be vexed by any of their conspiracies. In the Adriatic we have made mincement of the combined British and French fleets, and have thus removed from the wretched Italians any temptation to join in the war against us. It was a magnificent victory, quite equal to that in which your grand fleet sunk the whole of the British fleet in the North Sea. Finally, as you know, we have driven the Russians before us like chaff before the wind. Many hundred thousand Russians, with guns, ammunition and battle flags, have been taken prisoners and are interned here in Vienna. All these mighty deeds have been performed by our soldiers and sailors at an infinitesimal cost. I doubt if we have had two hundred men killed and wounded. Surely it is a great thing to be alive in these glorious days.

What pleases me, I may say, as much as anything else, is the wonderful example of generosity and humanity which your army and mine have been able to offer to the world. I shudder to think what would have happened to Belgium, to Germany and to ourselves, had the French, the Russians and the English been victorious. Villages would have been burnt, civilians with their women and children would have been massacred, churches and cathedrals would have been laid in ruins, and whole countries would have been devastated. It is to our glory that nothing of this sort has happened; but, after all, we need not take credit for having acted as Christians and gentlemen. We could do no other.

I am arranging for a Te Deum in St. Stephen's church to thank God for all the blessings He has vouchsafed to our arms. I wonder if you would consent to attend. I would arrange the date to suit you. And I hope you will bring with you some of those fine upstanding fellows of yours who have fought through the war. Some foolish persons consider them stiff and hard, but, for myself, I like to see their soldierly pride. Pray give my regards to your gracious Empress, and my love to the little princes. But,

Your devoted Brother and Friend,

FRANCIS JOSEPH. P.S.—I have just heard that a large number of Russians are approaching Vienna. No doubt they are sent to sue

How to be Useful in War Time.

for peace.

"The usefulness of the map is increased by its giving weights in mètres."-Morning Post.

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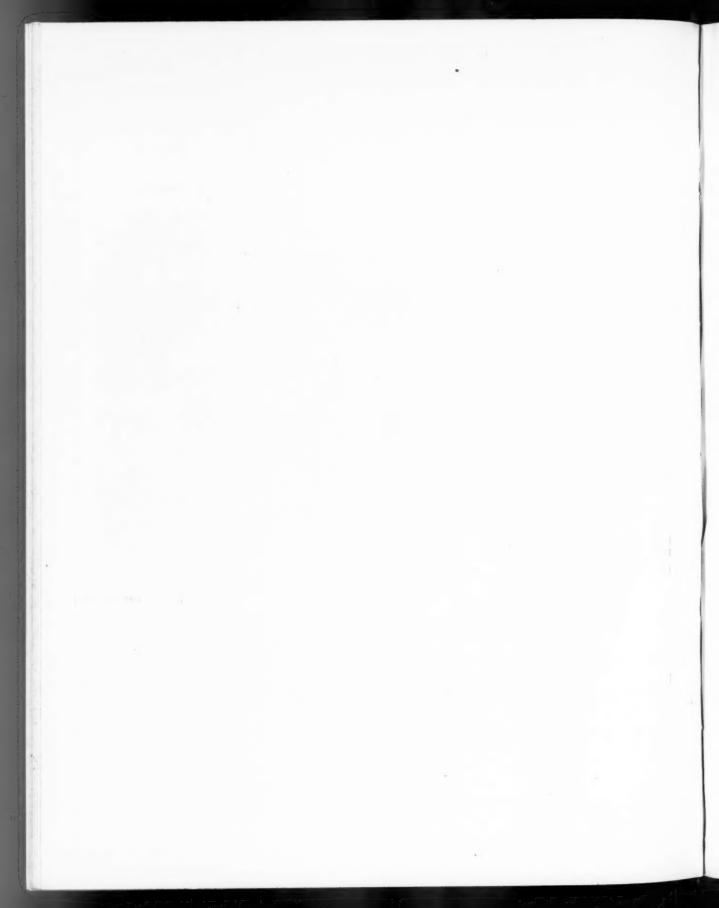


THE INCORRIGIBLES.

New Arrival at the Front. "WHAT'S THE PROGRAMME?"

Old Hand. "WELL, YOU LAY DOWN IN THIS WATER, AND YOU GET PEPPERED ALL DAY AND NIGHT, AND YOU HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!"

New Arrival. "SOUNDS LIKE A BIT OF ALL RIGHT. I'M ON IT!"





Very proper Cook (horrified at reports of German atrocities). "Really, Mum, it seems as if the Germans are not at all the third."

THE LAST LINE.

I HAVE said that our motto is "Soldier and Civilian Too." That is

I happened to be Corporal of the Guard the other evening—a delightful position. For the first time I had a little authority. True I sometime.

"James," I said, as soon as I had found him, "I desire your advice. Free," I added as an afterthought.
"Go on," said James sitting. the man next to me a prod in the wind and whisper, "Form fours, idiot," but it is an unofficial prod, designed to save him from the official fury. Now for the first time I was in power, with the whole strength of military law behind me. So of course I got busy. As soon as the first guard had been set, and the rest of them, with their distinguished corporal and commonplace I to do?" sergeant, were in the guard tent, I let myself go.

"Now then, my lad," I said to one, "look alive. Just clear this tent a bit, and then fetch some straw for my bed to-night. When you've done that, I'll Without looking up from the paper dressed-

he was straining his eyes to read, he murmured lazily, "Oh, go and boil your head," and bent still lower over the news. The others sniggered. "In that continue would be your beautiful the news."

putting the tips of his fingers together. the Guard, salute, and ask him if he the Guard." James looked impressed. you . . . No," added James, "I think "a responsible position. Practically the necessary for you to salute. me. In the interests of that safety I the British Army." found it necessary to give some orders just now. The reply I received was, Go and boil your head.' What ought

James was thoughtful for a little. "It depends," he said at last.

"How depends?" I asked indignantly. "He told me to go and boil

think of something else for you. We've told you. If it was the Sergeant of all got to work these days. Bustle up." the Guard whom you accidentally ad-

"Help!" I murmured, struck by a

"In that case," went on James, "it would be your duty to obey orders. For a moment I was taken aback. Obtaining a large saucepan of fresh our strength and our weakness; our Then I saw that there was only one water, you would heat it to, approxiweakness because it leaves us a little dignified thing to do. I went out and mately, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, at which point bubbles would begin to appear upon the surface of the pan. Then, immersing the head until the countenance assumed a ripe beetroot colour, "Go on," said James, sitting up and you would return it to the Sergeant of "It is like this. I am Corporal of had any further instructions to give "Corporal of the Guard," I repeated; I am wrong there. It would not be whole safety of the camp depends upon commissioned officers are saluted in

I had been thinking furiously while James was speaking.

"It wasn't the sergeant," I said eagerly. "I'm sure it wasn't. I noticed him particularly when we were forming up. No, James, it was an ordinary private."

"In that case the position is more complicated. On the whole I think it "Exactly. So that it depends on who would be your duty to convene a courtmartial and have the fellow shot."

I looked at my watch.

"How long does it take to convene

convened one before."

"What matter the time!" said James but they grind exceeding small."

"Quite so. But in about an hour and a quarter the guard is changed; and if, I said respectfully, yet with an air as is probable, the man who insulted which implied that the Germans were me is then on guard himself, he will upon us and that the news must be have the rifle. And if he has the rifle, kept from the others. I don't quite see how we are going to shoot him."

"You mean he mightn't give it up?"

"Yes. It would be rank insubordination, I admit, but in the circumstances said. "By the way you'd better see

"That is a good point," said James. and I returned to the tent. "It had escaped me." He was silent again. "There's another thing, too, some straw," I said mildly.

I was forgetting," he added. "If he were shot, his wife might possibly object and make a fuss. The affair would very likely get into the papers - you know what the Press is. It might give the Corps a bad name.

We were both silent for a little.

"Suppose," I said, "the death penalty were not enforced, and he were merely given three days in cells?"

"But he has to get back to his work on Monday.'

"True. Really, it's very hard to see how discipline can be maintained. I almost wish now that 1 wasn't a temporary noncommissioned officer. As

a private one simply has the time of one's life, telling corporals all day long to go and boil their heads. I wish get it." I were a private again."

"There's one thing you can do," said James. "You can report him to

the Sergeant of the Guard. "And what's the good of that?"

"Only that it's probably your aty," said James austerely. "And duty," said James austerely. I should think it's also your duty to get back to the guard-tent as soon as possible.'

I rose with dignity.

"I do not consult my solicitor simply to be told my duty," I said stiffly. "All I want to know is, Can I bring an action against him?"

" No," said James.

evening.

a court-martial?" I asked. "I've never that uneasy feeling all along, and now to impersonate recruits—the chorus to I knew. It was the Sergeant.

grandly. "The mills may grind slowly, James says, but a salute or two they make, I can assure you, Sir, a thrown in can't do any harm.

"May I speak to you, Sergeant?"

We went outside together.

"Awfully sorry," I said; "it was rather dark. I'm an ass."

"My dear man, that's all right," he one would not be surprised at his about getting some straw in. I've got that at a time when England is parattitude."

He went off, tieularly in need of her young men



Recruiting Officer. "What's the good of coming here and saying you're only seventeen years old? Go and walk round that yard AND COME BACK AND SEE IF YOU'RE NOT NINETEEN.'

"You stay here," they said, "we'll

So there you are; there's nothing wrong with the discipline. At the same time if it were necessary to shoot anybody, I am not quite sure how we should proceed. A. A. M.

A POSSIBLE SOURCE.

DEAR MR. Punch,-Having recently dropped into several London theatres and halls of variety I have been struck by the numerical strength, agility and apparently abounding vitality of the young men forming the chorus. These gallant fellows sing and caper with the utmost spirit throughout the whole "In that case I will return. Good evening, both in musical comedy or revue; and in London alone, where I went back to the guard-tent. The revues are now being postponed at mutineer was still reading, but now many of the outlying halls, there must there was a light to read by. He be more than a thousand of them. looked up as I came in. I had had Now and then they even go so far as whole course of the war was altered.

the recruiting songs which have crent I saluted. It may be wrong, as into more than one programme-and very brave show with their rifles and their military paces, a little accelerated perhaps by the exigencies of the tune, but a marvel of discipline none the less,

Watching these brisk and efficient male choruses at work, the thought has come to me-in fact has often been forced upon me by the martial nature of the musical number which they were engaged in rendering with so much capability and cheerfulness in the field, the audiences of London "I want one of you to help me get might consent to forgo a little of the pleasure that comes from watching ath-

letic youths covered with grease-paint and gyrating in the limelight, and, by expressing their readiness to see these necessary evolutions carried out by older men, liberate so much good material to join the Army. Such is the power of the make-up (I am told) that a man of fifty could easily be arranged to look sufficiently like a man of half his age, at any rate without imperilling the success of the entertainment from the point of view of the spectator. And of course the girls will remain in all their charm, since girls cannot enlist.

The point may be worth considering. The decision, I feel sure, rests entirely

Three of them jumped up at once, with the public. If the public says: "Let the young men go, and give us more mature choristers for a while, and we will patriotically endeavour to endure the privation "-then all the young men will, of course, enlist as one. But unless the public says this they must remain in the choruses against the grain.

I am, Sir, Yours gratefully, OVER AGE.

The Censor at Work.

Beneath a photograph of a naval officer The Daily Mirror says :-

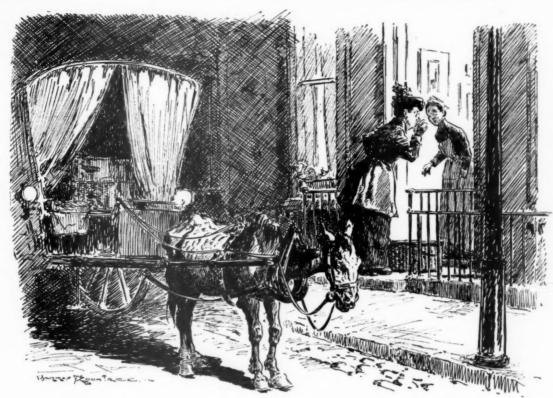
"A daring raid has just been made by Commander Samson . . . The small picture shows the commander."

Beneath the same photograph The Daily Mail says :-

"A famous British naval airman (nameless by order of the Censor).'

But the order of the Censor came too late. The Mirror had given the great secret away to the KAISER, and the it

16



"I 'opes yer mistress'll 'scuse me bein' so late with the washin'. Yer see, I dussent come in daylight for fear of the Government pinchin' my 'orse for the war."

THE SAVING OF STRATFORD.

[It has been decided, we gather, to go on playing Shakspeare in Berlin, because Shakspeare is so closely connected with the German race.]

This was so good of you, so like your grace,
Ye on whose brows the brand of Rheims is graven,
To spare the poet of our common race
And find forgiveness for the Bard of Avon;
And all the little lore he feebly guessed,
Phantasy, rhetoric, and trope and sermon,
To clasp politely to your mailed breast,
Refine, transmute and render wholly German.

Seeing in Henry V. a Prussian King,
Tracing in Hamlet a more moody Kaiser,
You put new might into the master's wing.
He seems more wonderful to us, and wiser;
Not as he dimly sang in ages gone
He warbles to us now, but wild with culture,
Exchanging for the mere parochial Swan
The full-mouthed war notes of the Potsdam Vulture.

So shall he live, and live eternally
(In humble homage to the War Lord's mitten)
"This precious stone set in the silver sea,"
Heligoland, of course, and not Great Britain:
A thousand carven saints are lain in dust
In lands the Prussian Junker sets his boot on,
But Wilhelm Shakspeare and his honoured bust
Shall save themselves by being partly Teuton.

And when the hooves of those imperial swine
Leap, as of course they will, the ocean's borders,
And England's trampled down from Thames to Tyne,
And Wells is burnt, and Winchester, by orders,
It may be tears shall start into the eyes
Of helméd colonels in our Midland valleys,
And they shall spare the tomb where Shakspeare lies;
He was a German (Deutschland über alles).

Almost I seem to see the Uhlans stand,
Paying their pious sixpences to enter
That little homestead of the Fatherland
That housed the dramatist in Stratford's centre;
A trifle flushed, maybe, with English beer,
But mutely reverent and not talking chattily,
They write beneath their names: "A friend lives here;
Not to be ransacked. Signed, The Modern ATTILE."

A glorious scene. The voice of Krupp is dumb;
Not pining now for Frankfort or for Münich,
The sub-licutenant slides with quivering thumb
A picture-postcard underneath his tunic.
Till then, if any dawn of doubt creeps in
How best to judge the Bard and praise him rightly,
Let me implore the actors of Berlin
To play Macbeth to crowded houses nightly. Evoe.

THE INTERPRETERS.

"May I go into the village to get my hair cut?" asked Sinclair of my wife. "I'll promise to be back for tea."

Upon her assurance that Madame Mercier was lying down and was not at all likely to appear, permission was granted. We do not generally allow Sinclair to go out of the grounds at present. He is acting as the central link which makes the continuance of the social life possible to us. For I do not think that we could have undertaken (with our deplorable ignorance of French) to entertain Belgian refugees at all had he not been staying with us. As it is, it works beautifully, though Madame Mercier and her two daughters speak no English, for Sinclair's French is perfectly adequate.

It was during his absence that we learned that my neighbour, Andrew Henderson, the dairy farmer, had also taken in a Belgian-a woman who was to work on the farm during the winter.

"Here's another chance for you, Sinclair," said I, as he appeared at the call round every morning to interpret and give 'em a good start for the day.'

Sinclair was full of zeal and set off next day after breakfast. From the drawing - room window we watched his triumphant entry into the farm-

"She's called Suzanne," he told us, "and she's quite a nice-looking sort of woman, and she handles a turnipcutter like an expert; but she talks nothing but Flemish."

"We might have thought of that," said the Reverend Henry. "Still, I daresay they 'll manage all right."

"On the contrary," said Sinclair. letters last night. She was gone a long, long time, and at last came back with three live fowls in a sack. She had been chasing them round the henhouse for all she was worth. Things can't go on like that, you know."

The Reverend Henry had an idea. "The only way out of it," he said, "is for you and Madame Mercier both to go. She knows Flemish."

"Yes, that 's it," said I. "Henderson tells you what he wants; you hand it on to Madame Mercier in French; she transmits it to Suzanne in Flemishand there you are!"

"Right-o!" said Sinclair. "We'll have a shot to-morrow morning."

Madame Mercier, who is a kindly, tions in the farm-yard. The Reverend an old spruce tree. Henry got out his field-glasses (which I is impossible to say who was to is being sent to our gallant ally.

Suzanne, eager and expectant, like a ment changes en route. hound on the leash, waited, shovel in hand. But it all ended in confusion and head-shaking and a dreary retreat up the hill. Madame Mercier seemed to be much amused.

"We have decided to adjourn," said Sinclair. "The truth is, we were not getting on at all. It looks as if you will have to come too."

"I was always afraid there were weak spots in you, after all, Sinclair," said the Reverend Henry. "It does not surprise me. You are all right in table French or even in domestic, railway or restaurant French, but as soon as we get outside of your beat into agricultural French-

"It isn't that," said Sinclair. "I'm all right. It's that confounded fellow, Henderson. I'm hanged if I can understand a word of his Scotch. Never heard such a lingo in my life."

It is true that Henderson, who comes from some obscure district far North gate. "It looks as if you will have to even of this, is a little difficult to understand. I have found him so myself.

'redd up the fauls,' as far as I could gather. Well, I have no idea what the fauls are, and I don't see how she is going to read them up in a language yard at the foot of the hill. But he she doesn't understand. I had to give came back in a dejected frame of mind. him up. We can't get on without your help."

That afternoon the Interpretation Committee, now increased to four active members, for Henry had insisted on coming too as referee, took up its position in the farm-yard in the form of a chain, along which communication was to pass from Henderson, through me, Sinclair and Madame Mercier to "Henderson sent Suzanne to get the Suzanne. It was a little embarrassing for Suzanne, but she stood her ground well and waited in an admirably receptive mood, while the various items percolated through. Henderson gave me in careful detail the whole of his commands for her normal daily life. and everything seemed to go splendidly. But I am afraid the thing must have passed through too many hands before it reached its destination; for Suzanne, after many cheerful nods, suddenly broke off and turned on her heel. Then she secured an axe, which was lying against the bothy door, and walked with a steady and fixed purpose, never turning her head, out into the lane, through the gate and up the hill. We watched her spellbound till she reached gentle creature, was most anxious to the horizon, and there saw her pause, help, and again we viewed the opera- roll up her sleeves and furiously attack

have since been sent to Lord ROBERTS) blame. But it is clear that the inand we watched the little corps of structions (as the Frenchman said of interpreters getting to work, while Brahms' Variations) had been diable.

INDIA: 1784-1914.

THE job was for us, grin and bear: We'd lit on India's dust an' drought: We knew as we were planted there, But scarcely how it came about: And so, in rough and tumble style. And nothing much to make a shout, We set our backs to graft a while,

And meant to stay and stick it out.

Ten hundred risky, frisky Kings, And on the whole a decent lot: And several hundred million things That trusted us with all they'd got; And so we blundered at it straight, And found the times was pretty hot; And so they smiled and called it Fate, And Fate it was, as like as not.

Our law was one for great and small-We heard 'em honest, claim for claim; We smooth'd their squabbles for 'em all, And let 'em pray by any name; And so we left enough alone,

But learnt 'em plenty all the same; "He said he wanted Suzanne to We show'd 'em what they should be

And tried to play the decent game.

For all our work we've not got much? P'r'aps not: but now there's come a scrap

That's got us good with lies and such, And gave 'em just the chance to

And fools had thought they likely would (That's German-made and rattle-

They'd shout—the KAISER said they

And, happen, wipe us off the map. From snow to sand that shout has burst, And German lies are well belied; And flood calls field for who'll be first-

They're proud to share the Empirepride. It's them for Britain at the test;

We knew they 'd never stand aside; For when we tried and did our best The beggars must have known we tried.

The German Campaign of Lies. From a book of reference:-"'Berlin Work.' See 'Embroidery.'"

News of a serious character reaches us from The Toronto Daily Mail, which announces in its index of contents:-

"Austrian Fleet Bombards Montenegro's Only Teapot."

Another one of true Britannia metal



"Farver finks he's got a German spy. 'E's sittin' on 'is 'ead. 'E'll need 'elp—muvver's out!''



"THAT'S THE CHAP-'IM WIVOUT A COLLAR!"



"No!-NOT 'IM-THAT'S FARVER!"



"Oh, lumme! You've mixed 'em up now. I dunno which is which."

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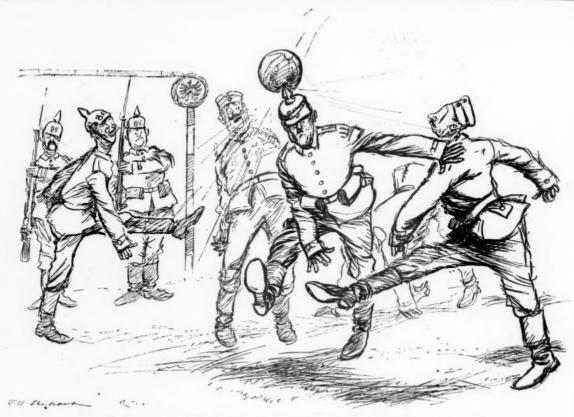
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UNREPORTED CASUALTY TO THE FOOTBALL OF THE 85TH INFANTRY REGIMENT OF THE ENEMY.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN WARFARE.

THE contents of a poster of an esteemed contemporary (I confess that I be achieved in similar directions.

dark night a rabbit of ordinary intelli- of course, to select suitable rabbits. gence might reasonably hope to escape Leisurely approaching the object of especially on wet and stormy nightswash a whisker, the well-trained influence on their temper and moral rabbit would have no difficulty in throughout the campaign. The tents creeping to within striking distance. throwing its whole weight against the nearest wheel of the cannon it would of persistent attention in this way.

The suitability of parrots for use in

headlong to irretrievable destruction, very likely pinning several members of the gun company among its ruins.

If it is objected that the strength of got no further than the poster), which an average rabbit would be unequal to announced "Training Eagles to Fight the task, are there not, I would ask, Airships," have led me to speculate strong rabbits among rabbits, just as enemy's ranks and raising the cry, whether something further might not there are strong men among men? None of the rabbits of my acquaint-Why, for instance, should not rabbits ance could, I admit, overturn a mowbe trained to upset siege guns? The ing-machine; but then neither could I innocent and docile character of the myself balance a coach-and-four upon creatures would be a valuable asset in my neck, yet I have seen men upon the work of this nature. Even if seen- stage who could and did. The first and among grass or undergrowth on a object of the efficient trainer would be,

Surely something too might be done detection—their real purpose might be with white mice? By gnawing through cleverly masked until it was too late. the tent ropes of a sleeping enemy attack, lulling the suspicions of a they would engender a sense of strain dull-witted sentinel or patrol by stop- and insecurity among our opponents ping now to cull a leaf, now to that could not be without an appreciable Then suddenly rushing forward and choleric nature should be the objects

tilt it from its foundation and fling it warfare is obvious. Their especial duty Another lovers' tiff in the gloaming?

would be to give misleading words of command at points of critical importance during a battle. A stealthy night attack might be converted into a hasty "strategic retirement" by an observant parrot ingratiating itself among the "Up, Guards, and at 'em!'

It is perhaps late in the season to utilise the services of trained wasps to any extent, but the possibilities of other insect auxiliaries should not be overlooked.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand as reported in The Timaru Herald:-

"Just one word more. With regard to Canada's offer that is reported in this evening's paper, my opinion of it may be summed up in three words; Dibra, Jukova and Ipek.

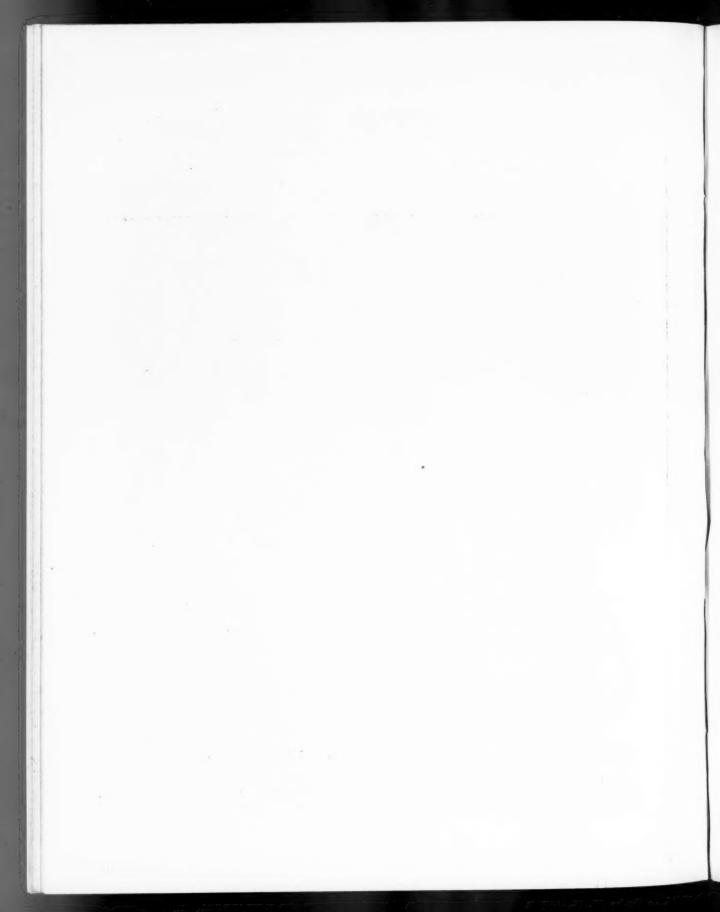
This is one of the things we could have summed up more lucidly ourselves, though perhaps not so concisely.

"Will the Soldiers who saw Lady Thrown off Tramcar on Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, please communicate."

Adet. in "Northampton Daily Chronicle."



THE ROAD TO RUSSIA.





Cyclist (taking initiative on being caught without a light). "Doube your glim, mate; we'll be having them Zeppelins all over us."

BURGOMASTER MAX.

Belgian soldiers, martial heroes, in a world of fire and flame,

By their fortitude and daring have achieved immortal fame, But there's one, a mere civilian, who a vates sacer lacks— Burgomaster Max!

Therefore let a sorry rhymer offer you his humble meed, And salute your priceless service to your country in her

All unarmed yet undefeated, never turning in your tracks— Burgomaster Max!

Athanasius contra mundum—you remind us of the tag, You whose fearless manifestoes never brooked the German gag;

Bucking up your fellow-townsmen when their hearts were weak as wax—

Burgomaster Max!

Now, alas! we read the foemen have decided to deport And intern you for a season in some dismal German fort, For your presence was distasteful to the Hun who sacks and "hacks"—

Burgomaster Max!

Yet, whatever fate befalls you, as the ages onward roll You will live in deathless lustre on your country's Golden

For you faced the German bullies with the stiffest of stiff backs—

Burgomaster Max!

There are German financiers who now allude to him as "Dishonoured Bill,"

A SEA CHANGE.

Ponto in town is strictly comme il faut, A member of the most exclusive set (His pedigree and dwelling all may know Who read page 90 in the "Dogs' Debrett").

His mien is dignified, his gait is slow;
If upstart strangers try to catch his eye
He kicks the dust behind with scornful toe,
Averts his lifted nose and passes by.

His friends he greets with careful etiquette,
Permits his well-poised tail-tip to vibrate,
Then treads with them the solemn minuet
That antique custom and good form dictate.

But Ponto by the sea! ah, who would know This damp wild ragamuffin on the strand Who importunes the passers-by to throw Big stones across the opal-shining sand?

Ponto dishevelled, ears turned inside out,
Has suffered some sea change; his social worth
Is all forgot; he leads a Comus rout,
Tykes of the shore and curs of lowly birth.

Yelping with joy he brings his wolfish pack About my legs, as, dripping from the sea, I pick my way thro' shingle and wet wrack Beleaguered by this bandit company.

But when the day comes round to leave the shore Ponto puts off this maniac Mr. Hyde; Becomes a Dr. Jekyll dog once more And homeward goes serene and dignified.

AT THE PLAY.

"MAMEENA."

ding dance. I found it a better show the native compounds at Earl's Court. The company, of course, was mixed, local colour (coffee) and showed great English, while the Zulu supers employed formal phrases, as when the "praisers"

my conception of the Crown Prince.

Those who are not in the mood just dwell on the merits of the chief actors between Umbuyazi and his brother now for a whole evening of exotic or of the plot-not too easy to grasp Cetshwayo the wronged husband went melodrama might look in at the Globe at the first, thanks to the difficulty over with his impis to the camp of the Theatre about 9.15, and derive a few we found in following the unfamiliar enemy. Umbuyazi made a strong promoments' distraction from a Zulu wed-names of the characters. Both these test against this treachery, but he must interests were dominated by the attrac- have seen (for he had much intelligence) than anything I have ever seen in tion of the admirable setting. Fortunately the scenes were numerous and brief, but we still suffered considerbut the white contingent had caught the able tedium from the affected and Roman way) he fell upon his own drawling delivery of the heroine. aptitude in imitating the methods of The frequent assurances which we rethe aborigines. Naturally there were ceived as to the exceptional quality of high rocks above the Tugela. conventions; the chiefs talked fluent Mameena's beauty, and the fact that, to our knowledge, she had three hustheir own vernacular, except in certain bands in the course of the play, never would add that the native custom of formal phrases, as when the "praisers" quite convinced us of the overwhelm-addressing a man by his proper name in (my programme's name for a sort of ing character of her charms. Whether, the course of every sentence materially

Umbuyazi was a far nobler figure than appropriating his wife; but the apology was not received in the spirit in which I may perhaps be excused if I do not it was tendered, and during the fight that his case was a bad one; and this reflection no doubt had something to do with the final act by which (in the old assegai and dropped backwards-an admirable gymnastic-off one of the

> I have already referred to the difficulties of Zulu nomenclature, and I

SOME OF THE GREATEST FIGURES OF ALL AGES

Recently discovered, by German research, to have been of Teutonic birth.



JULIUS KAISER.

GENERAL HERCULES.

JOHANNA VON ARKSTEIN.

WILHELM SCHAKESPEAR.

FRANZ DRAKENBERG.

DR. JOHANNSSOHN.

universal claque) punctuated the with a fair chance, she would have extended the operation of the play. It speeches of their king with cries of "Yes, O Lion!" or "Yes, Great man, Allan Quatermain—the one for one, bitterly grudged—of nearly Beast!" No doubt our honoured white man who retained his native hue half-an-hour. How much more satisvisitors could perceive many technical points in which the ruling race exposed diversion always intervened just as itself as having something yet to learn, but they tactfully concealed all signs of superior civilisation; and the British existence was never made too clear. even so he didn't put in any of the audience, well pleased with the novelty Sportsman and dealer in general stores, and picturesqueness of the scenes, were content to waive invidious distinctions.

the martial spirit of the Zulus (at that time under their own régime) was "identical in many respects with 'Prussian man as I love you, however many I Militarism.' Certainly there was marry.' a savagery about the way in which they progged the air with their assegais that made one picture them as capables de tout. But any comparison, whether nice question arose over the rival

worked them successfully on a fourth must have made a difference-which I, -I cannot say, for somehow a stage they had begun to embrace. The say: "He read his play to the comreason, by the way, for Quatermain's pany, and it took three solid hours, and his habit of hanging vaguely about Zulu kraals and Zulu impis, on nodding terms The little brochure that was thrown with just anybody, did not greatly in-in with the programme informs me that crease my pride of race, notwithstanding the statement made to him by Mameena: "I shall never love another

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, who dramatised Sir RIDER HAGGARD'S Child of Storm, did not aim at subtlety. But a rather in point of costume or royal bearing, immoralities of Mameena's second and between King Mpande and the German third husbands. Prince Umbuyazi Kaiser must have been in favour of (No. 3) had expressed regret to his old

factory the economy of a certain author of whom Charlie Brookfield used to O. S.

"An official telegram from Nish received in London states that the Servian commanders agree that the enemy all along the front is employing explosive bullets. Every soldier carries 20 per cent, of explosive cartridges." Daily Graphic.

The fact that 80 per cent. of Austrian cartridges refuse to explode may account for the Austrian "victories."

"Whelan replied: 'Yes, I sold the beef.' The military authorities pressed the case. Liverpool Echo.

the latter. On the other hand, his son friend and comrade, Saduka (No. 2), for A case of pressed beef, we presume.



Doctor (at Ambulance Class). "My dear lady, do you realise that this lad's ankle was supposed to be broken before YOU BANDAGED IT?

THE WAR IN ACACIA AVENUE.

but the husbands are mainly concerned green stripes," I replied tremblingly.

German Press Bureau as showing that, Ally and Mrs. Studholm-Brown. at any rate, Mrs. Dawburn-Jones always intended war. But the next day Mrs. that were flaunted. "Dulce Domum better with a Union Jack.

Then we knew that it was war to with a deadly line of pyjamas. the death in our Avenue and waited for the next move in the campaign.

Cross notices; organisation of local relief.

One morning we rose with a sort of squads drilled on her tennis lawn.

have husbands, these amiable ladies, had ever spoken to me. "Pink with Brown wriggled with mortification.

The very day the war began, a huge Brown had added Japan before the what was more, a wounded officer. He flagstaff with a Union Jack of propor- Mikado's ultimatum had expiredtionate size rose in the grounds of Dulce which will prove to the German Press his convalescence at "The Hollies." His Domum. It must have been ordered in Bureau that there was a secret under- hostess walked him proudly up and I present this fact to the standing between our Far-Eastern

But flags were not the only things Studholm-Brown went six feet better opened fire with an array of flannel Mrs. Dawburn-Jones with a gun or the with a flag-staff and three squary yards shirts hung on clothes-lines across the officer would have been in as great

announced itself to be the office for the Dawburn-Jones promptly enlisted her will snap him up. And if "The Hollies" husband as a special constable and had

air, and found the flags of Servia, successes on both sides, but nothing THE WAR IN ACACIA AVENUE.

France, Russia and Belgium waving decisive—till one day when Mrs. Dawover "Dulce Domum." That day Mrs. burn-Jones went to town in a taxi and
specials" we are absorbed in the mimic fight of Acacia Avenue—the desperate Avenue. She condescended to me. She condescended to me. conflict between Mrs. Studholm-Brown, of The Hollies, and Mrs. Daw-the Montenegrin flag?" I couldn't; grounds and discoursing to them in burn-Jones, of Dulce Domum. They but it was the first time the great lady her best Boulognese. Mrs. Studholm-

Then her chance of a counter-attack with the commissariat and supply department, and are neither allowed nor desired in the actual fighting line.

The very next day seven Allied flags arrived. She had, or her husband had, or her husband had, or her husband is brother-in-law had, a over "The Hollies." Mrs. Studholm-second cousin who was an officer, and, was persuaded to spend a week-end of down all the paths which were in full view of "Dulce Domum." It was magnificent to see her adjust his sling. At that moment I dare not have trusted tennis-court. "The Hollies" replied peril as in the trenches. How it will end I can scarcely imagine. I like to Then the proprietress of the latter picture a great day of victory. Then the next move in the campaign.

"The Hollies" broke out into Red court and a drying ground—as a place of rest for Territorials off duty.

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"The Hollies" broke out into Red court and a drying ground—as a place of rest for Territorials off duty. secures the Crown Prince no power in this world can prevent Mrs. Dawburnidea that there was an eruption in the So the fight went on—with slight Jones from securing the Kaiser.

THE HELPMEET.

"May I come in?" said Cecily, knocking at my study door.

"If you insist," said I.

"I only want to use the telephone," she explained, as if that made it any better.

"You couldn't take it away and use friends?" I asked Cecily. it somewhere else?" I asked.

She was unmoved. "It needn't she snappily. disturb you," she said. "I'll be as "You're a quiet as a mouse."

"Won't that be rather dull for the people at the other end of the line?'

I ventured.

"Now, you go on with your writing," she said severely. So I went on.

Herbert closed the door softly behind him and went out, leaving Ermyntrude alone. She had let him go. He had gone. He had left her alone. Her-Ermyntrude - alone. It has been truly said that women are queer creatures. They do not like being left alone.

CHAPTER LVII.

Herbert picked up his hat and stick turning pale . . ." and passed out of the spacious hall into the street, closing the door softly behind Tuesday?" asked Cecily. him. It was his habit when angry to close doors softly behind him. He was whether they invite us," I answered. frequently angry; men often are, and "It's only Jack trying to be funny," terms, however, were not unfavourable. with reason.

"There's something I want to ask you," said Cecily.

"Ask away," I said brusquely.
"No less,"
"Not you," said Cecily, frowning at fiendish smile. me and then smiling at the receiver.

should he do . . . say . . . think . . . feel . . . ? He was quite unable to destined to play a large part in Herbert's ordinarily, and without more ado took decide. Somehow he couldn't bring his future; the manner of their acquaint- Ermyntrude in his arms. mind to bear on the subject. He could ance was this. hardly recall the name of the lady with whom he had been conversing, let alone was the son of rich but Jac, as his what all the trouble was about. He college friends used to call McChure paused and lit a cigarette. Absolutely there was nothing else for it.

"How are you getting on ?" I asked through the heart. Cecily a little peevishly.

"Nicely, thanks," she answered. tory

"Oh, nicely, too," said I, with a sigh.

As for Whatshernams Ermyntrude, she was in little better case. She felt as if nothing was ever going to happen to her again; almost, she thought, things had given up happening for good. She felt . . . but she hardly knew what she felt. After all, love wasn't Maybe love was She could not bear to think of love. Engaged? That is what she had been but wasn't any longer. Who was to blame? Was it Herbert? Was it she? Herbert was well rid of this Ermyntrude

more thought she gave to the matter the against her except that she was a woman. further she seemed to be from a definite but surely to goodness that is enough. conclusion. At times it seemed At one time it appeared as though At when telephones were invented it came one time At times At 2284 Mayfair to a head. Think what literature might Mayfair 2248 2218 Mayfair Twice have achieved had it not always been two is four, twice four is eight.

"You're always wanted, of course," I apologised.

"Then I'll stay," said she brightly.

CHAPTER LVIII.

As Herbert turned his back on Kensington and walked towards Gorrard Piccadilly, he would, had he looked the matter over to myself, I cannot do behind him, have seen a malevolent, better than adopt the phraseology of the sinister man emerge from the shadow and follow him stealthily. But Herbori Buzz." did not look behind him And what not? It is impossible to say Suffice it that he didn't Nay, that is exactly Ermyntrude was essentially a woman; what Herbert did see when he looked behind him. "My God," said he, us are not so lucky as was Herbert in

"Can we dine with the Monroes on

Cecily told the receiver.

"As I was saying," continued Herbert, I then wrote a revised version of

"it's James MacClure."
"No less," said the other, with a

Many years ago MoClure had James that came between us," he murmured. James Producing a revolver from his hip pocket, Herbert shot James McClure

Cecily flapped about with the Direc-

"Trying to find a number that you haven't used already?" I enquired.

CHAPTER LIX.

CHAPTER LIV

On the whole it must be agreed that Was it Exchange Providence? The person. There was nothing particular

as if When Eve arrived the trouble began : obsessed by its desire to find some brief "Are you coming to the end of your definition good enough for woman! I think it is our chief difficulty in ap-"If I'm not wanted I'll go," said preciating the supposed greatness of VERGIL that he couldn't do any better than "Varium et mutabile semper." If VERGIL had been a butcher or a grocer or any other unhappy shopkeeper liable to the daily insult of receiving house-hold orders, he must have expressed it more thoroughly. For my own part, sitting here in my study and thinking telephone instructions: "Intermittent

And so Herbert didn't marry, but lived happily ever afterwards. After all, they all are, confound them, but some of finding out in time.

And that, of course, was the chapter that Cecily suddenly chose to read ... nor was it less than an hour I was partially forgiven, and, what was better still, Cecily wholly departed.

CHAPTER LIX.

Ermyntrude was still where we left It is necessary to go back a little in her, but was beginning to collect her And so Herbert found himself in the order to properly properly to appreciate scattered thoughts when Herbert restreet. Where should he go? What of this man at this juncture. He was him, neither softly nor loudly, but just

"We will never again think of all

She smiled up at him.

"It shall be as nothing," he added.

"It shall," said she.

" It shall indeed," say I.

MOON-PENNIES.

(Children in the Midlands give this name to the disc-shaped fruit of Honesty.)

My garden is a beggar's pitch That Heaven throws its coins upon; And in the Summer I am rich,

And in the Winter all is gone; Yet as the long days hurry by I keep my pitch, content and free,

Where in a sweet profusion lie Fair Marigolds and Honesty;

And oft I turn and count for fun My largess from the night and noon-

The golden tokens of the sun, The silver pennies of the moon!



"I'M SORRY TO 'AVE TO SAY, MUM, 'E'S BIN A VERY BAD DOG WHILST YOU WAS HOUT. 'E'S BIN AN' EAT UP 'IS PATRIOTIC RIBBON.

CANNON FODDER.

(Thus the War Party designates the rank and file of the German army.)

THEY are coming like a tempest, in their endless ranks

awful way;

They're the glorious cannon fodder of the mighty Fatherland.

Who shall make the kingdoms tremble and the nations understand.

Tramp! tramp! the cannon fodder comes. God help the old; God help the young; God help the hearths and homes.

They'll do his will that taught them, on the earth and on the waves,

Then, like faithful cannon fodder, still salute him from their graves.

From the barrack and the fortress they are pouring in a flood:

They sweep, a herd of winter wolves, upon the scent of blood:

For all their deeds of horror they are told that death

And their master's harvest cannot spring till he has sowed their bones.

Into beasts of prey he's turned them; when they show their teeth and growl

The lash is buried in their cheeks; they're slaughtered if they howl;

To their bloody Lord of Battles must they only bend the knee,

For hard as steel and fierce as hell should cannon fodder be.

Scourge and curses are their portion, pain and hunger without end,

While the world throws up a cloud of dust along their Till they hail the yell of shrapnel as the welcome of a friend:

They rape and burn and laugh to hear the frantic women

And do the devil's work to-day, but on the morrow die.

A million souls, a million hearts, a million hopes and fears, A million million memories of partings and of tears March along with cannon fodder to the agony of war. Have they lost their human birthright? Are they fellowmen no more?

> Tramp! tramp! tramp! the cannon fodder comes. God help the old; God help the young; God help the hearths and homes.

> They'll do his will that taught them, on the earth and on the waves,

> Then, like faithful cannon fodder, still salute him from their graves.

The War and Physical Development.

"Here some words have been exercised by the Censor." Manchester Evening News.

"Kiel is very delightful in its own way, but it misses in toto the charm and originality of Cowes.'

So said The Tatler in the very early days of the war, and yet the Germans still seem to prefer the waters of Kiel to the superior attractions of the Solent.

A NUT'S VIEWS ON THE WAR.

INTERESTING CHAT WITH MR. REGINALD FITZJENKINS.

would see him now, or wait two hours their trousers? till he had finished. I said I would see him now: so I was shown into his dressing-room.

hour-" It was twelve o'clock, it is only those who fight who are but I apologised. "And what can I helping. do for you?" asked my host.

have your views on the War."

"it's a noosance - an unmitigated a tone." noosance. No one talks anything but "I trust, Mr. FitzJenkins," I said, War nowadays - and the papers con- "that you are not opposed to the War." tain nothing but War news. Even the "Oh, dear, no. Please don't imagine

Men's Dress Columns have disappeared. I can tell you it has caused the greatest inconvenience to me personally. You may wonder why I am manicuring myself. I'll tell you why. My manicurist - the only man in London who knew how to manicure-turned out to be a beastly German or Austrian or something, and has gone off to his beastly War. I even offered to double the man's feesat which the fellow, instead of being grateful, was grossly impertinent. If he hadn't been such a great hulking

pot of pink paste, which has to be used KITCHENER will pull it off all right." to give the nails the necessary blush? Do you know that the price of that has would encourage them." doubled since the War?"

gesture.

"Of course," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "I don't want to be hard on the Government—I know they have a lot to am in favour of the War. Why, I have think of-but I do consider they ought just ordered several pairs of khaki to have prevented this somehow. They spats. . . . Believe me, I wish our regulate the price of food, but forget that there are other necessities. . . Again, some of my dividends have not been paid. A nice thing if one is to be forced to earn one's own living!"

then?" I said.

some people, but not me. It's not a thrashing." job for anyone of any refinement.

officers don't shave or change their privately for a minute. Mr. FitzJenkins linen. I'm not that sort, thank you. There are plenty of rough fellows to do Mr. REGINALD FITZJENKINS.

It, I suppose. And in any event I could not fight alongside of French I called, and I was asked whether I soldiers. Have you seen the cut of to the papers about it," he said. "How

> Mr. FitzJenkins laughed outright. "And are you doing anything to help in the crisis?" I asked.

"I am sorry," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "Oh yes, oh yes," said Mr. Fitz-"but if you will call at such an early Jenkirs. "You mustn't imagine that What about the women who are left behind? I help amuse 'em-"My paper," I said, "would like to keep 'em bright. I'm 'carrying on.' I'm not of your panicky sort. It's "Well, if you ask me what I think just as well that there should be a few of the War," said Mr. FitzJenkins, men like me left in town. We give it

ENTERPRISE ON OUR EAST COAST. THE ANTI-ZEPPELIN BATH-CHAIR.

brute I'd have knocked him down . . . that. It had to be fought, I suppose. So I have to do the business myself. And, although I am not taking an Couldn't trust it to anyone else. . . . active part in it myself, I wish the War And then look here. You see this little well, and hope that the King and

"Certainly. And you might say this. I expressed my horror by a suitable I am convinced we are going to win. No good could ever come to a man who wears an out-of-date moustache soldier-fellows well, and in my opinion they ought to be encouraged. I met a lot of 'em trudging along in Pall Mall yesterday, poor devils of Territorials, I fancy, and I waved my stick to 'em. "You haven't volunteered to fight, Nothing would please me more than to see the country to which that impu-"Good lor, no! That might suit dent manicurist has returned receive a

Just then the young man who had

begged me to excuse him, and I did so. When he came back his face was flushed and almost animated.

"Atrocious! Infamous! I shall write dare he leave me helpless like this? Off to enlist, indeed!'

"Who?" I asked.

"My man," said Mr. FitzJenkins.

TO A JADED CERMAN PRESSMAN.

"One cannot receive news of victories every day."-German Official Newspaper.]

TRUE, as you say, there is no cause for grieving,

When in your pages no triumphs appear,

But, gentle Sir, when you talk of "receiving,"

Are you not wandering out of your sphere?

Yours not to wait for a foe's retrogression, Yours not to heed the belligerents' fate; You're higher up in the writer's profession; Perish "receiving," 'tis

yours to create.

What though you dabble in newspaper diction, Common reporters deserve your disdain; You should be ranked with the masters of fiction. Weaving your victories out of your brain. Stories are needed, and you

must supply 'em;

That should be easy; so gifted a man Surely can compass a triumph per diem, Seeing the truth is no part of your plan.

"May I publish that? I think it Even although inspiration is flagging, Let not your output grow markedly

> Fiction gives precedents (plenty) for dragging Out an old yarn in a different dress. But, if your brain is too weary for spin-

> Words to re-tell our habitual rout, Don't blame the army that hasn't been

winning: Frankly confess that you feel written out.

"London Lady (twenties) well-educated, fair linguist, deeply interested psychology and the things that matter in life, considered clever by inmates, but not brilliant, would greatly appreciate broadminded and friendly companion to shere walks." companion to share walks.

T. P.'s Weekly.

Why, I am told that, when they are opened the door to me came in and We must remember that the inmates' fighting, for days together even the asked his master if he could see him standard would not be a very high one.



Second Native. "YES, JAHN; AND SO BE THEY FRENCHIES." First Native. "AY; AN' SO BE THEY BELGIANS AN' ROOSHIANS." Second Native, "AY; AN' SO BE THEY ALLYS. OI DUNNO WHERE THEY COME FROM, JAHN, BUT THEY BE DEVILS FOR FIGHTIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Why is it that novels with scamp-heroes are so much better spared part of a duller book. more interesting than the conventional kind? Bellamy (METHUEN) is a case in point, for the central character, who gives his name to it, is about as worthless an object, rightly considered, as one need wish to meet. He steals and lies and poses; he betrays most of his friends; and throughout a varied life he only really cares for one person -himself. Yet Miss Elinor Mordaunt never seems to have any difficulty in making us share Bellamy's delight in his own conscienceless career. Perhaps it is this very delight that does the trick. Charlatan as he is, and worse, Bellamy is always so attractively amused at the success of his impostures that it becomes impossible to avoid an answering grin. It was not a little courageous of Miss MORDAUNT to write a story about a hero from the Five Towns district; but, though this may look like trespass upon the preserves of a brother novelist, Bellamy is Miss

am persuaded were most agreeable pages. The fact that it so far relented as to go back about ten, and repeat a chapter I had already read, did little to console me. I could have

A story by Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, with the title Wonderful Woman (Hodder and Stoughton), may almost be regarded as a work of expert reference. Because what he does not know about The Sex, and has not already written in a galaxy of engaging romances, is hardly worth the bother of remembering. So that his views on the matter naturally command respect. Wonderful Woman is perhaps less a novel than an analysis-painfully close, with a kind of regretful brutality in it-of one special type of femininity, and a glance at several others. Perhaps its realistic quality may astonish you a little. You may have been delighting in Mr. Calthrop's fantastic work (as I do myself) and yet have cherished the suspicion that his Columbines and Chelsea fairies and Moonbeam folk generally were the creations of a sentimentalist who would have little taste for Mordaunt's very own. I have the feeling that she enjoyed handling unsympathetic things. Well, if so, Philippina is writing about him-a feeling that always makes for pleasure the answer to that. Here is the most masterly portraiture in reading. Perhaps of all his manifold phases I liked of a woman utterly without imagination or heart or anybest his rôle of assistant necromancer at a kind of psychical beauty parlour. There is some shrewd hitting here, which is vastly well done. But none of the adventures of Bellamy rather astonishing from Mr. Calthrop. The men who love should be skipped. I am sorry to add that the copy supplied me for review did not apparently credit me with stand. About Sir Timothy Swift, for example, there is a this view, as it ruthlessly omitted some forty of what I touch of the Harlequin, or rather Pierrot, that betrays his origin. I will not tell you the story, for one reason because both in his weakness and his strength; and Mr. Snowness its charm is too elusive to retrieve. I content myself by deserves more than a little gratitude for the care with which saying that it seems to me the best work we have yet had he has reproduced the atmosphere of times that were fr m Mr. Calthrop, combining his special and expected conspicuously lawless and exciting. graces with an unusual and moving sincerity.

A month or two ago I have no doubt that the England of Charles II.'s declining years would have seemed to me on the mildness of his adventures for the furtherance of the Catholic faith. It is true that Mr. Roger Mallock beheld

lose his fiancée through a misdirected dagger-thrust. Even this tragedy, sufficiently overwhelming in an ordinary romance, is not, of course, wholly disastrous in Monsignor Benson's eyes, since it enabled Mr. Mallock to resume the religious life and habit for which he had been originally intended. For the rest the book is written in a most captivating manner, and with a plausibility of incident and dialogue only too rare in novels of the Restoration period. Evidently the author has studied his authorities (and more particularly Mr. PEPYS) with a praiseworthy diligence. But in bias which he naturally

(let us say) virtue in the Spanish Inquisition and villainy galley. A pity. For Mrs. Flint is a dear, if a stupid dear, in Sir Francis Drake, I shall load my arquebus to the and Dicky himself has his points. muzzle.

The hero of King Jack (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) "made sport," as his creator, Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN, says, "nearly a hundred years ago" in Yorkshire, and incidentally he also made records. For instance, he cleared four-andtwenty feet at a "run-jump," and with this in my mind I find it satisfactory to think that he lived in another century, or I might find myself regretting the eclipse of the Olympic Games. As an upholder of law and order I ought to be (I am not) ashamed to admire a man who, to say the least of it, was a very prickly thorn in the side of the police. My excuse is that Jack Sincler and his brother Lishe were kindly men withal. The game-laws were their trouble, but as far as I could make out they did not poach for the sake of pelf but from sheer love of sport. Among poachers they ought, anyhow, to be placed in Class I., for they loved the open air and the freshness of the morning and all the things that make for a clean mind in a clean body. Jack, though a shade arrogant at times, is a stimulating figure, human

When Dicky Furlong, the brilliant and aspiring artist of The Achievement (CHAPMAN AND HALL) who was in love with Diana Charteris, sloshed her husband, Lord Freddy, over the a monstrously exciting country to live in; at the present head with his own decanter (vide Chap. XXI.) he rather moment (unfairly enough) I feel more like congratulating the hero of Monsignor Benson's Oddsfish! (Hutchinson) behind his (Lord Freddy's) ear," and that discourteous nobleman collapsed to rise no more. When the detective arrived the following noon he convinced himself that there some notable executions after the Titus Oates affair, and was no necessity to detain any of the guests, even though on the night of the Rve House Plot had a large meat no windows had been found open or doors unlocked and chopper thrown at his head by one of the conspirators; though Dicky had a contused lip from the conflict overnight but, emissary of the Vatican as he was, he was actually and everybody had coupled his name with Diana's, Howonly once compelled to whip out his sword in self-defence, ever, the methodical sleuthhound ran his quarry to earth a though on that occasion he had the extreme bad luck to year or two later, just as he had put the finishing touches

to his great (seventeen-foot) canvas. And Dicky took a little bottle out of his pocket. In fact, our old friend the novelette, with its unexacting canons of plausibility; tacked on, as it happens, to twenty chapters of meandering incident, a long way after the well-known Five-Towns formula, garnished with pleasantly romantic little notices of Dicky's pictures and Dicky's love affairs. But you don't begin to see the Dicky of the decanter phase (even though a fight about an ill-treated dog is lugged in for the purpose), or indeed any other Dicky of real flesh and blood, in this haphazard selection of episodes and comments. The truth is there is more

exhibits I feel bound to bid him have a care. If he intends in that difficult and dangerous formula than Mr. Temple to pursue his historical researches any further, and discover Thurston is aware of. He has wandered into the wrong



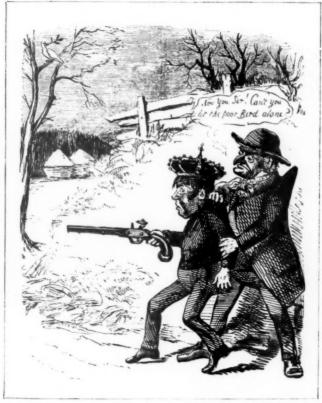
The Old Man. "I see by the paper here that the Rooshians are attacking a town they spell P-R-Z-E-M-Y-S-L. D'ye think, view of the anti-Protestant Now, wud that be a mistake of the printer's or wud the letters big which he naturally of it be mixed up, like, wi' the bombardment?"

OUR DAILY BREAD.

[The London correspondent of a German paper announces that London is on the verge of starvation, his own diet being "reduced to bread and rancid dripping."]

"THERE is a languor in this alien air; We are reduced, in fact, to famine fare; Mine, I may say, is dripping based on bread (Ugh!), and I gather I shall soon be dead. It is the same all over, East or West; Hungry each hollow just below the chest. Daily, I'm told, they rake the very dust, Hoping in vain to come across a crust. And, when our God-born WILHELM brings his Huns Here, he will find a few odd skeletons.' Such is the tale a Teuton lately writ. How, then, I ask, does London look so fit? This is the reason, mainly, I surmise-We are fed up, of course, with German Lies.

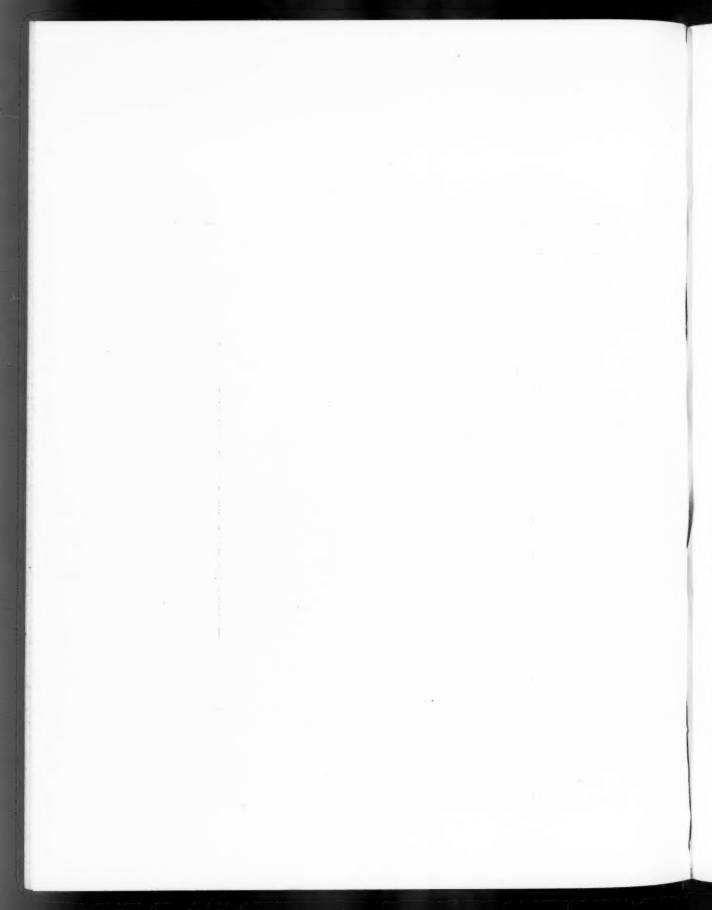
"PUNCH" and the PRUSSIAN BULLY



January 10, 1857.

* .* The Prussian Bully disturbs the Peace of Europe.

1857-1914.

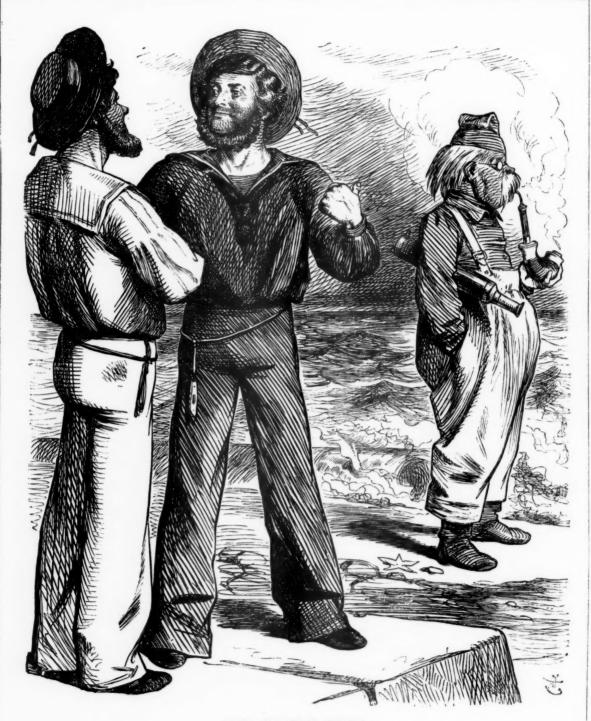




THE REWARD OF (DE)MERIT.

KING PUNCH PLESENTETH PRUSSIA WITH THE ORDER OF "ST. GIBBET."

May 7, 1864.



JACK ON THE CRISIS.

"BLOW IT, BILL! WE CAN'T BE EXFECTED TO FIGHT A LOT O' LUBBELLY SWABS LIKE HIM. WE'LL MICK 'EM, IF THAT'LL DO."





.. The Prussian Bully takes his share of the plunder.

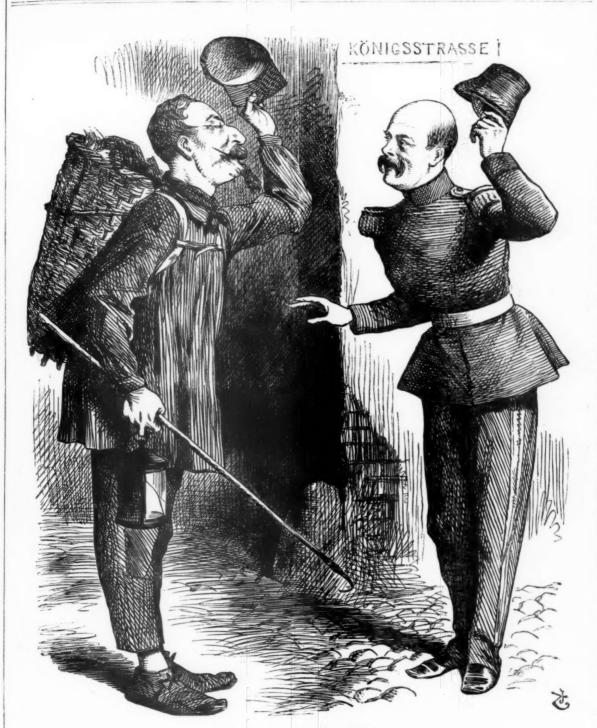


CHECK TO THE KING.

Bismarck (reads from 3,000 Citizens of Cologne). "In view of the miserable condition of the country in view of a civil war, with its attendant sufferings and fearful calamities . . . we couch a solemn protest against engaging in such a war." . . .

King of Prussia. "What is that? Dare my subjects object to be slaughtered! What next, I wonder?"

June 2, 1866.



PEACE-AND NO PIECES!

BISMARCK. "PARDON, MON AMI; BUT WE REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO PICK UP ANYTHING HERE."

NAP (the Chiffonnier). "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, M'SIEU! IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE."

August 25, 1866.



"TO BE SOLD."

Emperor Napoleon: "I-A-have made an offer to my friend here, and . . . "

The Man in Possession: "No, have you, though? I rather think I was the party to apply to."

Emperor Napoleon: "Ch, indeed! Ah! Then in that case I'll—but it's of no consequence."

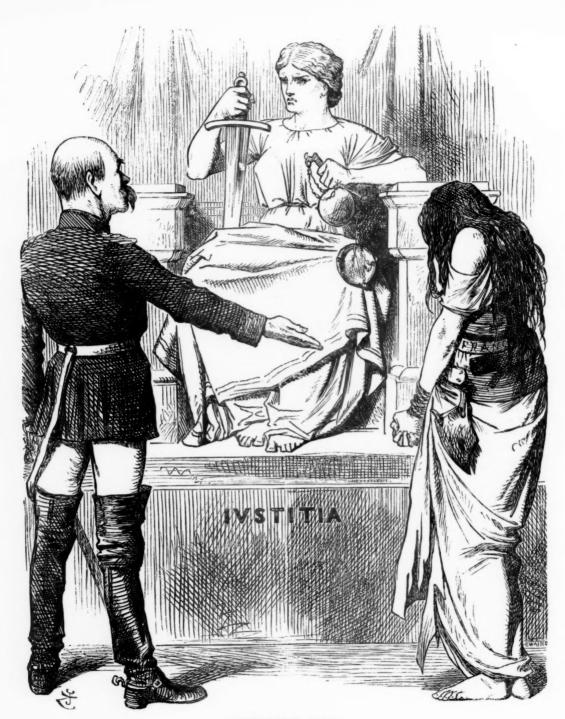
May 4, 1867.



GAUL TO THE NEW CÆSAR.

"Defiance, Emperor, while I have strength to hurl it!"

December 17, 1870.



EXCESSIVE BAIL.

Justice (to Bismarck). "Your Client was assaulted, and you ask that the defendant 'shall be bound over to keep the peace for many years." But I cannot sanction a demand for exorbitant securities."

February 18, 1871.

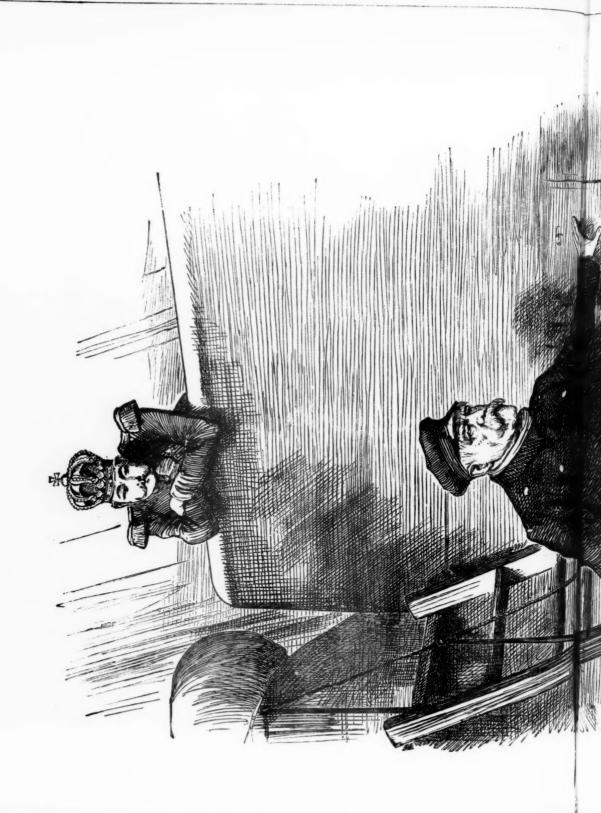


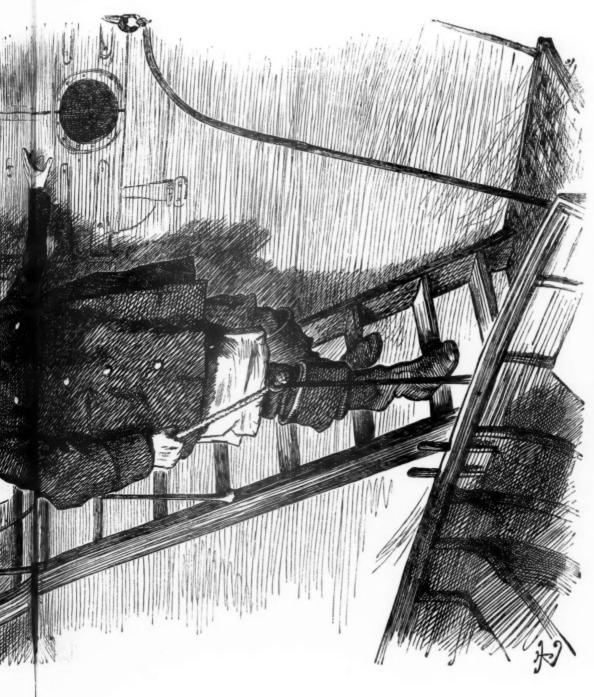
ENTER BISMARCK.

"I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;
And who but 'Bismarck,' who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence."

Henry the Fourth, Part II. (Induction.)

February 18, 1888.





DROPPING THE PILOT.



"NANA WOULD NOT GIVE ME A BOW-WOW!"

[The German Emperor is reported to have said, "It was impossible for me to anticipate the rejection of the Army Bills, so fully did I rely upon the patriotism of the Imperial Diet to accept them unreservedly. A patriotic minority has been unable to prevail against the majority . . . I was compelled to resort to a dissolution, and I look forward to the acceptance of the Bills by the new Reichstag. Should this expectation be again disappointed, I am determined to use every means in my power to achieve my purpose."—The Times.]

May 20, 1893.



HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

Imperial Artist. "Wish I could have got it done in time for the Royal Academy. Sure to have been accepted."

May 4, 1895.



GERMANIA ARMING KRUGER.

"The Vossische Zeitung chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner Kaiser, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'"—Globe, April 13.

April 24, 1897.



A TALL ORDER.

German Eagle (to Dove of Peace). "TEACH ME HOW TO COO!"

1897.

December 7, 1904.



THE BLIND SIDE.

German Officer: "Glad to hear you're going to fortify your sea-front. Very dangerous people, these English."

Dutchman: "But it will cost much."

German Officer: "Ah, but see what you save on the Eastern Frontier, where there's nobody but us."

January 11, 1911.



SOLID.

PLE,

US." 1911. Germany. "Donnerwetter! it's rock. I thought it was going to be paper."

August 2, 1911.



OUT OF THE SHADOW.

The Kaiser. "What business have you here?"
German Socialist Party. "I too want 'A place in the sun."

January 31, 1912.



BRAVO, BELGIUM!



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."



THE GREAT GOTH.

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN A NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT POTSDAM.

914.



CHARIVARIA.

STRONG drinks have now been prohibited all over Russia, and it looks as if Germany is not the only country whose future lies on the water.

Rumour has it that Germany is not in the War, and there has been in consequence not a little Potsdam-and-Perlmuttering between the two.

beyond the railway," we are told, "he German Garden." travels in a motor-car which, besides to prevent his escape.

The KAISER once desired to be known as "The Peace His eldest son, to judge by his alleged burglarious exploits, now wishes to be known as the CHARLES PEACE Prince.

It is said that Major von MANTEUFFEL, who superintended the destruction of Louvain, has been recalled. We presume he will have to explain why he left the Town Hall standing.

We still have to go to Germany for news about our The latest own country. reliable report is to the effect that there is now serious friction between KING GEORGE

TER, the KING fears, is aiming at the ancient descendants of the Belgians." throne, and it is now being recalled that Lord KITCHENER, when a young man, was once told by a soothsayer, "K stands for King."

We learn from The Daily Call that, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, Bâle is the richest city in Europe. The Swiss, we fancy, will scarcely thank our contemporary for drawing attention to this fact in view of the well-known supidity of a certain neighbour of theirs.

There is a proposal on foot to form a corps of Solicitors. By a pretty legal touch it is suggested that they might train between six and eight.

midshipman from the Cressy, told its it asks for Brod, does not care to get a readers that, when pulled out of the Stein. water, the cadet "was not wearing a single garment. He was provided with clothes and eventually put on a of covering does credit to the young gentleman's spirit, we think he would too pleased with Austria's achievements have done better to put on the clothes.

A naturalisation certificate has been granted to that clever English authoress, the Countess ARNIM. We congratu-"When the Kaiser goes to places late Elizabeth on escaping from "her

being accompanied by aides-de-camp and bodyguards, is also watched by special secret field police." We are glad tory and resources of Belgium." How special secret field police." We are glad tory and resources of Belgium." How to learn that every precaution is taken true this is may be seen from our was a commonplace though intelligent

STUDY OF A VETERAN WHO HAS SENT ALL HIS BLANKETS TO KITCHENER'S ARMY AND NEVER SLEPT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.

and Lord Kitchener, the former hav- | contemporary's next statement :- "A ing become alarmed at the raising of large section of its population consists "Kitchener's Army." The WAR MINIS- of a race known as the Walloons, the

> "Father," asked the actor's little son, the brilliant Thespian.

By the way, the statement that "The TSAR has left for the theatre of war" has caused the keenest satisfaction in histrionic circles, where it is hoped that this illustrious example will cause the fashionable world to revert to its habit of patronising the stage.

General von Stein, who was responsible for the German official communiqués, has, we learn from the German Press, been superseded. Evi-The Daily News the other day, in dently he did not chronicle sufficient describing the fortunate escape of a victories. The German public, when

An overheard conversation: "I see that both you and your wife have sent British destroyer." While his choice blankets to the soldiers." "Yes. She sent mine, so I sent hers."

> A dear old lady who read about the theft of an Italian submarine last week writes to say that she hopes that the police are keeping an eye on our Dreadnoughts.

Adsit omen!

Take its "capital" from Prussia -You reduce the thing to Russia!

attorney, Ora was married to a

Montana mine-owner." Books of To-day.

This was very perverse of Ora. She might at least have waited till her first husband had ceased to be an attorney.

Gentlemen who are losing their employment owing to the War :- 1. The German Colonial Secretary.

"Identifying battles with rivers is very confusing to the reader who is not well acquainted with the geography of a little-known part of Europe. It misleads thou-sands when the Aisne is men-tioned, and it is even more misleading when the river Victula comes into the reckoning." Birmingham Daily Post.

This is quite true.

Rates for Zeppelins.

"During the last few days," we learn, "a good many insurances have been effected at Lloyd's on properties in London against the risk of damage by Zeppelins." The premium accepted on banks appears to be about one shil-"why does the Kaiser wear a helmet ling per cent. But why insure banks? with an eagle on the top of it?" "To For our own part we would very gladly show that he's 'got the bird,'" replied take refuge in one of their strong rooms at the first sight of a hovering

> After consultation with our insurance expert, who has carefully considered the past record of German aircraft operating over undefended cities, we now have pleasure in submitting a special scale of insurance rates which ought to meet the needs of the public. Lloyd's are welcome to it should they care to adopt it as it stands :-

. . . £5 % per annum. Hospitals 2/11 canaries . . . 2/9 1/1 Lamp-posts . Lord Mayors . . Nil

THOMAS OF THE LIGHT HEART.

[" The Cologne Gazette" tells us that we are lacking in referring to this criticism, points out that, though we do not pretend, like the Germans, to make a religion of war, our sporting instinct at least enables us to recognise that to draw the sword on women and children is " not cricket."]

Facing the guns, he jokes as well As any Judge upon the Bench: Between the crash of shell and shell His laughter rings along the trench; He seems immensely tickled by a Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria,"

At intervals, when work is slack, He kicks a leather ball about; Recalls old tales of wing and back, The Villa's rush, the Rovers' rout; Or lays a tanner to a pup On Albion (not "perfidious") for the Cup.

He whistles down the day-long road, And, when the chilly shadows fall And heavier hangs the weary load, Is he down-hearted? Not at all. 'Tis then he takes a light and airy View of the tedious route to Tipperary.

His songs are not exactly hymns; He never learned them in the choir; And yet they brace his dragging limbs Although they miss the sacred fire; Although his choice and cherished gems Do not include "The Watch upon the Thames."

He takes to fighting as a game; He does no talking, through his hat, Of holy missions; all the same He has his faith—be sure of that; He'll not disgrace his sporting breed, Nor play what isn't cricket. There's his creed. U. S.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch ventures to ask the help of his gentle readers on behalf of the Women's League of Service, who are daily giving dinners in various districts of London to expectant and nursing mothers, of whom help America to escape it. many have husbands serving with the colours. It is our hope that out of the present war may come, for those who follow us, a happy freedom from the menace had to quit Prussia pretty quick after 1848—that's the of war; but our sacrifices will be in vain if no care is taken of the mothers who are bearing children to-day. Among the poorer class, the last person in the family to be fed is always the mother. Mr. Punch invites know all that there is to be known about you. I don't those who have the welfare of the new generation at want any Bernstorff, no, nor yet any Dernburg, to tell heart to send gifts in aid of this national work to Mr. me why this fight's fighting and to explain the Belgian Dudley Cocke, 44, Gresham Street, E.C.

More Looting by the Kaiser's Family?

"Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son . . . was met at the railway station by his mother, who pointed proudly to the second-class altar cross on her son's breast."—Eastern Daily Press.

The American Touch.

"Great steel plates have been fixed about the ceilings and walls of a room which now shelters the famous Venus D. Milo.

Toronto Daily Star.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER. No. IV.

understanding of the high seriousness of the war; that we use sporting expressions about it. "The Times," Kaiser Wilhelm,—I've been hearing no end during the KAISER WILHELM,-I 've been hearing no end during the last month or two about German efforts to capture American opinion. It seems you think us a poor sort of creatures unable to find out for ourselves the right way of things. You've been measuring our people up and you've got a kind of fancy that we're running about our continent with our eyes staring and our mouths gaping and our poor silly tongues wagging, and that we're busy collecting thoughts from one another about this war in Europe so we shan't look ignorant when we read what other countries are doing. "See here," I'm supposed to be saying as I go around,-"see here! What's this Belgium, anyway, and how in thunder does she come to stand out agin the great German army? And why are the Germans knocking Belgium to flinders and shooting her citizens? Ain't the Germans Christians? Ain't their soldiers generous and their officers merciful? Well then, it kinder puzzles me to see the way they're getting to work. It's no wonder the Belgian is set agin them. They're a little lot, them Belgians are, and it's a queer thing, ain't it, that they should make all this trouble? But I dunno. Maybe there's something to be said for 'em if we only knew. Then there's the English. They say they're fighting for freedom this time, and maybe they're right to stick to their word and back up their treaties. But it don't seem very clear as far as I can size it up. Won't some kind gentleman come along and give me the true story?"

That's what I'm supposed to be saying, and you thought you heard me all the way from Potsdam, and you took a good deep think, and "Bless me," you said, "it's ten thousand pities to let old man Friedlicher go along with his mind empty when there's a heap of good German opinions lying around just asking to be put into it. I'll cable BERNSTORFF to fill him up." So there's poor BERNSTORFF turning himself inside out to please you and educate me. Don't he prove a lot? From 9 to 10 he lectures about Germany's love for America and the beautiful statue of Frederick THE GREAT at Annapolis; from 10 to 11 he socks it into England-says she's a robber power and blacker's any of the niggers she hires to do her fighting for her; from 11 to 12 he settles Russia by calling her a barbarian Empire; and from 12 to 1 he tells me how Germany's burning Belgium for Belgium's good; and then he dismisses me and says, if I'll come back to-morrow morning, he'll pitch me a story about the French peril, and how Germany can

KAISER, it's no good. My father was a German, and he knew your lot, and he used to tell me all he knew. He year your great-uncle had to take off his hat to the citizens of Berlin, and your venerable grandfather had to pay a visit to England, German air not being good for his health. I wickedness to me. You and your blamed professors and soldiers, you've all been spoiling for war these ten years past, and now that you've got it you're out to tell the Americans that the other fellows drove you into it. All I've got to say is, I don't believe it-and what's more, no sensible American believes it either. That's all there is DIETRICH. Yours sincerely, to it.

Motto for the Kaiser (reported as having been last seen at Cologne): "East, West, hame's best."



g h h

He no ns sit I n't ell an nd urs he

no

A NORTH SEA CHANTEY.

(To the tune of " Tipperary.")

JACK. "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAIT FOR WILLIAM'S NAVY, BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT HERE."





Officer, "What in thunder have you been doing all the morning? This leather's not dressed; there's mud on it still!" Recruit (ex-Cyclist). "Sorry, Sir, but I've spent most of my time polishing the pedals."

RENAMED CELEBRITIES.

Since the publication of the manimatters have moved far and fast, self "Alb." Many of these gentlemen have already, in obedience to the dictates of logic, mits us to reproduce :-

The Reverend WILLIAM SPOONER, the ship of Marcella. to the Kinquering Cong of Serbia.

(after Sir John Denton PINKSTONE well as anything else.

FRENCH), and is already known amongst his intimates as "Pinkie.'

Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, the famous novelist, as the son of Augustus DE assumed a new style, as may be gathered Morgan, has happily hit on the idea from the following messages which the of renaming himself Marcellus de Morinvolve him in any claim to the author-

revered Warden of New College, Ox- A communication has been received interviews and poems with the name ford, writes to say that, in deference to by the Editor of The Spiritualist from Oliver Lodge David Lloyd George the unanimous desire of the graduates | WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, announcing his Begbie, as an act of homage to the two and undergraduates of the College, he unalterable resolve to change his has decided to be known in future as Christian name because of the posthu- him in his journalistic and literary the Reverend Peter Spooner, as a tribute mous discredit attached to it by the career. Kaiser. Asked what he proposed to Mr. WILLIAM (WULLIE) PARK, the substitute for it, the Bard created a famous professional golfer, has decided prodigious sensation by announcing to assume the prænomen of Pinkstone that he thought Francis would do as

Sir WILLIAM JOB COLLINS, equally renowned in the spheres of politics and Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has by a medicine, has promptly recognised the festo in our columns signed by a large special deed poll assumed the title of impossibility of continuing to wear a number of eminent men who announced George Albert Nicolas Victor-Emmanuel name which has been indelibly tartheir intention of divesting themselves Raymond Woodrow Le Queux, but for nished by the arch-disturber of Europe's of the un-Christian name of William, literary purposes will briefly sign him- peace. He has accordingly elected to replace his first two names by the ingenious and harmonious collocation of Thomas Habakkuk.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE writes to explain that, though his first name is not Press Bureau, without accepting regan. But he is anxious to have it William, it has painful historical assosponsibility for them, graciously per clearly understood that this does not ciations with the success of a former William. He therefore wishes it to be known that he will sign all his articles, great men who have chiefly inspired

Copy of letter to teacher :--

"Dear Sir. will you please give my daughter a dinner, as she has no father and I have no means of getting her one, and oblodge."

THE WATCH DOGS.

DEAR CHARLES,-You must forgive that I had lost my pocket pen, a cheap to name a selected man, had to confess we were just about to insert fifteen affair made of tin. I instructed him to ignorance; not so my skipper. He million microbes apiece, and our find it, and J. B. is one of those perfect knew them all. "What is that man's private was not slow to seize his

exigencies of war necessitate some little irregularity now and then; but how, I asked him. did he justify this excess of zeal? J. B. is distinguished by a lisp among other things betht to be on the thafe thide,

Thir," said he.

We had an all-night outpost job on this week, at which my company achieved an urpremeditated success-unpremeditated by the authorities, that is. Before setting out we had been threatened with the heaviest penalties if we were discovered at any moment in a dereliction of duty, which meant that the Adjutant proposed to pay us a surprise visit and had every hope of discovering responsible officers asleep at their posts. Those who know will tell you that the hour before dawn is that during which an attack is most likely in real war; they also assert that this is the most likely period for derelictions in imitation war, and so, as we

selected for the surprise visit. But we ordered my skipper emphatically, fixing once, even as you are, a barrister who were not caught napping, Sir; every an hypnotic eye on the youth, and rose at 8.30 A.M. (an incredibly late possible approach to our picket was adding, to prove his accuracy, "Now, hour), did next to nothing all day and, protected by strong groups, each instructed to let no one pass on any "——nson, Sir," concluded the victim. I used in those gentlo days to take account and least of all those who That night, at dinner, the Brigadier off my hat to ladies (a long-forgotten attempted to trick them by a pretence told the C.O. that, among many disap- habit), and I never dreamed of calling of authority, however realistic that pointments, he had found one officer anybody "Sir." I used to suppose that pretence might be. Thus it fell out that when the Adjutant was sighted he was instantly accosted and firmly themselves." In accordance with on the King's Bench. It seems now appreh nded. Inasmuch as he refused J. B.'s maxim about being on the safe that I may rise from stars to crowns, to be led blindfold through our lines, side, it was a company order afterwards from crowns to oakleaves, and end he was not allowed to approach our that, when asked, all even numbers my days as a commissionaire in-who august selves at all, but was retained were to be "Evans" and odd numbers knows?—His Majesty's foyer. I, who until such time as we cared to approach him. Mind you, I'm not saying we were asleep; merely I show you how thoroughly we do our work. It is not calling the names and regimental number of the moment I am you "Sir." But for the moment I am you "Sir." mine that is the master mind; it is my bers of a party, I found myself bawling skipper's, a man upon whose ready angrily for "Gerrard, No. 2784."

cunning I rely to bring me to Berlin vance of all other victorious forces.

my writing this letter with a fountain officers commanding companies should time with him at our Great Inoculapen, but to do otherwise would be an know the names of all their men, and tion Ceremony (First Performance) on act of ingratitude to my servant, Private lately he took upon himself to test it. Sa urday. We could not put too strict J. B. Cox. I told him this morning Captain after captain, upon being asked a discipline upon men into whose arms factorums who do as they are told. name?" asked the Brigadier, indicating opportunity. He insisted upon his He has a sharp eye and no scruples, an inconspicuous and rather terrified fifteen million being numbered off in and so, owing to the fact that three private, just that sort of man whose order to discover whether there were other officers live in my billet, he was name one would never know or want any of them absent from parade; he

> GLEAMO THE PURE PATENT LEATHER BOOT POLISH

THE WAR ON GERMAN COMMERCE.

"WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR, MR. WILTON, THAT YOU HAVE VOLUNTEERED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE. WE ARE PROUD TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE READY TO DO YOUR DUTY AS A BRITON. WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO KEEP YOUR PLACE OPEN FOR YOU DURING YOUR ABSENCE. AND, MR. WILTON, YOU MIGHT TAKE A FEW THOUSAND OF OUR CIRCULARS IN YOUR KNAP-SACK TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE ENEMY IN THE REGRETTABLE EVENT OF YOUR BEING TAKEN PRISONER.'

anticipated all along, this was the time 'paces' forward, Private Johnson," | called the happy times when I was

Catering, as we do, for all tastes, we and its choicest light beer well in ad- have in our rank and file a serio-comic artiste from the lower rungs of the It used to be our Brigadier's fad that music-hall ladder. We had a busy able to find two valuable fountain pens to know. (It was something rather wished to know if they had all their and one stylographic in no time. The like Postlethwaite, I believe). "Two proper equipment, and whether each exigencies of war necessitate had passed his standard test.

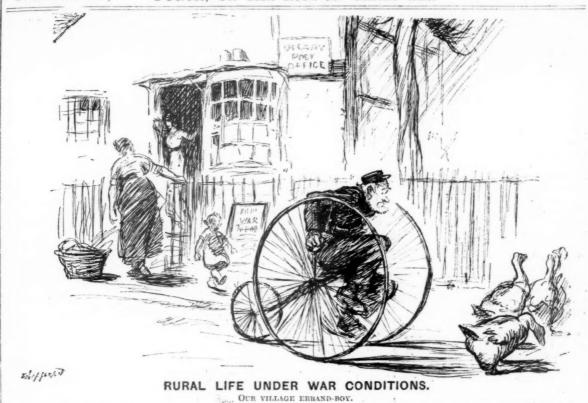
As the needle was inserted into his arm, " Move to the left in fours," he ordered them; "form fours - left - in succession of divisions-number one leading -quick-ma-barch." (It was the same humorist who recently took a strong line about protective colouring, and put in an application for a set of khaki

teeth.)

At the moment of inoculation we were all, officers and men, very facetious and off - hand about it, but as the evening came on we grew piano. even miserable. Mess was not made any less sombre by Wentworth's plaintive observation that "the doctor who had succeeded in making a thousand of us thoroughly ill and debarred us from the cheering influence of alcohol was probably at that very moment himself enjoying a hearty debauch.'

The only effect of the dose upon me was to induce a rather morbid contemplation, I re-

Yours thoroughly disrespectfully,



THE TRAITOR.

"Down with the Teutons!" rose the people's cry;
"Who said that England's honour was for sale?"
Myself, I hunted out the local spy,

Tore down his pole and east him into jail.
"An English barber now," said I, "or none!
This thatch shall never fall before a Hun!"

And all was well until that fateful morn
When, truss'd for shearing in a stranger's shop,
"Be careful, please," I said, "I want it shorn
Close round the ears, but leave it long on top;"
And, thrilling with a pleasant pride of race,
I watched the fellow's homely British face.

An optimist he was. "Those German brutes,
They'll get wot for. You mark my words," he said,
And dragged great chunks of hair out by the roots,
Forgetting mine was not a German head.
"Oh, yes, they'll get it in the neck," said he

"Oh, yes, they'll get it in the neck," said he And gaily emphasized his prophecy.

Ah me, that ruthless Britisher! He scored His parallel entrenchments round and round My quivering scalp. "Invade us 'ere?" he roared; "Not bloomin' likely! Not on British ground!" His nimble seissors left a row of scars To point the prowess of our gallant Tars.

I bore it without movement, save a start
Induc'd by one shrewd gash behind the ear.
With silent fortitude I watch'd him part
The ruin on my skull. And then a tear,
A fat, round tear, well'd up from either eye—
O traitorous tribute to the local spy!

JULES FRANÇOIS.

Jules François is poet, and gallant and gay;
Jules François makes frocks in the Rue de la Paix;
Since the mobilisation Jules François's the one
That sits by the breech of a galloping gun,
In the team of a galloping gun!

When the wheatfields of August stood white on the plain
Jules François was ordered to go to Lorraine,
Since the guns would get flirting with good Mr. Krupp
And wanted Jules François to limber them up,
To lay and to limber them up!

The road it was dusty, the road it was long,
But there was Jules François to make you a song;
He sang them a song, and he fondled his gun,
Though I wouldn't translate it he sang it A1;
His battery thought it A1!

The morning was fresh and the morning was cool
When they stopped in an orchard two miles out
of Toul,
And the grey muzzles spat through the grey muzzles'

smoke,

And there was Jules François to make you a joke.

And there was Jules François to make you a joke, To crack his idea of a joke:—

"The road to our Paris 'tis hard as can be;
The road to that London he halts at the sea;
So, vois-tu, mon gars? 'tis as certain as sin
This wisdom that chooses the road to Berlin!"

So they follow the road to Berlin!

ENTER BINGO.

Before I introduce Bingo I must Bingo?" say a word for Humphrey, his sparring partner.

there, I fancy, by Celia, though she says it was Father Christmas. He is a small music-stool, with the air of one playing there Oriental about "Bingo"? the pianola. In this position he found his uses. There are times when a husband may legitimately be annoyed; to the sofa, to stand on the sofa and kick him on to the book-case; and then, feeling another man, to replace him on the music-stool and apologise to Celia. It was thus that he lost his tail.

When the War broke out we wrote to the War Office, offering to mobilise Humphrey. Already he could do "Eyes right, eyes front." But the loss of his tail was against him. Reand waited for a job. It was at this Bingo would whimper with shame. moment that Bingo joined the establishment.

Here we say good-bye to Humphrey for the present; Bingo claims our at-(by a pedigree as long as your arm) to might just as well be "Yung-Bing," idea to call him Bingo; because (a ridiculous reason) as a child she had had a poodle called Bingo. The less said about poodles the better; why rake up the past?

"If there is the slightest chance of Bingo-of this animal growing up into at once."

"My poodle," said Celia, "was a

lovely dog." (Of course she was only a child then.

She wouldn't know.)

"The point is this," I said firmly, "our puppy is meant for a Pekinesethe pedigree says so. From the look of him it will be touch and go whether he pulls it off. To call him by the name veneration among these Easterns. factor. Now I hate poodles; I hate wood Lo. pet dogs. A Pekinese is not a pet dog;

tion in his presence that you once had grandfather. One couldn't be a poodle a-a-you know what I mean-called

She promised. I have forgiven her for having once loved a poodle. I beg you Humphrey found himself on the top to forget about it. There is now only of my stocking last December—put one Bingo, and he is a Pekinese puppy.

However, after we had decided to call him Bingo, a difficulty arose. Bingo's yellow dog, with glass optics, and the pedigree is full of names like Li Hung label round his neck said, "His eyes Chang and Sun Yat San; had we chosen pedigree is full of names like Li Hung move." When I had finished the a sufficiently Chinese name for him? oranges and sweets and nuts, when Apart from what was due to his ances-Celia and I had pulled the crackers, tors, were we encouraging him enough Humphrey remained over to sit on the to grow into a Pekinese? What was

In itself, apparently, little. Bingo himself must have felt this; for his tail continued to be nothing at these times it was pleasant to kick but a rat's tail, and his body to be Humphrey off his stool on to the divan, nothing but a fat tub, and his head to stand on the divan and kick him on to be almost the head of any little puppy in the world. He felt it deeply. When I chaffed him about it he tried to eat my ankles. I had only to go into the room in which he was, and murmur, "Rat's tail," to myself, or (more offensive still) "Chewed string," for him to rush at me. "Where, O Bingo, is that delicate feather curling gracefully over the back, which was the pride and glory of thy great-grandjected by the medical authorities as father? Is the caudal affix of the unfit, he returned to the music-stool rodent thy apology for it?" And

Then we began to look him up in

the map.

I found a Chinese town called "Ning-po," which strikes me as very tention. Bingo arrived as an absurd much like "Bing-go," and Celia found little black tub of puppiness, warranted another one called "Yung-Ping," which grow into a Pekinese. It was Celia's the obvious name of Bingo's heir when he has one. These facts being communicated to Bingo, his nose immediately began to go back a little and his tub to develop something of a waist. But what finally decided him was a discovery of mine made only yesterday. There is a Japanese province called Bingo. a poodle," I said, "he leaves my house Japanese, not Chinese, it is true; but at least it is Oriental. In any case conceive one's pride in realising suddenly that one has been called after a province and not after a poodle. It has determined Bingo unalterably to grow up. in the right way.

You have Bingo now definitely a Pekinese. That being so, I may refer to his ancestors, always an object of of a late poodle may just be the deciding speak of (hats off, please!) Ch. Good-

Of course you know (I didn't myself he is an undersized lion. Our puppy till last week) that "Ch." stands may grow into a small lion, or a mastiff, for "Champion." On the male side or anything like that; but I will not Champion Goodwood Lo is Bingo's have him a poodle. If we call him great-great-grandfather. On the female It seems that there are Britons and Bingo, will you promise never to men-side the same animal is Bingo's great-Britons. We prefer the other kind.

after that. A fortnight after Bingo came to us we found in a Pekinese book a photograph of Goodwood Lo. How proud we all were! Then we saw above it, "Celebrities of the Past. The Late-

Champion Goodwood Lo was no more! In one moment Bingo had lost both his great-grandfather and his

great-great-grandfather!

We broke it to him as gently as possible, but the double shock was too much, and he passed the evening in acute depression. Annoyed with my tactlessness in letting him know anything about it, I kicked Humphrey off his stool. Humphrey, I forgot to say, has a squeak if kicked in the right place. He squeaked.

Bingo, at that time still uncertain of his destiny, had at least the courage of the lion. Just for a moment he hesitated. Then with a pounce he was

upon Humphrey.

Till then I had regarded Humphrey -save for his power of rolling the eyes and his habit of taking long jumps from the music-stool to the book-case-as rather a sedentary character. But in the fight which followed he put up an amazingly good resistance. At one time he was underneath Bingo; the next moment he had Bingo down; first one, then the other, seemed to gain the advantage. But blood will tell. Humphrey's ancestry is unknown; I blush to say that it may possibly be German. Bingo had Goodwood Lo to support him-in two places. Gradually he got the upper hand; and at last, taking the reluctant Humphrey by the ear, he dragged him laboriously beneath the sofa. He emerged alone, with tail wagging, and was taken on to his mistress's lap. There he slept, his grief forgotten.

So Humphrey has found a job. Whenever Bingo wants exercise, Humphrey plants himself in the middle of the room, his eyes cast upwards in an affectation of innocence. "I'm just sitting here," says Humphrey; "I believe there's a fly on the ceiling." It is a challenge which no great-grandson of Goodwood Lo could resist. With a rush Bingo is at him. "I'll learn you to stand in my way," he splutters. And

the great dust-up begins . . . Brave little Bingo! I don't wonder that so warlike a race as the Japanese has called a province after him. A. A. M.

"Any Britons wishing to view the German prisoners at Frimley Camp can hire a car for £3 3s."—Adrt. in "Daily Telegraph."

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WE ARE ALL DRILLING NOWADAYS.



Little Brown, who is in a hurry to catch his train, but finds it impossible to get by owing to the crush, is struck by a brilliant idea. "Form—two deep!"



RESULT.



FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

WE LEARN (FROM GERMAN SOURCES) THAT THE PROFESSORS OF A CELEBRATED PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITY HAVE CONFERRED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR UPON A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

TWILIGHT IN REGENT'S PARK.

(Being a mutinous suggestion which I somehow had no time to make to the drill-instructor.)

SERGEANT! Beneath the dim and misty vault
I tire of making fours with endless trouble,
And left inclines inclining to a fault.
What is this pedantry? An empty bubble.
The spirit is the thing. When you say "'Alt!"
My 'eart—I mean my heart—is at the double.

You, gazing only at the outward shell
That nothing of this secret fire divulges,
See only raw civilians, heaped pell-mell,
Having the kind of chest that peace indulges;
Viewed from one end our lines are like a swell
On the deep ocean, full of kinks and bulges.

You bid us wheel. At once ensues a rout
That no hussar could compass with his sabre;
The man in evening dress is much too stout,
He seems to draw his breath with obvious labour,
Whilst I—I beg your pardon, Right about—
Of course 1 bumped into my left-hand neighbour.

But take (as I observed) the fire beneath;
If ever fee should leap the shining margent
That laps our island like a liquid wreath
Then you would see us. Shimmering and argent,
"Out bay'nets!" we would snatch 'em from the sheath;
No 'shunning in that day, I think, O Sergeant.

Meanwhile we want a foretaste of the joy
That so much tedious tramping merely stifles;
We want to fall upon our—well deploy
And less of "Stand at ease" and fruitless trifles;
Der Tag will come (we whisper it with coy
Half-bated murmurings), when we have rifles

And uniforms. I want a uniform,
Even if not of khaki's steadfast fibre,
To make the bright-eyed maidens' hearts more warm
And still the mockings of the street-boy giber;
Meanwhile, I say, why not deploy and storm
The sacred trenches of the Zoo-subscriber?

The hour, the place invite. While here we stake Our country's weal on nugatory follies, What are these screams of insolence that wake The bosky silence with perpetual volleys? Give us the word to charge and let us take You outpost of the Eagles with our brollies.

EVOE.

"Burglar in Burning Hose."—Liverpool Express, He must have walked into something pretty hot.

Editorial Modesty.

"CORRESPONDENCE.

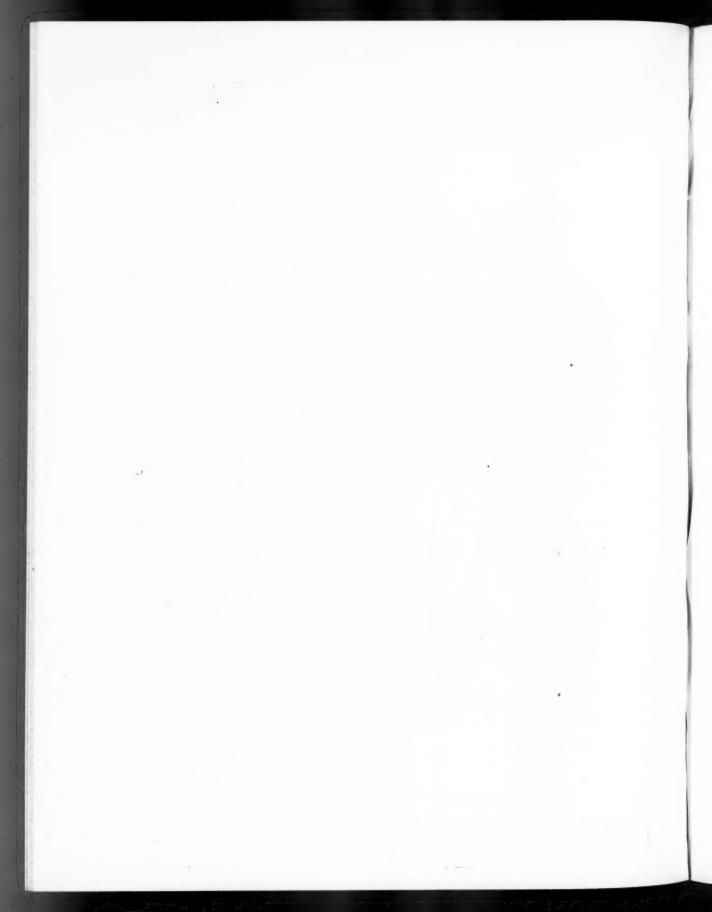
The Editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by Correspondents.

SIR,—Your Leader of last week was uncommonly good, and I hope that the writer will give us more from his able pen,—COLONIAL."



GIVING THE SHOW AWAY.

German Press Bureau Photographer. "COSTUME PERFECT, SIRE—ACCESSORIES ADMIRABLE; BUT, IN VIEW OF ALL THESE 'VICTORIES,' DARE WE SUGGEST THAT THE EXPRESSION MIGHT BE JUST A TOUCH MORE JUBILANT?"





Public-house Diplomatist (to second ditto, with whom he has been discussing the ultimate terms of peace at Berlin). "I SHOULDN'T BE TOO 'ARD ON 'EM. I'D LEAVE 'EM A BIT OF THE RHINE TO SING ABAHT!"

THINGS THAT DO NOT MATTER.

That section of the public that has desk! felt, while anxiously waiting for definite present with General Headquarters" wondered at the recent paucity of despatches from this descriptive writer. strayed into our hands from its proper destination?

trees. All was quiet; not even an old our University towns. public-school boy was washing his face. Then, gently but firmly, the "boom, boom" of the guns assailed the ear, telling of battle not far distant.

One's fountain-pen becomes quickly clogged amid the conditions of warfare,

Talking of dust, I saw last evening a news of our forces in France, that the sight which must have appeared curious many that occur in a single day communications from "an eye-witness to one not acquainted with war. A are better than nothing, has probably nected with one of our great Univer- trenched position, have replied to our sities passed me with a smut on his fire, but without any noticeable connose. Yet in times of peace he is one Is it possible that the following has of those men who seldom leave home in the morning without carefully brushing their clothes. It should be borne in A soft wind blew gently from the mind by the reader that the conditions mander-in-Chief free of charge. south-east, and before it the fleecy of the battlefield of modern times have

On the morning of the 1st our cavalry were busy with their horses, while the artillery devoted themselves chiefly to their guns. All that day our infantry stood in the trenches, and the smoke from the enemy's shrapnel made fanfor the dust blows freely over the plains tastic shapes against the leaden grey of across which the troops have marched. the Northern sky. While I sat writing For comfort in writing there is nothing a young officer rushed in. He had like an indelible pencil, and paper whose surface is slightly rough. The quantity of ink case of the surface is slightly rough. The quantity of ink case of the surface is slightly rough. The quantity of ink case of the surface is slightly rough. The quantity of ink case of the surface is slightly rough. of ink carried among the stores of a he had witnessed there. A private, And even if one gets an odd halfmodern army is negligible. And I be- hailing from Rotherhithe, calmly lit a penny more than the other, nobody lieve it is a fact that in the whole of the cigarette amid the hail of bullets, took will really mind.

equipment of the British Forces in two or three draws, and then threw it France there is not a single roll-top away, growling, "These 'ere French cigarettes taste like bloomin' German cartridges." An incident typical of

This brings us to the 2nd. All day young Professor of Mathematics con- long the Germans, from their ensequences. The prisoners who are brought in appear to be glad of the rest and change. Out of gratitude one of them offered to shave the Com-

The battle continued on the 3rd. clouds passed dreamily above the poplar little in common with those of life in There was a touch of autumn in the air and the wind had changed slightly. Amid the shricking of shells and the hum of bullets the bark of a distant farm dog could be heard distinctly. And so from day to day the War goes on.

> "The entire proceeds of yesterday's magnificent opening concert of the season of the Sunday Concert Soci. ty at the Qu. en's Hall,

BEATS.

(By Special P.C. XXX.)

WE have three, each with its nuances Limburger cheese. of attraction, its delicately different disadvantages. They are known as the years ago, taken up to the House of military picket by the War Office, he Oil Wharves, the Generating Station, Lords. On the one side a string of had been fobbed off with a mere guard and the Sewage Station. A wise decree tough sturdy bargees testified that a of Special Constables. To date of writfrom Scotland Yard leaves us uncertain few whiffs made them totally unable ing, his wrath still smoulders. up to the very last moment of each to face their dinner. On the other side evening as to which will be our allotted an array of sanitary experts claimed dulness, but we live in hopes. That provided to stimulate us.

The Oil Wharves gloom on a cul- local longevity. de-sac of nocturnal emptiness. Scarcely does a human footstep come to rouse the petroleumsluggish echoes. A padding pussy makes a note of cheery liveliness in the lukewarm monotony of the night-watch.

But against that dreariness must be set the four wooden chairs which the Oil Magnates (blessings upon them and upon their children's children!) provide for our comfort. Technically, it may be undignified for a Special Constable to sit down. It is possible that a penalty of three days in a dark cell awaits the transgressor. We do not know, and we do not enquire. In that deadliest hour beyond the dawn, when the street lamps splutter out and the ruthless morning light reveals us to one another unwashed, unshaven and horribly all-nighty in appearance, it is indeed a grateful relief to sit down on the wooden Windsor chair and wait the six o'clock of release in blankness of mind.

some magic with electricity. That is not our concern. We are there to pace up and down outside its walls, and watch The machinery of the Station has for the man with the bomb. It has hitherto been idle. Its borough officials the advantage of being a bulky apparently do nothing but fitfully wall which forms a London lovers' lane. We speculate on the progress is not odorous, and therefore is accounted the picked beat by the asthetes among us.

The Generating Station, we are given to understand, does

The Sewage Station, on the other inity, blew his police-whistle.

us claims that they are saccharine which has taken the wrong turning. To myself the taste suggests mellow

They raised a classic law-suit a few

"Now then, Tommy—got some good news for me to-night—eh? What?"

"YES, SIR: KITCHENER WANTS ANOTHER RECRUIT."

building; therefore a long beat. Up polish brasses. It seems that these to midnight it looks over to a blank lucky sinecurists only work in times of violent storm, once every few months.

The neighbourhood may be odorous, of courtship. The Generating Station but it is full of human possib lities. One midnight, two ladies started a scrap. A Special Constable, raw and looked the fact that a portion of the without experience of militant feminhand, is very lively with odours. They whole slum-district turned out, dressed dominate our meals for at least twenty- or half-dressed, like a fevered anthill. It four hours after duty. Some attribute took the regular police half-an-hour to them to a candle-factory opposite, clear the streets, the original cause of labelling them as warm decomposing tunult vanishing in the swirl. In this tallow. Another school of thought neighbourhood, we are informed, it is places them as the outcast debris of a etiquette to bow a police-whistle only sugar - factory. A scientist amongst when someone is being "done in."

We were also informed, in discreet whispers, that the "Guv'nor" of the Station "had it in for us." His grievance was this: that while a rival show across the river had been accorded a

Our hours of duty are filled with A gambling element is thus that they were not only pleasant and speeding motor-cyclist in the yellow invigorating, but a potent factor in oilskins—is he the mysterious rider who has already shot down a round

dozen of our number on lonely beats?

He shuts off power. He stops. He gets off and fumbles with a lamp. Is it a bomb in disguise? Our hands creep towards the truncheons concealed in our trouser-legs. The Hour has struck, and England expects . . . !

Alas, he is only a belated cyclist, reputable and harmless. We console ourselves with visions of 1915, when we hope to be mobilised, packed off to the Continent in motor-'buses, and assigned to beats in Berlin (possibly renamed Berlinogradville City), while the Congress are rearranging the map of Europe.

"Yes, madam, this is Unter den Linden. Straight on and fourth turning to the left for the Siegesallee. . . . Oui, Monsieur, l'auto de luxe pour Petrograd part à midi. . . . Nein, mein Herr, es ist verboten. Broadly speaking, alles ist polizeilich verboten. You will be quite safe in assuming that anything you yearn for just now ist strengstens polizeilich verboten. Passen Sie along, bitte!"

"The Women our Shield."

From Germany and the Next War :-"We shall now consider how the tactical

value of the screening service can be improved by organisation, equipment and

Von Bernhardi seems to have over-"screening service" was living under The the Belgian Government.

> "Whilst Germany is a large customer of England in other directions, it is not in hardware and ironmongery. On the contrary, she exports much more hardware to us than we buy from her."—System.

It seems almost a pity that this delightful system cannot go on.



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

Ethel. "Now that I've got this nice map, will you tell me just where to put the little flags, Dad? I want TO KEEP IT RIGHT UP TO DATE.'

Dad (preoccupied with his paper). "H'M-WELL-BETTER JUST STICK 'EM ALL IN BERLIN, AND-WAIT."

OUR WAR STORY.

THE DREADFUL DOOM OF BERTRAM BORSTAL.

postage stamps perforated with the on to a passing bus. initials of his late employers, one threepenny-bit in silver, twopence in copper, with closed lips. "I will offer my services to my country. I will enlist.

He enlisted successfully until he reached the medical examination. The doctor thrust a shoe-horn into Bertram's mouth. "Count up to 99," he said. That same evening (or the next) "Ug-koog-hee-haw-," Bertram got out of the train at Kartbegan.

"That'll do," remarked the doctor, closing the jaws with a snap. "Any constitutional ailment?

chronic dyspepsia," he admitted at when you propose to advance." length. The doctor gave a long whistle.

kindly, taking Bertram's hand and putting it inadvertently into his own pocket. "I regret to say I cannot pass you for the Army."

"Ploughed!" exclaimed our hero. Bertram Borstal turned out his "But if I cannot go as a soldier I will pockets and spread their contents on, go as a spy. Drive me to Wigson's," the table before him. There were seven he called to the taxi-driver as he leapt General. "Take this set of duplicates.

Half-an-hour later Bertram, disguised in the uniform of a spy, turned up the strength certified by a chartered acand a Bank of England note for 10s. Strand and his coat-collar simultane-countant. The only detail omitted is "Irretrievably ruined!" he muttered ously and walked rapidly to Charing the number of women and children that Cross station. He just managed to will be placed in the firing-line. Toscramble into the 2.19 as it steamed day's bag has not yet been reported."

you will kindly tell me the number and babies in arms." Bertram blushed heavily. "Only disposition of your forces, and how and

Mistaking the sound a taxicab drew up. -formerly Military Attaché at Appen- and order the advance for ten o'clock "You'd better jump in," he said rodt's-happily understood him.

"Certainly," he replied. "Perhaps you would care to examine this map and plan of campaign?"

Bertram thanked him, and commenced to trace them upon his spare

"Don't bother to do that," said the The disposition of our forces is clearly marked in red ink, and their numerical

An aide-de-camp galloped into the tent, flung himself from his exhausted mule and saluted.

"In the name of our noble and august Kaiser," he began, "I have offelnberg, hired a tandem and drove to the honour to inform you that we the German lines. He went straight have to-day captured 47 charwomen, to the General. "I shall be obliged if 16 bedridden octogenarians and 21

"Zwanzigkeit!" exclaimed the General excitedly. "Place them in the fore-He spoke in English, but the General front of our brave Bogey Head Hussars, to-morrow morning."

The aide-de-camp saluted, flung himhell for leather to the canteen.

"I am much obliged for the information you have given me," said Bertram tary, "that I am unable to accept your politely. "It is of paramount importance.'

"You're quite welcome," remarked the General. "By-the-by, what do you want it for?"

Our hero rapidly shaved off Wigson's moustache and drew himself up proudly. "I am a spy," he said.

"I suspected as much," commented the General. "Kindly touch that bell free. on the mantelpiece behind you."

Bertram touched it; it was as cold to believe either of his ears.

Bertram seized it by the handle and shook it violently. In a moment or two it rang. A sentry entered.

"Einzweidreivierfünf," said the General, "and riddle him with bullets at eight to-morrow morning."

Early the next morning a knock sounded on the door of Bertram's cell. The doomed man crossed the room and shot back the bolt. An officer armed with a howitzer entered.

"I am instructed to inform you," he said, "that as you are shortly to be shot you are entitled, according to custom, to choose whatever you wish for breakfast."

"Thank you," replied Bertram, "a cup of weak tea and a rusk. Unfortunately I am a chronic dyspeptic, or I would take fuller advantage of your kind hospitality."

A devilish gleam shot from the other's eyes as he heard those words.

"As you will be dead in an hour," he said, "the fact of your being a dyspeptic need not trouble you any more than if you were an acrostic. Let me therefore suggest that you try a sausage or a knuckle of pork."

Bertram reeled against the piano. Here was an opportunity to gratify his palate without regard to the consequences. Quickly he made up his mind.

"Bring me then," he said, "a plate of sausage and sauerkraut, a slab of marzipan and some Limburger cheese."

It wanted but a few minutes to eight, and Bertram Borstal, with steady nerves, waited for the striking of the cuckoo-clock in the prison tower. Once again a knock sounded upon the cell door, and with the utmost sang-froid he drew the key from his pocket and unlocked it. The honorary secretary of Germany entered, preceded by three cripples and a Mother-Superior.

"I am ready," declared Bertram, self on to a fresh mule and galloped calm but pale, "and resigned to my fate."

> "I am happy to say," said the secreresignation. We recognise the fact that you are only a spy, and therefore cannot strictly be said to be bearing arms against us. We have therefore to apologise for having arrested you; but at the same time I would ask you kindly to bear in mind that at these had been studying with a glad cry. times we have much to think about, and mistakes will happen. You are

"Free?" repeated Bertram, unable

"Yes, you are free," said the secre-"See if it will ring," suggested the tary, "and I am empowered to add that under the circumstances no charge will be made for your breakfast. Hochachtunasvoll."

> He withdrew, and Bertram, picking up his umbrella and gloves, quickly followed him.

Half an hour later Bertram had again entered the German lines, imploring to be shot for pity's sake. But it was too late; all the rifles were in use in the firing-line. It was not till he heard this that Bertram Borstal, racked with indigestion, realised the atrocious barbarity of his reprieve.

SWISS LEAVE.

"IT'll be over by Christmas all right," said James again, but without conviction.

"Maybe," I said: "Christmas, 1918. you mean, I suppose?"

James called me a rude name, as soldiers will, and relapsed into moody

I knew what the trouble was. He had booked a room at Spitzeheider for three weeks in January. They were to be the same party as last year, he had said at first; but on cross-examination it appeared that this referred solely to a lady who was described with exaggerated unconcern as being "rather a good sort."

And now here were James and I in one of Kitchener's camps at having taken an oath to defend the King at all costs against his enemies.

True, James had been given an old form to read from, and had sworn allegiance to KING EDWARD VII. without the officer noticing it; but though at first he tried to clutch at this straw it was only a straw.

" I find now that King Edward VII. died some years ago," he had said, "so my oath is not binding, and, if the War is not over by Christmas I shall point that out and retire."

However it was found that "His Heir" was mentioned, so that went by the board.

"Cheer up, James," I said, "Spitzeheider will be there all right in 1920. even if 'the same party' are all married to other people.'

James did not think my remark in the best possible taste, and said as

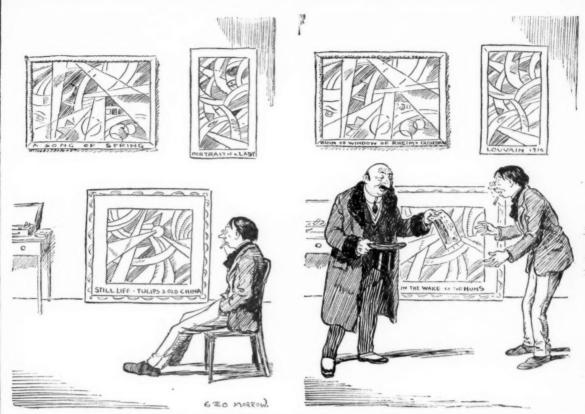
Then he looked up from the map he "Do you know, I think it will be all right after all," he said; "I've been working it out, and I think it more than possible that we shall by January be guarding lines of communication somewhere not so very far from the Swiss frontier. I can get three weeks' leave, join the party at Spitzeheider, and at the end rejoin our gallant troops in the field."

"The Swiss won't much care for your marching into their country armed to the teeth," I said. "You know, James, you cut a very commanding figure in regimentals. I won't say that a somewhat conservative tailor has altogether realised that we are inferior physically but superior intellectually to prehistoric man-I mean the tunic is much too big and the hat much too But you look every inch a recruit, and with any luck by January you'll look like the best kind of War Lord. No, James, the Swiss won't pass you through the Customs.'

"Oh, that will be all right!" he said; "I shall take a change of clothes and leave my uniform and rifle in the cloakroom at the frontier station, and get them out again on the way back."

I saw he was in a mood for sweeping aside all difficulties and said no more. But later I had a new thought for him. "James," I said, "I should mention that little matter-about the three weeks' leave and the cloakroom at the frontier station and all thatto your Colonel soon, if I were you. He'll be busy out there, I dare say, and there will be no time for explanations. If you've prepared the ground, things will go smoother. You'll simply say, 'You remember you said you'd give me three weeks' leave on this date, Sir,' and he'll say, 'All right,' and go on with the battle, and you'll march off. Only," I added, "let me be there, James, when you make your original request."

The Kaiser's Proclamation (Aix-la-Chapelle) ordered the Germans to concentrate their attention on the "treacherous English." We have received several indignant protests from Scotland about the use of the word "English" in place of "British."



HOW THE CUBIST, BY A MERE ALTERATION OF TITLES, ACHIEVED A READY SALE OF UNMARKETABLE PICTURES.

AT THE "PLOUCH AND HORSES."

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man been plaguin' of you to 'list, that calls.' " it?"

"Pleeceman, 'e says to me, 'You 'aven't a wife and you 'aven't a child, on you . . . '"

"Pleeceman 'e did stop you then?"

"Pleeceman's a sight too busy sometimes."

'im and 'im alone."

"Took all the trouble to come after me, 'e did."

" Matter of three-quarter-of-a-mile?" "All of that."

portant like.'

"That's right. Uphill all the way time." to our place, it is, an' Pleeceman 'e fair lost 'is wind. Pleeceman 'e look very fierce—'tis the uniform as does it, "It's takin' your 'and off of the to that 'ere?"

you don't deceive me. Pleeceman 'e plough, ain't it now?"

"I says to says, 'That's right, my fine fellow; you sit at 'ome in your easy-chair,' 'e says,

"What's this we 'ear, Bill? Pleece- bestir theirselves though the trumpet your name."

'ere 's mighty particular.' "That's 'is idea o' bein' sarcastic nor you 'aven't no old mother dependin' like. Pleeceman'll play that game once too often for the good o' 'is 'ealth."

been real proud if 'e could 'ave got a stand among us a couple o' inches "Thinks this new army depends on fine young chap like you to fight for taller on that great day. . . . '" KING GEORGE.

"Pleeceman'e says to me-when'e excited." come up to our place all 'urry-scurry to see after me goin' forth again the enemy-'e says, 'A man as is a man 'as an' white feathers 'll be sproutin' all "Must 'ave felt yourself a bit im- got to put is 'and to the plough now over of you for a coward as refuses to an' save 'is country, while yet there is do 'is little share when nations are

"Pleeceman 'e talks wild when 'e 's excited.'

"Seems so to me-God, 'e knows."

'snoring o' nights on your feather bed, to swell the number as is fightin' for case. while the brave chaps as is gone to the our England, an' honours'll be showered front lie on planks o' wood an' eat their on you as thick as wapses round a l

soup without so much as a spoon, plum-tree in August,' 'e says; 'crosses for the sake o' them who won't an' stars an' 'alf the alphabet after

"Pleeceman 'e can go it - 'istory "Pleeceman seems to think our friend books ain't in it with 'is 'magination.'

"Gen'rous, too, with what ain't 'is own, same as any man."

"Pleeceman 'e says, 'Go forth and fight for this our country an' we'll give "Pleeceman, I reckon, would 'ave you a welcome back as 'll make you

"Pleeceman'e do talk wild when e's

"Pleeceman'e says, 'You shirk this plain duty a-starin' you in the face, goin' at it 'ammer and tongs.'

"Pleeceman is a sight too had when 'e be fairly moved. What did you say

"I says to Pleeceman- You does your duty, anyway as far as it goes. "Pleeceman'e says to me, 'You go But you does it too late in this 'ere

"'Ow was 'e late?"

"'Cos I'd 'listed day before."

IN OUR VILLAGE.

To Mrs. Robinson, The Wigwam, Threads, Nr. Bradford.

From Mrs. Cushat, The Vicarage, Yellowcubs, Leicestershire.

Oct. 8, 1914.

DEAREST SISSIE .- I have been far too busy to write before. In this "Clash of Nations." as James finely said in his last sermon, I am distracted to find suitable holiday amusements for the children. Fräulein should have returned from her holiday in Berlin six weeks ago and was prevented with all her boxes ready packed to come; but perhaps it's as well, as James speaks of the Germans in the strongest terms-quite rightly so, of course : but one would be sorry for the poor girl to feel ashamed of her relations.

Our only alien is poor old Miss Schmidt, who has taught music for thirty years. We all try to be lenient and nice to her at my work-parties, which are widely attended James calls them a mixture of Dorcas and Bellona -ask Harry to explain. The boys are helping to make saddle - pads for the horses at the front. They try each pad on our old Dobbin and are wild for him to go on service at once; but James has just decided that a Vicar's pony's place is in the last line of the Reserves.

You asked me how long the war would continue. We have had quite a lot of talk with the Admiral and dear old General Ramrod about it: but James says, with the utmost respect for their characters, that these naval and military men are so hide-bound. In his opinion hostilities will be over in two months from now. He says:

When the British Lion roars Foreign legions go indoors!

You know his funny way. The boys are now shouting this all about the garden, and trying to roar like lions. I have the greatest difficulty in preventing them from going to fight other children out of sheer patriotism. The darlings do look so nice and smart 1 could not resist buying them flags! and tin swords and helmets like real soldiers in spite of the Moratorium, which I called by mistake crematorium, and James made delightful fun about it. He also said some clever thing about banks which I can't recall; it may come to me later.

Every one talks of nothing but the war. Even the errand-boys must have their say; I caught one of them setting German atrocities, just as a little while up our nice loin chops in the dusty drive and knocking them down with pebbles for bombs; while the girl who this country of thousands of Russians triumph of that relation's letter! It fetched the laundry stayed for an hour travelling from Scotland to Southamp- cannot, I fear, be mine; but surely it in the kitchen teaching cook First Aid ton by underground passage and other will be somebody's

bandaging, and dinner was spoilt in mysterious ways. I myself believed in consequence. However these are all those Russians absolutely, and relinthe little discomforts of war and must quished them with pain and sorrow: be borne in a cheerful spirit.

Your affectionate Sister, MARY John Bull and bullion. Harry will understand and appreciate it.

MY BROTHER'S LETTER.

RELATIONS used to be for the most part a bore, and, unless rich, it was well that they were disregarded. But the war has altered all that. The war has brought relations, no matter how humble, into fashion.

is a special constable and three times has reported an airship by telephone; but these do not count. It is fathers, brothers, cousins, sons, uncles and nephews at the Front who count.

Anyone who can refer to a real relation at the Front is just now conversationally on velvet, while, if a letter from this relation can be produced and read, everyone else must give way. Syp-NEY SMITHS, THEODORE HOOKS, RICHARD Porsons, Thomas Babington Macau-LAYS even, would be three-a-penny today as against one obscure individual relation's narrative. I have even, in who happened to have a brother in the order to cut some sort of a figure in a trenches and a letter in his handwriting.

But that is not all. There is reflected glory too. To know a person who has a relation at the Front is to be immeasurably promoted socially, and municative friend, as delaim an intimate most of the conversations which one overhears in trains and elsewhere have some such opening as this: "A friend be changed! of my brother's has seen a Belgian "A cousin of my wife's who is a doctor in a field hospital says . . ." "I know a man who was talking with substance of which you might care to a wounded Tommy, and he . . ." "An hear." Of course they would be fallundergraduate friend of my boy's who ing over each other to hear, but that is just back from France . . ." Once is my artful way. "He camped stories begun in this way would empty a room; but not so now. Now they no longer devastate but fascinate. It does not matter what the stories ing on the top of the Brandenburg are about, the fact remains that an Gate was one of the finest things opening gambit which three months possible to imagine. He had one bit ago would stamp a man as a triple bore of special luck: he was chosen to be now holds everyone breathless. In short, relations at last have come to their own. Another achievement of

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN! ago they were the preliminaries to un- lot." mistakable evidence of the presence in

and all because they were attested to by other people's relations. This belos P.S.—Dear James's joke was about to show what a hold the relation is getting on us. In fact no story of the war is now possible without some kith and kin in it.

Personally I am much out in the cold. Those two brothers I told you of may serve to fill a gap now and then-a gap left by other more entertaining raconteurs-but they are not, as I said, any real good. Both are in England, and one will never leave it. But if things were different . . . If Not all, but some. I have as a only that soldier brother had joined matter of fact myself one brother in carlier and had written to me from the Fusiliers, in camp, and another who Rheims, say, or Compiègne, how my stock would fly up! Or if that other one would even now fling away his truncheon, enlist in time to share the march to Berlin, and then sit down to tell me all about it, what a swell I should become! How dinner-parties would assemble to hear-me!

As it is. I have to-day to do the best I can either with the tame homekeeping exploits of these two, or, by listening with excessive sympathy or by other parasitical endeavour, acquire a reversionary interest in someone else's company where relations were being used with dashing success-I have even gone so far as to appropriate the gardener's boy's uncle, last heard of from Cambrai, as a personal and comassociation with his letter home.

And how splendid if all that could

"My brother," I could say boldly and with truth,—"my brother has sent me a few lines from Berlin, the out," I should go on, "in the Thiergarten. He says that to see the French waving their arms and cheerone of the guard to protect the removal of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum pictures which are coming to London. He says that among these is the famous For the most part they bear upon portrait of Alexander Del Borro (No. 413a) which is among our little

That would be worth living for-the



Sergeant (looking for likely talent). "Does your horse jump at all?"
Recruit. "On no. Sir. thank you. He's a very nice horse!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Some part of the fascination that I found in Tributaries (CONSTABLE) was perhaps due to the interest of a problem. On the cover I am told that the author "chooses to be anonymous in order that his story should not suffer from the least suggestion of a party bias." And of course, after reading this, I simply had to discover who it was. By the time I reached the last page I had formed a tolerably confident guess. But I will not commit myself further than to say that no one, however "well-known in Great Britain and America" (the publisher again is my authority), need be ashamed to own up to Tributaries, which is quite one of the best written novels of the year. It is the story of a modern demagogue, a young apostle of political nonconformity, part charlatan, part zealot, who comes to town from a provincial chapel, and ends up a glorious failure as a soured and unpopular Cabinet Minister. There is an unusual quality in the characterisation and humour of this story of Maurice Sangster. Page after page abounds with touches of observation which betray the practised hand. The end, in its dry, unemotional justice, approaches real tragedy. One small point. Maurice's father-in-law, who hates and wishes to humiliate him, finds his opportunity when a turn of the party wheel throws the Minister out of office and into poverty. Her father thereupon allows Mrs. Sangster fifteen hundred a year for household expenses on condition that Maurice, who is scraping a bare hundred by his pen, shall not learn of this help till the old man's selected moment for abasing him. An intelligent woman who read the tale objected that no man, even a journalist, could long remain ignorant that he was spending fifteen hundred pounds more than he earned. I think she had a case. But the book remains a remarkable one.

My own feeling about A Soldier of the Legion (METHUEN) is that it suffers from some excess of plot. That clever couple, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, can handle a complicated intrigue better than most: but here their battle-front. so to speak, is of such extent that even they seem to have found it impossible to sustain the attack at every point. We began splendidly. When Max Doran, rich, popular and just betrothed to a star of musical comedy, hears suddenly that he isn't Max Doran at all, but a pauper changeling, and that the real child of his parents (if I make myself clear) is a dull-witted girl who has been spirited away to Africa-I said to myself, now there is an exciting time ahead. So there was, but not in the way I had expected. For when Max goes out to Africa to find the missing one he finds her all right, but himself gets involved in a totally different and not so promising complication. The consequence is that the career of the enriched Josephine and her union with the wicked lawyer (all things about which I greatly wanted to hear) have to be dismissed in a few lines. As compensation we get some good desert pictures and a moving description of life in the Foreign Legion, of which Max becomes a member. But his other African adventures, and the sub-sub-plot of the abduction of a Moorish maiden by her Spanish lover, left me disappointed and detached. Of course Max embraces the heroine on the last page; and I could not but admire the resource with which, having dropped the curtain upon this climax, the authors ring it up again for an added paragraph (my metaphor is getting somewhat uncertain, but no matter), which brings the story to the warlike present. On the whole a readable book, but not quite equal to the best from the same firm.

Since the short prefatory note to Raymond Poincaré (Duckworth) tells me that the book was not hastily mobilised and sent into the firing line earlier than its

author had intended, I must conclude that he is prepared plane? For did not Wriford before his illness give many to meet the onset of the critic. I will therefore suggest to him—and this the more boldly because he is anonymous certain confusion of the clean heart with the unclouded national and domestic, with an allusiveness rather tanta- answer. And anyway I urge everyone to make acquaintlising to the average English reader. "The events of ance with two very lovable folk, the tramp and little Essie. 1904," he says airily, and expects us to remember them at among many others. once. This is a Gallic trait which would have caused us. I suppose, had we possessed it here, to allude to the open space at the top of Whitehall as "the square of the 21st of by her family upon the heroine. It is not, you will admit, October." There is a supreme interest for us at the present either a usual or an attractive name; but then Miss MARION moment in this study of the man whose dignified attitude Fox is by no means a usual writer, though she is in many towards Germany during the Moroccan crisis, and support ways a strangely attractive one. Perhaps you recall certain of the entente with ourselves, has gone far to alter England's earlier tales of hers which displayed the same character-

traditional policy in European affairs. It is noteworthy that the writer takes a very firm line about our duty in this respect. and gravely deprecates the then growing feeling of friendship with Germany. It is his opinion that M. Poincaré probably "exercises more influence in his own country . . . as regards foreign policy than did any of his predecessors." He would also have us appreciate the French PRESIDENT'S many-sided ability as a lawyer, financier, and educationalist. Indeed, his proposed Budget of 1906 might well have earned him a reputation as formidable as that of one whom I will not name. They tell me that M. Poincaré has been to the front. I hope he saw there some worthy fruits of his strong policy in time of peace.

I have not before met with a book by A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, the author of The Clean Heart (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). That is my loss, for he has a curious intensity of vision, an arresting way of making objective his thoughts by a sort of nervous And he has things to say. A

curious theme and painful. One Wriford, editor and novelist, fest itself. "You cannot move about the house without optimist, with his "Oh, ye loonies of the Lord, bless ye the feeling which gives distinction throughout to the story. Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever;" then the oldest sea-captain living, with his portograph" in The Daily Picture; then a preparatory school, full of boys; last, and most effectively, simple, sweet laughing Essie, daughter A useful man in a whirlpool of traffic. of the cert. plumber-all help variously to win him out of his morbid wrestling to mental and spiritual health. A live book this, and to be commended very warmly. But there are one or two difficulties. Those grotesqueries of the tramp and the fantastically laughable adventures of Wriford in his company-do they mingle quite smoothly with the painfully realistic manifestations of poor Wriford's state? Can so dreadful a theme ride off successfully on so bizarre a steed? And then again, was not the whole agony This is almost as picturesque as some of the work of the of the man on the physical and mental, not the spiritual "Eye-witness at General Headquarters."

that he sometimes treats French politics, both inter- mind? I suspect the author has some subtle sufficient

istics that you will find in this. though I think they were not perhaps quite so definitely bogie. I used a wrong qualification there. Definite is exactly what Miss Fox's bogies are not, and in this they show their own good sense, and hers. She knows quite well that to define a supernatural element is to lessen enormously its flesh - creeping capabilities. Your flesh will creep all right over Ape's Face several times; though perhaps you may agree with me at the end that the book is really an enlarged Christmas tale, and would gain by being reduced to magazine dimensions. I have not yet told you what it is all about. Very briefly, there is a family and a curse. This curse -with regard to the exact details of which I still find myself a little vague-used to express itself by causing murders from time to time among the brothers and sisters of the House. The tale is told in a detached and purposely elusive way that adds much to its effect, chiefly as it is felt by one Armstrong, a stranger who comes to stay with the Mortons at a time when their very unpleasant family habit was due to mani-



Special Constable (to suspicious lounger). " Now, LOOK HERE, battering emphasis of repetition.

If YOU DON'T CLEAR OFF, I'LL—TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO-

breaks down from overwork and hovers about the ineffably feeling that the thing has nearly broken through." The dread borderline, crossing and recrossing. And first that italics in this chance quotation are mine, and used to grotesque tramp, Puddlebox, drunken, devout, affectionate emphasize a rare feeling for the most haunting phrase, a

> "Experienced Chauffeur wants situation; careful diver." Advt. in "Gloucester Citizen."

"When the foe was announced, the country men did open the doors of their stables to let the beasts over run in the neighbourhood. Amongst them was a bull, who came out in the street, similling, bending his hocks and waiterig anxious.

At this time, the gun started to boom. The beast, then, urshed and gone away from the village. On the knoll a german section had just taken place. The bull fell amongst, his horns forward, fool of rage. He knocked down the Germans like skittles."

"Démocratie de L'Ouest (English-French edition)."



The following incident has been forwarded by the Special Constable himself, but the Authorities will not permit the publication of his actual portrait :-

Small Boy (suddenly noticing Special Constable). "LOOK AHT! COPPER!"

Girl. "WHERE?"

Boy. "THERE-AGIN FENCE." Girl. "GARN, SILLY-FRIGHTENIN" ME!"

CHARIVARIA.

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"THE KING," says The Manchester Orders." So much for the taunt that Britain's object in taking part in the War was to pick up German orders.

We hear that, in addition to lowering the lights at night, the authorities intend, in order to confuse the enemy, to alter the names of some of our thoroughfares, and a start is to be KAISER smacking his lips. made with Park Lane, which is to be changed to Petticoat Lane.

The Kaiser is reported to have received a nice letter from his old friend ABDUL ("the D-d"), pointing out that it is the fate of some kind and gentle souls to be misunderstood.

Matches, it is stated, are required at Tommy Atkins' reckless habit of lightburning fuse of a bomb.

delivered himself of the following saying:—"Power is to kings, but time figured in "Boots' Roll of Honour" Courier, "has returned all his German belongs to the gods. The Indians know which was published last week.

Orders." So much for the taunt that how to wait." This will no doubt call forth an indignant rejoinder from the Teutonic Waiters' Association.

last week. One can almost hear the would know that you cannot damage

At last the authorities have acted, would take action when a concrete pies here. Note .- "Mince pies' example was brought to their notice.

The official "Eye-Witness" in a the front—to put an end, we believe, to recent despatch tells us how a British A Sikh non-commissioned officer kick from behind, at which the startled did not mention which Christmas.

has, according to The Central News, German ran away with a yell. This

Why, it is being asked, do not the French retaliate for the damage done by the Germans to their cathedrals "Property insured in London is and drop bombs on Berlin? The valued at £1,320,000,000," according to persons who put this question have an announcement made by Lord PEEL evidently never seen Berlin or they its architecture if you try.

The Kaiser has announced his inand the premises of a German firm with tention of eating his Christmas dinner in concrete foundations have been raided. London. We trust that Mr. McKenna This bears out the promise of certain and his men will see to it that His high officials who declared that they Majesty will, anyhow, find no mince should be pronounced "mean spies." This greatly improves the paragraph.]

According to one report which reaches subaltern saw, from a wood, an un- us the Kaiser is now beginning to ing his eigarette by applying it to the suspecting German soldier patrolling quibble. He has pointed out that, the road. Not caring to shoot his man when he said he would eat his Christin cold blood, he gave him a ferocious mas dinner at Buckingham Palace, he

TO THE ENEMY, ON HIS ACHIEVEMENT.

Now wanes the third moon since your conquering host Was to have laid our weakling army low, And walked through France at will. For that loud boast What have you got to show?

A bomb that chipped a tower of Nôtre Dame, Leaving its mark like trippers' knives that scar The haunts of beauty-that's the best reclame You have achieved so far.

Paris, that through her humbled Triumph-Arch Was doomed to see you tread your fathers' tracks-Paris, your goal, now lies a six days' march Behind your homing backs.

Pressed to the borders where you lately passed Bulging with insolence and fat with pride, You stake your all upon a desperate cast To stem the gathering tide.

Eastward the Russian draws you to his fold, Content, on his own ground, to bide his day, Out of whose toils not many feet of old Found the returning way.

And still along the seas our watchers keep Their grip upon your throat with bands of steel, While that Armada, which should rake the deep, Skulks in its hole at Kiel.

So stands your record—stay, I cry you grace— I wronged you. There is Belgium, where your sword Has bled to death a free and gallant race Whose life you held in ward;

Where on your trail the smoking land lies bare Of hearth and homestead, and the dead babe clings About its murdered mother's breast—ah, there, Yes, you have done great things!

O. S.

TOMMY BROWN, RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Tommy Brown had been moved up into Form II., lest he should take root in Form I. He had been recommended personally by the master of Form I. to Mr. Smith, the guardian deity of Form II., as "the absolute limit." After a year of Tommy, Mr. Smith had begun to mention him in his prayers, not so much for Tommy's good as for his own deliverance-mentally including him in the category of plague, pestilence, famine and sudden death.

Though the pervading note of Mr. Smith's report upon Tommy was gloom, deep gloom, he must have had some dim hopes of him, for, at the end of the Summer Term, he brains for something to add to his essay, and there came had placed his hand upon Tommy's head and said, "Never mind, my boy, we shall make a man of you some day.

A new term had begun; Tommy Brown had mobilised two days late, but he was in time for Mr. Smith's lecture on "The War, boys."

The orator spoke for an hour and a quarter, and at the end he wiped his brows with the blackboard duster under the impression that it was his handkerchief. Meanwhile eagerly looking forward to the day when Mr. Smith will Tommy had eaten three apples, caught four flies, written "Kiser" in chalk on the back of the boy in front of him, exchanged a catapult with Jones minor for a knife, cut his finger, and made faces at each of the four new boys. Mr. Smith caught him in one of these contortions, but he was speaking of Louvain at the moment and took it as a compliment.

Suddenly Tommy found himself confronted with a number | The unusual shape of it struck him at once.

of sheets of clean paper. "The essay is to be written on one side of the paper only," said Mr. Smith.

Tommy asked the boy next to him what they had to write about, and the reply, "The War, you fool," set him thinking,

A deathlike stillness fell upon the room; Tommy Brown looked round, frowned heavily, dipped his pen in the ink and then in his mouth, and thought hard.

Then, after much frowning, he delivered himself of the following, the ink being shared equally between himself and

"The wor was becose the beljums wouldent let the jermens go over there fields so they put minds in the sea and bunbarded people dead with airplans. It was shokkin, The rushens have got a steme roler. We have got a garden roler at home and I pull it sometimes. I dont like jermens. Kitchener said halt your country needs you and weve got a lot of drednorts. The airplans drop bours on anyone if your not looking it isnt fare yours truly T. Brown."

The essay completed to his satisfaction, Tommy Brown conveyed to his mouth a sweet the size and strength of which fully justified the name "Britain's Bulwarks" attached to it by the shopkeeper.

He then leaned back with the air of one who had done his duty in the sphere in which he found himself and proceeded to survey the room.

The other boys were still writing, and for fully half a minute Tommy looked at them in pained surprise.

He then read his own essay again and, finding no flaw in it, frowned once more on his fellow pupils and wrote: "My father won the Victoria Cross Meddle." written this he looked round again somewhat defiantly. His eye caught one of the new boys beginning another sheet.

Tommy's essay just filled two-thirds of a page. He would fight that new boy. Just then the words of a war poster came into his head and he wrote in large letters: "Your King and country want you."

Tommy studied this for a minute, and then, as the appeal seemed directed to himself, he wrote: "I'm not old enuf or I'd go my brothers gone I'm not a funk I let Jones miner push a needle into my finger to show him."

It seemed to Tommy Brown that the other boys possessed some secret fund of information, even the new boys. He'd show those new boys after school. Having made up his mind on this point he printed at the bottom of his essay, "Kitchener wants men." As an after-thought he added, "My father was a man."

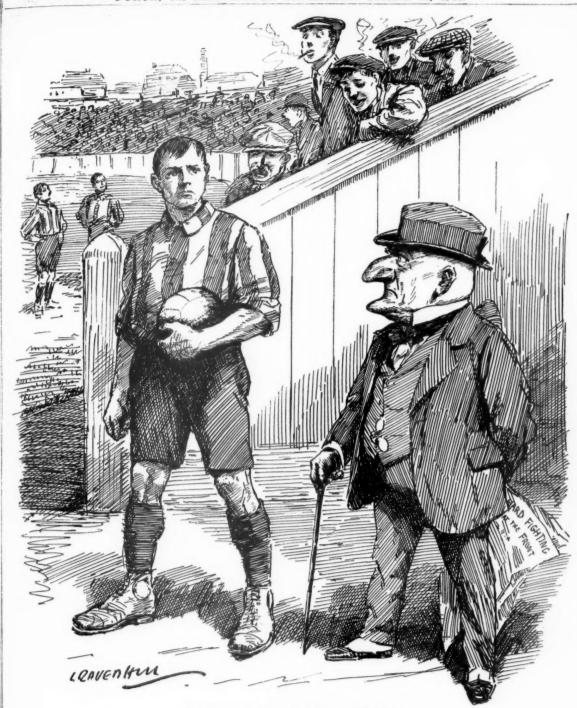
He let his gaze wander round the room until it fell upon the face of his master, and then, under some impulse, he wrote the fateful words, "Mr. Smith is a man."

"Finish off now!" rang out the command from Mr. Smith. Tommy saw the other boys putting sheet after sheet together, and he had hardly filled one. He racked his to his mind the words written under his father's portrait. He had only time to put down "England expecswhen his paper was collected.

No one ever read Tommy Brown's essay excepting Mr. Smith, and he burnt it.

A lady teaches Form II. now, and Tommy Brown is return to occupy once more the post that is being kept open for him, for Mr. Smith has promised to bring Tommy home a German helmet.

"A number of shells burst together and almost at the same moment he saw a large cigar-shaped cigar fall to the earth." Bolton Evening News.



THE GREATER GAME.

MR. PUNCH (to Professional Association Player). "NO DOUBT YOU CAN MAKE MONEY IN THIS FIELD, MY FRIEND, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE FIELD TO-DAY WHERE YOU CAN GET HONOUR."

[The Council of the Football Association apparently proposes to carry out the full programme of the Cup Competition, just as if the country did not need the services of all its athletes for the serious business of War.]

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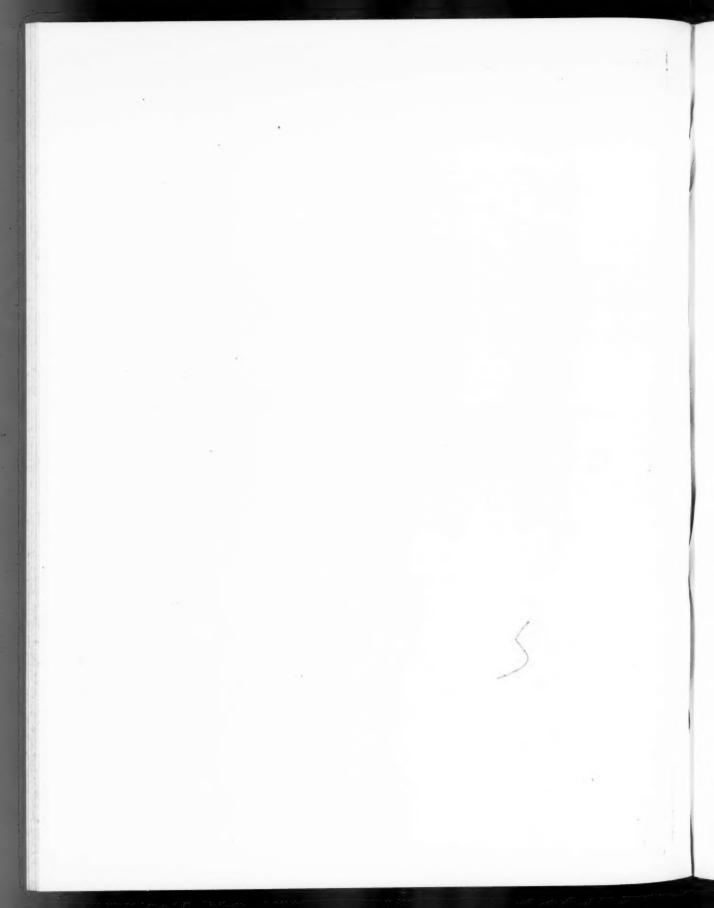
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THE SUNDAY EVENING EDITION.

MRS. HENRY looked up. "I think I hear that boy again selling evening papers," she said. "I suppose they must come off the 9.5 train. But it's a strange thing to happen on a Sunday-here."

The Reverend Henry was already at the window. He threw it up and

leaned out.

"One can't approve of it, but I suppose in war time-" Mrs. Henry was beginning when her husband cut her short. "Hush-I'm trying to hear what he is saying. I wish boys could be taught to speak distinctly." There was a pause.

"I can't make him out." The Reverend Henry's head reappeared between the curtains. "It's really most exasperating; I'd give a lot to know if the Belgian army got out of Antwerp

before it fell."

"Couldn't you shout down and ask

him?

"No, no. I cannot be discovered interrogating urchins about secular affairs from a second storey window on Sunday evening. Still, I'd like to

The Reverend Henry perambulated the room with knitted brow.

"I never bought a Sunday paper of any sort in my life. Never."
"I suppose one must have some

principles," said his wife.
"But it's enormously important, you know. They may easily have been surrounded and captured. He returned to the window. "Hullo, he's gone to the door. I say, Cook has bought one. This is exciting. I should never have thought Cook would have done that."

"It raises rather a nice point," said Mrs. Henry.

The Reverend Henry returned resolutely to his book. The shouts of the

newsvendor died away.

"We must not forget," said the Reverend Henry irrelevantly, "that Cook is a Dissenter." Then suddenly he broke out. "I wish I know," he said. "I am not paying the least attention to this book and I shan't sleep well, and I shall get up about two hours before the morning paper arrives, and be restive till I know whether the Belgians got out. But what am I to do? I can't ask Cook."

"I might go down," his wife volunteered. "I needn't say anything about it, you know. I could just stroll about the kitchen and change the orders for breakfast. The paper is pretty sure to be lying about. There may be headlines."

Alf (reading French news), "ALL THE CINEMAS IN CALAIS ARE SHUT UP. WORD! THAT BRINGS THE HORRORS OF WAR PRETTY CLOSE HOME!"

"No," said the Reverend Henry with determination, "I really cannot consent to it."

"Well, I may as well go to bed. Don't sit up late."

The Reverend Henry did sit up rather late. He was wide awake and ill at ease. At last he listened intently at the door and then took a candle and stole down

the passage.

The Reverend Henry had not been in his own kitchen for close upon ten years, and he did not know the way about very well. He had adventures and some moments of rigid suspense landed in Dublin yesterday afternoon, and while the clatter of a kicked coal-scuttle conveyed under escort to Templemore, County died away in the distance. But when Tipperary."-Newcastle Daity Journal. at last he crept noiselessly up-stairs It's a long, long way, but they've got he was assured of a good night's rest. | there at last.

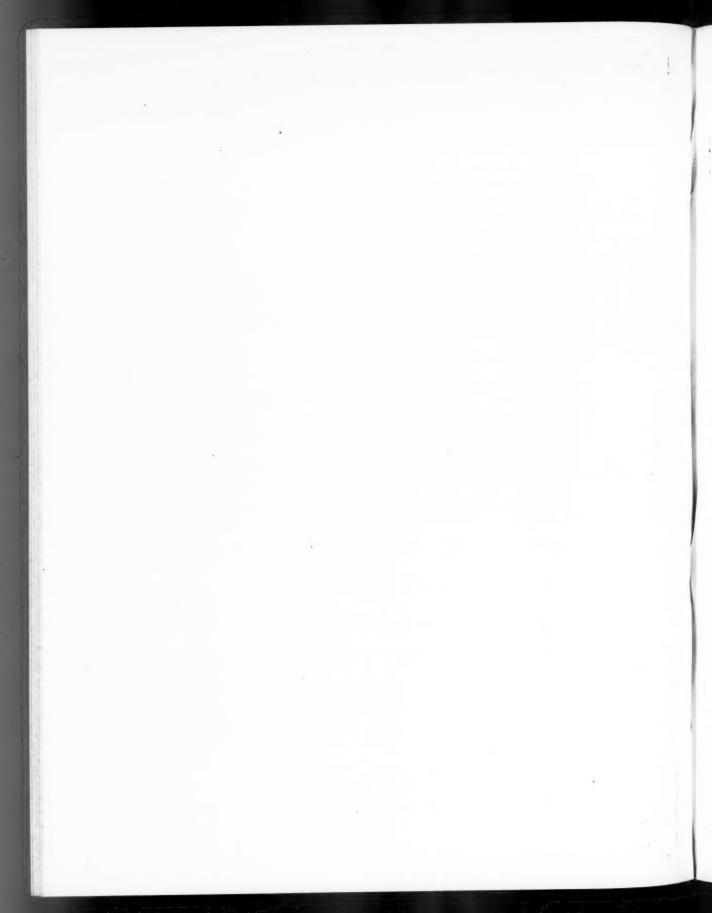
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UNINTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

"My dear," I said, "you are always proposing things, and then, when they are carried nem. con., you argue against your own proposal.'

"It's unfair to use Greek to me."

"'Nem. con.," I said, "is rich old Castilian and, put simply, means that nobody-I am nobody-objects."

"But we can't afford a new tea-set." "Then why did you ask so many to

tea at once?

"I didn't think," said Alison. "They are coming to make pyjamas for our soldiers in the trenches, and I simply thought that the more people came the more pyjamas there would be."

"How many cups have

we?"

"Only five tea-cups. Jessie broke two more yesterday, and there's one with a piece out that you or I could use. Oh! and there are the two breakfast cups and two odd ones which would make up the number, but they're such a mixed lot,"

Jessie is our domestic staff and a champion

china-breaker.

"If Jessie," I said, "were not so good to young Peter I should insist on handing her back her credentials. Hold! I have the germ of an idea. Leave me to work it out, please. I see credit, nay kudos, in it."

At the end of ten minutes Alison looked in

"I'm just putting the finishing touches," I said.

"Kindly ask Peter to spare me a few moments. He's sailing his boats in the bath, I imagine. By the way, what time are these people coming?"

·it's now nearly four."

"Then please see that Jessie brings

in tea at five exactly."
"Why exactly?" said Alison.
"Why not?" I said. "Five is a very good hour, and it's part of my scheme.'

"It's most mysterious," said Alison. "It's particularly ingenious," I said. "Everything dovetails in beautifully, and if you'll carry out your small share all will be well. By the way, if I make any remark to the company before tea which is not-er-strictly true, you will please to take no notice of it.

"I'll try not to," said Alison, "if it isn't too outrageous."

"Oh, no," I said, "nothing to shy at. But I might find it necessary to say something about a Worcester teaset. Listen," I said before she could interrupt. "When you hear me say, 'Worcester tea-set' you say 'Great heavens!' or whatever women say under stress of great emotion. But sit tight. Don't go and see about it."

"See about what?"

"The Worcester tea-set, of course."

"Now look here, old pal," I said at the close, "quarter to exactly, in the bathroom."

"Right-o! Daddy." Peter (atat. 9) has a wrist-watch already and winds I said before she could it regularly, so I knew he wouldn't fail me.

> At a quarter to five I was talking to Mrs. Padbury, the Rector's wife, about the doings of the various Armies in the field. I was sitting in such a position that, while seeming to attend only to her, I could keep an eye on the drawing-

room clock behind her. Every detail of my scheme had been carefully arranged; it now only remained for the actors to play their . . .

Crash!

"Bless my soul," I said, "that sounds remarkably like the Worcester teaset," and looking at the clock again I knew that Peter had made the "loud noise off" at the exact moment. "Good lad," I said to myself.

"Great heavens!" said

I was delighted. I had been more afraid of Alison's getting stage fright than of anything else, and there she was playing her part like a veteran actress. Things were going really

splendidly. It was at this precise moment that the grandfather clock in the kitchen gave out the first stroke of five, and at the same moment Jessie entered bearing a tray, on which were the five drawingroom tea-cups which were intact, the single ditto with a piece out, two breakfast

cups and two odd ones.

So the one player, the kitchen clock, whose part had been overlooked, had Jessie tripped on the doormat as she came in, with fatal results to the rest "The idea," I said, "is great, but it of our tea-things, was a mere circum-

Alison blames me for everything. The next pyjama conference is to be held at the Rectory. .

From a well-known Firm's catalogue :-

"Our roll of honour to date: 487 employées oined the colours.' The question, "Shall women fight?"

has now been decided.



The St. John Ambulance Association, which forms part of the Red Cross Organisation of Great Britain, derives its name and traditions from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (Knights Hospitallers), founded at the time of the Crusades. It has at this moment many thousands of workers engaged in tending the wounded at the seat of war and in the hospitals of the Order.

In peace time it does not appeal to the public for subscriptions, but under the stress of war it finds itself in urgent need of help, and iabsolutely compelled to ask for funds. Gifts should be sent to the Chief Secretary, Colonel Sir Herbert C. Perrott, Bt., C.B., at St. John's Gate, C'erkenwe I, E.C., and cheques should be crossed "London County and Westminster Bank, Lothbury," and made payable to the St. John Ambu'ance Association. In aid of its work, a Concert (at which Madame Patti will sing) is to be given at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 24th.

"But we haven't got one."

"My dear girl," I said, "try to imagine we have. In this little drawing-room comedy you've only one line spoilt the whole show by being nearly "Half-past four," said Alison, "and to learn, and your cue's 'Worcester fifteen minutes fast; and the fact that tea-set.'

"But what's the idea?" said Alison.

is as well you should not know the stance. whole plot of the piece yet. Play your Aliso one line, and I, as stage manager, will answer for the rest of the cast.

"And what's Peter got to do with it? I want him to have tea with Jessie.'

"Right," I said. "Peter's part is important, but is played off—in the wings, as it were.

My interview with Peter was not a long one.

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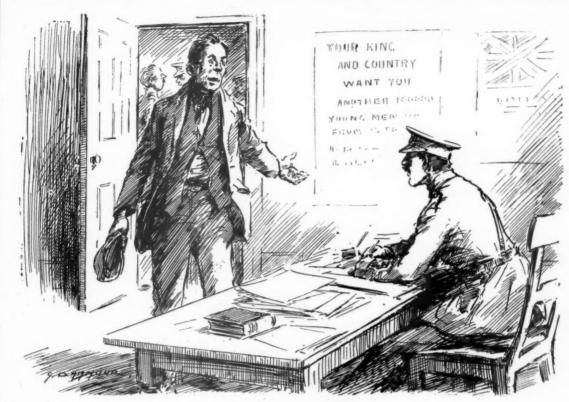
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A UNITED FAMILY.

Irish would-be Recruit. "Beg pardon, Captain, but the man in there won't let me go to fight because of me eye."

Captain. "Have you ever been in the Army?"

Would-be Recruit. "I have, sorr."

Would-be Recruit. "Me brother was in the Leinsters."

STICK TO IT, RIGHT WING!

(A few suggested official communiques, respectfully offered to the authorities in Paris.)

MONDAY.

Enemy, towards Lassigny, made attack,
But after suffering heavy loss withdrew.
We have made progress near to Berry-au-Bac,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

TUESDAY.

Near the Argonne we had a slight reverse (Though what the Germans said is quite untrue). Along the Meuse things seem a little worse, But on our right wing there is nothing new.

WEDNESDAY.

We gather that sensational reports
Announced the fall of Antwerp ere 'twas due;
There 's still resistance in some Antwerp forts,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

THURSDAY.

Our left is making progress, and it looks
(For the straight line is getting very skew)
As if our forces might surround von Kluck's.
Meantime, on right wing there is nothing new.

FRIDAY.

Fighting in centre; German loss immense; Our casualties, it seems, were very few. All up the left wing Germans very dense; May they remain so! Right wing, nothing new.

SATURDAY.

In some few places we have given ground;
In several others we have broken through.
Our left is still by way of working round,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

SUNDAY.

On our left wing the state of things remains
Unaltered, on a general review.
Our losses in the centre match our gains,
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

L'Exvoi.

So it goes on. But there may come a day
When Wilhelm's cheek assumes a different hue,
And bulletins are rounded off this way:—
"And on the right wing there is something new."

"The prisoner, who was said to be an Indian barrister's window, was placed on the floor of the Court."—Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

The prisoner would have looked better in the roof as a skylight.

"THE DOUBLE MYSTERY."

ACT I.

Scene: The house of Judge Hallers. Also of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER; that is to say, The Garrick.

Doctor Ferrier (professionally). Now tell me the symptoms. Where do you feel the pain?

Judge Hallers. At the back of the head. I've never been myself since I fell off my bicycle. My memory goes.

Ferrier. Ah, I know what you want. Open your mouth. (Inserts thermometer.) This will cure you . . . Good heavens, he's swallowed it!

Hallers. There you are, that's what I mean. I thought it was asparagus for the moment. Haven't you another

one on you? Ferrier. Tut, tut, this is very singular. (Makes another effort to grapple with it.) What books have you been reading

lately? Hallers. One about Dual Personality. It's all rubbish.

Ferrier (quoting from the programme with an air of profound knowledge). Cases showing prevalence of this mental disorder are to be found everywhere. (Gets up.) Well, well, I will come round to-morrow with another thermometer. Good night.

Hallers. Dual personality - nonsense! (A spasm seizes him. He scowls at the audience, ties a muffler round his Exit growling.

ACT II.

Scene: "The Lame Duck" café, a horrible haunt of depravity. Poulard (the Proprietor, to long-

bearded customer). Yes, Sir? L.-B. Customer. H'sh! (Removes por-

tion of beard.) I am Inspector Heidegg! Poulard. Fried egg? Inspector (annoyed). Heidegg. (Re-

places beard.) A gang of desperate desperados, headed by the ruffianly ruffian whom they call The Baron, will be here to-night. I shall be hiding under the counter. Ten men and two dachshunds surround the house. If you betray me your licence will not be worth a moment's purchase.

[He dives under the counter. Poulard, rather upset, goes out and kicks the

Enter the gang of desperados, male and female. A scene of horrible debauchery

Charlier (revelling recklessly). Small lemonade, waiter.

Picard (with abandoned gaiety). A dry biscuit and a glass of milk.

Jacquot (letting himself go). Dash, bother, hang, bust!

Picard (to Merlin). Why don't you revel?

Merlin (giving Suzanne a nudge). What-ho! Relapses into silence again. Picard (gaily). A song! a song!

Charlier (in an agonised whisper). You fool, none of us can sing!

Picard. What about the girl who sang the recruiting song before the play began? Isn't she behind the scenes! still? (Cracking his biscuit.) Well, let's have a dance anyway. We must make the thing go. Waiter, another glass of milk.

Enter Judge Hallers in scowl and tal disordermuffler.

Hallers. I mean business to-night, boys. Look at this! (He produces a dagger and a pistol.)

Charlier. What a man!

[He throws away his pea-shooter in disgust. Jacquot, who has just begun to strop a fish-knife, realizes (He glares at him.) that he has been outdone in devilry, and gives it back to the waiter. Picard replaces his knotted handkerchief.

Hallers. Yes, boys, I've got a crib for you to crack to-night. It's Judge Hallers' house. (A loud bumping noise is heard from the direction of the counter.) What's that?

It is Inspector Heidegg. (Raising his head incautiously, in order to catch his neck and loses his identity.) Gr-r-r-r! first sight of the notorious Baron, he has Waugh-waugh! Gr-r-r-r! Przemys!! struck the top of his skull against the counter and is now lying stunned.) All. A spy!

Hallers. Bring him out . . . Ha! Who is he? Is that his own beard or Clarkson's?

Charlier. It's a police inspector in a false beard!

Mr. BOURCHIER (contemptuously). A real artist would have grown a beard. (Producing his knife.) He must die.

(There is a loud noise without.) Noise without. Open! Bang-bang. Open! Bow-wow, bow-wow. the police and the two dachshunds.

Hallers. Quick! The trap-door! [They escape as the dachshunds enter.

LAST ACT.

Scene: Next morning at Judge Hallers. Dr. Ferrier. Good morning, Judge. I 've come with that other thermometer. I have ventured to tie a piece of string to it, so that in case the-er-temperature goes down again — But what 's happened here? You seem all upset.

Hallers. Burglary. I dropped asleep at my desk here last night, and when I wake up I find that a criminal called The Baron and two accomplices have burgled my house. The Baron escaped, but Heidegg caught the others.

Ferrier. Extraordinary thing. What theatres have you been to lately?

Hallers. Only the Garrick. (Enter Heidegg.) Well, anything fresh to report, Inspector?

Heidegg. Yes, Judge. The prisoners say that you are The Baron. But they say you had a muffler on last night. That might account for our dachshunds missing the scent.

Hallers. Good heavens, what do you make of this, Doctor?

Ferrier (picking up programme). Cases showing prevalence of this men-

Hallers. You mean I am a dual Charlier (enthusiastically). Ha! The personality! (Covers his face with his

Ferrier. Come, come, control yourself. Hallers (calmly). It is all right; I am my own man-I mean my own two

men again. What shall I do?

Ferrier. You must wrestle with your second self. I will hypnotise you.

Hallers (after a long pause). Well, why don't you begin?

Ferrier. You ass, I'm doing it all the time. This is the latest way . . . There! Now then, wrestle!

[A terrible struggle ensues. After what seems about half an hour the Judge, panting heavily, gets The Baron metaphorically down on the mat, and-

Ferrier. Time! (Replacing his watch.) That will do for to-day. But continue the treatment every morning-say for half an hour before the bath. Good day to you.

Hallers. Wait a moment; you can't go like this. We must have a proper curtain. Ah, here 's my fiancée. Would Thank you!

[The Doctor leads her to the Judge, who embraces her.

CURTAIN.

A. A. M.

"It was dark, and as he stumbled on his way he called out, 'Are you there, Fritz?' French soldier with a knowledge of German shouted back, 'Here.'"—Daily Mail.

At the critical moment his knowledge of German seems to have failed him.

From the report of the Manchester Medical Officer of Health :-

"An important step forward was taken in 1909, when an Order of the Local Government Board made Tuberculosis of the Lungs obligatory on the Medical Officers of the Poor Law Service; in 1911 a second Order extended the obligation to other Institutions."

So far, luckily, the Order has not been extended to journalists. Regarding it, however, from the standpoint of the onlooker, we think that the L. G. B. has gone a little beyond its powers.

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WHY HAVE WE NO SUPERMEN LIKE THE GERMANS?



How they might brighten Regent Street.



HOW THEY MIGHT WAKE UP OUR RESTAURANTS.



AND HONOUR US WITH THEIR GALLANTRY.



AND, BEST OF ALL, HOW AMUSING TO SEE THEM MEET A SUPER-SUPERMAN.



Storm of righteous indignation at the enemy's headquarters on their being shown a "barbarous and disgusting engine of war" in use by the Allies. [The Germans have taken a strong objection to the French 75 m/m gun.]

THE GREAT SHOCK.

(Or a tragic result of Armageddon as gleaned from the Evening Press.)

No more the town discusses The Halls and what will win; Now stifled are the wags' tones On Piccadilly's flagstones, And half the motor-buses Have started for Berlin.

New eyes to war adapting We stare at the Gazette; Yon eager-faced civilian, When posters flaunt vermilion And boys say "Paper, capting." Replies " Not captain-yet.

"Remains," I asked, "no station Of piping peace and sport? Oh yes. Though kings may tumble, No howitzers can rumble, No sounds but cachinnation

Can boom from Darling's Court.

"That garden of the Graces Can hear no cannon roar; From that dear island valley No bruit of arms can sally, But men must burst their braces With laughter as of yore.

"While dogs of war are snarling His wit shall sweep away Bellona's ominous vapour;" Therefore I bought a paper To see what Justice DARLING Happened to have to say.

In vain his humour sortied, In vain with spurts of glee Like field-guns on the trenches He raked the crowded benches: My evening print reported No kind of casualty.

No prisoner howled and hooted, No strong policemen tore With helpless mirth their jackets, There was not even in brackets This notice: "(Laughter-muted In deference to the war.")

A Traitor Press.

EVOE.

"BRITISH PRESS BACK THE ENEMY." Manchester Courier. Punch anyhow backs the Allies.

Cardiff claims the honour of having enlisted the heaviest recruit in the So he flutters a Union Jack person of a police constable weighing nineteen stone odd. He should prove invaluable for testing bridges before the heavy artillery passes across.

A ROYAL CRACKSMAN.

WHEN the housebreaking business is slack

And cracksmen are finding it slow-For all the seasiders are back And a great many more didn't go-Here's excellent news from the front And joy in Bill Sikes's brigade;

Things are looking up since The German Crown PRINCE Has been giving a fillip to trade.

His methods are quite up to date, Displaying adroitness and dash; What he wants he collects in a crate, What he doesn't he's careful to smash.

An historical château in France With Imperial ardour he loots, Annexing the best And erasing the rest With the heels of his soldierly boots.

Sikes reads the report with applause; It's quite an inspiring affair; But a sudden idea gives him pause-

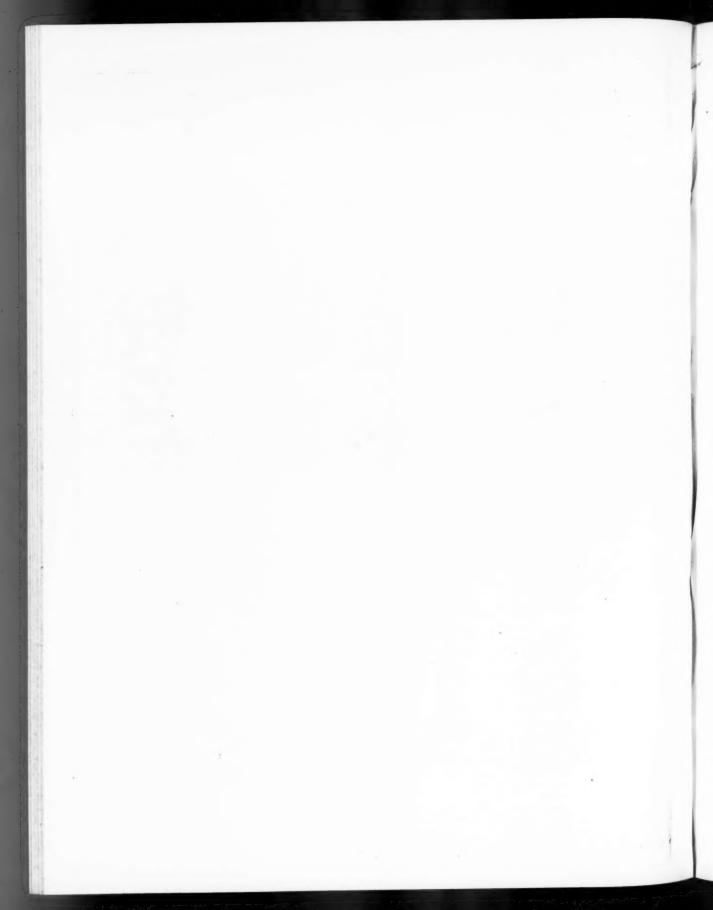
The Germans must stop over there! To help to keep Englishmen steady, Remarking, "His nibs

Mustn't crack English cribs, The profession is crowded already.



UNCONQUERABLE.

THE KAISER, "SO, YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING." THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "NOT MY SOUL."





MORE HORRORS OF WAR.

Lady Midas (to friend). "Yes, DO COME TO DINNER ON FRIDAY. ONLY I MUST CAUTION YOU THAT IT WILL BE AN ABSOLUTE PICNIC, FOR MY FOURTH AND SIXTH FOOTMEN HAVE JUST ENLISTED."

WAR ITEMS.

THE reiterated accusations made by Germany of the use of dum - dum bullets by the Allies, although they are not believed by anyone else, appear to be accepted without question by the German General Staff. New measures of retaliation are being taken, which, while not strictly forbidden by Interto contravene the etiquette of civilised Western Theatres. warfare. We learn from Sir John French's Eve-witness that numbers of gramophones have made their appearance in the German trenches north of the Aisne River.

Papers captured in the pocket of a member of the German Army Service Corps contain bitter complaints of the enormous strain thrown upon the already over-taxed railway system in Germany by the Kaiser's repeated journeys to and fro between the Eastern and the Western Theatres of War. He is referred to (rather flippantly) as "The Imperial Pendulum" (Perpendikel). The writer, while re-tracted so much attention.

cognising the eager devotion with which the Kaiser is pursuing his search for a victory in the face of repeated II., a new edition, very much revised disappointment, congratulates himself that the Imperial journeys, though they are not likely to be discontinued, will at least grow shorter and shorter as time goes on. Indeed, it is hoped that before long a brief spin in the Imperial automobile-de-luxe will cover national Law, may at any rate be said the ground between the Eastern and

WORKS OF KULTUR.

In some respects, apparently, the enemy has been less affected by the War than we have. While in England the book - trade has been slightly depressed, in Germany it seems to be flourishing. We give samples from the latest catalogues :

POETRY.

ZOLLERN, whose Bleeding Heart at- CROWN PRINCE contributes: "Beware

HISTORY.

Kaiser's Gallie War Books, I. d. since August by General von Kluck and other accomplished scholars, are certain to be of great use for educational purposes.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In this department a work likely to be enquired for is The Dogs of St. Bernhardi, by General von Moltke.

FICTION.

The demand for fiction in Germany is said to be without parallel and the supply appears to be not inadequate. Among forthcoming volumes there should be a demand for Der Tag; or, It Never Can Happen Again.

GENERAL.

Proverbial Philosophy contains the favourite proverbs of various persons of eminence. From the Imperial FINANCE MINISTER comes: "It's never too late The most interesting volume announced is A Hunning We Will Go, and Other Verses, by William Hohen-many books spoil the Goth." The to lend." From General MANTEUFFEL. the rift within the loot."

ZEITUNGS AND GAZETTINGS.

ROOSEVELT UNMASKED.

efforts to maintain the disinterested ever since 1212 A.D. for the war which at the London Sessions, "for the selfclaim on American friendship which at last even our chivalrous diplomacy we Germans have always (when in has been powerless to avert. need of it) advanced, continue to be misrepresented in that stronghold of atheistical materialism and Byzantine voluptuousness, New York. To the its position. Should it maintain its in Mowlem & Mowlem confided to our gifted Professer von Schwank's chal- present short-sighted and untenable representative: "That's all very fine. lenge, that he could not fill a single neutrality what has it to gain from but what's to become of us? Not a "scrap of paper" with the record of England, France, or Russia? Nothing burglar on our books for the last six acts of war on our part which were that it has not already got. Monaco weeks. Not a confidence man; not a

the effete and already discredited ROOSEVELT has merely replied, "Could fill Rheims." This is very poor stuff and worthy only of a creature who combines with the intellectual development of a gorilla the pachymenia of the rhinoceros and the dental physiognomy of the wart-hog. ROOSEVELT, once our friend, is plainly the enemy and must be watched, Should he decide, however, even at the eleventh hour, to fall in line with civilisation, he can rely on finding in Germany, in return for any little acts of useful neutrality which he may be able to perform, a generous ally, a faithful upholder of treaty obligations, and a tenacious friend. There must surely be something that America covets-something belonging to one of our enemies. Between men of honour we need sav no more.

BASE CALUMNY EXPOSED.

Let us speak plainly with regard to the Rheims affair. We have successively maintained

that this over-rated monument of speak very differently. It is not desir-sponse to telegrams (reply paid):was deliberately pushed into our line of elaborate but puerile fiction basely in- will return in our next issue. Monaco, the eyes of neutral Powers. Any of the natural ally of Germany. these was good enough, but what now appears is better. Exact measurements question of cavil that Rheims Cathedral as often as another.' had been built with mathematical enemy's trenches around Chalons from more research.

our best gun positions outside Laon. This act of treachery proves that, instead of Germany being the aggressor, IT is sad to relate, but persistent France has been cunningly preparing marked Mr. Robert Wallace, K.C.

GENEROUS OFFER TO MONACO.

incompatible with Divine guidance and they naturally wants something more. coiner; not a note expert. And they the promulgation of the higher culture, Let us be frank. We of Germany had the opportunity of their lives with



"Prutsch! Der vas just a few tings vat I use to FRIGHDEN DER CATS FROM MEIN GARTEN!"

Arimaspian decadence (1) was not in- able to be specific, but short of that jured in any way; (2) was only blown we may say that whatever Monaco stares me in the face." to pieces in conformity with the rules asks for it will be promised. England, of civilised warfare; (3) was mutilated we would then repeat, is the enemy. decided to suppress Raffles for the and fired by our unscrupulous and Has Monaco forgotten the sinister period of the War." barbaric opponents themselves; (4) malignity of an article in an English paper disclosing "How to Break the fire on the night of the 19th September; Bank at Monte Carlo." It is unneces-(5) never existed at all, being indeed an sary to labour the point, to which we vented by a baffled enemy with the object in short, like Turkey, Bolivia, China, of discrediting our enlightened army in the United States, Hayti and Oman, is

"After exhaustive research a Scotch scientist have since demonstrated beyond all has decided that no trees are species is struck

Vancouver Daily Province.

accuracy to shield our contemptible He must have a rest and then try some

THE SLUMP IN CRIME.

"PRAISE is due to criminals," recontrol they are exercising during this period of stress and anxiety.'

It is to be feared that Mr. WALLACE's views are not entirely shared by the It is time for Monaco to reconsider legal profession. As the junior partner

the John Bradbury notes! We shall have to shut up our office. and then what's to become of our clerk? What's to become of our charwoman? I ask you, what's to become of our charwoman's poor old husband dependent on her? No, let's have patriotism in its right place!"

An old-established firm of scientific implement merchants showed even more indignation, "We had taken our place in the firing-line in the War on Germany's Trade," they declared. "We had made arrangements for home manufacture to supplant the alien jemmy. No British burglar would need to be equipped with anything but all-British implements, turned out in British factories and giving employment to British workmen only. And now what do we find? The market has gone to pot. Yes, Sir, to pot. And that's the reward for our patriotic efforts!

Opinions of other representative men in the criminological world have reached us in re-

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: "Ruin

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER: "Have

Mr. RAFFLES: "Have decided to suppress GERALD DU MAURIER for the period of the war."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON: "Have always maintained that patriotism is the curse of the criminal classes. Will contribute ten guineas to National Fund for Indigent Burglars Whose Front Name Is Not William."

Crown Prince WILHELM: " Have nothing to give away to the Press.'

Mr. George Bernard Shaw: "My first telegram for three months. To be a criminal needs brains. There are no English criminals."



Nurse. "Goodness me! What 'AVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOUR DOLLS?" Joan. "Charlie's killed them! He said they were made in Germany, and how were we to know they weren't spies?"

WITH HIGH HEART.

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THE long line of red earth twisted away until it was lost in the fringe of "Dahn and aht," said the big man a small copse on the left and had dipped gruffly. "Gawd! If we could get at behind a hillock on the right. Flat open country stretched ahead, grass deserted.

not even a puff of smoke to suggest his whereabouts. But the air was full of rising eerie shriek of the shrapnel.

Behind the line of red earth lay the the little man. British, each man with his rifle cuddled weapon that yet conveyed a sense of comfort. The shells were bursting with hideous accuracy - sharp flashes of murderous rain of shrapnel.

"Crikey!" said a little man in filthy rose up and hit him on the shoulder: "crikey! that was a narsty shave for dying man who spoke first. your uncle!"

shifted half an inch of dead cigarette swelled into a roar. from one corner of his mouth to the

Four or five places up the trench a unison.

man stumbled to his knee, coughed dead.

The wail of a distant shell rose to a lands and fields of stubble, lifeless and shriek and the explosion was instantaneous. The little man suddenly went There was no enemy to be seen and limp and his rifle rolled down the bank of the trench.

His friend looked at him with the booming of heavy guns and the unspeakable anguish. "Got it-in the perishing neck this time, Bill," gasped

Bill leaned over and propped his pal's lovingly to his shoulder, a useless head on his shoulder. A large dark stain was saturating the wounded man's tunic and he lay very still.

"Bill," very faintly; then, with surwhite light, a loud report and then a prise, "Blimey! 'E's blubbing! Poor old Bill!'

The big man was shaking with rain-sodden khaki, as a handful of earth strangled sobs. For some moments he held his friend close, and it was the

"Are we dahn-'earted?" he said. The big man beside him grunted and The whisper went along the line and

The big man choked back his sobs. other. "You can 'old my 'and," said "No, old pal, no!" he answered, he with a grin. "No-o-o-o!" roared the line in

The little man lay back with a conwith a rush of blood and toppled over tented sigh. "No," he repeated, and closed his eyes for ever.

THE SOUTHDOWNS.

THE Grey Men of the South They look to glim of seas, This gentle day of drouth And sleepy Autumn bees, Pale skies and wheeling hawk And scent of trodden thyme, Brown butterflies and chalk And the sheep-bells' chime.

The Grey Men they are old, Ah, very old they be; They 've stood upside the wold Since all eternity They standed in a ring And the elk-bull roared to them When Solomon was king In famed Jerusalem.

King Solomon was wise; He was King David's son; He lifted up his eyes To see his hill-tops run; And his old heart found cheer, As yours and mine may do On these grey days, my dear, Nor'-East of Piddinghooe.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE COST."

Mr. Samuel Woodhouse, of the middle classes, being anxious to distract his son John during the critical moments of Mrs. John's confinement, relates how, in similar circumstances more directly affecting himself, he had been playing tennis, and the strain of the crisis had quite put him off his The little jest is, of course, adapted from the familiar lines :-

> "I was playing golf the day When the Germans landed . . ."

It is of material interest not so much because it is borrowed (for it is not the only joke that Mr. Thurston has conveyed) as because it serves as a brief epitome of the play. For the thing started with the War, and we were getting on quite well with it when an element of obstetrics was introduced and became inextricably interwoven with the original design. Indeed it went further and affected the destinies of the country at large. For England had to wait till the baby was born before it could secure its father's services as the most unlikely recruit in the kingdom.

But you must hear more about this John. He was an intellectual who threatened to achieve the apex of literary renown with a work in two volumes (a third was to follow) on the Philosophy of Moral Courage. At the outbreak of the present war he was at once torn asunder between his duty to his country and his duty to himself. The latter seemed to have the greater claim upon him, and this view was encouraged by an officer who found himself billeted upon the Woodhouse ménage. The dilemma had already worried John (and us) a good deal even before the extension of the age limit made him roughly eligible for the army. Indeed I never quite gathered what it was that ultimately decided him to enlist. Anyhow, six months later he received though I am glad to say that he survived it, left him incapable of any further intellectual strain.

That was "the cost" of the war to him. Its cost to us (in the play) was almost as heavy. For John's head still retained such a command of brain power that he contrived to be very fluent over his theories of war in general, theories not likely to be of any vital service at a time when our men of fighting age are wanted to act and not think.

I give little for Mr. Thurston's generalities (his talk of "hysteria," which humour. was never a British foible, showed his

very common among quite good fellows, | (though he may call me a prig for saywho is more concerned to satisfy his own sense of the proper thing to do than to consider in what way, less romantic perhaps, he can best devote to the service of his country the gifts with which nature has endowed him.

The play went very well for the first two Acts. The various members of the Woodhouse family were excellently differentiated. The father (played with admirable humour by Mr. FREDERICK Ross) bore brayely the shock to his trade, and took a manly but quite ineffectual part in household duties for which he had no calling. His lachrymose wife (Miss MARY RORKE) was a sound example of the worst possible mother of soldiers. John we know, and Mr. Owen Nares knew him too, and very thoroughly. John's wife (I can't think how she came to marry him) had the makings of an Amazon and would gladly have spared her husband for KITCHENER'S Army at the earliest moment. Her part was played very sincerely and charmingly by Miss John's eldest BARBARA EVEREST. sister regretted the war because she had some nice friends in Germany, but she caught the spirit of menial service from her sisters, of whom the younger was a stage-flapper of the loudest. Finally the second son (Mr. JACK HOBBS) was a nut who began with his heart in enemy's trench.

Perhaps the best performance of all -though it had little to do with the war and nothing to do with child-birth -was that of Miss Hannah Jones as Mrs. Pinhouse, a perfect peach of a cook. There were also two characters played off. One was a maid-servant who declined to come to family prayers on the ground of other distractions. I admired her courage. The other was Michael, the precious infant whose entry into the world had occupied so much of our evening. Everybody on a bullet in the head, and the wound, the stage had to have a look at him. I felt no such desire. He bored me.

For a play that made pretence to a serious purpose there was far too much time thrown away on mere trivialities. At first the exigencies of the stage demanded compression. The news of the ultimatum to Germany, the mobilisation, the rush to enlist, the attack on Germany's commerce, were all stuffed into the space of a few minutes. But the whole of the Third Act (laid in the kitchen) was wantonly wasted over the thinnest of domestic

There is a light side, thank Heaven, lack of elementary observation), but even to war; but Mr. Thurston had a in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, and suffered the character of John intrigued me as great chance of doing serious good and unanimous losses."—Liverpool Echo. a fair example of the type of egoist, he has only half used it. I am certain Carried, in fact, nem. con.

ing it) that if he had set himself to serve his country's cause through the great influence which the theatre commands, he could have done better work than this; and he ought to have done it.

The Ambassadors' Theatre is producing a triple bill which includes a "miniature revue" entitled Odds and Ends. The cost of the production may be gathered from the following note in the preliminary announcement :-

"N.B.-Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has spared no economy in mounting this Revue."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Among the more notable novels announced for immediate publication is The Man in the Platinum Mask by Samson Wolf (Black and Crosswell). By a curious and wholly undesigned coincidence the name of the hero is ATTILA, while a further touch of actuality is lent to the romance by the fact that the author's aunt's first husband fought in the Italian War of Independence.

Another story strangely opportune in its title, which was however chosen many months ago, is With Nelson in the North by Hector Boffin (Arrow and his socks but shifted it later into the Long-i'-th'-bow). Its appeal to the patriotic reader will be further enhanced by the interesting news that the author's wife's maiden name was Collingwood, while he himself is a great admirer of HARDY.

The same publishers also announce a Life of ATTILA by Principal McTavish, which was completed last March before the name of the redoubtable Hun had come so prominently before the publicanother instance of the intelligent anticipation which is the characteristic of the best and most selling littérateurs.

Few writers of romance appeal to the generous youth more effectively than the Countess Corezeru, from whose exhilarating pen we are promised a tale of the Napoleonic era under the engaging title of *The Green Dandelion* (Merry and Bright). The pleasurable expectations of her myriad readers will be heightened when they learn the interesting fact that the Countess recently visited Constantinople, where such thrilling happenings have lately been in progress.

"The Petrograd correspondent of the 'Mesaggero' telegraphs that the Austro-German Army was yesterday completely defeated



'AV YER SEEN ANY GERMANS ABOUT 'ERE?'

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. V.

(From Albert, King of the Belgians.)

SIR,- This comes to you from France. Hospitably received and nobly treated by the great and chivalrous French nation I must yet remember that I am an exile on a foreign soil, that my country has been laid waste and that my people, so laborious, so frugal and so harmless, have seen their homes destroyed and have themselves been driven ruthlessly forth to cold and hunger and despair.

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Yes, your designs on Belgium have been accomplishedfor the time. A people of sixty-five millions has prevailed against a people of seven millions; a great army has overwhelmed a little army; careful schemes long since prepared have outmatched a trustfulness which you and your Ministers fostered in order that in the dark you might be able to strike a felon's blow with safety to yourself. No considerations of honour hindered you. Indeed, I do not know how I can bring myself to mention that word to one who has acted as you have acted. If I do so it is in order that But that it cannot be. Blows have their consequences, I may tell you that for an Emperor (or any other man) to immediate and remote. You first, and then your memory, something more than this. What that something is I will when he read your whimpering appeal. not discuss with you. To do so would be useless, for, since that I am right.

comfort yourself are you so perfectly sure of it? How do your deeds.

you feel when you call you Montke to you and question him about the progress of the war?

- "How goes it," you say to him, "in the East?"
- "We hope," he replies, "to hold the Russians in check, but they are very numerous and very brave."
- "Presumptuous villains! And in the West?"
- "In the West the French and English," he says, "still bear up against us. They have thrust us back day after day."
- "May they perish! But, at any rate, there is Belgium. Yes, we have crushed Belgium and taught the Belgians what it means to defy our Majesty." And von Moltke, no doubt, will murmur something that may pass for approval and will withdraw from the conference.
- I believe you admire Shakspeare. Do you remember what Macbeth says?
 - "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly: if th' assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here."

be honourable it is not enough that he should have great will be stained to all generations by this deed of treachery possessions, glittering silver armour, and armies obedient and blood. How have you excused it? "With necessity, to their War Lord's commands. It is not enough that he the tyrant's plea." You had to hack your way through, should make resounding speeches and call God to witness you said, and it was on my people that your battle-axe fell. that he is His friend. It is not even enough that he should So when Louvain was burnt and its inhabitants were shot succeed in carrying through his plans, and carn the down you assured the President of the United States applause of those flatterers who, agreeing with you, believe that your heart bled for what "necessity" had forced you that an Emperor crowned with success and capable of to do. President Wilson is a man of high principles and bestowing favours can do no wrong. No, there must be deep feelings. I wonder how he looked and how he felt

You have destroyed Belgium, but Belgium will rise you will never possess it, you can never satisfy yourself again; and, even if fate should ordain that Belgium is to be for ever wiped away, so long as one Belgian is left alive And even in regard to this "Success" with which you there will be a heart to execrate you and a voice to denounce ALBERT R.

THE SURPRISE.

A SECUEL TO "THE CHOICE."

Mr Julius Bannockburn hung up his into the drawing-room.

seated in an arm-chair, with the teatable at her side and a fire blazing.

"That's right," she said placidly, ignoring her husband's very obvious mental disarray,-"just in time for a "How cup of tea.

"No tea for me," he said darkly.

replied, and poured some out.

"By the way, how much do you give for this tea?" Mr. Bannockburn sharply inquired.

"Two-and-eight," she replied.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Bannockburn, "you don't often have this. This is my tea. You prefer Indian."

"And why so many different kinds of cake?" Mr. Bannockburn went on.

"You wouldn't grudge me those?" she answered. "Surely, even with the war, little things like that might go

Mr. Bannockburn sent his eyes round the room on a tour of critical explora-

"Yes," he continued, " and how can fire—on a day like this? The room is right through with it, isn't it?' like an oven." He scowled murderously "Yes," said her husband omi at the innocent flames and opened the "when one does change one's name," window.

Bannockburn. "Besides, a fire is so thing gone wrong?"

much more cheerful.'

with a snarl. "I'm glad something is

cheerful."

"My dear," said his wife soothingly, "you're over-worried. You've had a hard day at the office. But I've got something to show you that will make you happy again." She smiled gaily. days ago."

"Happy!" Mr. Bannockburn echoed with abysmal bitterness. "Happy!"

He groaned.

"Yes, happy," said his wife. "Now drink your tea," she added, "and then light a cigar and tell me all about it."

"Cigars!" said Mr. Bannockburn; "I've done with cigars. At any rate burn exclaimed. "We paid for it. with Havanas. We're on the brink of ruin, I tell you."

"Not any longer," said his wife with a little confident laugh. "That's all right now. Taking the new name was to settle that, you know."

lit a cigar-a Havana. "Well, what German's son, and British to the core is it you want to show me?" he Of course they'll give the money asked.

"The cards" she said. "They look hat with a bang and stepped apprily splendid. Here," and she handed a visiting-card across the table and drew Mrs. Bannockburn was comfortably his attention to the delicate copperplate in which their new name had been inscribed: "Mrs. Julius Bannock-

> Mr. Bannockburn scowled afresh. many of these have you ordered?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes. It'll do you good," she replied. "And they're done. They all came this morning.

> Mr. Bannockburn groaned again. "What ridiculous haste!" he said.

"Where was all the hurry?"

Mrs. Bannockburn laughed. "Well. He grunted. "I get excellent tea in I must say!" she exclaimed. "You to the City which retails at two shillings complain of things being done quickly! a pound," he said. "Better than this." I've done all you told me," she continued. "Everything. I sent a notice to the Post Office about the telephone directory, telling them to alter the name. I sent to Kelly's about the London Directory. I told all the tradespeople. I got the cards. I even went further walking-sticks and umbrellas. I thought you would like that.'

Mr. Bannockburn puffed at his eigar

and said nothing.

"Aren't I a good head clerk?" she went on. "But, after all, when one you do with a fire—at any rate such a does change one's name it is wise to go

"Yes," said her husband ominously,

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Ban-"I felt distinctly chilly," said Mrs. nockburn asked sharply. "Has any-

"Cheerful!" said Mr. Bannockburn a notice forbidding changes of name altogether. Everyone has had it."

"When did you get it?" his wife inquired with a flutter.

"To-day."

"Then it's all right," she said ex-

days ago."

"Yes," replied her husband, "but the notice goes on to say that everyone who has changed since the war began must revert to the name he had before the war commenced. You can't get away from that."

"But we paid for it," Mrs. Bannock-Why did they take our money?

"They didn't know then," said her lord. "It's only just decided by this infernal Government.

Mrs. Bannockburn turned white. Mr. Bannockburn was attempting to how unfair! How grossly unfair! It's though having a tooth out. eat a cake, but at these words he gave not as if we were Germans. I'm not it up. He struck a match angrily and a German at all, and you are merely a moaned, and burst into tears.

back?

"It says nothing about that," replied the Briton.

"How very unlike England!" she

"Yes." he agreed; "but the point is. apart from the horrible expense of it all, that here we are, saddled with a name which is bound to keep customers away and which we thought we had got rid of for ever. It's horrible. It's "Five hundred for each of us," she wrong. It's a shame." He paced the room furiously.

Mrs. Bannockburn-or, as we now should say, Mrs. Blumenbach-looked in the fire for a few moments in silence. "Well," she said at last, "we must make the best of it, I suppose: we're not paupers anyway, and things are never so bad as one fears. After all, we haven't been to so very much expense. A few cards and so forth. You. dear, can hardly have spent a penny over it."

"Eh," said Mr. Blumenbach sharply

" what?

"I said that the cost to which we and ordered a few silver labels for your have gone since we changed our name is very trifling," his wife repeated. "You yourself have been put to no expense at all, except perhaps office paper."

Mr. Blumenbach looked suspiciously at her and resumed his walk. "No. no," he said: "that's fortunate cer-

At this moment a servant entered bringing the post, which included a long roll of paper addressed to "Mrs. Julius Bannockburn."

"I wonder what this can be," she "Everything," he said. "I've had remarked as she reached for a paper-

Her husband snatched it and held it behind him. "Oh, I know all about that," he said; "it's a mistake. It's meant for me, not you.'

"But it's addressed to me," said his wife. "Please let me have it."

Mr. Blumenbach for a moment flashed lightning. "Oh, all right," he said, "take it. I might as well confess to my folly, and, after all, I did it as a pleasant surprise for you, even though it's a failure. But I heard about some heraldic fellow, and I got him to draw me up a Bannockburn pedigree. A Scotch one, you know. I was going to have it framed in the hall. Burn the thing without looking at it.'

"Was it-was it-very expensive?"

his wife asked tremblingly.

"Fifty pounds," he said, half in pride "This is terrible," she said. "And at his own recklessness and half as

"Fifty pounds!" Mrs. Blumenbach



Lady (diligent reader of spy articles and exposures of Anglo-German, businesses) to alien window-cleaner, "LOOK HERE: YOU NEEDN'T COME ANY MORE.

Window Cleaner. "ENDIRELY BRIDISCH GOMBANY, LADY."

Lady. Yes, I daresay. But for all I know you might be part of the flower of the German Army."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I can imagine the feelings of a romantic maiden who, prone to choose her novels by title, has set down on her library list The Price of Love (METHUEN), and finds herself landed with one of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's intimate little guides to "Bursley" and the four other drab towns. And yet if she will set her teeth and read the first fifty pages without skipping she will discover that she is being let into real Louis (who somehow never can run straight where money is concerned), are becoming known to her as she knows few, extraordinarily interesting. She will see Rachel drawn out of the haven of her staunch and critical common sense by her infatuation for Louis; threatened by the shipwreck of accept as adequate (or appropriate) his explanations of the Here's power to their spears!

adventures of the banknotes on the night of their disappearance, but I am grateful for every word and incident of this enchanting chronicle and for the portrait of Rachel in particular.

Modern Pig-Sticking (MacMillan) is a book that, appearing at this particular moment, has an air of detachment not without its own charm. Chiefly, of course, it appeals to a special and limited public-a public, moreover, that is at present too busy to give it the attention that it would secrets of real human hearts; that handsome Hachel (penni- otherwise command. Certainly Major A. E. WARDROF'S less companion to a benign old lady), and her debonair spirited pages deserve to rank with the best that has been written about this sport. As one frankly ignorant, I was myself astonished to find how considerable a body is this if any, of her friends; and that, because known, they are literature. As for the gallant Major's own contribution, it is sufficiently well-written to make tales of sporting feats and adventures interesting to the outsider. Which is saying a lot. At the same time his sense of humour is sufficiently despair when she realises his weakness and her irrevo-strong to save enthusiasm from becoming oppressive. cable mistake, and again putting into a new harbour of Certainly he loves his theme, as I suppose a good pig-sticker determination to pay the price of her love and make the best of things. And I should not be altogether surprised if even our romantic library-subscriber finds the next lively youthfully, "always delightful." It is all, in these more happily-ever-after story a little flat by comparison. For strenuous times, most refreshing and even a little wistful there is no doubt that Mr. Bennett has some uncanny in its naïveté. The honest and brave gentlemen whose power of realising the conflict of human souls, and that exploits it records are about another kind of pig-sticking there is an astonishingly adroit method in his mania for now. One hopes that practice with the Indian variety unimportant and unromantic detail. I refuse altogether to may help them in their chase of the Uhlan road-hog.

hard thing now and then about humanity in general and maker that Squires were a mistake, she endeavoured to point it with a touch of startling sareasm. Possibly it is correct this error by driving a large knife into the first this combination which makes him the favourite author he specimen of the race whom she met. This was Miles is. While we get tired of the harsh satirist who is always Burnside, a decent young man enough, and one obviously up against us, and pay little attention to his teaching, we not only profit by the occasional home truths of the genial humourist, but thoroughly enjoy hearing them. Certainly parently left him dead with a dagger in his heart, I was for it is not Mr. Ridger's plots which so attract everybody, a little time considerably puzzled as to how Mrs. Ballele including myself. The Happy Recruit (METHUEN) might as well (or even better) have been plotless. There is the need not have worried. Of course Miles was not dead;

abroad in his youth and has an unremarkable career, and there is a mysterious and rather tiresome trunk which is mentioned from time to time and finally opened; but apart from these the book is but a collection of little episodes more or less about the same people. the Maynard family in particular. It is not the story that lends the charm but the people who come into it, that upper-lower section of Londoners whose little peculiarities of thought, word and deed Mr. Ridge so perfectly understands. Through their mouths he utters his truest sayings, and they make his books always worth reading. It should be added that this one has nothing to do with present warfare; it is antedated by a reign and a half. In this the title is misleading, for there are so many recruits about newadays and all of them are happy.

After reading Messrs. Hutch-INSON's announcement that the critics describe Mr. F. BANCROFT as the most remarkable South African novelist now at work, I searched for a talent that was too successfully hidden for my finding. I was on the track of it two or three times, and once at least the scent was so hot that I thought the quarry was mine; but it got away. With Dalliance and Strife the author completes a trilogy upon

the Boer War, but here we are given too much flirtation and too little fighting. His liberality in the matter of heroines compensates me not at all for his niggard accounts of the war. That he himself should apparently take more interest in dalliance than in strife seems to indicate sheer perversity, for, when once he has ceased to toy with tennis-teas and trivialities, it is possible to respect the opinions of those admiring critics even if it is impossible to agree with them. The little fighting and the few whiffs of the veldt that we are given come as welcome reliefs to the rather stuffy atmosphere that Mr. BANCROFT has been at such pains to create. The British officer in his hours of dalliance is in his hands merely a figure of fun, but the militant Boer in field and camp is a faithful picture, so faithful, indeed, when contrasted with the other, that it leaves me astounded at such a combination of skill and futility.

Germaine Damien was a little girl with considerable the papers should be German, as these lie best.

For all his good humour, Mr. Pett Ridge can say a force of character. Having been told by a Socialist shoecentral figure, Carl Siemens, who comes to England from indeed the last six words of the book tell you that "His

smile was good to see." And naturally he wouldn't have been smiling like that if he had not been enfolding the heroine in his strong arms. But before this happy moment we had a lot to get through. Miles on recovery had told the properly apolegetic Germaine that she must never, never let anybody else know about the dagger business, and she said she wouldn't. Personally, if I had been Germaine, I should have done the same. Later in life, reflecting upon this injunction, and discovering that her grandfather had also killed a man, Germaine got it into her head that the habit was inherited, and the idea worried her quite dreadfully. This, I suppose, is why her story is called The Cost of A Promise (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Eventually, however, when the thing had gone on long enough and the revelation of her secret had scared away a superfluous rival, Miles informed her that her grandfather's record was (forgive me!) not germane to the matter, and that she was as sane as anybody in the story. M'yes. But Mrs. REYNOLDS has done better.



"IT 'TAIN'T 'ARE FINE TER BE A GENERAL COS 'E CAN CALL A BLOKE 'POODEN FICE,' AN' 'AVE 'IM SHOT IF 'E SORCES 'IM BACK.'

WILHELM.

"No good thing comes from out of Kaiserland,"

Says Phyllis; but beside the fire Inote

One Wilhelm, sleek in tawny gold of coat, Most satin-smooth to the caresser's hand.

A velvet mien: an eye of amber, full Of that which keeps the faith with us for life; Lover of meal-times; hater of yard-dog strife; Lordly, with silken ears most strokeable.

Familiar on the hearth, refuting her, He sits, the antic-pawed, the proven friend, The whimsical, the grave and reverend-Wilhelm the Dachs from out of Hanover.

We are surprised to hear of police constables being accepted for service abroad in view of the ban on the export of copper.

Austrians are being urged to send newspapers to the front to serve as chest-protectors for the troops. If possible

CHARIVARIA.

INTERIOR has actually issued an official auction may take place . . . circular to the mayors and prefects! with humanity and sympathy.

Inquisitive people are asking, "What is the Kaisen's quarrel with the Bavarians?" He is reported to have said, the other day, "My wish for the English is that one day they will have to fight the Bavarians."

The King of BAVARIA, by the way, has been operated upon for a swelling of the shoulder blade. We are glad to hear that he is progressing favourably, and it is hoped that the swelling will not, as in the case of another distinguished patient, spread to the head.

For the following little story we are indebted to the German army:-"Fears are now entertained of an epidemic breaking out among the German troops in Antwerp, as, the German artillery having destroyed the municipal waterworks, there is no drinkable water available.'

Several striking suggestions have reached the authorities in connection with the danger from Zeppelins. One is that St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey should be covered over with dark

of

FC

attract the attention of the enemy.

ships, it is pointed out, would be to back on his word or be ruined. drain the Thames, and to flood a great thoroughfare, say that from the Bank their bearings.

Meanwhile the authorities who are responsible for the safety of London paint out the moon.

REPORTS that Germany is not best pleased with Austria-Hungary are peculiarly persistent just now. There would indeed seem to be good grounds of two German warships to Turkey, he car, said in cross-examination: —"I for Germany's displeasure, for a gentle-gives voice to the following opinion pulled up about fifteen years after the man just returned from Budapest says in a leader :- "Our Fleet to-day is accident happened." that the Hungarian MINISTER OF THE supreme; but no one knows when an

hostile states sojourning in their midst be finished quickly. A publishing firm Is ice-cream meat? Personally we



"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, JARGE, FOR YOU T' SAY WHY DON'T KITCHENER AN' FRENCH DO THIS AN' THAT? BUT WHAT I SAY IS, IT DON'T DO FOR YOU AN' ME T' SAY ANYTHINK WHAT MIGHT EMBARRASS ETTHER OF 'EM,"

cloths every night, and that shoddy has issued the first volume of a history reproductions of these edifices should of the war with an announcement that be run up in another part of London, it will be completed in four volumes at and be brilliantly illuminated so as to a fixed price. If the war should last longer than a year the last volume threatens to achieve such a size that Another method of confusing the air- the publisher would either have to go

The L.C.C. has just produced a new, to Shepherd's Bush, and to place barges revised, up-to-date and fully detailed on it so that it would be mistaken for map of London, and the German War the river and cause the airmen to lose Office is furious to think that it has been put to the needless expense of compiling a similar document itself.

> It has been pointed out that the War sake of creating employment. witnesses would seem to be turning easily.

There are, of course, always pessi- over a new leaf, and even insisting on mists among us, but we would beg the giving evidence against themselves. For

In spite of the War our Law Courts pursue the even tenour of their way, throughout the land enjoining upon them the duty of treating citizens of prative than ever that the War should asked to decide the important question,

> should say that, where it is made from unfiltered water, the answer is in the affirmative.

"DE WET OF THE SEA." Daily Mail.

We should have thought this wellknown characteristic was hardly worth mentioning.

"DISGUISED SPIES"

was the title of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. These cases must surely be exceptional. We always think of spies as wearing a recognised uniform, or at least a label to indicate their profession.

"CORK STEAMER SUNK BY MINE."-Evening News. This war is shattering many of our illusions.

Mr. FRED EMNEY, who is now appearing at the Coliseum, would like it to be known that he is not an Alien Emney.

The New Censorship.

"The country in which so much interest contres may be briefly described. From near --- to ---- and onwards in a south-easterly direction there is a low range of chalky hills, closely resembling our South Downs. There is no harm in saying definitely that not a German is on this line."—Daily Telegraph.

No apparent harm, but you can't be too careful. If the news gets round to the Germans that they are not there, they might at once set about to correct this defect.

The Tandem.

"Mr. F. Marsham-Townshend's Polygamist, 3, 6-2, E. Crickmere 0 Mr. F. Marsham-Townshend's Polygamist, 3, 6-2, O. Grant 0" Irish Times.

Racing, you will be glad to be reminded, still goes on, but of course only for the are said to be anxious to hear of an has had a most satisfactory effect on putting two jockeys upon the same intrepid airman who will undertake to criminality. And even in civil actions horse the desired end is attained more

CANUTE AND THE KAISER.

[Thoughts extracted from a sea-shell (howitzer pattern) by Our Own Special Conchologist on the Belgian Coast.]

THERE was a King by name CANUTE (In ancient jargon known as KNUT), And I, for one, will not dispute The kingly figure which he cut;

A god in mufti-so his courtiers said-Whatever thing he chose to have a try at, He did it (loosely speaking) on his head, By just remarking, "Fiat!"

One day they sat him by the sea To put his virtue to the test, And there, without conviction, he

Threw off the following, by request:-"Ocean," he said, "I see your waves are wet" (Bravely he spoke, but in his heart he funked 'em),

"So to your further progress here I set A period, or punctum."

He knew it wasn't any good Talking like that; and when the foam Made for his feet (he knew it would) He turned at once and made for home; And "I'm no god, but just a man," he cried,

"And you, my sycophants, are sorry rotters, Who told your Knur that he could dare the tide To damp his heavenly trotters."

The scene was changed. Another strand; Another god (alleged) was there (In spirit, you must understand; His actual frame occurred elsewhere);-

"O element designed for German ships, Whose future lies," said he, "upon the water, I strike at England! Ho!" and licked his lips For lust of loot and slaughter.

Then by the sea was answer made, And down the wind this word was blown: "Thus far! but here your steps are stayed; England is mine, I guard my own!" And as upon his ear this challenge fell, Out of the deep there also fell upon it, or Close in the neighbourhood, a singing shell

From H.M. Mersey Monitor. And just as old CANUTE (or KNUT) Stopped not to parley when he found His line of exit nearly cut,

But moved his feet to drier ground, So too that other Monarch, much concerned About his safety, looked no longer foam-ward, But said, "This sea's too much for me," and turned Strategically home-ward. O. S.

WAR AND THE HIGH HAND.

Scene: A MOTHERS' MEETING.

"They do say as this old Keyser or Geyser or whatever 'e calls 'isself be goin' to 'op it."

"Afraid of 'is life, if t'other side should win-that it?" "Likely 'e is-an' well may be. T'other side be our side in that case, bain't it?"

"That's it. An' it's 'im for 'isself an' the rest for theirselves, from what I can see."

"This old Keyser, 'e's to blame for most ev'rythin' happenin' nowadays. Reg'lar firebran' in our midst, 'e do seem." "Daresay 'e was drove to it, if we could but see all."

"Some woman nagged 'im into it-if you ask me." "They do say 'e craves for peace with 'is whole mind." "Parson 'e says on Sunday as the hypocrit' cries for peace where there is no peace.'

"This war seems to take people out of their true selves, makin' of 'em ravenin' beasts."

"Men, too, as otherwise acts quiet an' well-meanin' enough. You 'eard what Doctor done?"

"What 'e done?"

"Not to old Sally's son, Jim?"

"'Im as 'urted 'is 'and blackberry time-a year ago this very month?"

"'Im. Ill unto death, 'e were, with blood poisonin', and Doctor 'e says what a shockin' state 'is blood must 'ave been in for the poison to serve 'im so."

"An' old Sally been a-keepin' of 'im ever since. 'Er needle been at it reg'lar, but 'ardly earnin' a livin' wage owin' to the meanness of them who 'as it to pay."

"An' a poisoned and, when the worst be over, ain't no bar to the appetite."

"Glad she's been to do it sooner than lose 'im, as she lost 'is brother with 'oopin'-cough."

"That must be a matter of twenty-five year ago-before ever Jim was born."

"You ain't told us yet, dear, what Doctor done."

"I'm comin' to that. Jim, 'e's not without 'is uses an' 'e 's more time, like, to read the paper than the other men. So'e reads the news an' tells it all over at 'Plough an' 'Orses' nights, an' they do say the way 'e urges of the men to 'list is somethin' wonderful."

"Not thinkin' of goin' 'isself, of course?"

"Ain't 'e 'ad a poisoned 'and? Still, this 'e did; to a lot of chaps as 'eld back 'e says-' If you goes to Doctor to be examined I'll go with you, 'e says—could a man do more? 'I tell you honest,' e says, 'that with my poor and I'm a man marked down for stayin' at 'ome, worse luck. What would I give,' 'e says, 'to go forth in the pride of ealth, same as you? Still, I'll go to Doctor with the rest of you, if only to show 'ow these things should be done."

"'Ow many went?"

"Three in all, includin of Jim. 'E led the way up to Doctor's surgery, then 'e waved the others in front of 'im. 'Take the sound men first, Sir,' 'e says, 'an' then, if you'll spare me a minute, I'll take it kind.""
"What did Doctor do?"

"Doctor 'e does as Jim says and takes 'im last, after tellin' the other two as they were better at 'ome. 'I been waitin' for you,' 'e says, an' 'e turned on Jim that fierce as never was. 'A 'and as 'as been perfectly well for the last six months to my certain knowledge ain't goin' to prevent you fightin',' he says, 'so off you go an' 'list.'''
"Poor old Sally! No one to work for now but just

"War be an awful thing, it seems, for raisin' the wicked passions in peaceful men. Keyser, Geyser-whatever 'e calls 'isself-and our old Doctor . . . it be all the same."

Extract from Fortress Orders at Malta:—

"A box containing butchers' implements, and marked with a red cross. Finder should communicate with the D.D.M.S., 28, Strada Britannica, Valletta."

If we did not happen to know through our Secret Intelligence Bureau that D.D.M.S. stands for Deputy Director of Medical Services we should suspect that the Germans had been once more using the sign of the Red Cross as a screen for their barbarities.



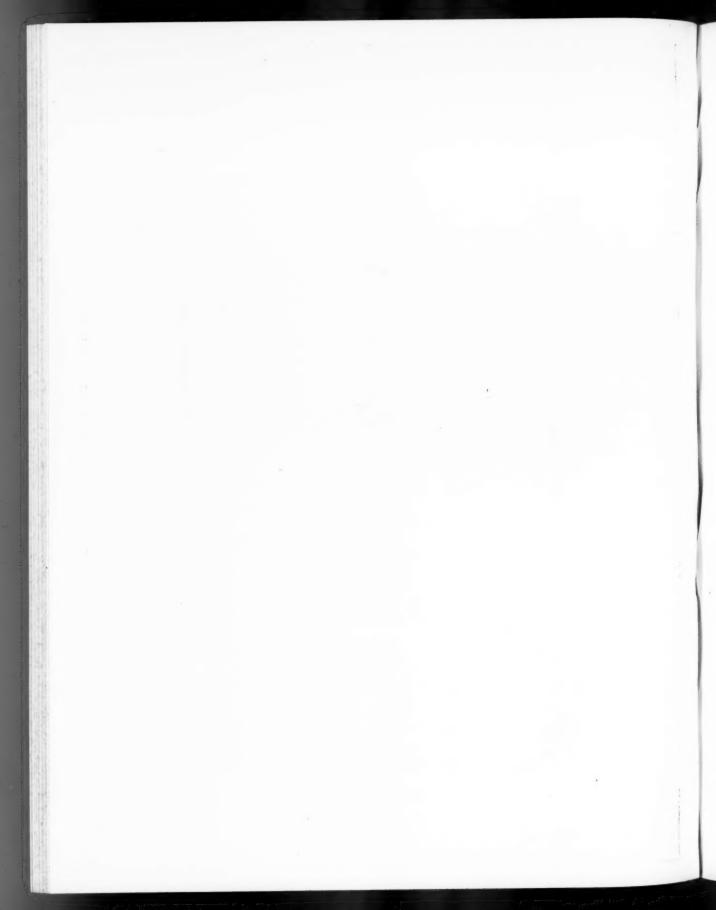
THE LIMIT.

Scene: THE COAST OF BELGIUM.

THE KAISER: "'WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

ed

WILD WAVES: "WE WERE JUST SAYING, 'THUS FAR, AND NO FARTHER!"





UNDER ONE FLAG.

Genial Person (to retired Colonel, who for the past two months has put in fourteen hours a day recruiting), "Lovely Morning, Sin. I SEE YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE.

THE WATCH DOGS.

to pay for so much as a gun licence, We gave formal notice to the War Office of our requirements, said we tered alien, "Yes, I don't think.") would let them know in due course

in receipt of our favour, thanked us for pull-through." "You'm a liar; you've Dear Charles,—We're tired of this immediate attention to our esteemed I ain't. If yer want a ruddy pullplace, so we're going to move on. commands on this and all occasions, through, why don't verpinch Joe's ruddy Some said, "Let's go to Egypt and and begged (positively begged) to be doze in the sun." Others were for allowed to remain our obedient servants. In F Company as now constituted it India, and one, having a flame in Guernsey, proposed that the Division might just as well go to the Channel Islands as anywhere else. But what a duly deliberated and quietly dignified taken it by mistake?" "I assure you haven't taken it by mistake?" "I assure you tempted the majority was the thought excursion, undertaken by us in our I have not; but, if you want a pullof a season's shooting without having own way at our own time, because through, I am sure Clement would not we happen to feel so inclined and not mind your borrowing his temporarily." and so we decided for the Continent, because we happen to be so ordered. (Speaking in the language of the regis- a newly-joined officer who had been at

what time we should want trains, ships the effect of our new recruits upon the torials, immune from this new "platoon" asked them to call for our luggage at member that those recruits are from all call half a company a half-company."

the War Office replied that they were through?" "I ain't seen yer ruddy

Among our last draft of recruits was the military business before. What he Meanwhile we watch with interest liked about us was that we are Terriand motor omnibuses to start, and battalion as a whole. You will re-system. "Ilike people," he said, "who an hour we would name, indicating classes, and the presence of the so- He had tried the new business, but that in the case of each man it would called Non-manual is clearly marked in couldn't manage it; he could give the not be more than a couple of trunks or the daily conversation overheard. Thus so, half-a-dozen odds and ends of smaller in the good old B company you will bags, and a case of golf clubs. To this hear: "Ere, Bill, where's me pull-shout, "Form . . ." and then could

think of nothing better than pontoon or pantaloon. His brother, it appeared, only gazetted on the very day he had joined a Territorial regiment up travelled down with us. He started (In humble imitation of the exploits of North, being methodical he had read badly with a heavy reverse and casualty all the letters from the front which have appeared in the Press, and set about equipping himself accordingly. Even if he should lose all except what he stood up in he meant to keep dry and warm; so he scrapped all his shirts, socks, vests and whatnots, and substituted others of monstrous weight and thickness, lined his tunic with fleece, his breeches with waterproof, his puttees with fur, and his boots, it was said, with all three. Within twentyfour hours of completing his fortifications he was sailing for India.

We all contemplate that time when our valises shall be, unhappily, no longer with us. The odd things we must still have are: towel, razor, soap, shaving soap, shaving brush, toothbrush, extra boots, socks and so-on's, mess-tin, kn fe, fork, spoon, revolver, ammunition compass, claspknife, field-service pocketbook, note-books, sketching-books, lamp, flask, bandages, mug and housewife. These might be accommodated in the haversack or elsewhere, but that all ava lable sites are already occupied by what we, or better still our relatives, friends and acquaintances, consider indispensable, such as pipes, tobacco, matches, compressed victuals and drinks, maps, dictionaries, medicine-chests, chocolate,

purses, cheque-books, letter-pads, foun-ime sixpence too much." "Come in, Shaw have given place to bitter dismeters, electric-torches, charges for Colours. same, unpaid bills, unanswered correspondence, sponges, ointments, mittens, bills and the correspondence, but those, Charles, are the only things that don't occupy room. What else can one one's life and learn to be a pantechnicon; one may also, with a little ingenuity, use one's clothes to serve a double purpose. I have only got as far as evolving a scheme for tying up all the out'ets of my breeches and then filling them with air, so that one leg makes a bolster and the other a pillow - two articles which, "PROGRESL IN NORTHERN FRANCE." you will observe, were omitted from the inventory.

By the way, our new officer was list, for we played bridge on the way and he lost his first day's pay, messing allowance and field allowance, all except twopence, which goes (I believe) to income-tax. When we arrived at our billet we found Pay in process. A MacDonald announced that the exprivate, who has a moment or so ago perience he had gained while tigersaluted and withdrawn with his pay, seeks re-admission. "Colour-Sergeant!" he says. "What is it?" "I think you which he was shortly about to proceed have given me sixpence short." To to the front. which the brutal Colours replies briefly, "'Op it," Later another private comes. of the Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX, "Colour-Sergeant!" says he. "What the Republic of San Marino has declared



Mary Jane (at climax of fearful story of German spy). "And when THE POLICE SEARCHED THE CELLARS THEY FOUND ENOUGH AMBITION TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE OF LONDON."

tain-pens, fountain-pen fillers, chrono- my lad, come in," replies the kindly appointment on the peremptory denial

and so forth this morning, and were hesitating between Benckendorff, Balabed - socks, camera, boot - brushes, told that, all else failing, we might get dubbin and spare parts. Obviously our bearings from observing the directions of the direction of one will eliminate (as you were tion in which the local church pointed. about to write and suggest) the But an active brain suggested that these Germans had no doubt thought of that years and years before and, in order to deceive us, had built their eliminate? The only thing is to reform churches with the east windows pointing west. When, the other day, the R.A.M.C. man inspected the feet of the battalion, the same intelligent unit wished to know who had got the first prize and whether for quality or quan-Yours, HENRY. tity.

North Eastern Daily Gazette.

Przemysl, however, remains in Galicia. across during his stay.

STUDIES IN DISCIPLESHIP.

the German Wireless Service.)

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. KEIR HARDIE have joined Mr. BLATCH. FORD in a recruiting campaign, with most gratifying results. In the course of one of his speeches Mr. RAMSAY shooting in India had enabled him to organise an elephant-gun battery, with

It is reported that, at the instigation is it now?" "I think you have given war on Germany, and appointed the

Chevalier as generalissimo of its forces, which are estimated at 250 men.

Great consternation has been caused in Vienna on receipt of the news that, in view of BEETHOVEN'S full name being VAN BEETHOVEN, and his origin Dutch, he has been removed from the list of belligerent composers and regarded as a neutral by concert-givers in London and Paris. A countermovement has in consequence been started with the object of treating BEETHOVEN as a hostile alien during the progress of the war.

The transports of enthusiasm caused in Berlin by the announcement that Mr. G. B. Shaw had decided to be known in future as Mr. BERNHARDI

of the rumour by the famous comedian We were lectured in map-reading himself. As a matter of fact he is

> "War F. N. Belgian Manager going home, sold new F. N. Motorbike 2½ H.P. kick starter at cost price.'

Advt. in "Ccylon Independent." The starter will probably consider that it is not worth it.

"A flag day on behalf of the Belgian refugees was held at Wimbledon yesterday. A procession was formed in front of the Town Hall headed by the High Sheriff of Paris, M. Leo Strachey."—Sunday Chronicle.

We welcome M. STRACHEY to England, and trust that he will be impressed by such British institutions (e.g. The Spectator) as he may chance to come

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Who ran to watch how Nancy fell Beneath a storm of shot and shell, And, when she didn't, felt unwell? The Kaiser.

Who stimulates his gentle sons To ape the manners of the Huns? Who doesn't feed the Bear with buns? The Kaiser.

Who circulates ingenious glosses To minimize his army's losses, And scatters showers of Iron Crosses? The KAISER.

Who suffers agonizing pains When stern necessity constrains The bashing-in of Gothic fanes? The KAISER.

Who has for several weeks of late Omitted to communicate With any foreign potentate? The KAISER.

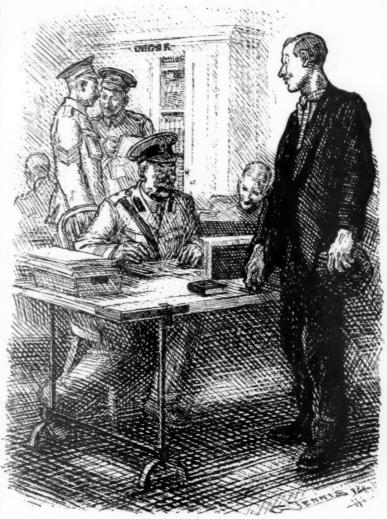
Who in a cage of steel, we're told, The tides of war about him rolled, Watches the scroll of Fate unfold? The Kaiser.

FALSE PRETENCES.

Since the War began the military experts have monopolised one corner of the smoke-room. Don't imagine I am going to write about them. It is in the other corner of the smoke-room that the Cheering-Up Association meets. There we all come and relate our business troubles and listen to the troubles of our friends. It is wonderful how consoling other people's troubles are. Robinson brightens perceptibly when he discovers that Jenkins is also heading for the Bankruptcy Court.

Of course the talk began with Mitchell's play. It always does. We have followed with tempered interest its pilgrimage from one manager to another these two years.

"All U P," groaned Mitchell. "Algernon Princeton had promised faithfully to produce it in October. Now he's closed his theatre. He's a pretty patriot. If it had run-let us put it moderately—two hundred nights I wasn't over age and hadn't tobacco nowadays." heart, I'd go and have a pop at him myself."



The Recruit here portrayed, being most anxious to get into KITCHENER'S Army, is determined to accommodate himself to any conditions as they arise.

Officer (filling in form). "WHAT'S YOUR RELIGION?" Zealous Recruit. "WELL, WHAT ABE YOU SHORT OF?"

income. You men know I'm by way I don't know when I shall be in a of being a financial authority. Well, position to pay it." who wants financial advice nowadays? I give you my word of honour I've when Wilson had risen from his seat should have made £4,000 clear. sold nothing since the war began except and walked towards the door there was American rights would have been worth half-a-dozen articles on the weakness a general murmur of "Poor fellow, it's quite as much. Touring companies in of Germany's financial position. If it hit him very hard." the provinces, Colonial rights, transla- is anything like my financial position Wilson paused at the door and tion rights-why, I should have made the war won't last long. I envy looked back. "Did I mention," he ten thousand—no, in business matters one must be accurate—say, twenty thousand. It's all that William! If like the wholesale woollen business It was unanimously voted by the

"That's just speculative loss," said telling you fellows in confidence that we had been cheering up on false Nairn. "Now I've lost an actual I owe over four thousand pounds, and pretences.

Everyone looked sympathetic, and

Cheering-Up Association that no c'ub Wilson shook his head. "You don't rule was violated when Mitchell hurled know all," he said. "I don't mind a match-stand at the member whom

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THE LAST LINE.

is at night." They then drop two and the country to attend. In order to be trouble. Others, more hopeful, think purl two, and add, "Particularly as the there punctually he has to get up that we might be kept for "exchanges." evenings are drawing in so." while they prattle of it thus lightly we (their husbands) are outside in it all, marching . . . and wheeling . . . and Germans ought to know. tripping over each other. At what risk to ourselves I will show you.

It was Thursday the 22nd, and at six o'clock our Company might have been seen (had there been a better) light to see it by) progressing smartly in column of platoons. The shades of night were falling fast as over Regent's Park we passed, and my platoon was marching last, excelsior. As my platoon came opposite our Commanding Officer he gave the order, " About turn." We did so. "Form fours, left"—we made it that. The night fell thicker; I can now speak only for myself and my immediate neighbours. "Right incline"-we inclined rightly. Another "Right incline" and a "Halt," and then the C.O. came up to look for us. My platoon had got together somehow, and murmurs came to us from the platoons behind us. You know how quickly a rumour will run through a company. Such a rumour now ran through ours. It went from man to man; it came to me at last; it went on . . . it got to our Commander.

"No. 1 platoon missing!"
The C.O. came up to us, struck a match and counted us. Only three platoons—we were a platoon short.

The rumour was true!

We never saw that platoon again. Its story, as we piece it together from the tales of park-keepers, policemen and other non-combatants, is as follows. It failed to hear the order forward. In the Regular Army a com- been watching us eagerly. But only bination of obedience with initiative is for a time. "Lumme," he said aloud taught the recruit; we are still at the to himself, "there's anuvver of 'em implicit obedience stage. No. 1 platoon wiv knock-knees," and disillusionment had its orders. It came to some railings cannot have been long delayed. three hundred yards further on and it took to the water. The survivors that they have to carry the more policy I am held covered till Lady Day continued the march south. They were elderly ones with them. A suggesseen for a moment at the Marble Arch, tion has been made that there should and then again at Epsom. Nothing be an age-limit of eighty-five, but things, in fact, except riots, earthquakes, more is known definitely; but a special men of the Corps badge has been found on the beach at New Shoreham, and a special Veterans' Wing should be it is supposed. . . . Well, well-we formed, which, instead of marching, because of the more extensive benefits

which we who drill in the evenings face cement foundations. It is felt that the

less brave but more energetic, who drill active. It is in the same spirit that in the early mornings. I have been we discuss what will be done with the told the hour at which they fall in, and Corps as a whole when the Germans As our wives remark to each other I tried at once to forget it. I am in arrive. The pessimistic view is that nowadays over the knitted helmets, bed then. But there is, I know, one we shall be immediately interned by "It's extraordinary how dark London hero who comes up thirty miles from the War Office, to keep us out of But three days beforehand each morning, and have his breakfast over-night; but he does it . . . And I think the

> However, he and all of us had our reward last Saturday, when we marched spectators (many of whom foolishly mistook us for Belgian refugees) which flattered us, as the respectful way in which the police held up the traffic to let us pass. Five hundred men take of them . . . the real attack (Regulars Office official, bulging with critical and decimate them. despatches, gave one an importance never to be acquired in civil life. For a mere editor not even a tricycle would

be held up.

As I have said, our exact status in the military world was misapprehended by the spectator. It so happened that our more elderly members were on the left or pavement side, and it was from the pavement side that I heard the remark (evidently from one who felt that his relief-fund subscription had not really been wanted), "Well, they don't look 'ungry." Others on this side surmised that we were suspected waiters rounded up from the different restaurants, and made humorous complaints to us in our late capacities-as that their ice-pudding had been fried too long. But on the road side we did better. Dear ladies, observing only the flower of the Corps (myself and others), took us for the real thing and called down blessings and kisses upon our heads; and for a time we "About-turn" and marched straight even deceived a small boy who had

It may be admitted that some of climbed over. At the Ornamental Lake the more active ones feel it a little would go out at the week-ends with a conferred by the Etna, These, then, are some of the dangers couple of cement-hounds, and look for cheerfully. But there are other spirits, work would be useful and yet not too

in case the enemy make any notable captures. For instance, five of us might be considered the equivalent of an artillery mule; a platoon would balance a Territorial subaltern; and the whole bunch could be offered for (say) the down to camp five hundred strong. It return of the Albert Memorial. But was not so much the remarks of the the most popular impression is that we shall be asked to give some sort of display in the centre, in order to lure the Germans on. And while we are forming fours strongly and persistently in Irone some time passing; to delay for that and Territorials-with rifles) . . . will time the taxi of some impatient War fall suddenly upon their flanks . . .

> So we talk, but at heart we take it seriously; and very seriously and gratefully we take the real soldiers who give up their time to teach us, and do not seem to think that that time will be altogether wasted. A. A. M.

MISTAKEN POLICY.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am directed to give you notice that the Vesuvius Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. has lately acquired the freehold of these premises and desires to have the insurance against loss or damage by fire transferred to itself. The premium, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per cent. on their value, is fifteen shillings. Upon receipt of this sum I will give immediate instructions for a policy to be issued and forwarded to you.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, Secy., The Vesuvius Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. H. Jones, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,-In reply to your letter of yesterday, I find that I have an unexpired policy for £1,000 with the Etna, an office which has enjoyed my confidence for many years and in which I have other insurances. Under this not only against fire, but also against

I am, yours faithfully, The Secy., Hy. Jones. The Vesuvius Insce. Co.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR, - I am in receipt of your letter, but I would beg to refer you to your lease. You will find it there expressly stipulated that you shall insure in some office of repute in London or Westminster to be approved of in writing by the Lessors. In these circumstances you will no doubt be persuaded of the desirability of sending me the premium forthwith, in order to effect an insurance which has your Lessors' approval. It is possible that the office you name would give you credit for so much of the premium as is proportionate to the risk unexpired. Yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. Jones, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR, -- I feel very keenly the suggestion that the Etna is an office of questionable repute. The likelihood of fire is small, as unfortunately the premises are at present standing empty, though I have a tenant in prospect. But in any case it is unthinkable that the Etna could not assemble a thousand pounds, should the need arise. If you care to write to me again shortly before Lady Day with terms no less advantageous than those I now enjoy, I do not say that I should not be prepared to consider them. But in the meantime this unprofitable discussion must Yours faithfully,

The Secy., Hy. Jones. The Vesuvius Insce. Co.

"Thorny Bank."

Dear Sir,-I am directed to inform you that, unless the premium for effecting a fresh insurance in this office is forwarded within a week, proceedings will be taken to enforce the forfeiture of your lease without any further notice whatever. Yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. Jones, Esq.

"Thorny Bank,"

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous of effecting an insurance of these premises against fire, I should be obliged if you would kindly give instructions for a policy to be issued at once. I enclose to me.

Yours faithfully, Hy, Jones. The Secy., The Vesuvius Insce. Co.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

DEAR SIR, I regret that owing to my absence in Scotland the safe receipt of this policy was not sooner acknow-



Patriotic Teacher. "'ENGLAND EXPECTS—' Now, WILL ONE OF YOU BOYS FINISH THE SENTENCE? 'ENGLAND EXPECTS—'"

Bright Pupil. "To win!"

with you in your loss, I find, on refer- to furnish particulars of the policy. ence to my lease, that I am under covenant to reinstate them as speedily as possible. As I particularly wish to postal order for fifteen shillings. The avoid any unpleasantness with my policy when issued should be forwarded Lessors, may I ask you to proceed with the work at once?

Yours faithfully, Hy. Jones. The Secy., The Vesuvius Insce. Co.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter you know best. of this policy was not sooner acknowledged. But I still more regret to have the Claims Department. I recollect to inform you that the insured premises that in a former letter you adverted to were totally destroyed by fire at a late an existing policy with the Etna Office, hour last night, the cause of ignition and as that office will be liable to conbeing ascribed to the carctaker's habit of tribute a share of the moneys covered Too many.

smoking in bed. Whilst sympathising by the double insurance you are required

Yours truly, D. Smith, etc., etc. H. Jones, Esq.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

DEAR SIR,-I enclose, as requested, particulars of my policy with the Etna. For my own part, I do not quite see how it will help you, since, profiting by your advice, I succeeded in obtaining a part rebate of premium—thus, I apprehend, releasing the risk. But no doubt Yours very truly, Hy. Jones.

The Secy., The Vesuvius Insce. Co.

> "91 TO SING SOLO." Asbury Park Evening Express.



First Trooper. "That's a nice pair of Oolan boots you got there, Bill."

Second Trooper. "Yus; not bad. Had to knock out six of the blighters afore I got a pair to fit me!"

IN DARKEST GERMANY.

(Being a humble appeal to English Divines, suggested by the attitude of Teuton Professors to the Belgian atrocities.)

HEAR me, most noble missionaries who,
Toiling on Africa's half-tutored shore,
Had words quite recently at Kıkuyu
Whereof the motley bard may say no more.

I would not dare to judge of warring creeds; It may be that the dark-skinned Hottentot Has skill to balance up his spirit's needs And know that this is truth and that is not.

But there are sloughs of ignorance so deep That sect and rubric seem to fade away, Souls unaroused as yet from barbarous sleep That have not glimpsed the prospect of the day.

These have no art to tell the wrong from right Who tot up two and two to sums unknown; Uganda, relatively erudite,
Has wants unfelt by Frankfurt and Cologne.

So, when the flags are furled, the trumpets mute, And soft-voiced messengers replace the guns, Let it be yours to stifle old dispute And found a first-aid mission to the Huns;

Teaching them not at first the subtler things
Of dogma, suited to a folk more wise,
Such gospel as ye bear to savage kings,
But "steal no longer" and "have done with lies."

Tell them that murder is esteemed "tabu,"
That the Red Cross is now a sacred sign;
Tell them no more than that; it will be new;
They have no need of ritual on the Rhine.

Let presently a non-sectarian school,
Where knowledge shall be taught to Teuton men
That mumbo-jumbo is an out-worn rule,
Be built at Heidelberg or Gottingen.

There shall the Vandal sages come and go,
And learn at last why Belgium felt chagrin,
And pace the Prussian goose-step very slow,
From class to class, with lots of halts between.

They shall attain in time, but not as yet,
To starrier heights that now the negroes win;
Meanwhile your common goal is clearly set
To wake the untouched blindness of Berlin. Evoz.

Another Impending Apology.

"Licutenant Asquith's first thought is for the comfort and feeding of his mary . . ."—Daily Record.

From an ante-War advertisement :-

"Holiday Courses in German,
Kaiserslauten, Rhenish Palatinate.
Lectures under the auspices of the International Peace
Association.—Aug. 3 to Aug. 29."

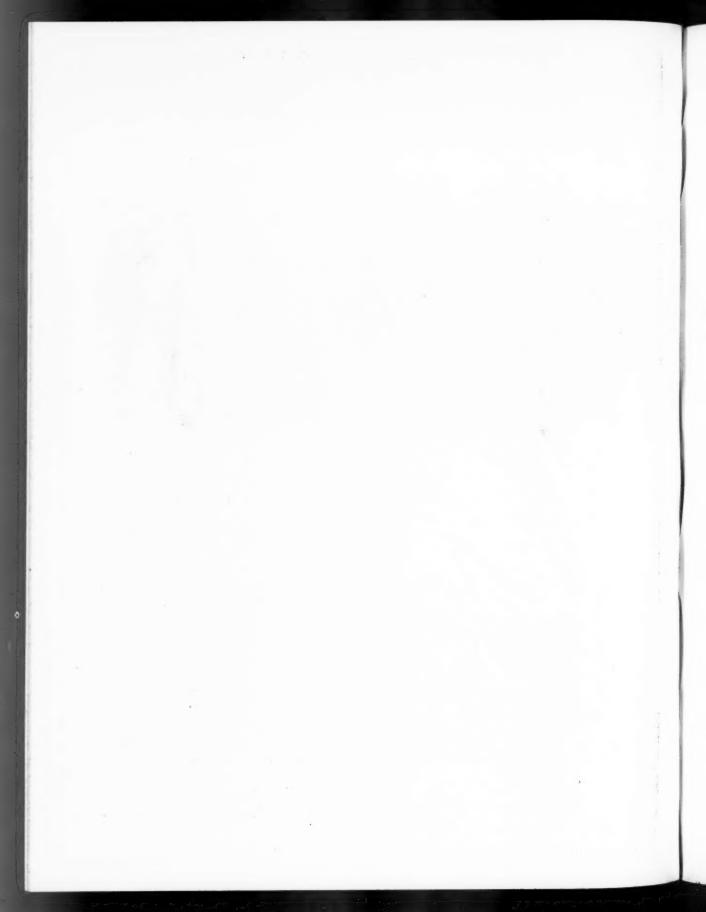
This course of pacific lectures has had to be postponed, but it is hoped that it may be given by the end of next summer under the auspices of the Allies in Berlin.



A PLAIN DUTY.

Britannia (to Holland). "MY RESOURCES AND MY OBLIGATIONS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS; LET THIS SERVICE FALL UPON ME."

[The number of Belgian refugees in Holland is probably ten times as great as the number in England.]





"WELL, WILLIAM, HEARD ANYTHING OF YOUR SON?"

"No, Miss; but they 'll send 'e to the front right away. 'E be just the man they be wantin' there."

"I'M SURE HE IS. BUT WHY DO YOU THINK HE WILL GO STRAIGHT TO THE FRONT?"

"Why, you see, Miss, 'E'll be able to show 'em the way about. 'E was at the Boer War, an' knows all them FURRIN' PARTS.'

THE REAL REASON.

Mr. Arthur Grayson, recently returned from Bad Nauheim, brings an interview with His Excellency Herr von Bode, which he obtained under curious circumstances. It seems that the famous Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, and for long the ultimate arbiter of taste in Germany, wishing to send a message to the American people, wrote to an American journalist, also, as it chanced, named Grayson, and also a resident in the other Grayson's hotel, making an appointment. But the American Grayson had then gone, and the English Grayson having opened his letter by mistake, and being not unwilling to see Berlin for himself during war-time, carried the missive to the capital, met the illustrious virtuoso and received the confidences intended for the instruction of New York and Washington, correcting their preposterous view of the German origin of the war.

We now give Mr. Grayson's words: "To make you understand the situation clearly, said Herr von Bode, 'we

could have mistaken it for anything else. I therefore bought it and made it the very jewel of this superb collection. England, however, always envious and acquisitive, in matters of connoisseurship dense, and now mad with rage to think that I alone had sufficient culture to discern the true and beautiful, at once set up the cry that the bust was the work not of LEONARDO in the fifteenth century, but of an Englishman falling in while he is at work. named Lucas in the nineteenth. They stopped at nothing in defence of this you?' I asked. claim. The English sculptor's son was even produced to remember his father at work on it; while it was affirmed that a piece of his father's waistcoat had been used as an internal support for the bust. The campaign of calumny and mis-information, in short, was as thorough as if Wolff's Bureau - I mean it was very thorough.'

" 'And what happened?' I asked.

"'We had no doubt ourselves,' said the bust. How barbaric! how devilish!

must go back a little into history, my companion. 'Had Mr. Tussaud Some years ago I was offered by an himself sworn that he was the modeller English dealer a wax bust of Flora, only vesterday we should have had no which I saw in a moment was by doubt, so indelibly, to the competent LEONARDO DA VINCI. No trained eye German eye, was the genius of LEONARDO stamped upon it. But we permitted the bust to be opened from the back, and true enough a piece of modern cloth was found within. That, however, as I say, could not affect the authenticity of the work, for it might easily have been sent to Lucas for renovation, and it is well known that a renovator often stuffs something inside the shell of these busts to keep it from

"'Still it was, perhaps, awkward for

"'In the contemptible English art circles some cry of triumph was raised,' he replied, 'but no one in Germany was shaken. Moreover, they knewwhat I knew-that England raised these doubts merely to cover her own original stupidity and ignorance. She was now convinced that it was by LEONARDO, because she knew I could not err, and her game was to belittle

but how characteristic! And why did Fortunately we knew that. We there- my virtuosity. The cause of my enshe belittle it?" he continued.

"'Why, indeed, go to that trouble?' I said.

"'Because'-his words were slow it! She wanted it, hungered for it, thirsted for it. She had let it go and she could not forgive herself. How

"'What then did she do?' he resumed. 'Fincing that her bitter attack Germany reveres and guards its choicest keep that? But you can understand.' on the bust was usel ss, and served only treasures.' to make us prize it the more, she began to plot to steal it. I could not age being bound over my eyes I took else might be lost in any attack on tell you the number of attempts that the hand of my companion and was led Berlin-should one be within the have been made to get possession of away. this world-wonder. No one could tell "You

fore marched through Belgium first.'

"With these words the famous virtuoso sat back in his chair.

"'If you will consent to be blind- LEONARDO. and impressive- because she wanted folded for a part of the journey-a necessary precaution which I am sure I said, 'which the clumsy fellow who you will appreciate,' he remarked a renovated this bust always stuffed into moment or so later,—'I will show you the Leonardos which he was called much she wanted it no one will ever the priceless masterpiece in its hiding-upon to botch—you still have that?" know!' He paused. Then you will understand. Also "'Oh no,' replied the enthusiast

"You may wonder that after every- saved." you. Day after day Englishmen, dis- thing that has been happening recently

noblement.'

"Before us was the famous wax bust, fresh from the hands of Luc-1 mean

"And the early-Victorian waistcoat."

I should like the world to know how hastily, 'we threw that away. Why he continued, "why we have taken all "Naturally I consented, and a band- the precautions we have? Whatever bounds of possibility-this must be

"'Not only must,' I replied, but







"MORNING, MATE. BIT BREEZY FOR GETTING A LIGHT, AIN'T IT?

guised even as German gentlemen, I was willing thus to entrust myself to will be saved. I feel certain that your thronged the museum, all asking the a German, but you must remember plans have been sufficient. England, way to the bust. We were continually that so far as he knew I was an whatever else she may take from Berlin, on our guard. Attendants patrolled American, a member of a country the room day and night. Our efforts whose goodwill has been angled for were successful.'

in triumph. "'Yes,' he resumed, 'the bust reit with conviction, there would have expert proceeded to unlock. been no war but for England's mad wax bust.

Belgium to Berlin to get the bust, he murmured. 'The coping-stone of tured.

with every conceivable bait. It is not return journey; and again the bandariumph. with every conceivable bait. It is not me, he said. But now for the return journey; and again the bandage was applied."

"For how far I was led I cannot say, mained where it was. England, in but we seemed to descend an incredible despair, then decided that a supreme distance into the earth and then pass effort must be made, and began to arm along interminable passages. At last and mobilize. The art faction got hold my eves were unbound and I discovered of Sir Edward Grey-nobbled him, as myself to be in the midst of a company you say. It was upon learning of of soldiers armed to the teeth, obviously this treacherous preparation and its underground, and I saw opposite me, dastardly motive, that our sublime in the light of an electric torch, a Kaiser took the action he did. I say massive iron gate, which the supreme

"We entered a gloomy cavern and desire to possess again the LEONARDO again were confronted by a massive gate, which in its turn was also un-"But what about the violation of locked, revealing an inner chamber in

will leave this bust with you.'

"He wrung my hand. 'You hearten

Among other items being produced at the Ambassadors' Theatre by an Anglo-Franco-Belgian company is "My Lady's Undress." A contemporary describes this as "a good take-off."

"English submarine after a rude battle drowned the German Ship Heine." This is from The Bahia Blanca Times (the only foreign paper we take in), and shows how the news gets about.

The Daily News quotes the Berlin Taegliche Rundschau as follows:-

""Ah!" he said darkly. 'It was England's in ention to march through

THE ARREST.

"Excuse me, but can you tell me which is Hunter Street?" said the tall pleasant-looking man with the slightly

foreign a pect.

"Hunter Street," I said, waving a vague hand, "lies over there. It is," I continued, fixing him with a stern look, "for constabulary purposes a chapel-ofease to Bow Street.'

He did not seem in the least perturbed. "Ah!" he said, "a special constable,

I suppose?"

I was only going on duty-theoretically I am never off duty-but I am missing no chances.

"Yes," I said, "I am. Do you mind telling me, quite between ourselves, you know, whether you are a German spy?"

He smiled slightly.

"Because if you are," I said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind holding on a minute. The strap of my truncheon has (tug) got fouled (tug) with my (tug) braces.

I got it out at last and stroked it lovingly. "I can't start before I'm ready," I said. "Rather neat bit of wood-what? Chose it myself at Bow Street. I take a 131-ounce racquet, you know."

"You seem," he said, "to have given up caring whether I am a German spy

or not."

"Your mistake," I said; "I was merely gaining time to size you up properly. Better take your pince-nez off. Broken g ass is such a nuisance, don't you think ?"

He ignored the friendly hint. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I am partly

German."

"Show me the German part," I said, gripping the corrugations of my truncheon more tightly. "I'm a little pressed for time.'

"And partly French," he went on.

"That's rather awkward," I said. "And I was born in Russia."

"Worse and worse," I said. "And spent practically the first twenty years of my life in Italy.'

"This," I said, "is the absolute boundary. Yours is a case for the New Prize Courts.

"But you haven't formally arrested me vet," he said.

half-nelson.

"My wife," he said musingly, "will be very annoyed. She's extremely English, you know."

"Look here," I said, "I really think I shall let you go, after all. So little



TALES FROM THE TRENCHES.

Some of our Soldiers, who were within seventy yards of the German trenches, hoisted an improvised target. The Germans did the same. Both sides signalled the result of the shooting. First Tommy, "GET DOWN! DO YOU WANT 'EM TO COP YER?"

Second Tommy. "BLIMY! THE PERISHERS SIGNALLED MY BULL A MISS, AND I'M JUST AGOIN' TO 'OP OVER AN' TELL 'EM ABAHT IT.'

perhaps I ought to resign. Come and have a sandwich, I've just time for one, and we can talk it over."

"Right," he said, "we may as well. By the way, it was my grandparents "True," I said, "I'm just coming to on my mother's side who were french that part, but at the moment I've forgotten the opening movements of the warrant card, he said, "I am a Special too. My name 's Briggs."

> The following reaches us from General Headquarters abroad :-

"ARMY TROOP ORDER, No. 40 .- Informaof you is the enemy, so much the Service postcards are arriving at the G.P.O. friend, that I don't care to take the without any address on them. The instruc-

responsibility of arresting you. But tions printed on the cards that nothing as to be written on them does not apply to the address. O.C.'s. are requested to bring this fact to the notice of all ranks. Oct. 12, 1914." The discipline in the Army seems to be almost too good.

> "The German Press is conducting a campaign to prove that Belgium was deceived by the English, who, it is asserted, depicted the Germans as sausages; Lence the people were frightened when the German troops approached."—Yorkshire Evening Press.

> The Scotch, however, are even less polite, The Aberdeen Evening Express announcing boldly-

"GORILLA FIGHTING ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER.'

THE KHAKI MUFFLER.

THE blinds were drawn, the lamps were lit and the fire was burning brightly. I was reading an evening paperwe get the 5.30 edition at the moment of publication, though we are thirty miles from London-and I had just found Prezymyzle (my own pronunciation) on the map for the thousandth time. Helen says that quite in the early days of the war she was told it ought to be pronounced Perimeeshy, but that seems impossible. Rosie declares for Prozmeel, Still she isn't very confident about it. One length already." thing seems certain: when the Russians take this jawcracking town they will pronounce it quite differently from the Austrian form, whatever that may be. Just think of what happened to Lemberg. There appeared to be a kind of finality about that, but no sooner were the Russians in it than it turned into Lwow. After that anything might happen to Przemysl.

However, there were the three of us sitting in the library. I was helping the common cause with the evening paper and the map, and Helen and Rosie were knitting away like mad at khaki mufflers for Lady FRENCH. Click-click went the needles; the youthful fingers moved with incredible deftness and celerity, and line after line was added by each executant to her already enormous pile. There had been a long silence, and the time for breaking it seemed to

have come.

"Well done, both of you," I said. "You really are getting on to-day. A week ago I thought you'd never get finished, and now——" I waved my hand encouragingly at the two heaps of wool-work.

"There," said Helen, "you've made me drop one."
"Pick it up again," I said with enthusiasm. "What were girls made for if not to pick up dropped stitches? But tell me," I added, "what would happen if you didn't is love knitted into them and admiration and gratitude, and pick it up?'

"My soldier," said Helen gloomily, "would go into the trenches and, instead of having a muffler, he would suddenly find himself coming undone all over him. Do you think he

would like that?"

"No," I said, "he wouldn't. No soldier could possibly like a thing of that sort when he's got to fight Germans."

"I wonder," put in Rosie, "what my soldier will be like. I think I should like him to have a moustache—yes, I'm sure I want him to have a moustache.'

"He'll have a moustache all right," said Helen, who is practical rather than dreamy. "And he'll have whiskers, too, and a beard as long as your arm. Do you think people have time to shave when they 're in trenches?"

"Well, anyhow," said Rosie, "both our soldiers will be very brave men."

"That," said Helen, "is quite certain. Let's put in some good hard stitches to thank them for their bravery.'

There was a short silence while this operation was performed with great zeal. The fingers flew through their complicated task and the web seemed to grow visibly.

"Haven't you both," I said, "done about enough? Talk about mufflers! In my day a muffler was something a man wore round his neck; but your mufflers would serve to clothe a whole platoon from head to heel with some-thing left over. Benevolence is all very well, but you shouldn't overdo it. There isn't a soldier alive who wouldn't trip over your mufflers. Think of him tripped up by a muffler and caught by a German."

"Lady French," said Helen, "wrote in her letter to The Times that every muffler was to be two yards and a

half long and twelve inches broad."

"Well," I said, "you've got the breadth all right." "Yes," said Helen, "we got that in the first line, and

we've never let go of it since. Anybody could get the breadth. You could do that if you tried."

"Graceless child," I said, "you don't seem to be aware that in my earliest boyhood I once began to knit a sock."

"But you didn't finish it." said Helen. "I know that

"Fathers," said Rosie, "could knit very well if they tried, but they won't try.'

"Come," I said, "I won't compete with you in knitting, but I'm game to bet you've done seven feet six inches in

"All right," said Helen, "we'll bet a penny, Only remember, mine was only six feet vesterday and Rosie's was four inches shorter."

I spread the fabrics on the floor and set to work with a tape measure. The first result was, Helen five feet eleven inches; Rosie five feet six inches.

"This," I said, "is maddening. You are imitating Penelope."

"I don't know about Penelope," said Helen, "but you haven't straightened them out enough."

I smoothed them out carefully and measured again, This time the result was, Helen six feet two inches; Rosic five feet ten inches.

"Capital!" I said; "I will do some more smoothing." "No," said Helen, "that won't be fair to Lady French or our soldiers. We must give them an inch or so over, if anything;" and they picked up the unfinished mufflers and set to work at them with renewed energy.

This was four days ago. Now both the mufflers are gloriously finished and ready to be despatched. When our two soldiers wear them we hope they will feel that there is a little magic in them as well as a great deal of warmth. There there are quiet thoughts of beautiful English country-sides and happy homes which our soldiers are helping to guard for us, though they are far away.

THE LOST SEASON.

(A Point of View.)

FAREWELL to the stretches of pasture and plough And the flicker of sterns through the gorse on the hill, And the mulberry coats there, alone with them now, To cheer as they 're finding and whoop at the kill; Farewell to the vale and the woodland forlorn, To the fox in his earth and the hound on his bench; Unheard is the pack and unheeded the horn, So loud and so near are the bugles of FRENCH.

The lines of blood hunters are gone from the stalls And a host of good men to the millions that meet, For grim is the Huntsman, in thunder he calls, And continents roar with the galloping feet; There's a country to cross where the fences are steel, And, though many must fall and the finish is far, There is none shall outride them, with heart, hand and heel.

Who have gone hard and straight in "The Image of War."

The German "Dove."

(Suggested by recent exploits of the " Taube" Aeroplane.)

In ancient and in happier days the Dove Stood as an emblem sure of peace and love; Now must we link it with the fiend who flies Down-dropping death on children from the skies.



Sportsman. "Last two cartridges, Dan. What's to be done now?" Dan'l. "YE'LL HEV TO TAKE TO THE BAINIT, COLONEL."

A NEW ART.

It is runoured that Cinema playwrights, following the example of certain well-known stage dramatists, are likely in future, in addition to the film representations, to publish their works in novel-form. The manuscript of one of the earliest of these productions has just come into our hands.

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY. CHAPTER I.

The last rays of the setting sun, shining through the windows of the Foreign Office, fell upon Clement Carmichael, the brilliant young Foreign Secretary, as he sat at his desk studying despatches. A slight noise caused him to raise his head sharply, and he observed a stranger of alien appearance standing before him.

Without a word the intruder produced a revolver and levelled it at Carmichael. Caught like a rat in a trap, the latter, after a moment's hesitation, handed over the despatches and leaned back with an expression of bitter

"It is Raymond Blütherski!" he gasped when he was again alone. "I am ruined!

CHAPTER II.

Office, Carmichael leapt into the wait- hat and a Gladstone bag, and he was ing motor and shouted hoarsely to the transformed before her eyes into a driver. A moment later the car was commercial traveller. disappearing rapidly down the street.

CHAPTER III.

Felix Capperton, the detective whose fame had penetrated two hemispheres, was playing chess with his daughter Madge, a tall and beautiful blonde. Suddenly the door opened and Carmichael entered hastily. In a few tense words he explained the situation to the famous sleuth, while Madge Capperton stood silent, pressing her hands to her heart.

The detective pointed meaningly at the chessboard, and Carmichael bent over it with an expectant face,

"It is checkmate!" he said.

"We will checkmate Blütherski!" replied the other confidently.

The eves of the Foreign Secretary met those of the girl and a sympathetic smile passed between them.

CHAPTER IV.

In his private sanctum Capperton sion of horror and despair. with skilful fingers fixed a moustache There was not an instant to be lost, and side whiskers to his lean and mobile down upon them!

Dashing down the steps of the Foreign face. His daughter handed him a soft

CHAPTER V.

Raymond Blütherski paced the deck of a Channel steamer, deeply absorbed in the fateful despatches. Suddenly he turned smartly on his heels.

He was face to face with Capperton, disguised as a commercial traveller.

Accustomed to such emergencies his mind was made up in an instant. Rolling the papers into a ball, he hurled them into the mouth of a large ventilator which stood near.

Unhesitatingly the detective threw himself into the ventilator and disappeared head first. With a cry of baffled rage Blütherski followed.

CHAPTER VI.

In the bows of the same steamer stood Madge Capperton and Clement Carmichael, gazing anxiously before them. Her fingers tightened on his arm. Their faces took on an expres-

A huge liner was bearing directly

CHAPTER VII.

In the treacherous waters of the English Channel the brilliant young Foreign Secretary supported Madge Capperton with one a.m. while with the other he swam strongly towards the only floating object in view.

As they drew near he perceived that it was a large ship's ventilator. It was sinking fast, and from its mouth protruded the heads of two men engaged in a life-and-death struggle. were Capperton and Blütherski.

With a cry of encouragement Carmichael redoubled his efforts.

CHAPTER VIII.

A ship's lifeboat, propelled by strong and willing arms, travelled swiftly across the sea. Presently a shout went up from the man in the bow. Four figures were seen struggling frantically in the water, and the rowers bent themselves with renewed energy to their oars.

CHAPTER IX.

On board the liner which had been responsible both for the collision and the re-cre, Raymond Blütherski, a sinister figure, was seen to leave his. cabin and disappear down the corridor. An instant later Carmichael and Capperton entered stealthily. With quick cat-like movements the detective pushed open the door and tip-toed into the cabin.

Carmichael waited outside in an attitude of intense watchfulness. As a steward passed down the corridor he saw she was laboriously severing the assumed a careless expression and lit coul which tied her wrists. At length a cigarette with nonchalant elaboration.

Directly the steward had gone the watcher resumed his vigil, every nerve on the alert.

CHAPTER X.

Inside the cabin the detective hurriedly opened drawers, turned over bedclothes, tapped partitions and felt in boots. Then with an expression of disappointment he turned to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

In the corridor the two men stood face to face.

"Have you found them?" asked Carmichael hoarsely.

"No. They have sunk in the sea!" replied the other.

CHAPTER XII.

Across the smooth waters of the English Channel a motor-boat moved swiftly. In the bows the Foreign Secretary and the detective gazed aperture. earnestly forward.

Presently the latter clutched Carmichael's arm with an oath. Another boat had come into view, and they perceived that a diver in full costume was climbing into it.

alongside the other. It could be seen that the diver held in his hand a ball of paper.

CHAPTER XIII.

The diver's headpice was being unscrewed. On either side of him stood Capperton and Carmichael, each with a load d revolver.

At length the cumbrous belmet was lifted off and the face of the diver was revealed.

It was Madge!

CHAPTER XIV.

The motor-boat drew up beside the quay and the Foreign Secretary stepped out with the detective and his daughter. All were plainly in a joyous mood, and they smiled happily at each other,

So gratified were they at their success that they quite failed to observe three men, who crept up stealthily behind them and thrust pads soaked in chloroform over their mouths.

In a few seconds the struggles of the victims ceased, and their inert bodies were roughly thrust into a waiting

From the driver's seat Blütherski smiled saidonically.

CHAPTER XV.

Madge Capperton lay in a cellar of Blütherski's house, tightly bound and gagged. But her indomitable spirit was not yet cowed.

Using the edge of a rough stone as a her persistence was rewarded and the frayed ends of the rope fell apart.

In litteen seconds she stood up free.

CHAPTER XVI.

In another cellar, similarly shackled, the resolute detective was exerting all his mighty strength to burst his bonds.

With a superhuman effort he broke the cord which held his arms, and in fifteen seconds he also was free

CHAPTER XVII.

In a small room in the same house the detective's daughter methodically pressed her hand against picture after p:cture hung on the walls. Her face was grimly determined.

At last she was successful. A large section of the wall slid back, revealing a dark opening.

After a few seconds' natural hesitation the brave girl stepped through the

CHAPTER XVIII.

Raymond Blütherski lay asleep. On his dressing-table rested the fatal ball of paper.

Suddenly a portion of the wall moved back and Madge Capperton appeared W.C.

The motor-boat came to a stop in the opening. As noiselessly as possible she crept forward and snatched up the despatches. In a few seconds she would be safe!

At that instant Blütherski awoke leapt out of his bed and grasped her roughly by the arm. But he had reckoned without Capperton.

The commanding figure of the detective appeared in the room. He levelled a large revolver at Blütherski. and the latter threw up his hands with a cry of baffled hate.

CHAPTER XIX.

In a moontit garden Clement Carmichael was waiting impatiently. Presently Madge came to him with a radiant face and placed the lost despatches in his hands. His reputation was saved!

Seizing the girl in his arms he pressed his lips to hers in a long passionate kiss.

THE END.

CASUS BELLI.

(For a sensitive Scot.)

TEA-SHOP, how I loathe thee! Our connection's o'er, Henceforth I don't know thee Any more.

'Tisn't that I did not On thy pastry dote: 'Tisn't that it slid not Down my throat;

'Tisn't that thy crumpets Fell a trifle flat-If I've got the hump it's Not from that.

'Tisn't that the waitress Tried to wink at me, Or let fall a stray tress In my tea;

'Tisn't that I tossed thee Tenpence in the till For a snack that co t thee Almost nil

Nay, 'twas this unnerved me-Just a scone alone. Which the lass who served me Called a scone.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

In connection with his chief Cartoon of this week, Mr. Punch begs to invite his readers to help the kind people of Holland on whom the care of so many Belgian refugees has fallen. Contributions will be gladly received by the International Women's Relief Committee (Miss Chrystal Macmillan, Treasurer), 7, Adam Street, Adelphi,



Seene: A Recruiting Station in Ireland. In order not to lose a stalwart recruit who happens to be under the standard height measurement the examining officer makes a brilliant suggestion to Sergeant O'Flanagan—



-- WHICH SUGGESTION SERGEANT O'FLANAGAN CARRIES OUT WITH A HIGHLY SATISFACTORY RESULT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Coasting Bohemia is the attractive title of a series of essays upon men and matters by Mr. Comyns Carr, issued in a portly volume published by MACMILLAN. During the last forty years Mr. CARR, eminently a clubable man, has made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of a galaxy of painters, authors and actors. He was equally at home with MILLAIS, ALMA-TADEMA, ROSSETTI, BURNE-JONES, WHISTLER, GEORGE MEREDITH, HENRY IRVING and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A shrewd observer, quick in sympathy, apt in characterisation, he has much that is interesting and informing to say of each. Perhaps the chapter on Whistler is the most attractive, since in some respects his individuality was the most pronounced. In a couple of brief sentences, pleasing in the slyness of their gentle malice, Mr. CARR hits off a striking quality in the character of the Whistler we most of us knew. "At times," he writes, "Whistler was even greedy of applause, and, provided it was full and emphatic enough, showed no inclination to question its source or authority. There were moments indeed when, if it appeared to lack volume or vehemence, he was ready himself to supply what was deficient." Mr. Care has in his time played many parts. He made a start at the Bar, but did not get further than the position of a Junior, which suited him admirably. As a critic, he cannot plead in extenuation the dictum of DISRAELI that critics are those who have failed in Literature and Art. He has written several successful plays, was English editor of L'Art, was among the founders of the New Gallery, and remains established

the volume was uncut. Why should a harmless reviewer be compelled to "coast Bohemia" armed with a paper-knife, interrupted, when he comes to an exceptionally interesting point, by necessity for cutting a chunk of pages? R.S.V.P., Messrs. Macmillan.

The ease with which the nuptial knot
In Yankee-land is severed—such is
The underlying theme of what
The Letter of the Contract touches;
So, but that BASIL KING has brain
And uses it when he is writing,
The book (from METHUEN) might contain
Little that is novel or inviting.

Yet it's so good it's doomed to miss,
I rather fear, the approbation
Of folk who hope such books as this
May help the cause of reformation;
For, if divorce in U.S.A.
Inspires such work, it stands to reason
To change the law in any way
Amounts to literary treason.

In contemplating the present season's output of fiction I have been impressed by the number of novels that might have been written with an eye to the conditions of Disraell that critics are those who have failed in Literature and Art. He has written several successful plays, was English editor of L'Art, was among the founders of the New Gallery, and remains established as one of our best after dinner speakers. Of such is the kingdom of Bohemia. From these various sources the kingdom of Bohemia. From these various sources (Arnold), and it is all about the struggle between "the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany," as exemplified in an egotistical, crack-brained genius named Ludwig Wehlitz, and the ideals of civilized Christianity exemplified in several

other more agreeable persons. You will own that this is obstacles. And lo! in this manse of lonely Kökensee we at least à propos. The whole thing is, of course, quite charmingly told. All the characters are thoroughly alive; most of of Ibsen! Lizabeth, tongue in check, in the mask ingly told. I couldn't get myself to believe in the in-

willing to admire. There were two other men also, attendant upon the great one: Conrad Sachs, who was gentle and deformed. and Graf von Ludenstein, who represented another type of German manhood. He represented it so well, indeed, that, when Mrs. Fennamy discovered that he had taken Persis off for an intimate conversation in a wood. even her tolerant placidity was deranged. But it was all right, and Persis escapes heart-whole from the lot of them, clay superman and all. She is to be congratulated. So is the author, for her book is both apt to the moment and interesting in itself.

There is, for all its gaiety, a certain external quality of pathos (now that the German is to us so sinister a figure) in much of The Pastor's Wife (SMITH, EL-DER), with its types of an East Prussian village drawn in with those deft, half kindly, half malicithe creatrix of Elizabeth of the Garden

has accustomed us. Ingeborg is the daughter of an old friends the dealers that, with a curious naïveté, they English bishop—a bishop, by the way, so needlessly odious that even those who would cheerfully believe the worst of the order must protest against this hitting below the gaiters-and she meets her pastor in a railway carriage on a cheap trip to Lucerne. This soutterly - by - the - pursuit - of - knowledge - dominated Herr Dremmel (his subject is scientific manure) has a lapse from the even paths of research into the disturbing realms of love, and with an egotistic single-mindedness which is beyond all praise overwhelms her into marriage by the authors let themselves off rather lightly from the labour of heroic process of ignoring all objections, refusals and working out their themes.

all perhaps the placid, tolerant and entirely practical mother effable preoccupations of Herr Dremmel that made so deso. of the heroine. Persis Fennamy had been introduced to late a pastor's wife; nor could I see the later enchanting the genius as a suitable disciple and possible helpmate by Ingeborg in the little negligible mouse of the enisonal the Signorina Zardo, who worshipped him from afar, study (though I liked them both); and, as I said, I entirely Persis met Ludwig, was interested, impressed and even refused to accept the bishop. But I heartily and thoroughly

enjoyed the story. the happy little strokes of humour and irony, the apt. pert thumbnailsketches of the subsidiary characters, the tender love of country things and moods; and saw that I'd been an ass to take it all too seriously. It was written to charmand it's charming.

Laughter in these dark days is so wholesome a corrective that we mustn't be too exacting with Mr. PHILLIPS OPPEN-HEIM, that fertile spinner of yarns, when in The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton (METHUEN) he presents us with the diverting idea of a mean, little, loud, untruthful auctioneer's clerk converted by the eating of a mysterious brown bean into a paragon of candid truth, refined taste and romantic desire. There's an amusing scene when Burton's chief, a thoroughly resourceful specimen of his tribe, cries down, under the same mysterious influence, the pseudoantiques he is selling, and so intrigues his



A GARGOYLE OF NÔTRE DAME DE PARIS.

(With acknowledgments to the etching by M. Méryon.)

ous touches to which Spirits of EVIL, WHEN THEY 'RE THROWN OUT OF A CHURCH, ARE TURNED TO STONE;

BUT THE ABOVE WAS PETRIFIED EVEN BEFORE HE GOT INSIDE.

make absurdly high bids in the belief that the auctioneer is up to some profitable little game. Mr. Alfred Burton himself becomes at a stroke a famous author just by merely writing what he sees and seeing true. (But wouldn't his readers also need a nibble at the bean?) Finally falling from grace as the effect of this food of the gods wears off, he accepts a directorship of the new mind-food company, "Menatogen," which brings him untold wealth. Quite innocent fooling which yet leaves one with the impression that our popular

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CHARIVARIA.

THE Fremdenblatt of Hamburg congratulates itself that "the British campaign of pin-pricks is fast coming to a miserable end." If the reference is to bayonets, our contemporary is in

A Berlin news agency states that General LEMAN, of Liege, is actually a German. It is characteristic of the Germans to bring an accusation like that against a brave and innocent man in adversity.

The Kölnische Volkszeitung records the foundation of a "German Truth Society." We are glad that it is realised over there at last that there is a difference between Truth and German Truth.

It is semi-officially announced that the Kaiser's headquarters are now in His hindquarters were recently seen in Russia.

A detachment of British cavalry. while playing water polo in the Oise, suddenly spotted a patrol of German Uhlans, jumped on their horses naked. and in that state charged the enemy. We understand that a protest has been lodged at the War Office by the British Propriety League.

A motor wireless section in Scotland is searching for a mascot and regimental pet, and a Glasgow newspaper invites its readers to supply a suitable animal. What would be wrong with a wireless terrier?

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, it is said, the KAISER ordered a Gloucester spotted pig in this country. Later on the shipment of the pig was countermanded. Presumably sufficient pigs had already been spotted in the German army.

A pretty tribute to our ability to keep our hair on in a crisis was paid last week at the Bow County Court by an itinerant vendor of a hair restorer. He informed the Court that since the war there had been no demand for his

A correspondent writes to The Times to object to the nickname "Tommies" applied to our soldiers. "Thomases" would undoubtedly be more respectful its appearance again. and dignified.

Westminster, on the 12th, 13th and Glad Eye Witness."



"Not big enough! D'yer know 'oo I am? D'yer know foive year ago I was champion light-weight of Wapping?"

"I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE A GOOD MAN; BUT, YOU SEE, YOU DON'T COME UP TO THE REQUIRED MEASUREMENTS, SO I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE END OF IT."

"OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN. ONLY, MIND YER, IF YER GO AN' LOSE THIS 'ERE WAR-WELL, DON'T BLAME ME-THAT'S ALL!"

14th instant, in aid of the Actors' Everyman will do his duty and bring sometimes sold. in a large sum for this admirable object.

The French authorities have seized ten race-horses stabled at St. Symphorien, near Tours, which belonged to M. Mumm, of the famous champagne firm, who is a German subject. Motto for those Germans who were captured speechless in the neighbourhood of Rheims:-" Mumm's the word!"

We note that there is a strong cast in The Glad Eye which has made

An original production of Everyman calling a certain cheery correspondent find that in more than one railwayis to be given at the Cathedral Hall, on our Generalissimo's Staff "The station refreshment department they

The latest news from South Africa Benevolent Fund. We trust that would seem to show that Bevers are

THE FLASH-LIGHT THAT FAILED.

(Lines suggested by a recent incident on the Firth of Forth.)

THERE was a young alien in Fife Who on spying was keen as a knife, Till a sentry-good egg!-

Plugged him bang through the leg And ruined his prospects for life.

" Along the coast the French Fleet are now aiding the British monitors, smashing the heavy buns rolled up to the coast by the

In the heavy bun department we fear Which reminds us that they are no rivals, and the Germans will soon will meet their Waterloo.

TO A FALSE PATRIOT.

HE came obedient to the Call: He might have shirked like half his mates Who, while their comrades fight and fall, Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime, You waved a flag above his head, And hoped he'd have a high old time, And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are! Give us your hand, old pal, to shake;" And took him round from bar to bar And made him drunk-for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday, Clear-eved and earnest, keen and hard, He held himself the soldier's way-And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right; Your easy conscience takes no blame: But he, poor boy, with morning's light, He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand Nothing of all his bitter pain: You have no regiment to brand; You have no uniform to stain;

No vow of service to abuse, No pledge to King and country due: But he had something dear to lose, And he has lost it-thanks to you.

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. VI.

(From Professor HERMANN MÜLLER, Ph.D., Private in the -th Regiment of Prussian Injantry.

Belgium.

Your Majesty,-I am one of your Majesty's most loyal and most faithfully devoted subjects, and, if I now write to you, it is not because I doubt for one moment that you are inspired in all your actions by a clearer wisdom and a firmer grasp of facts than any that I can pretend to, but because there are certain questions which obstinately press upon me to such an extent that I must relieve my mind

At the beginning I was a firm believer in the necessity of this war, and in the perfect and not to be shattered justice of our cause. I had read all that there was to read: TREITSCHKE, NIETZSCHE, BERNHARDI, FROBENIUS and a hundred others, from whose writings it can be most easily shown that Germany alone among nations has the power and the will to expand and to rule; that expansion and rule must be accomplished by war, which, far from being a misfortune, is a noble object to be aimed at and not avoided by statesmen; that all other nations are degenerate and must for their own good be crushed by Germany; and that any nation which resists Germany is through that very act an enemy of the human race. I also believed that German culture is something different from and superior to such culture (if it be worthy of the name) as is possessed by other countries. All these beliefs I set out in my booklet entitled, "Der Lorbeerkranz," which I humbly and with the In our "List of firms which must have a telegraphic most profound heart's devotion dedicated to your august address" Mr. Brown takes a high place.

and glorious Majesty. Did you, I wonder, deign to cast your Imperial eyes on this effort of my pen? How we'll I remember obtaining my first copy of the book on the happy day that saw its publication. It seemed printed in letters of gold, and, filled with high yearnings and expectations, I took it home to my beloved Anna. We read it aloud together, turn and turn about, with laughter and applause and tears, for we saw therein the foundation of fame,

So, at the war's beginning, I shouted with the rest for my Kaiser and my country, knowing that the war was just and that we should end by annexing England's colonies, after destroying her armies and her ships, and

those of France and Russia into the bargain.

Well, that is already, as it seems to me, a thousand years ago, and I must admit that at that time I did not consider it possible that I myself with all my weight of learning as well as my regulation knapsack should be marching about, or lying in a trench on the plains of Flanders, divided by a few hundred yards from English soldiers, who have in their hands rifles and bayonets, and know how to use them. In the intervals of firing, as we lie there, a man has time to think, and it is wonderful how clear his ideas become in such conditions. Some of us do not think or think only what they are told. Poor simple fellows, they still believe they are even now at the gates of Paris, and that to-morrow is the day appointed for the entrance; whereas I know that, having been close to Paris in a mad rush, our armies have since retreated day after day.

But all this happened before I myself had to join the fight with the older men. Now I know that the English and the French have much to say for themselves, and, in any case, that it is plain nonsen-e-I beg Your Majesty's pardon for using this word, but it is there and I will not strike it out-it is plain nonsense to believe that the good God who has made us all has had any interest in making our Germans out of better clay than that which He has used for other men. I cannot even make an exception in the case of your Imperial Majesty's own self. Thus do my thoughts run in the trenches during this dreadful battle. What things have I heard, what awful sights have I seen since I received my marching orders! I think of Anna and of little Karl, and hope only that some day I shall be far away from these scenes in a place where peace shall reign and I can see them both again. But when will this be?

With most humble respect,

HERMANN MÜLLER.

"THE GREATER GAME."

This Cartoon, which deals with professional football and the War, and appeared in the issue of Punch for October 21, has now been reprinted in the form of Posters and Handbills. These will be gladly sent free of charge, for the purpose of distribution or exhibition, to anyone interested in recruiting among football players and the enormous crowds that attend League Matches. Applications, stating the number required, should be addressed to The Secretary, Punch Off.ces, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., who will gratefully acknowledge any contributions towards the expense involved.

"The Greater Game" is also being reproduced in the form of a Lantern Slide for exhibition at Cinemas, etc.

[&]quot;Plaintiff, Mr. W. E. Brown, trading as Bre-...oEwenforOD.t onthr.s)cflandsbrdlucmfwyp therton and Watt, auctioneers, of Winton, claimed a sum of £4 13s. 6d."—Bournemouth Echo.

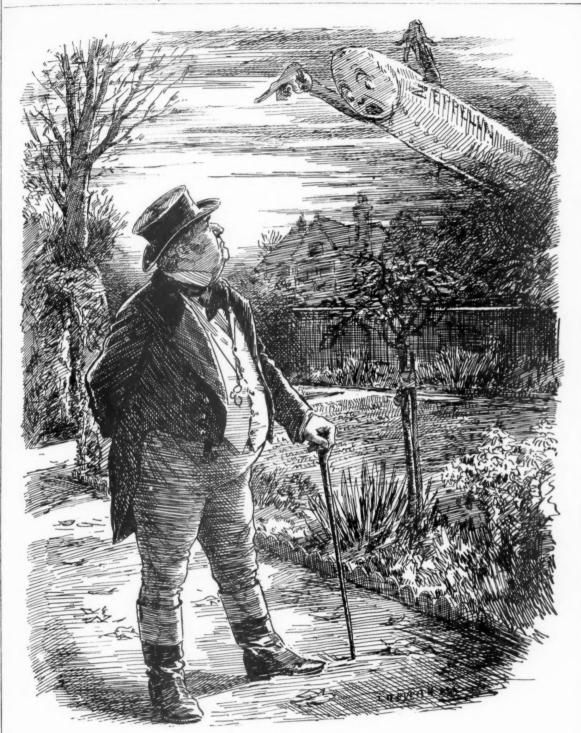
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FOREWARNED.

ZEPPELIN (as "The Fat Boy"). "'I WANTS TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."
John Bull. "RIGHT-O!"





Jim (jast leaving for Egypt), "Well, Good-bye, Mother; take care of Yourself. I'll ering you a pyramid when I come

Mother, "Tha mun do nowt o' t' soort, lad. Tha munna get thesen i' any trouble for me."

ANOTHER INNOCENT VICTIM OF THE WAR.

not here particularise.

quietly upstairs for the bottle of ammoniated quinine; my younger sister explores the recesses of a cupboard for Such, Sir, has been the routine at-

Sir,-Will you grant me the hos- visitor there may be in the house is in our domestic relations. The first pitality of your columns for the expectage ready with suggestions of alternative sneeze of this year's attack took place posure of a grievance? The rest of the remedies, recalling numerous interest-last evening. My once attentive sisters, Press, which until recent months have ing and instructive examples. Light immersed in wool and flannel of all welcomed my communications, seem to and nourishing dishes are prepared for shades, took no notice; Miss Annistay, have become indifferent to matters my dinner; a hot-water bottle is placed an old family friend, alone remarked affecting the health and comfort of the in my bed; and in the bedroom a fire upon my condition, stating that colds intellectual classes.

I am a professional man. For the past five-and-twenty years, with only one exception (the year following the Diamond Jubilee of the late QUEEN one of my sisters, who gently places than our customary fare, and when I VICTORIA), I have fallen a victim during my dressing-gown round my shoulders asked for hot milk at bedtime my sisters the first days of November to an attack while I drink it. Afterwards I lie inquired, "Whatever for, Septimus?" I of bronchial catarrh. In this distressing down to sleep, with the bell-push within sought my chamber, only to find, on complaint, as you may be aware, an reach. A tap at the door wakes me enquiry, that my dressing-gown, my early symptom is a fit of sneezing, with next morning. "May I bring in a cup extra blankets and my hot-water bottle other manifest discomfort which I need of tea, dear Septimus?" asks my other had disappeared—gone, I understand, For the past twenty-five years (with bed for the day, and swift arrangements maining in bed to-day, I am writing the one exception to which I have are made with the butcher, when he this from my office, an exceedingly alluded) my first sneeze has been the calls, to telephone a message to the draughty apartment. signal for alarm among the women-folk office. Emily refrains from singing of my household. My elder sister goes while washing up, and wears felt slip-

the piece of red flannel to which I have tending this practically annual event household, these sacrifices should be been accustomed; and Emily, the maid, for the past five and twenty years. personal and not vicarious.

without being instructed, puts the But I regret to inform you that a secret kettle on the gas-stove. Any lady and sinister change has been at work sister. I am implored to remain in to a local hospital. And, far from re-

Yours cordially,

SEPTIMUS CODDELL.

P.S .- Of course I thoroughly approve of the idea that we must all make sacri-Such, Sir, has been the routine at- fices in time of war; but, as I tell my

OUR GUY.

WE feel just a little hurt that the police have not prohibited our village bonfire. Why shouldn't Zeppelins come to Little Pilswick? Why should an arrogant metropolis monopolise everything? Still we hid our mortification and the Guy Committee met as usual in the saloon bar of the "Bull."

that the celebration be dropped, and that all material already collected be given to the Belgian refugees. It was pointed out to him that a gift of two to theatre of the war a message will empty tar-barrels and half-a-dozen reach the Kaiser. The hatred of a kindness, might prove embarrassing to chilling contempt of Little Pilswick train coming in." any relief committee. Besides, we are will pierce to his very heart.

happy in the entertainment of two Belgian families, and the feeling was that the sight of an uncul ured fire would cheer them. So Prodgers was temporarily crushed. Then came the all-important question of the guy.

Mr. Flodden, the landlord, began the discussion. "Last year we'd LLOYD GEORGE. but we can't have no politics now, though he's-well, I wish I could tell him what he is. Year before we'd the Squire for stopping up that footpath, but he's in the Yeomanry now, so he's barred."

"The KAISER!" cried Jen-"Have him with mailed fists holding up a torn scrap of paper.

"No, the Crown Prince," suggested Webb. "Everyone would know him if we put a silver spoon in each hand and hung

a silver coffee-pot round his neck." "DE WET," proposed Cobb.

"Had him twelve year or more ago," said the landlord. "DE WET's off."

A fierce controversy now ensued between partisans of the Kaiser and the to give William a word of parental cathedral than to steal plate; whilst refreshment-rooms. Unwin, the jobbing builder, declared that the damaging of a cathedral gave work to a very deserving class of men, and said he would very much rather ing hard at the refreshment-room, see the parish church-tower knocked down than the Vicar's spoons stolen. At last feeling ran so high it was decided to put the matter to the vote. Five voted for the light-headed KAISER, five for his light-fingered heir. All eyes turned on the landlord to see Cheffins minor in the refreshmentwhich way his easting vote would go.

"Friends all," said Mr. Flodden,

this village. Even our guys have been report about you from your houserespectable, though, mind you, that master. It is only then that I know LLOYD GEORGE-well, if it wasn't wartime, I'd say he come precious near the line. Now what's the good of us letting ourselves down to burn these 'Uns? What about old GUY FAWKES? I grant you be wanted to blow up the 'Ouses of Parliament; but, if there was licensing bills in those days, I don't In the first instance Prodgers moved blame him. I say stick to old Guy and be respectable.

It was carried unanimously.

Somewhere in his rush from theatre

OBVIOUS EMBARRASSMENT OF LITTLE BINKS, WHO HAS INJURAD HIS HAND IN THE PEACEFUL OCCUPATION OF PICTURE-HANGING, AT BEING MISTAKEN FOR A WOUNDED HERO.

THE REPORT FALLACICUS.

I HAVE a son, William. But there are compensations; he is at school.

It was at the crisis of parting at the station that it seemed to me necessary Crown Prince. Prodgers argued ably advice. I hate seeing small boys at that it was much worse to destroy a such moments stuffing themselves in

"William," I said, "life is not all cricket and football.'

"there's golf."

"That, William, is scarcely a game. I should describe it in my own case as an exercise taken under medical advice, to obtain relief from business strain.'

"Father," barst out William, "there's room."

"we've kep' ourselves respectable in of each term I receive an unsatisfactory Nights Were Dark."

you have wasted three months of golden time." ("Golden time" was a happy inspiration.)

"Old Starks is a rotter," said William

"Now I put you on your honour. William, to send me a truthful report of your progress at the half-term. Then if you are not doing well I can write and ask that you should have special attention. On your honour, mind.'

"Yes, father. Shall we go across to the refreshment-room now?"

"Ah, yes, certainly," I said, noticing

Then having done my duty I forgot
all about the promised
report. It arrived unexpectedly this morning. He had framed it precisely on the model of his housemaster's reports :-

Position in Form. First. Progress. Very marked; decidedly more attentive and industrious.

Latin. A distinct improvement in versification. Translates easily and in-

telligently.

Greek. Displays remarkable promise.

("Of course it won't be much use to him in my leather business," I said to my wife; "still it shows grit.")

Mathematics. Again marked progress is to be recorded.

Conduct. Courteous, orderly, obedient. A good

influence in the house. General Remarks. Will achieve a high position in the school, but must take care that too close absorption in study does not interfere with his athletic

development. " Most gratifying," I said to my wife. "I just put the boy on his honour. I don't believe in lecturing boys. Ah, what's this at the bottom?

I read with horror the foot-note, "Per Wireless from Berlin.'

I am a parent, so I instructed my wife to write a letter saying how much I was pained by William's frivolity. I am a patriot. so, without her knowledge, I slipped a postal order for ten shillings into the envelope.

We hear there is no truth in the report that Mr. James Welch intends renaming his successful farce (now "William," I proceeded, "at the end moved to the New Theatre) "When



Visitor (leaving inn after sleepless night). "I suppose you don't happen to be a German?" Landlord. "Do I look like it?"
Visitor. "No; but I thought I'd just ask because my room last night had a concrete bed in it."

THE GREAT PETARD.

(Being some further reliable information about the enormous siege gun which is to shell us from Calais.)

This is the tale of the Master Hun And how, on thinking it over, He bade his henchmen build him a gun With a belly as huge as the Heidelberg Tun To batter the cliffs of Dover.

See how the Uhlans' lances toss!

As a mother her child they love it;
Guarding it well from scathe and loss
They have stamped its side with a big Red Cross,
And the white flag waves above it.

First it was cast in Essen town;
Junkers in gay apparel
Flocked to sample its high renown,
And a dozen or more, they say, sat down
To dinner inside its barrel.

Fair and free did the Rhine wine flow
Till the face of every glutton
Shone with a patriot's alter-glow,
And then they retired a mile or so
And the War Lord pressed the button.

Hoch! The howitzer stood the test,
Belching like fifty craters,
And (this is perhaps the cream of the jest)
There was more than metal inside its chest,
For they hadn't removed the waiters.

Now it has come on armoured trains
To the further side of the Channel;
Prayers are said in a hundred fanes
For its godlike soul, and whenever it rains
They muffle its throat with flannel.

Strange indeed is the cry of its shells,
Like a pack of hounds in full wail,
Like the roar of a mountain stream that swells
Or like anything else from a peal of bells
To the bark of a wounded bull-whale.

But the worst of it is that when—and if— It begins its work of slaughter It will possibly harm the Kentish cliff, But it's perfectly certain to go and biff The French one into the water.

So when you shall hear a noise on high
Like the medium brush of a barber,
And a monstrous bullet falls from the sky
And blows off the head of a Prussian spy
As he dallies in Dover Harbour,

You shall know that at last the WAR LORD's host,
By dint of a stout endeavour,
Have chipped off a bit of the Calais coast
And caused the isle that they pant for most
To be further away than ever.

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THE PEACE CIGAR.

"By the way, Lorna was there this morning," said Celia. "Her brother's in the War Office."

when they last had lunch together? I asked.

"Well," smiled Celia, "he does say that-

I get all my best news from Celia nowadays. When I meet you in the liked to hear it buzzing." City and mention that I know for a fact that the KAISER is in hiding at Liverpool, you may be sure that Celia saw Vera yesterday morning, and that Vera's uncle is somebody important on the Liverpool Defence Committee.

the blankets, sea-boots, chocolate, periscopes and so forth; Celia looks after the brown paper and string, which always seems to me the most tricky part. There are a dozen of them, all look back upon it." working together; and you can imagine (or, anyhow, I can) Vera or Kitty or relations, while Beryl or Evelyn or bit bigger. Not much, however. Lorna looks up from the parcel she is kneeling on and interrupts, "Well, my

"Well," smiled Celia, "Lorna's will be over by Christmas."

"Hooray," I said; and I went out

and looked at my cigar.

This cigar arrived at my house in a went up from right to left in order of poster, brown and inscrutable. importance, each in his own little bed the end, who had a double bed to you can take us both out." himself. Starting with Cabajo fino in the right-hand corner, the prices ranged from about nine a penny to or any of his brethren.

Celia was looking over my shoulder when I opened the case, and she surveyed my brown friends with interest.

one?" she asked, touching Torpedo and already I see the waiter coming Jimmy's cummerbund with the tip of round with a torch to light it, her finger.

"On your birthday," I said.

you. Couldn't you smoke it on two ordinary days instead?"

after a very good dinner," I explained.

Celia sternly.

pretty people in the distance, and-all the middle of it; no unauthorised that sort of thing. You can't do that ventilation. The exact moment must at home. Besides, I shall want a be chosen by the Allies. My cigar must waiter or two to hold the far end of be ripe . . . and yet not too ripe. "And what did Kitchener tell him it while I'm smoking. It'll be all right going there; we can put it on the top of a cab."

"Of course it will be lovely going out with you," said Celia, "but Jane will be very disappointed. She'd have shall know the war is just over."

"I hope it won't buzz," I said.

"Couldn't you smoke it now, and then we'd go out next week and celebrate your recovery." She sighed. "My birthday's a long way off," she said wistfully, thinking of the band Twice a week Celia ties up parcels and the lights and the pretty people spirits, we shall get into our taxi and for the Fleet. Ordinary people provide in the distance—and not necessarily in drive off together—Celia and I and the distance either.

"Well, p'raps we'll think of another excuse. Anyhow it will be a very great day, and if I survive we shall often

Celia stroked it again.

"It's just like a torpedo, isn't it?" Isobel, her mouth full of knot, gossip- she said. And so we called it Torpedo the enormous sum of £143,468 0s. 01d. ing away about her highly-placed Jimmy. A torpedo is actually a little

That was July. When August came we knew that there would be no excuse brother heard—— I say, where did before the birthday and that the birth-you put my seissors?" dinner was postponed. It didn't matter. brother in the War Office says the war because we forgot about the great industries that have been gravely dinner.

But towards the end of September Celia came across the sample case again. All the beds were empty now but one. case of samples last July. The samples Torpedo James still lay in his four-

"Better put him away," she said, -until you got to Torpedo Jimmy at "and on the day that peace is signed

And so Torpedo Jimmy became a symbol. The more I long for peace, the more I long for that historic smoke. five pounds apiece, the latter being When Louisa's brother or Nora's uncle the approximate charge for T. James has a long pessimistic talk with KITCHENER, then I look sadly at my eigar; but when French and Joffre unbend to Vera's stepfather or Beryl's cousin and give him words of cheer, "When are you going to smoke that then I take it out and pinch it fondly,

I have been looking at it to-day, and I see that it is giving a little at one "Bother, then I shan't see much of end. I fancy that the moth has been German production in the same buildgetting at it. Well, if it does not last ing was The Miracle. Many of the till peace is signed, it will be a peace interned are said to be expecting "You can only smoke a cigar that size that I shall not believe in. For a stable peace, as all our eminent novelists keep "What was the matter with the pointing out in all the papers, many tapioca pudding last night?" said things are necessary, and one of them is that I should smoke my eigar happily "I mean you must have champagne on the first night of it. Torpedo Jimmy Front can be certain of having its own and bands and lots of lights, and must do himself justice. No premature withers.

managers bowing all round you, and explosions; no moths flying out from

Celia says she is sure it will be just lovely. So sure is she that she suggests hanging the cigar in the hall and tapping it to see how the war is going. "When it taps exactly right, then we

But I think we shall know that anyhow. EDWARD GREY will break it to Beryl's nephew all right; Celia will climb down off her parcel and rush home to me with the news; I shall ring up the restaurant and order dinner . . . and at eight o'clock, in great Torpedo Jimmy. A. A. M.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE WAR (An essay in the prevailing mode).

THE actual cost of hostilities has been estimated by reliable authorities at per diem for this country alone. The odd halfpenny presumably represents the cost of an evening edition bought by the official contradictor in the exercise of his duties.

Amongst the (more or less) skilled affected by the outbreak of hostilities must now be placed the making of prophetic fiction. It is calculated that the number of novels dealing with The Next Great War that have had to be scrapped must run well into four figures.

On the other hand, the number of novelists who will in the future begin their Historical Romances, "It was in the late summer of 1914," is beyond human calculation.

In view of the reported insurance of Westminster Abbey against damage by air-craft, a correspondent asks what steps are being taken towards the illumination of the Albert Memorial.

It is at least odd that Olympia should have been selected as the Ideal Home for our Undesirable Aliens. The last another.

"Mrs. Mallaby Deeley is doing good work in securing withers for horses.

Harrow Observer. And now every horse which goes to the



First Lady (horrified at bright scarlet muffler for Navy, the creation of second lady). "My Dear-the colour! It'll make a target for the Germans!"

Second Lady. "OH! THEN IT'LE HAVE TO DO FOR THE STOKER."

THE LADY'S WALK.

I know a Manor by the Thames;
I've seen it oft through beechen stems
In leafy Summer weather;
We've moored the punt its lawns beside
Where peacocks strut in flaunting pride,
The Muse and I together.

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There I have seen the shadows grow Gigantic, as the sun sinks low, Leaving forlorn the dial; When zephyrs in the borders stir, Distilling stock and lavender To fill some fairy's phial.

There, when the dusk joins hands with night,

(I like to think the story 's right—
I had it from the Rector—
Still, don't believe unless you choose!)
Doth walk, between the shapen yews,
A little pretty spectre,

The Lady Rose, a well-born maid
Whose true-love in this garden glade—
A bold, if faithless, fellow—
Had loved, but lett her for the sake
Of venturing with Frankie Drake,
And died at Puerto Bello;

While she—poor foolish loving Rose— Of heart-break, so the story goes, Died very shortly after, Oneday—as Art requires—when Spring Had set the hawthorns blossoming And waked the lanes to laughter.

And so adown these alleys dim,
Where oft she'd kept a tryst with him,
She nightly comes a-roaming;
And, sorrowing still, yet finds content,
I fancy, where "Sweet Themmes" is
blent
With flower-beds and the gloaming.

Ah me, the leaf is down to-day;
Does still the little phantom stray,
Poor pretty ghost, a-shiver,
When sad flowers droop their weary
heads

Along the chill Autumnal beds Beside the misty river?

Or does it, at the year's decline—
As sensible as Proserpine—
When Autumn skies do harden,
Go down and coax the seeds to grow
Till daffodillies stand a-row
And April's in the garden?

I cannot tell; what's more, I doubt
We've other things to think about
This sorrowful November;
I only know for such sad hours
That dainty ghosts and Summer flowers
Are pleasant to remember.

The Absolute Limit.

"The directors of the Bradford Club have reviewed the position in regard to the free admission of soldiers to the ground, the number of men thus admitted having been far greater than was anticipated. It has now been decided that men in uniform or bearing other credentials of service shall be admitted to section E on payment of the nominal sum of 3d. This will prevent the jostling of the ordinary patrons."—Bradford Dairy Telegraph.

A cruiser here and there may be sunk, a regiment here and there may be cut up, but thank God our Bradford football patrons will never again be jostled by any of these vulgar soldiers in uniform.

Notice in a Battersea window:—
"Bride Cakes

ANY SIZE
TO SUIT ALL POCKETS."

In these days of narrow skirts most women will find the guinea size sufficient.



FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

TACTICAL USE, BY THE ENEMY, OF THE MORE RESILIENT UNITS OF THE LANDSTURM FOR NEGOTIATING BELGIAN DYKES.

OUR LITERARY WAR LORDS.

f"The other day the enemy's artillery fire on my battery was so great that we were forced to take cover. I sat crouched in my 'funk-' for seventeen solid hours. Luckily I had Jacobs's 'Sea Urchins' with me, which

Officer in the Royal Field Artillery.]

been solacing our troops in the trenches.

Miss Carrie Morelli writes: "There has so far been no public mention of any books of mine being read in the trenches and affording solace to our gallant troops. This, however, is because all the reports from the Front come from men, and men are notoriously jealous of feminine activity in literature as elsewhere. I have no doubt in my own mind that many a soldier in action has been cheered by hurried glances at my novels, a list of which can be forwarded on application."

Man states that the writer, who rightly and so absolutely enthralled him that wishes to remain anonymous, possesses he abandoned all thought of strategy a copy of a novel of astonishing genius, in which a German bullet is embedded. This book, it seems, was the inseparable companion of a soldier in the I read to the accompaniment of screaming and bursting shells."

always next his heart, and in its posidrove the enemy back in confusion, tion in that intimate and honoured spot Mr. Punch, while remarking that he it saved his life. The writer, who conis not surprised that the shells screamed fesses to being the author of the novel in the circumstances, begs to assure in question, states that he would his readers that, if the following infor- divulge both his own name and mation corresponds with the facts, zfr. that of the title of the book but that Jacobs is not the only author who has his objection to publicity amounts to a

The publishers of The Orangery, by Mrs. Markley, write to inform us of an astounding incident which throws a new and sensational light on the campaign in the Western Theatre of War. It appears that at a critical moment during the great effort of the Germans to break through the left flank of the Allies, General von Kluck absolutely refused to see or consult with his Staff for the space of three hours. It subsequently transpired that a copy of The Orangery, which had been found in the knapsack of a British prisoner, had will shortly change its name to Petro-An unsigned letter from the Isle of come into the General's possession bothagrad.

or tactics until he had finished its perusal. Owing to the extraordinary power of Mrs. Markley's genius the German advance was paralysed, and with results which have vitally affected the progress of the campaign.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has just received a remarkable letter from a British marine who was recently landed on the coast of Flanders. The writer describes how, as he was reading one of Mr. Bennett's recent articles on the war in a carefully excavated trench, a "Jack Johnson" shell descended directly over him, but was suddenly diverted by the article, and soared away at right angles, bursting with a terrific chuckle at a safe distance.

Latest War News.

Turkey has now joined the "Sossidges"-a trifle earlier in the year than usual.

We understand that Pietermaritzburg



THE EXCURSIONIST.

Scene: Ticket Office AT - (censored).

TRIPPER WILHELM. "FIRST CLASS TO PARIS."

WILHELM. "THEN MAKE IT WARSAW."

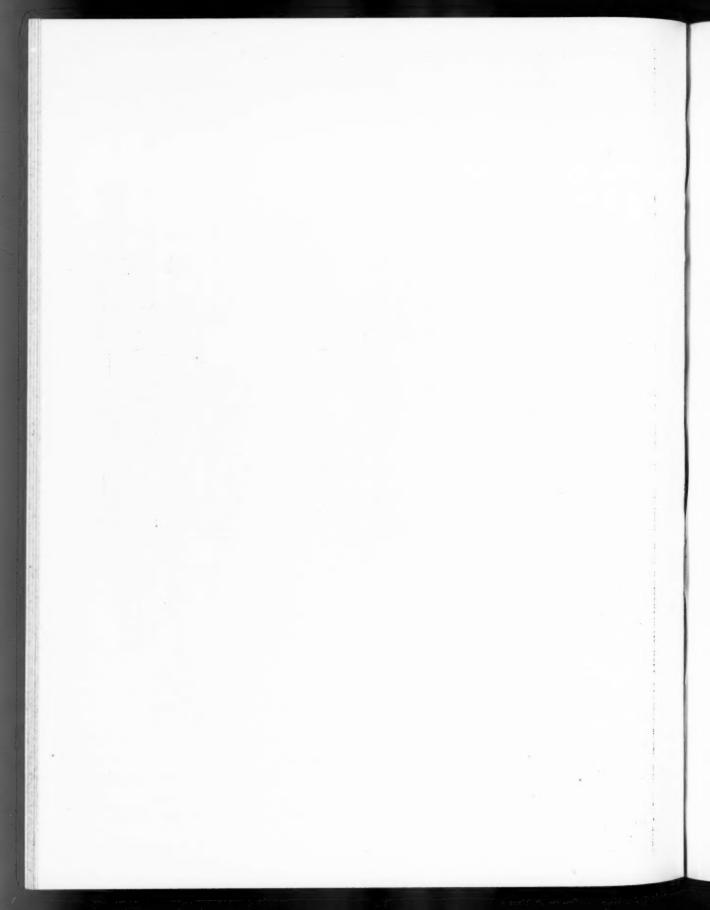
WILHELM. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT CALAIS?"

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

nd

WILHELM. "HANG IT! I MUST GO SOMEWHERE! I PROMISED MY PEOPLE I WOULD."



RRITAIN TO BELGIUM.

SISTER, for the tears that thou hast

Sister, for thy dear undying dead, For the sons thou hast not grudged to give.

Loyally, that Liberty might live: Sister, for the little child Dead beside a hearth defiled-Do I dream my love alone Can atone?

Can I bring again the brave that fell When thy heaven crumbled into hell? Can I banish from before thine eyes Haunting visions under haggard skies?

Blazing home and blackened plain, Can I make them fair again? Can I ever heal thy smart. Broken Heart?

Sister, we be women, thou and I: Sorrow's craving who can satisfy? None may pay thee back so dear a loss,

Only let me help to bear thy cross. Sick and hungry in their need Let me succour, let me feed; Little Sister, freely take For their sake.

AS OTHERS WISH TO SEE US.

THE ingenious German device of writing private letters to English friends filled with German justifications of the War and news of the gaiety and normal prosperity of Berlin is now being carried farther, and extracts from private letters purporting to be addressed by English people to German friends have begun to be printed in the Berlin papers. Here follows an illustration of this type of composition :-

My Dear Friend,-I am sure you will like to hear from me, especially as I am in a position to enlighten you as to the deplorable condition of things in England under the fear of the Mailed Fist and forebodings of the worst. For it is only too true that all the best and most knowledgable people here have thrown up the sponge and are prepared for the inevitable.

A private letter is probably the only means of communicating the real situation to you, for the English papers of course do not tell the truth. In fact you must believe nothing they say, for maintain the fiction that we are highspirited, eager and confident. Everything is done to foster that illusion.

Bernhardi's great book has been



"He's as willing as a Christian; strike me blind if he isn't,' said Sikes." Oliver Twist, Chap, XVI.

(With apologies to the late Fred Barnard.)

know the dread fascination of the snake oil" which these mercenaries demand. for the humming-bird. The bird sees its doom, but cannot escape, and in ishly busy making dum-dum and exfact draws nearer.

Would you believe it of this nation, so famous for its phlegm, that at the outset of the war there was such a panic among our intellectuals that they there is a great conspiracy here to could not write prose at all, but all the papers were full of rhyme? As you know, there is no sign of hysteria more trustworthy than this.

You may have heard that recruiting

and quiver. It is curious, you might finances of the country are being taxed think, that they read it at all; but you to the utmost to find the extra "palm-

> The Birmingham factories are feverplosive bullets.

You may have gathered from the papers that football goes on as usual. This is so, outwardly, but as a matter of fact the games are played with no spirit and are kept going wholly by force applied by the Government, whose aim is thus to suggest a feeling of security in the country. A few misguided people, who completely misuntranslated and is being largely sold, and has been brisk and keen, but do not derstand the situation, hold that footit is awful to watch the faces of the believe this. Only by huge bribes have ballers should go to the Front and people reading it-how they blanch men been induced to join at all. The fight; but the Government take a more

prudent view and will not allow this, youths are all healthy and fit, but it is and on the Board of Directors are both holding that their agility on the field held that their true function is to work the PRIME MINISTER and Sir EDWARD in League Matches and so forth is of in the theatres and halls to beguile the GREY. So awful is the agitation high service as an anodyne and distrac-tion. I have heard of more than one case of a well-known herculean player, invasion. With each step that the accustomed not only to big money but Germans draw nearer the mummers often prostrates as many as forty applause and hero-worship, seriously redouble their efforts to excite laughter. passers-by. wondering if fighting were not his real Thus did Nero fiddle. shows you to what a pass things have packed by white and trembling crowds.

duty and if he ought not to make a The terror produced by your nerve- write again soon and add to the melanbolt for the Front, but being compelled racking Zeppelins is constant. Hardly a choly picture of a once powerful nation to acquiesce in the Government's plans soul is now to be seen in the streets of and go on drawing his salary for the London. Everyone is below the earth, Give my love to your dear of the control of the public pursuit of an air-bladder. This in the Tubes and subways, which are Every cellar is congested, the top floors There are also hundreds of young having been wholly abandoned. As a actors in London alone who are being sign of the times I may tell you that forcibly kept in the country to go on a Company, called the Acrated Dread gunes in the dunes."—South Wales Echo. entertaining and playing the fool for Co., has been formed to provide iron This settles us. We shall now begin the same sedative purpose. These suits for those who can afford them, our War Poem.

No more to-day, my friend, I will

Give my love to your dear children, Your devoted K—L—.

"On the sea dyke the Germans have posted









FROM THE RECRUIT'S POINT OF VIEW.

Sergeant. "FORM FOURS!"

"As YOU WERE! FORM FOURS!!" "As you were!! FORM FOURS!!!"

** *** !!! ***** !!!! "

ARCHIBONG.

[Encouraged by the example of some emineut followers of TYRTEUS, Mr. Punch has great pleasure in printing the following topical soldiers song, composed by one of his young men after reading about a British force that seized Archibong in the Cameroons.]

O we're marching on to good old Archibong; And we're going most particularly strong; For our beef is really "bully," And they feed us very fully-

Yes, the feeding's fit for any restaurong. Très bong,

Fit for any fust-class London restaurong.

What's the matter with the road to Archibong? We didn't come out here to play ping-pong

Or to get up a gymkhana-But we'll all have a banana

When we've driven back the Proosians to Hong Kong, Ding-dong,

When we've driven back the Proosians to Hong Kong.

What's the matter with the town of Archibong? It isn't quite as lively as Boulong:

But the name is very tuneful-Yes, I'll have another spoonful,

For I never liked my soda-water strong; It's wrong

For a min to drink his soda-water strong.

Then here's a parting cheer to Archibong, Where the natives play divinely on the gong; It's not so cool and airy As the town of Tipperary, But it's just as good for tittuping along

In a song, It's just as good for tittuping along.

Scalped.

From Battalion Orders of a certain regiment:—

"The Brigadier-General regrets that the 5th are noticeable throughout the brigade for the long, slovenly and unkempt condition of men's hair. The Commanding Officer considers that this reflects on the credit of the battalion and directs Company Commanders to take immediate steps to have this slight removed for good and all."

What's in a Hyphen?

From a cinema advertisement :-

"THE TWO-STEP CHILDREN (DRAMA)."

It sounds rather more like Musical Comedy.

"Between them the vessels of the Allies succeeded in destroying a German battery of fie d artillery, dispersed a German bridging train collected to force the passage of the Yser, blew up an ammunition column, killed General von Tripp, expressed pleasure at the Russians winning in Galicia, and even regarded it as compensation for his wound."—Aberdeen Free Press.

Is there anything the Fleet can't do?

LITTLE AND GOOD.

Young Thompson was a bit too short, But hard as nails and level-headed, And in his soul the proper sort

Of dogged pluck was deeply bedded: To join the ranks he almost ran,

But saw the weedy supersede him; Though he was every inch a man, His country didn't need him.

He read each passionate appeal

On wall and window, cab and cart; How impotent they made him feel!

He tried once more, though sick at

In vain! He saw the sergeants smirk; He argued, but they wouldn't heed

So sullenly trudged back to work-His country didn't need him.

But, now the standard height's curtailed.

Again he goes to join the ranks; Though vesterday he tried and failed To-day they welcome him with thanks. Apparently he's just as small,

But, since his size no more impedes

In spirit he is six foot tall-Because his country needs him.

THE MYSTERY OF PRINCE -

WE seek information of the present whereabouts of Prince - of

Some few weeks ago the news came that he was carried wounded into a Brussels hospital, with a velvet mask over his face, so that none might recognise him. The PRINCE was visited in hospital by a tall man, also heavily masked, but not so heavily as to conceal apair of soaring moustaches, freshly waxed. None dared speculate as to Who this Visitor might be. The hush was tremendous. The Visitor silently pinned on the patient a specimen of the Iron Cross and as silently left.

It was the 37000th Iron Cross bestowed since the outbreak of war.

At the autopsy it was proved conclusively that the bullet inside the PRINCE was of German origin.

After the post-mortem the PRINCE was luckily captured by the Belgians, and held at Antwerp as hostage for the good behaviour of the German troops occupying Brussels.

When the fall of Antwerp became imminent the Prince was secretly removed to England. A fortnight ago he was seen in a motor-car driving round Battersea Park, accompanied and guarded by an English officer.

The PRINCE wore his saxe-blue fulldress tunic, his corn-gold moustache Coffee grounds, no doubt.



T. B. D.

Officer's Steward. "WILL YOU TAKE YOUR BATH, SIR, BEFORE OR AFTER HACTION?"

and his rather stout face, and was looking considerably depressed.

Since that date no word has come of him. The Censor seems to have rigidly suppressed all evidence of his movements.

mines? Has he escaped in the German porary's "well-deserved reputation for submarine which ventured up the straightforwardness and accuracy." Thames as far as the lower end of Fleet Street? Or is he interned in the searchlight apparatus at Charing Cross to insure it against attack by Zeppelins?

We seek exact information.

"As regards the quality of this beverage, he said he was at a loss to know on what grounds they called it coffee."—Daily Mail.

Journalistic Candour.

"There comes a time when no responsible organ of public opinion can keep silence without sacrificing the tacit obligation under which it lies to its readers."—The Globe.

We are glad to note that in the same Is the Prince kept prisoner on a article there is a subsequent and trawler sweeping the North Sea for reassuring reference to our contem-

> The author of Secrets of the German War Office writes of the German Foreign Minister's "atrocious taste in waistcoats ":--

> "The one he had on still sticks in my memory. It was a lurid peach-blossom creation, spotted with greed."

It is to guard against this that so many of his compatriots tuck their napkins in at their necks.

AN ESCAPED PRISONER.

the early days of the war.

just decided that nothing short of then, as Balaam persistently refused "I'll learn him to come German-spying invasion or the luncheon bell should to come to me, I proceeded slowly round my orchard!" disturb me, when my flapper niece but surely, and accompanied by the shot forth in my direction from the cage, to make my way to him. French windows of the morning-room.

distance. "The precious Balaam has branch.

escaped! The brute must have got out while I was fetching his clean water, and the windows were wide open!'

The prospect of a canary hunt across country with a temperature at 80 degrees in the shade positively made me shiver.

"Your father is the man to catch it for you, Eileen,' I suggested. "He's most awfully good at catching things. I-er think he's somewhere on the tenniscourt."

"He's not, because he was splashing about in the bathroom just now when I wanted to fill Balaam's water-bottle.'

"All right," I said resignedly, "I'll come. Was Balaam the man or the ass? I forget. And while we're at it why should you call the bird Balaam at all?

foolish questionings.

"Get up!" she ordered. "I call canary—he's a mule."

keeping of mules in birdcages! Should footsteps with a shout. the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals get to hear of it, again. they would certainly-

jerkily across a neighbouring cabbage I'll wait here in case he comes back!"

end of the cabbage bed I was just in orchard. time to see a tawny bird vanish over a an apple-tree on the other side.

branches Balaam the Mule was possibly a mere visitor, but still one ploughman It was summertime, years ago, in enjoying the first-fruits of his liberty.

In vain I produced vocal effects Having distributed myself quite calculated to charm away the love of the mouth of the leading rescuer. "1'll satisfactorily within a hammock, I had travel from the breast of any canary; learn him!" he was saying with fervour.

In one hand she flourished an empty same age limit as that assigned to a bang and, clinging to the end of my birdcage and in the other what proved recruits, or whether the cage was too branch, I at last succeeded in gaining to be a tin of enormous hemp seeds.
"Wake up!" she cried as she halfway up I somehow found myself approached rapidly through the near marooned on an obviously inadequate Balaam, they were convinced, though

Eileen was in no mood for IN GERMANY." No, SIR, NEITHER OF THESE MASKS WAS MADE

For several minutes I balanced un- I was met in the drive by Eileen. him Balaam because he's not a proper certainly. Then someone began to pass along the road beyond the hedge, As marked cheerfully. "The stupid bird "Then I am not at all sure," I began it seemed probable that their owner hopefully, "that I can countenance the might prove of use to me, I hailed the

The footsteps stopped and I shouted

This time there was a faint scream "There he is!" interrupted Eileen in answer and a mauve - and - white shrilly as something yellowish flew bonnet bobbed agitatedly up the road.

bed. "That's Balaam! Take the cage. and masterly balancing I was relieved to hear the approach of quite a number By the time I had reached the further of people from the other side of the

Evidently the mauve-and-white bonhedge, flop tantalisingly across the road net had thoroughly realized my perilous and disap ear among the branches of position, for my rescuers seemed to include almost the entire village. Even What I now see to have been a the Vicar was there, armed with an mistaken idea of my duty towards assegai-no doubt a missionary trophy. Eileen led me painfully through two It was thoughtful of them to have commends the cause to his readers.

hedges to the foot of the tree in whose turned out in such numbers to rescue with a ladder would have been ample.

Soon words floated up to me from

Balaam or no Balaam, I drew the line at being assegaied to death as a Whether tree-climbing shares the Teuton spy, so I dropped the cage with

evidently disappointed.

"You see," explained the Vicar, prodding the appletree regretfully with his assegai, "poor Miss Tittlepatter said that she had been attacked by German spies from this very orchard."

At the third prod of the Vicar's assegai, a brown-andvellow bird flew self-consciously from the top of the apple-tree and perched in full view on a five-barred

"There he is!" I hissed, moving stealthily forward with the remains of the birdcage. "There's Balaam the canary!"

"Kenary!" contemptuously remarked the rescuer who had been so anxious to undertake the education of Teutonic spies. "That ain't no kenary; that's a bloomin' yellow'ammer!"

When, a dishevelled wreck, I reached my own gateway,

"It's all right after all," she rewas on the curtain pole all the time. So lucky, because, if he had got out, it would have meant an awful bother. And, I say, is it true that they've caught a German spy down in the village?"

In aid of the Arts Fund for the relief After a few more minutes of delicate of the many members of the artistic professions who are in distress owing to the War, a Matinec under the patronage of QUEEN ALEXANDRA will be given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 3 o'clock. Mr. Thomas Beecham will produce Bach's Phabus and Pan, and Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER will produce Philip the King, a new play by Mr. John MASEFIELD. Mr. Punch very heartily

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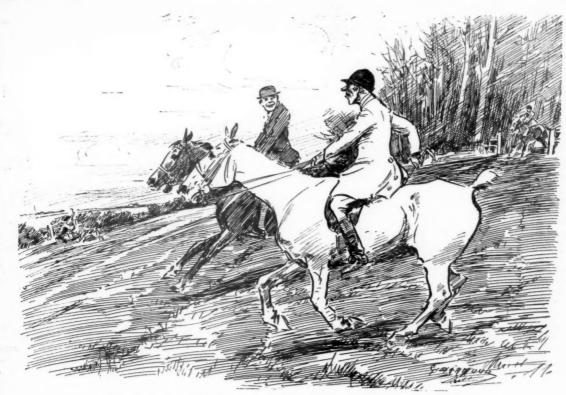
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Huntsman, "Blankety-blank that bloomin' Kaiser! I wish my 'ounds 'ad 'im!" Farmer, "What's 'E BIN DOIN' TO YOU NOW, JACK?" Huntsman. "Doin'? Just look at the 'osses 'e's left us to ride!"

NOTES BY A WAR-DOG.

From that time on I scented some- all that is changed. thing wrong, though could never quite upon me-started tying coloured ribbons begin." in my hair, and later sticking little head, and don't look like improving.

Now I don't want to snarl at the biscuit in exchange. Sometimes there the good! Cause-whatever it may be-but it are people in the shop, and then I gaze

dig it out. For one thing, the parrot Committee, a place full of typewriters began to practise a new phrase about and ladies; and I was registered—so buttons in the hospital box! No won-"Down with the Kai . . .!" and also they said; Mabel being given a sheet der the dog growled, sensible creature." "Veere" the something or other. Then of paper all over scribble, and a wooden She began fumbling with her purse, Mabel-who does absurd things but box with "War Relief Fund" on it. and I was certain I saw a macaroon in has to be tolerated because she waits "On Monday, dear," said Mabel, "you her eye. "There," she said, "there's

flags in my collar; but I put a stop to it? I had to wear that beastly box tied the box. I could have bitten her. that. A week ago things came to a to my collar! Retrievers, I know, are thing she calls a penny, and very my position! By four o'clock there was him, turned the colour of cold veal, and slippery to hold in one's mouth. I sitting outside that confectioner's, muttering, "Lord bless my soul . . .

carry the penny to the pastry-cook's. wearing enough pennies to buy the The girl takes it and gives me a current shop out, and yet not a Bath bun to

But that wasn't the worst. About isn't all beef-bones and country walks upon them meltingly. If they are five an urchin came along, looked at by any means. I first became aware the right sort, they melt-according to me, grinned, and tried to put something of it about the same time the Dachs- their means; usually it's pastry. The in my box. Clumsy little beast, he hund at the corner house began to rest of the day I spend loafing about trod on my foot. I sprang forward declare he was an Aberdeen Terrier. the station and the pastry-cook's. Now with a growl, and his offering, whatever it was, rolled on the pavement. Round Last Thursday Mabel took me to a turned an old lady, and, "Oh you ommittee, a place full of typewriters wicked boy," she cried, "trying to put half-a-crown for you, Doggie, dear," I have begun. Would you believe and, before I could stop her, put it in

Yesterday an old gentleman stopped used to that sort of thing; but I'm a to stare at me, and, absent-mindedly For the last five years my daily life Collie. All that day I hung about on putting his hand in his pocket, brought has been brightened in manner follow- my old beat, and every now and then out something rather like a penny, but ing. We live next door to a railway somehody gushed and called me silly station and a pastry-cook's. Every names, and dropped a penny into my into the box. The very next moment he morning Mabel gives me a round hard box. Conceive the hideous mockery of gave a violent start, looked wildly about

what have I done? . . . thought it was only"... made a clumsy grab at my collar. Of course I knew what he was after; he wanted my pennies; so I just have held him till the police arrived, but I'm a Collie.

That very same afternoon, wandering about the station. I chanced to saunter into the ticket-office. The clerk's a man with a very well-regulated mind. He gives me chocolate. Just then, however, he was out, but his threeyear-old boy-puppy was there sitting on a table all covered with bits of cardboard and little piles of pennies, ordinary brown ones, big white ones and a few little vellow ones. Well, in less time than it takes to cock your my own as the curtain rose and revealed ears, that baby was shovelling pennies through the slit in my box and chuckling with joy. I stood it as long as I could, and then, in the nick of time, snatched a big white penny out of his paw and bolted off to the confectioner's. Imagine my astonishment when the girl actually refused to serve me! "Oh, Scottie," she cried, "there must be some mistake: 1 know your mistress wouldn't give you a two-shilling piece."

I thought Mabel was going to be ill when she felt the weight of my box. She dragged me off that very afternoon to the Committee, and when they discovered I'd collected seven pounds ten in three days the idiotic things they said about me beat anything in my experience since the time I killed the mouse in the conservatory. But I will say Mabel did the right thing by me at the pastry-cock's.

She's going to take me to a Church Bazaar to-morrow. But I doubt if a bert-vour Herbert.' bazaar can beat that ticket-office.

HERBERT.

"I HAVEN'T introduced Herbert to fellow, isn't he?" you yet, have I?"

on the matinée hat before her, and conand pray that it will come off. Hip! Hip! She's pulling out pins.'

"I had no idea there was -a Herbert." "Oh, Nunckle! and you're responsible for the fact that he's mine at all!" "I responsible?"

there isn't another like Herbert in the whole round world. Everyone wants him."

Presently I enquired when she properson responsible for him.

"I've got him here to-day."

I looked at her in pained silence, for, Stella-my-niece, calmly fishing for "hard ones" in a chocolate box, was, ambled off, and very soon outdistanced as it were, sheltered under the lee of a him. An Airedale, I suppose, would long-haired gentleman who occupied rather more than double half-a-crown's worth of red velvet seat.

"There?" I whispered, pointing to the long-haired gentleman who neighboured her, and wondering what her mother would have to say about it all. Stella-my-niece smiled.

"Do you imagine that I should bring Herbert into the pit?"

"Point him out to me."

"I can't. Now they 're going to begin!" She snuggled down into her place and invited me to do likewise in the legs of one of our leading actormanagers, and the audience clapped, hoping for more. "Now we're going to enjoy ourse'ves! Don't forget to hold my hand if anything pops.'

Stella-my-niece has made it a stern rule that we are not to talk during the Acts, contriving to telegraph her appreciation of most things by fervent clutches at my arm; but to-day the effects of this salutary regulation were Herbert." spoilt for me by Heibert. My attention wandered.

"Is he an actor?" I asked sternly, as the lights leaped up again.

"Which do you mean? I think they were all perfect darlings in that scene."

"Why, Herbert, of course." "HERBERT - Sir HERBERT? isn't in this, is he? I didn't see anyone looking as bored as he does. Hunt him up in the programme-it's down there under your boots."

"I didn't mean TREE, I meant Her-

"My Herbert?" Stella - my - niece opened her mouth showing astonishment and very pretty teeth.

"Yes, your Herbert. He's an actor

"No, he's an umbrella-my new Stella-my-niece spoke with her eyes umbrella. I bought him with the sovereign you sent me for my birthday. cluded, a propos of the hat, though at and he is such a darling! I felt he first I feared of Heibert-"I do hope ought to have a name of his own, so I called him Herbert. He looks like that.'

> " A girl's name-Maud, for instance, only one doesn't use them in the garden much-

" A girl's name, like Pauline, may suit "Well, but for you I never might your fountain pen, and Dad may call have seen him even; and I'm sure the motor 'Mary Jane' when he's pleased with how he's mended her; but I decided I would have a man's. It sounds better to say, 'Herbert is seeing me home, thank you.' The sad thing posed to introduce this paragon to the is that I'm sure I shan't keep him long; he's so pretty. When he's waiting for main unalarmed.

me in umbrella-stands I feel nervous. and in trains. He's so unique-so utterly unlike anyone else's umbrella. I know you'll love him."

I did as soon as ever I saw him coming out of the cloak-room hanging on her arm. There was a gentle covness in the turn of Herbert's handle, a nutty daintiness about his little gold tie which made me look involuntarily for his socks.

" Now, you wait and see if someone doesn't try to run off with him before we get home," said Stella-my-niece. "I'll hold him on a long lead so that people will think he's out by himself. and we'll await developments.

We settled ourselves by tact and firmness in a crowded après matinée 'bus, and Stella-my-niece, having set down all her belongings the better to persuade the programme to ride inside her pocket, took Herbert by his long tassels, leaving him leaning against the seat between herself and her neighbour, a lady with many trimmings and a book.

"I hope she'll go before we do." said Stella-my-niece in my ear. "I' sort of feel that she'll try to take

She did; as she read, her hand reached out and took a grip upon Herbert's immaculate head! Stella-myniece stifled a squeak of pure excitement.

"Oxford Street." announced the conductor dispassionately, and the trimmed lady shut her book and rose to get out. Stella-my-niece, holding Herbert by his tassels, smiled indulgently.

"You have my umbrella, I'm afraid," she said sweetly. "It is such a very uncommon one that I simply couldn't be mistaken."

The trimmed lady looked round; so did everyone in the 'bus. Then she pointed to a slim object propped against the seat between Stella-my-niece's blue skirt and my own striped garments.

"That's yours by the gentleman; they're just the same pattern."

So they were!

As Stella-my-niece said afterwards at tea, the worst of it was that it proved that Herbert wasn't quite unique; at the best he was a twin. I think that privately we thought him something worse than a triplet, but we neither knew quite how to say it. Anyhow, all the Herberts are fascinating.

The Universal War.

"Into this gap the Germans placed a number of gnus—six or eight."—People.

The "Gorilla Warfare" (mentioned last week) having failed, the enemy tries a new dodge. But the Allies reng

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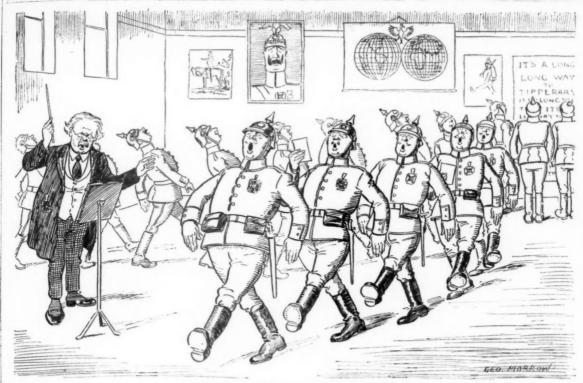
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LATEST DEVICE OF THE ENEMY.

Learning to sing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" for the purpose of deceiving the Allies,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF, as is just conceivable, the Teuton braggart fails to convert the universe into a German empire, his downfall will be partly due to his lack of humour. Among the things that go to make this saving grace are an agile imagination and a nice sense of proportion, and it is when a man starts lying about himself that he shows most clearly whether or not he has it. Some weeks ago an "Honorary Committee of thirty-four distinguished" (or, if you will, notorious) "Germans and a Board of Editors," eleven strong, gathered together to concoct an epoch-making fib, which, upon completion, was labelled "The Truth about Germany: Facts about the War," and was circulated, misstatement of every fact, disregarding all the evidence, contrary. There is no ingenious perversion of the truth, no subtle invention of argument and no appeal whatever to the intelligence of the reader; it is from beginning to end heavy and quite incredible bosh. Though it was never intended to be read in this country, Mr. Douglas Sladen he reproduces cheaply under the title Germany's Great Lie

that black is white one does not want to have also to read that this is an amazing lie. I recommend the public to consume every word of the text, but to omit the larger part of the notes.

In the nature of things it is possible that the 1914 crop of gift-books for boys may not be a bumper one as far as quantity is concerned, but Mr. Henry Newbolt has already removed any danger of a famine. Indeed, he has done more than that, for, if quality can (as it should) be considered a satisfactory substitute for bulk, there is no reason why 1914 should not be remembered as a year in which the palates of discerning boys were most delightfully tickled. I find a difficulty in preventing my congratulations upon The Book of the Blue Sea (Longmans) from being fulsome. To begin with, the title itself is simply irresecretly but thoroughly, throughout the United States. fulsome. To begin with, the title itself is simply irre-The Forty-five Liars content themselves with a methodical sistible. Then, before you even get to the preface, there are some verses, "The Song of the Larboard Berth," which and, indeed, their own diplomatists' admissions, to the ery "halt" so arrestingly that after I had got by them and was fairly revelling in the entrancing pages that follow I kept on going back to have another look at

> "When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks And engines rumble slow . . ."

has been lucky or clearer enough to secure a copy of it, which To a nicety Mr. NEWBOLT knows how to reproduce the spirit of the sea and of adventure thereon, and whether he (Hutchinson). I congratulate him upon having obtained is writing of Edward Pellew, John Franklin, David such excellent copy, but I think he has somewhat spoilt FARRAGUT, or of Trafalgar, it is only possible to escape the effect of it by the manner of his annotations interposed in italics. His facts and quotations are apt and Boys may conceivably resent this tendency to point out useful, but his indignant denials and sarcastic epithets run what they can see extraordinarily well for themselves, but to excess; every time one reads the emphatic assertion all the same they will admit their heavy debt to him. The Book of the Blue Sea (I must write that again), AND STOUGHTON) is the result. Having thus divined the excellently illustrated by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, had origin of the hero, I feel that any further indication better be confiscated forthwith by parents who do not wish of his character would be almost superfluous. You will their sons to become sailors. And in the end I am left certainly not find this new Blakeney unworthy of his house. wondering whether the Admiralty, overburdened by It is perhaps something of a surprise to find him a merclamorous applicants, would not be wise to intern Mr. cenary in seventeenth-century Holland; but the old touch Newbolt in one of those camps where no ink or paper is is there. Thus, having been hired by a gang of conspirators provided, because, if he repeats this performance, we to abduct the sister of one of them, who has overheard shall want a dozen new naval colleges and hundreds and their plans for the slaying of the Stadtholder, and keep her hundreds more ships.

from which the purpose has been by some oversight omitted. according to instructions received, he should presently be When a young person fails to "find herself" (as the phrase offered untold gold by her distracted parent for her discovery

used to go) there should surely be provided some foil to her instability, either implicit in the behaviour of other characters or expressed in the meditations of the author. Even if the author only means to tell us that human life is all like this, she ought at least to let us know that sho means it. Gabrielle Brenda is presented to us by ALICE BIRK-HEAD as a girl brought up in the remoter parts of Cornwall by a father who was a semiretired doctor and something of a dreamer. She develops dramatic talent, and having become engaged to her instructor gives him up to her younger sister for no better reason apparently than that she has always been accustomed to give that sister everything she wants. Afterwards Gabrielle becomes the secretary of a domineering little manufacturer in the Black Country with expensive sons and daughters. She resists his proposals of marriage and also the temptation to purloin his eldest daughter's fiancé, and then reverts to her original vocation, without finding on the stage either satisfaction or any remarkable success. For I see

no indication that the offer of a fairly lucrative engagement. The main theme, sensitively felt and developed, is a in America, with which the book ends, is regarded by the delicate one—the love of a middle-aged woman for a author as the golden moment of her heroine's career. man who is rapt in worship at a distance of a younger Altogether I am at a loss whether to learn from Shifting woman, the other's friend. The manceuvring of the elder, Sands the disadvantages of a haphazard education, the which might easily have been vulgarised on the one hand unfair position of woman in the labour-market, or merely the irony of fate. And this is a pity because, though the manner of the story is very episodic, there are scenes and conversations of considerable vivacity and truth.

Baroness Orczy is to be congratulated on a distinctly ingenious idea. Searching about her, no doubt, for a successor to the famous Pimpernel, her attention was caught by a certain picture in the WALLACE Collection, a picture expressed the opinion that the town should not be so conspicuous at everyone knows and admires for its rollicking and adventurous high spirits. "Capital!" said she (as I imagine it); for Portsmouth."—Southern Weekly News. his endearing qualities?" The Laughing Cavalier (Hodder sayed.

prisoner till the deed be done, what more Blakeneyish than that he should recognise in his captive the particular Shifting Sands (LANE) reads like a book with a purpose object of his affections? or that, having abducted the girl

and return. A faintly embarrassing situation this, even for an ancestor of the elusive Pimpernel. How he manages to turn it all to favour and romance you must allow Baroness Orczy to tell you herself. Incidentally, the appearance of the book at this particular moment, and in spite (so the publishers inform me on a slip) of the author's first resolve to postpone it, proves her to possess something of the sporting spirit of her creation, Here's luck to them both!

A novelist creating a novelisthero is on dangerous ground. If he be a little less than perfectly sincere he runs risk of being pretentious, fatuous even. But sincerity is just Mr. Charles MARRIOTT's conspicuous quality, and here in The Unpetitioned Heavens (Hutchinson) it commands a dexterous and fastidi ous workmanship. You'll find, if you read a scene over again, that there's more, not less, in it than you thought. Mr. MARRIOTT makes his characters alive by realisation of their subtleties rather than of their obviousnesses, and that's a feat to which I doff my beaver.

or devitalised on the other, just remains refreshingly and believably human. Mr. MARRIOTT'S story is not a yarn, but a brocade of intricate design and exquisite colouring. Let justice be done and The Unpetitioned Heavens fall to a wide circle of perceptive readers.



Amaleur Constable (Policeman's son). "I Arrest yer on suspicion o' stealin' a reservoir. Any 'ollerin' 'll be took dahn agin yer."

The Patriot.

"why not trace back the line of Blakeney, and make the It would be small consolation to England, if Bognor subject of this picture the ancestor from whom he inherited Cinema Palace fell, that Portsmouth Dockyard had been on

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CHARIVARIA.

"people are tired of the war, and a them. brisk trade is being done in the sale of buttons to be worn by the purchaser, stand, has now sent for one of these buttons.

week, referred to the British in the will have to give in." following words :-- "Here is the enemy which chiefly blocks the way in the

ceive a "contemptible little army" being able to do that! It makes one wonder whether the first epithet was perhaps a misprint for "contemptuous.

The Germans are now calling the Allies a Menagerie, though curiously enough it is the others who have a Turkey waddling after them.

According to a report which reaches us the crews of the Goeben and Breslau are wearing a most curious garb, being clothed in Turkish fezes and breaches of neutrality.

"GERMANS MOWED DOWN FRENCH MARINES' BIG FEET." Irish Independent:

This is really a most unfortunate misprint, for it is just this kind of carping statement

falling out with our Allies.

There is much speculation as to whether there is German blackmail behind the announcement that the maximum period of quarantine for imported dogs has been reduced from six months to four.

elephants, which are now being used for military traction purposes. Later home-sick.

Mr. Algernon Ashton asks in The

pect that Mr. Ashton's well-known will not involve many alterations. "In Buenos Aires and other parts of repugnance to writing for the papers Argentina," The Express tells us, has been extended to the reading of

The Daily Mirror, to signalise its inscribed with the words 'No me habla eleventh birthday, produced a "Monster

The Crown Prince Rupprecht of thought the war was going, and he for potatoes. Bavaria, in an order to his troops last replied, "Oh, I think the managers

direction of restoration of peace." Con-attract some of the devotees of winter Olympian Gods." Our choleric con-



THE AIRSHIP MENACE.

that leads the Germans to say we are sports who usually go to Switzerland. The Daily Mail, "that the Kaiser's Another landslide on the Panama speeches no longer include references Canal is now announced.

We are sorry to have to bring a charge of lack of gallantry against The Leicester Mail. We refer to the following passage in its description of an ovation given to Driver OSBORNE, V.C., at Derby on the 31st ult. After de-The only animals left alive in the scribing how, in the course of a great Antwerp Zoo are reported to be the reception given to him by a large crowd buy a more expensive one. at the station, two or three buxom matrons insisted upon embracing him, on it is proposed by the Germans to our contemporary continues: "Driver drive them into the lines of the Indian Osborne has now practically recovered, troops with a view to making the latter, and reports himself for duty again at They ought to be easy enough to get. the end of this week."

The municipality of Berlin has de-Evening News, "Why is the Poet cided to substitute for the existing Laureate so strangely silent?" designations of some of the principal Bridges' patriotic lines at the begin- man generals who have become famous salute.

ning of the War, and we begin to sus- during the present war." This, however,

Orders have been issued by the Federal Council of the German Empire that no bread other than that containing from 5 to 20 per cent. of potato flour will be allowed to be baked. Such to be a graceful tribute to Lord Happening to meet a music-hall KITCHENER, but it is now officially acquaintance we asked him how he stated that "K" stands for the German

> The Kölnische Zeitung complains that English prisoners in Germany America is evidently attempting to "are allowed to lead the lives of

> > temporary is evidently unaware that we are allowing German prisoners to reside in Olympia, which is the next best thing to Olympus.

> > The British steamer Remuera reported on reaching Plymouth last week that a German cruiser had attempted to trap her by means of a false S.O.S. signal. We ought not, we suppose, to be surprised at a low trick like this from the s.o.s.sidges.

> > There is one quality that no one can with justice deny to the Germans, and that is The other thoroughness. day, having laid a mine, they seem to have used one of their own cruisers to test its destructive power.

"It is noticeable," says to God, only Frederick the Great." This confirms the rumours of a quarrel.

Famous Town Captured by Germans.

"In the south of Ypres we have lost some points, D'Appui, Hollebeke, and Landvoorde." Worcester Daily Times.

If your map doesn't give D'Appui,

" Capstan Hands .- First-class Men, used to chucking work, for motor vehicle parts."

Advt. in "The Manchester Guardian."

"Guardsmen again provided a dramatic element in the trial by guarding the prisoner and the door which fixed bayonets." Evening News.

Everyone else will remember Mr. streets in that city the names of "Ger- You should see our arm-chair give the

TO THE SHIRKER: A LAST APPEAL.

Now of your free choice, while the chance is yours To share their glory who have gladly died Shielding the honour of our island shores And that fair heritage of starry pride,-Now, ere another evening's shadow falls, Come, for the trumpet calls.

What if to-morrow through the land there runs This message for an everlasting stain?-"England expected each of all her sons To do his duty-but she looked in vain; Now she demands, by order sharp and swift, What should have been a gift."

For so it must be, if her manhood fail To stand by England in her deadly need; If still her wounds are but an idle tale The word must issue which shall make you heed: And they who left her passionate pleas unheard Will have to hear that word.

And, losing your free choice, you also lose Your right to rank, on Memory's shining scrolls, With those, your comrades, who made haste to choose The willing service asked of loyal souls; From all who gave such tribute of the heart Your name will stand apart.

I think you cannot know what meed of shame Shall be their certain portion who pursue Pleasure "as usual" while their country's claim Is answered only by the gallant few, Come, then, betimes, and on her altar lay Your sacrifice to-day! O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER. No. VII.

(From the President of the French Republic.) Bordeaux.

SIRE,-You will pardon me, I know, if for a moment I break in upon the serious occupations and meditations in which your time must be spent. I like to picture you to myself in the midst of your Staff, working out for them and your armies great problems of strategy and devising those movements which, so far, have overwhelmed not your foes so much as the minds of your fellow-countrymen. too, Sire, sanguine and impetuous as is your nature, are no doubt beginning to realise that a great nation-let us say France, for example - is not to be overcome by mere shouting and the waving of sabres, or by the making of impassioned speeches in which God, having been acclaimed as an ally, is encouraged to perform miracles for the benefit of the Prussian arms. I do not deny that your soldiers are brave and that your armies are well equipped; but our Frenchmen too have guns and bayonets and swords and shells and know how to make use of them, and their portion of courage is no smaller than that of the Prussians, or even of the Bavarians whom you have lately been vaunting. Moreover—and this you had perhaps over-looked—they have something which is deadlier and more enduring than shot and shell and steel-the unconquerable spirit which leaps up in the hearts of men who are gathered to defend their country from invasion and their national existence from destruction.

people; how little you have understood the minds and that a large sum has been sent out to South Africa motives of men! "France," your Professors and your addressed: "De Wet Blanket Fund."

Generals told you, "is degenerate; her population is smaller than ours: she has lost her skill in fighting and her courage: she has no culture, never having heard of TREITSCHKE and having neglected the inspired writings of NIETZSCHE: she will be an easy prey, for no one will lift a hand to help her England is lapped in ease behind her ocean and will never fight again; Russia is distant and slow, and we can despise her: Belgium will never dare to deny us anything we care to ask. Let us make haste, then, and crush France to the earth for ever." So you planned, and your legions set out to trample us down, with the result that is now before the eves of the world.

Only a few words more. There is at Sampigny, in Lorraine, a modest country-house, which was, in fact, my home. Your troops passed through the place, and for no military reason that I can discover they reduced this house to ruins. I know that that is a small price to pay for the honour of being allowed to represent the French nation in this hour of peril and glory, and I pay it willingly. When so many are laying down their lives with joy why should I complain because a few walls have been shattered? But I am reminded and I wish to remind you of another story. One hundred and eight years ago, in October, the Great Napoleon, having scattered your predecessor's armies to the four winds of heaven, proceeded to Potsdam, where he visited the tomb of the great FREDERICK. They showed him the dead King's sword, his belt and his cordon of the Black Eagle. These Napoleon took, with the intention of sending them to Paris, to be presented to the Invalides, amongst whom there still lingered a few who had been defeated by FREDERICK at Rosbach. Certainly the relies took no shame from such a seizure and such a guardianship. But the palace at Potsdam was not destroyed and stands to this day. I do not wish to liken myself to FREDERICK, nor do I compare you with Napoleon, but I tell you the story, which is true, for what it is worth. I wonder if you will appre-

Agree, Sire, the expression of my distinguished consideration. RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

THE IRON CROSS.

(For German looters.)

In tempi barbari e più feroci S' appiccavan' i ladri in sulle croci : In tempi men barbari e più leggiadri S' appiccano le croci in petto ai ladri.—Giusti.]

In former ferocious and barbarous times, The thief was hung up on the cross for his crimes, But Culture to savages offers relief-The cross is now hung on the breast of the thief.

"Amended and more stringent regulations concerning the lights of London have been issued by Sir E. R. Henry, the Commissioner A number of them are in the same terms as those which were published in The Globe nearly a month ago, but others make important changes. For example, the third order, as originally drafted, ran: 'The intensity of the inside lighting of shop fronts must be reduced from 6 p.m. or earlier if the Commissioner of Police on any occasion so directs,' but it is now as follows :-

The intensity of the inside lighting of shop fronts must be reduced from 6 p.m. or earlier if the Commissioner of Police on any occasion so directs."—Globe.

The italics ought to make it a lot darker.

Gifts of money for the purchase of blankets are being Oh, Sire, how little you have understood France and her made in Germany not less than here, and we understand ller ige; and she her. ever pise care the the in my no use the in hen d I t I eat the he im ack ing gst by me his o I ich reon-

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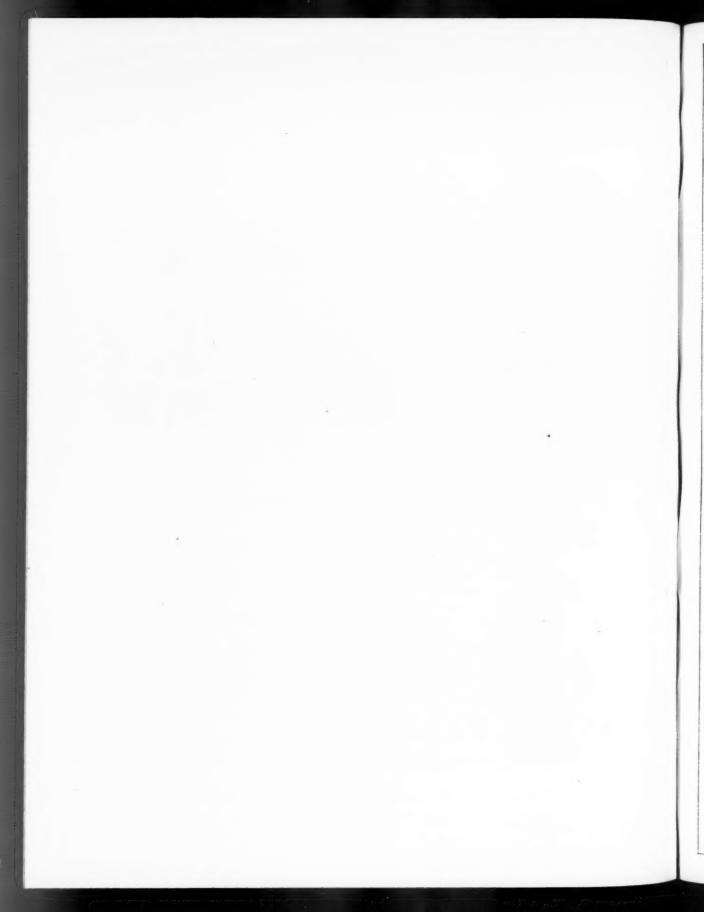
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HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

THE KAISER (to Turkey, reassuringly). "LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO EXPLODE."

TURKEY. "YES, I QUITE SEE THAT. BUT WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN IT'S ALL OVER?"





Talkative Passenger. "I see that the young Earl of Harboro' has just done a very plucky act at the front." Rabid Socialist (indignantly). "Well, so he ought."

THE MISUSED TALENT.

(A mild apostrophe to the young man next door.)

Augustus! ever prone at eve to gurgle a Melodious distych from the music-halls, Piping in summer from beneath a pergola,

Piping to-day behind these party-walls,
Three months ago and more, when Mars had thrust us
In doubt and dread alarm and cannons' mist,

I found one solace, for I mused, "Augustus Will probably enlist.

"I know not what his dreams of glory may be, I know not if his heart is full of grit, But I do know that he disturbs the baby, And, judging by his lungs, he must be fit; His is the frame, or else I ve never seen one, Il is are the fitting years to fight and roam, He has no ties (except that pink and green one)

To tether him to home.

"When he returns he'll possibly be sager;
If not (for glory of his long campaign)
We shall be thrilled to hear the sergeant-major
Singing the good old songs he loved again;
Bellona, too, has something of the witch in her;
It may be he will learn more tact and grace
When that mild tenor has been turned by KITCHENER

Thus jestingly I dreamed. And now, Caruso, You have not budged one inch upon the road; Whi e half the lads have got their khaki trousseau, You still retain that voice and nut-like mode;

Into a throaty bass."

Peace holds you with the tightness of a grapnel, And, still adhering to her ample hem, You enfilade us with your tuney shrapnel From 9 to 12 p.m.

So here's my ultimatum. Though it loosens
The kindly bonds that neighbours ought to keep,
I'll take a summons out to curb the nuisance
Unless you stop it. Can I laugh or weep
For those who fling their challenge at the blighting
gale,

Who smile to hear the cannon's murderous croon, When you go on like a confounded nightingale Under a fat-faced moon?

The streets are darkened now that once were ringing
Through all the lamp-lit hours with festal fuss,
And songs are changed, and so's the time for
singing,

But I'd be greatly pleased to hear you, Gus,
Out in the road there, watched by Anns and Maries,
Op'ning your throttle to the mid-day light;
Fate gave it you to prove that Tipperary's
A long way off. Left—Right! Evor.

We commend *The Pioneer* to the notice of our evening contemporaries. Its "Extraordinary War Special"—price, one anna—consists of the following:—

"No Reuter received since 8.30 a.m."

A more enterprising paper, such as *The* —— or *The* —— [censored] would have provided some new headlines from yesterday's news.

TOMMY BROWN, PATRIOT.

disgrace, although it is only a fortnight and told him that, if he stood for a mouth-organ with a bell on it for nine. since he wrote the famous patriotic whole hour on its back, it wouldn't pence; he knew. essay which determined Mr. Smith, burt it, because Tommy had trained it; his Form-master, to go to the Front. also it never crawled out of your You see, Miss Price, who is deputising pocket. for Mr. Smith, does not like lizards,

meet the case: but whoever heard of caning a curly-headed boy with blue eyes and an inkstain on both lips? The interview took place in the Head-master's study. To the question, "What do you mean, Sir, by bringing lizards and white rats to school?" Tommy said. "Yes, Sir," and then, after thinking for fully three seconds, he said he had a ferret at home, and did the Headmaster know how to hold a ferret so that it couldn't bite you?

It seems that ferrets, if they once get hold of your thumb, never let go-not never-and that you have to force their jaws open with a penholder; also ferrets exhibit a marked preference for thumbs. All this information Tommy conveyed without drawing a breath. The Headmaster said, "Quite so, my boy, quite so. But don't you know it is extremely reprehensible conduct to bring animals to school in your pocket?" Well, you see, that is how Tommy's mother talks to him,

the deep secret that he had a tortoise.

Tortoises, the Headmaster learnt, were stuck fast in their shells, because Tommy had tried. A boy had told although Tommy had showed his torhad taken no step in the matter.

bring any more animals to school and one car. to express his sorrow to Miss Price.

And he was richer by sixpence when butch, and he had already used the the interview closed.

At parting, Tommy offered to lend for the piebald rats Tommy Brown has already been in the Headmaster his tortoise for a week,

and has an especial aversion to white for bringing the white rats to school at night his hand was clutched round rats, whereas Tommy is very fond of -they weren't white rats really, not it as he slept-content. these and other dumb animals.

So Tommy was reported to the through constant association with ink.

Headmaster. At first the Headmaster Also he brought an apple and showed large and enthusiastic audience. For thought that the application of "some-what severe measures, my boy," would whilst eating it, she would miss the while he held it. For two marbles you

HOW TO BRING UP A HUN. THE TEUTONIC SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.

so he knew what to do, and, looking bad part. In further sign of amity he fors so in his sleep and what had up into the Head-master's face with showed her his knife, and especially that wistful look of his, he imparted that instrument in it which was used bell on it. for removing stones from horses' hoofs. Not that Tommy had removed many had a way of getting lost among the stones from horses' hoofs, not very cabbages, but, if you wanted to prevent many, but if you had a tooth that was them from straying, all you had to do loose it was very helpful. Miss Price was to turn them over on their backs give him a new threepenny bit, and and put a piece of brown paper over them Tommy tried hard to please her in for their feet to play with. Also they arithmetic by reducing inches to pounds, shillings and pence.

With ninepence in his pocket Tommy Tommy that tortoises laid eggs, but felt uneasy. It was a question between a lop eared rabbit and a mouth-organ. toise a hen's egg and then put the A lop-eared labbit, that is to say a tortoise in a nice new nest the tortoise proper one, cost two shillings; for ninepence it was probable that you could However, Tommy promised never to only get a rabbit which would lop with

Besides, a lop-eared rabbit meant a Not at all; we remain both.

cover of his mother's sewing-machine

On the other hand, you could get a

It was a splendid instrument!

Tommy took it to bed with him and put it under his pillow, and when his Tommy apologised to Miss Price mother came to see that he was all right

could hold it yourself.

One boy paid the two marbles, and noticed the words "Made in Germany" in small letters on the under side. silence that followed the announcement of this discovery was broken only by the sound of Jones minor biting an apple. All eyes were on Tommy Brown. For the fraction of a second he hesitated, and in that fraction Brook tertius giggled.

Tommy seized the mouth-

organ with a determination that was almost ferocious; he threw it on the ground, stamped on it with his heel again and again, and finally took and pitched it into a neighbouring garden. He then fell upon Brook tertius and punched him

until he howled.

Before Tommy Brown could go to sleep that night his mother had to sit by his bedside and hold his hand; he never released her hand until he was fast asleep. How like his father (the V.C.) he looked! She wondered what made him

become of his mouth-organ with the

"FRENCH PRESIDENT AT THE FONT." Leicester Daily Mercury. Where he received his baptism of fire?

"German infantry on the morning of the 5th ventured an assault and were repulsed by blithering fire."—Pioneer.

Some of their Professors should be able to do good work in the blithering line.

[&]quot;Reuter's agency learns that according to an official telegram received in London Turkish vessels have entered the open port of Odessa and bombarded Russian ships.
6 to 1 agst Cheerful, 7 to 1 agst Flippant."

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WHAT OUR TAILOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Scene I. A PERFECT FIT.

Scene II. AFTER A WEEK'S DRILL.

BEGBIE REBUKED.

of the historic meeting between Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE and Mr. W. J. BRYAN in New York. The sensation was caused not so much by the announcement that Mr. BRYAN "has the long mouth of the orator, the lips swelling and protruding as he speaks, thinning and compressing when he is silent," or that "the full and heavy neck, which seems to be part of the face, is corded with muscles," although either of those statements is startling enough. Nor was it Mr. Begbie's struggle to decide whether he should devote his attention to the great statesman or to the railway station in which they met, the statesman being selected only just in time. No, what nearly stopped the clock of St. Bride's church was this paragraph in Mr. Begbie's record of the event: "At this point I asked quite innocently, and with a real desire for information, an obvious but indiscreet question, which Mr. BRYAN rebuked me for asking, reminding me that he was a member of the Government.

What a subject for an Academy painting in oils! Or, if MILTON had been living at this hour, how he would have immortalised the touching scene!

A desire to present to our readers some fuller details of this world-FLEET Street was thrilled to the staggering event prompted us to cable depths of its deepest inkpot last week to a few correspondents in New York. when it read in The Daily Chronicle One cables back: "The scene was dramatic in the extreme. The journalist, his big blue eyes brimming with innocence, gently breathed his question, when the great statesman shook his shaggy mane and roared out his rebuke like a lion in pain. The journalist's apologetic gesture was one of the most delicate things I have ever seen."

Another tells us : - "When Mr. Begbie put his question so great a stillness reigned throughout the crowded railway station that you could have heard a goods-train shunt. Mr. BRYAN looked long and earnestly at the journalist, then, placing his hand affectionately on his shoulder, he said to him in a throbbing voice, "Oh, HAROLD, how can you?"

"The Incorrigibles."

"The enemy made attacks, but each effort was repulsed with great laughter."-Star.

"One recalls in this connection the statement made by Alexander the Great, that Napoleon's invasion of Russia was defeated not by the Cossacks, but by Generals January and February."—Stock Exchange Gazette. This reminds us of CESAR's comment on the sack of Louvain :- "Magnificens est, sed non bellum."

WIRELESS.

THERE sits a little demon Above the Admiralty, To take the news of seamen Seafaring on the sea; So all the folk aboard-ships Five hundred miles away Can pitch it to their Lordships At any time of day.

The cruisers prowl observant; Their crackling whispers go; The demon says, "Your servant," And lets their Lordships know; A fog 's come down off Flanders? A something showed off Wick? The captains and commanders Can speak their Lordships quick.

The demon sits a-waking; Look up above Whitehall-E'en now, mayhap, he's taking The Greatest Word of all; From smiling folk aboard-ships He ticks it off the reel :-"An' may it please your Lordships, A Fleet's put out o' Kiel!"

"Much indecision prevails as to what the value of sultanas will be in the near future. Daily Telegraph.

What the Germans want to know is the price of Sultans.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WAR GOSSIP.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,-The situation here is unchanged, though we have made some progress in knitting. Forgive me, m'amie, but one does get so much into the despatch habit! The other day I'd a letter from Babs, in which she told me she'd "nothing fresh to report on her right wing before she pulled herself together.

Norty's at the front as a flying-man. He's finding out all sorts of things, dropping bombs on Zeppelins and covering himself with glory. I had a few lines from him last week. dated from "A place in Europe" (they have to be enormously cautious!), and said he was having the time of his life. He was immensely pleased with the last letter I managed to get through to him, and was particularly struck, he says, with my advice to him: " Find out all you can, and above all don't get caught;" he considers it simply inva uable advice and says all airmen ought to have it written up in letters of gold somewhere or other.

Stella Clackmannan's had a fortnight's training as a nurse and is off. I ran in to see the dear thing the night before she left. She'd been posing to a photographer in her Red Cross uniform for hours and hours and was almost in a state of collapse; but the heroic darling said she was ready to do even more than that for her country. In one photo she's sitting by a cot with her hands folded, looking sad but very sweet. In another she's standing up, singing, "It's a long way to Tip-perary;" and in a third she's bandaging someone (she had one of the footmen in for this photo), and, à mon avis, it's the least successful of all. She appears to be choking the poor man! However, they 're immensely charming, and will all be seen in the "Aristocratic Angels of Mercy" page of next week's People of Position.

Dear Professor Dimsdale has only just got back to England from his eclipse expedition. I'm not sure now whether it was an eclipse or an occultation, but anyhow the only place where it could be properly seen was a mountain in the Austrian Tyrol. It was due in the July the Professor set off with his big telescope and his lenses and his assistants and his note-books and everything that was his. He lived a week or two on the mountain, to get used to the atmosphere and prepare all his

began, and the Professor was looking darlinger than the others. Tell it not up at the sky for all he was worth, in Gath, dear Blanche, but I think a lot of fearful creatures came rushing up the mountain and said there was a war and that he was an alien enemy and that he was making signals and that his big telescope was a new sort of howitzer; and they pushed him down the mountain, and broke his telescope and all his lenses, and tore up his notebooks, and shook their fists at him and used such language that he said for the first time in his life he was sorry he And what, oh what do you think was such a good linguist!

They finished by shutting him up in a fortress, and there he's been ever since. He hardly knows how it was he got away, but he believes the whole garrison was marched off to meet the it happened! He walks beautifully Russians, and that they 're all prisoners now - which is his only drop of comfort. I've tried to console him for having missed what he went to see. I said, "Perhaps the eclipse or whatever it was will happen again soon-or one shriek, for on his dear heroic wrists like it." He groaned out, "My dear I recognised-My Mitts! And when lady, that particular conjunction of the he heard I'd made them he was just heavenly bodies will not occur again for 2,645 years, 9 months, 3 weeks and 2 days." So there it is, my dearest!

Would it cheer you up to hear a small romance of war and knitting? Here it is, then. Some time ago Monica Jermyn brought round some terrific mitts she'd knitted to go in one of my parcels for the troops. She's easily the worst knitter who ever held needles! "My dear child," I said, "what simply ghastly mitts! They're full of mistakes." "What's it matter?" Monica answered. "Mistakes will keep them quite as warm as the right stitches. Besides, they 're all right. 1 knit ever so much better now than when I used to make socks for the Deep Sea Fisherman last year." "That's not saying much," I said. "I remember those socks for the Deep Sea Fishermen, and I doubt whether even the deepest sea tishermen would know how to put them on! What's this?" "It's a message to go with the mitts," replied Monica. This was the message: "The girl who made these mitts hopes they will be a comfort to some et de tricotage. dear brave hands fighting for her and her sisters in England.' "Oh, my dear!" I remonstrated. "It's very young and romantic of you, but don't middle of August, and the last week in you think it's just a little-"" "No. I don't!" she cried. "And if it is, I don't care. "Please, please let it go!" So it went.

Soon after that the Jermyns went down to their place in Sussex, and he's been a prisoner again, and free later I heard they'd some convalescent again. And now he's lost count, and things, so he didn't know what was war heroes as guests. Monica wrote says he doesn't know what he is or going on in the world below. And then, me: "All six of them are dear brave who's got the island! just as the eclipse or whatever it was darlings, of course, but one of them is

I've met my fate!" Later she wrote: "He's getting on splendidly. He turns out to be a cousin of the Flummerys. He performed prodigies of valour, but won't say a word about it. When he leaves us my heart will quite, quite break—and I sometimes hope his will too!"

Yesterday came the following:-"Claude and I belong to each other. helped to lead up to the dear, delicious finale? But wait. My hero is almost quite well now, and this morning, when we took what would have been our last little walk in the grounds. now, though he still needs an arm at about the level of mine to lean on. It was a chilly morning and, as I was looking down and trying to think of something to say, I gave a sudden as confondu as I was. 'They were in a bale of comfies sent to my company,' he said, 'and I had the ladling out of them to the men. But when I came to these mitts, with the sweet little message pinned to them, I simply couldn't part with them! And to think you made them-and wrote the little message! It makes one believe in all those psychic what-d'-you-call-'ems.'

"I felt a crisis was coming and so I said hurriedly, 'Oh, I only wish they were worthier of-of-brave hands and wrists. I'm a wretched knitter-they're full of mistakes-I kept forgetting to keep to the pattern-it ought to have been, "knit two together and make one" -but of course you don't understand knitting.' 'I understand it right enough if that's all there is to it,' he said. "Knit two together and make one." Monica—no, you mustn't run away --- 'And that's all you're going to be told, Blanche, except that the powers that be have given their consent and I'm too happy for words!'

Et voilà mon petit roman de guerre

My poor Josiah is still at the uttermost edge of beyond. He began to come home, and the boat was chased and ran to an island for shelter, and then the island was taken by one of our enemies and he was a prisoner. Then it was retaken by one of the Allies and he was free again. Since then more things have happened and

BLANCHE. Ever thine,

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Cyclist. "MANY RECRUITS GONE FROM THIS VILLAGE?" Shopkeeper. "No, SIR." Cyclist. "OH, WHY'S THAT?" Shopkeeper. "Well, Sir, after going carefully into the matter, we, in this neighbourhood, decided to remain ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL."

FATHER WILHELM.

- "You are bold, Father WILHELM," the young man said; "Your moustache, too, is fiercer than mine;
- But I'm tempted to ask by the size of your head, Do you really suppose you're divine?"
- "In my youth," said his father, "you probably know That I held the most orthodox views;
- But since I have hypnotized HARNACK and Co. I simply believe what I choose."
- "You are bold," said the youth, "as I've mentioned before,
- Yet you frequently talk through your hat; For you told us the English were worthless in war; Pray what was the reason of that?"
- "In my earlier days," said his sire, "through and through I studied that decadent race,
- And in failing to prove that my forecast was true They have covered themselves with disgrace."
- "You are bold," said the youth, "and the Nietzschean
- Cries, 'Down with the humble and meek;' Yet the sack of Louvain made your bosom to bleed; Why were you so painfully weak?"

- "In my youth," said his father, "I studied the Arts With a zeal that no force could restrain;
- And the love of mankind which that study imparts Has made me unduly humane."
- "You were bold," said the youth, "but it seems to be clear That you're losing your grit and your fire;
- And, if I may whisper the hint in your ear, Don't you think that you ought to retire?"
- "I've answered three questions," the Kaiser replied, "That might baffle the wit of a ZANCIG;
- I'm tired of your talk and I'm sick of your 'side': Be off, or I'll send you to Danzig."

The Way of the Turk.

- THE position of Turkey is muddled and murky, But the course she 's resolved to pursue Is true to her mind, which we constantly find A l'Enver(s) et contre tous.
- "The Hun and the Tartar stand together-par mobile patrum." Newcastle Daily Journal.
- We cannot speak with equal confidence of the head of the Tartars, but the Kaiser certainly makes a very mobile parent.



Cavalry Instructor (to nervous Recruit). "Now then; none o' them Cossack stunts 'ere."

THE WATCH DOGS.

DEAR CHARLES,-We haven't gone yet. Upon my word, we don't know what to do about it. We start off for the Continent and then we halt and ask ourselves, "Won't they be wanting us to go to Egypt and have a word with the enemy there?" So we come back and change our underclothes and start out again; but we haven't got far before a persistent subaltern starts a scare about invasions. At that we halt again and have a pow-wow. Thick underclothes for the Continent; thin underclothes for Egypt, but what underclothes for home defence? And that, old man, is the real difficulty about war: what clothes are you to make it in? Our official programme is, however, clearly defined now. It is this: We sail on or about --- to ---, and thence to ---, pausing for a cup of -. We then change direction left and turn down by the butcher's shop and up past the post-office. Here we form fours, form two deep, slope arms, order arms, present arms, trail arms, ground arms, take up arms, pile arms, unpile arms, move to the right in fours, by the left, left wheel. The essence of these manœuvres is that

most acute enemy to guess which is rience, the G.O.C. sent for his three our real direction. He gathers that it Brigadiers, when the division was is one of two things: it is either right assembled for action, and, it seems, or, failing that, left. But which? Ah, that is the secret! Sometimes I am in some doubt myself after having given the order.

Our musical repertoire is extensive, and, I venture to think, very aptly and poetically expresses the feelings of soldiers in the several aspects of military life. Their deep-seated respect for ceremonial is expressed thus, to the Faust airs :-

"All soldiers live on bread and jam; All soldiers cat it instead o' ham. And every morning we hear the Colonel say,

'Form fours! Eyes right! Jam for dinner to-day!'"

His heart's sorrow upon leaving his fatherland is rendered exactly thus:-

> "The ship is now in motion; We're going to cross the Ocean. Good-bye-er! Fare-well-er! Farewell for ever-mo-er!"

And lastly his deep concern for his country's and his own and everybody's welfare is thus put :-

"I don't care if the ship goes down, It doesn't belong to me."

they make it impossible for even the terday. Recollecting a previous expesaid to them, "There must be less noise." The Brigadiers, returning to the field, called out each his four battalioncommanders and said to them, distinctly, "There must be less noise." The twelve battalion commanders called out each his eight company-commanders, who called out each his four section-commanders, and in every instance was repeated, quite audibly, the same utterance, "There must be less noise." Three hundred and eighty-four section-commanders were engaged in impressing this order, with all the emphasis it deserved, upon the men, when the General rode on to the field. His anger was extreme. "THERE MUST BE LESS NOISE!" said he.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"The Press also avoids very carefully all discussion of the status of the Goeben and the Breslau. Practically the only reference to the subject is a remark in the Frankfurter Zeitung that Turkey has alone to decide what ships are to fly under her flag."—Times.

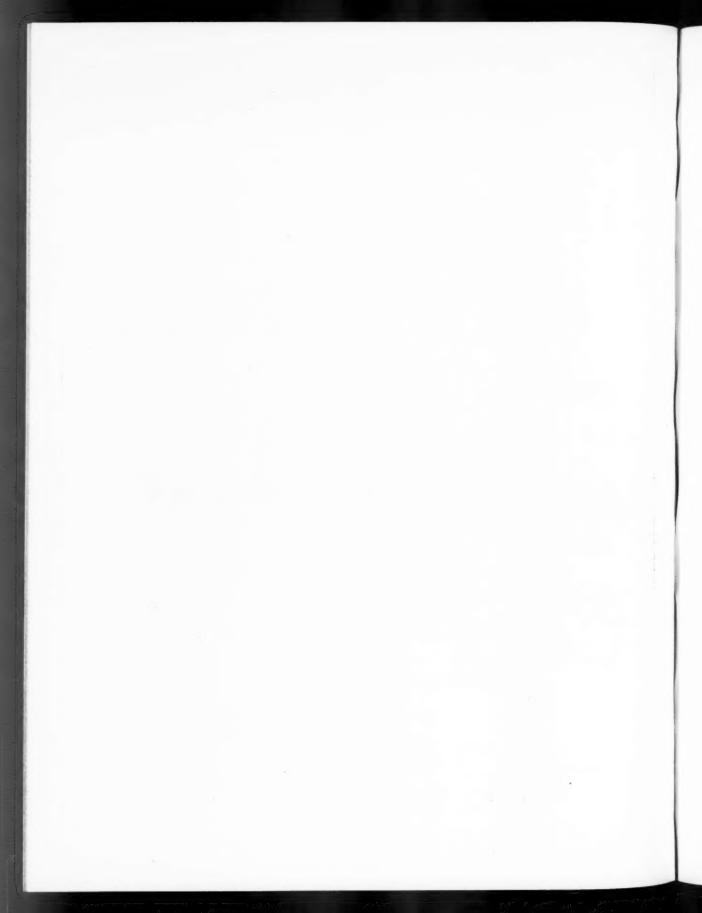
If Turkey decides that the Goeben is to fly, we hope she will warn the man who We had a Divisional Field Day yes- works the searchlights at Charing Cross.

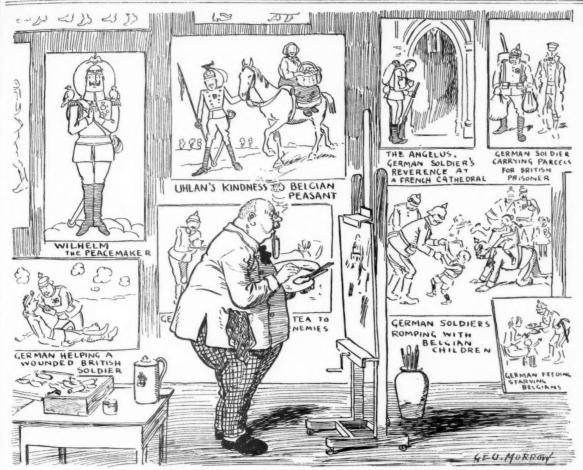


"A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE."

ABLE-BODIED CIVILIAN (to Territorial). "THAT OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD LEAD, MATE."

TERRITORIAL. "YES—AND I MEAN TO TAKE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU?"





A Prussian Court-painter earning an Iron Cross by painting pictures in praise of the Fatherland for neutral consumption.

"CHARLIE" BERESFORD.

Ву Тову, М.Р.

"LORD CHARLES has broken his chest-hone-a piece of which was cut out in his boyhood leaving a cavityhis pelvis, right leg, right hand, foot, five ribs, one collar - hone three times, the other once, his nose three times.' Thus Mr. COPE CORNFORD in one of of plates, the portrait of Lady CHARLES had been "broken three times." adding the charm of rare beauty to the collection.

that among other claims to distinction Sea, bubbles over with humour. he might have been billed as The

Weird-Eved Wanton from the Crusty North, who can sing in five languages "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." trusiveness of one collar-bone, we may,

For many years I have been hon- undertaken by Lord Charles himself, at Westminster. oured by the friendship of Lord and the world is richer by a book which, CHARLES, and have had frequent op- instructive in many ways, valuable as smiling countenance he hides an unportunity of witnessing his multiform throwing side-lights on the slow ad- bending resolution to serve the public supremacy. Till I read this amazing vance of the Navy to the proud position interest, whether aboard ship or in his catalogue of calamities, I never dreamt which it holds to-day on the North place in Parliament. Perhaps the most

Fractured Man, principal attraction in Lord Charles entered the Navy, closing bardment of Alexandria, when the signal

a travelling show, eclipsing the One- just half-a-century later, when he hauled Legged Camel, the Tinted Zebra, and the down his flag and permanently came ashore. Within the space of fifty years there is crammed a life of adventure richly varied in range. A man of Ignoring the monotony of experience exuberant individuality, which has suffered by the ribs, and noting the ob- occasional tendency to obscure supreme capacity, of fearless courage, gifted with slight variation from a formula with a combination of wit and humour, in use by the SPEAKER in the House Lord CHARLES is the handy-man to the notes with which he illuminates the of Commons, declare "The Nose has whom in emergency everyone looked Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beres- it." Happily no one regarding Lord not only for counsel but for help. It is ford, published by Messrs. Methuen Charles's cheery countenance would a paradox, but a probability, that had in two volumes, illustrated with a score guess that its most prominent feature he been duller-witted, a more ponderous person, he would have carried more Here is a man whose life should be weight alike in the councils of the Adwritten. Fortunately the task has been miralty at Whitehall and of the nation

> As these memoirs testify, behind a familiar incident in his professional Record opens in the year 1859, when career is his exploit during the bom

flashed from the flag-ship, "Well done, memorandum on the necessity of creat-Condor." A more substantial service ing at the Admiralty a Naval Intelliwas his command of what he describes gence Department. The memorandum as "the penny steamer" Safieh, whose was laid before the Board, and the GIST or Horsa," I replied, "there isn't earlier had befallen STEWART.

Another splendid piece of work was Sic vos non vobis. accomplished when, after the bombardment of Alexandria he was appointed through several chapters, is a valuable over-lordship of a civilian who is subject do us all good.'

contribution to history. It suggests that, all other avenues to fame closed against him. Lord CHARLES would have made an enduring name as a war correspondent.

It is a circumstance incredible, save in view of the authority upon which it is stated, that, as part of the reward for his splendid service in the Soudan, Lord CHARLES narrowly escaped compulsory retirement from the Service before he had completed the time required to qualify for Flag Rank. The Queen's Regulations ordained that bethis prized position he

must have completed a period of from to currents of political and party feeling. 1892, Lord Charles, the flag almost kicks than ha'pence. in reach of his hand, applied for permission to count-in the 315 days he was strenuously and brilliantly at work in the Soudan. The Board of Admiralty, invulnerable in their environment of red tape, refused the request, repeatpreferred.

It must be admitted that the Board had no reason to regard Lord CHARLES with favour or even with equanimity. When returned to Parliament, the man men want to talk about it. the boiler on the penny steamboat on the Nile, devoted himself to the bigger task there to do some work, drew up a last week."

ous success on this occasion bore fruit of keen intuition and the endowment how to pronounce Pzreykjayik," many years later when he was offered of long practical experience, has, with the post of Chief Commissioner of Police in the Metropolis. His story of the Egyptian and Soudan Wars, carried mistakes inevitable in the case of the "Splendid! A cheerful week-end will

manceuvring on the Nile amid desperate Junior Lord was told he was meddling circumstances averted from Sir Charles with high matters that did not come Wilson's dese t column, hastening to within the scope of his business. A disturbance is advancing in this directhe rescue of GORDON, the fate which few weeks later a Naval Intelligence tion from Eastern Europe." Department (of a sort) was created. Twas ever thus. Lord CHARLES, whether in office, on active service, or Provost-Marshal and Chief of Police, from his familiar place above the Gangand had committed to his charge the way in the House of Commons, bringtask of restoring order. His conspicu- ing to bear upon Naval affairs the gift At my time of life how am I to learn

GERMANISED TURKEY.

fore a captain could win DEFE YOU ARE, MEIN FRIENDT; DER SAME OLD FLAG MIT A LEEDLE

five to six years of active service. In By way of reward he has received more

ANOTHER RUINED TRADE.

I HAD secured an empty compartment. Something in my blood makes me rush for an empty compartment. I suppose ing the non possumus when on two it is because I am a Briton, yet it was subsequent occasions the request was another Briton who intruded upon my

At the first glance I saw that he would talk to me about the-well, what do you expect? I can always tell when who had superintended the mending of that I had the same subtle instinct when they wish to borrow money! I was ready for him. If he said, "Have of mending the Navy, at that time in an equally pitiful condition. During "About the Secretary of State for his brief and solitary term of office as WAR ordering Lord FISHER to be im-Junior Lord of the Admiralty, Lord prisoned in the Tower as a spy? Why, CHARLES, who thought he was put my brother-in-law told me all about it

Instead he put his hand on my knee and asked, " Are you a German?"

"Unless I am descended from HEN. an atom of culture in me.

"Then I can confide in you. A

"You mean that the CROWN PRINCE is retreating towards us from Poland?" "No," he snapped, "And another disturbance is coming from the vicinity of Iceland."

"Good heavens! This is too much.

"Let me tell you what I prophesy

"Sunday will be gloomy, and on Monday will come the downfall."

" WILLIAM'S or ours?" "Accompanied by strong south - westerly winds, rising to a gale, and a rapid fall of the barometer. So now you know. My mind is easy. I have told someone. I have been cruelly ce isored-only allowed to predict just wet or fine from day to day. I felt that I must tell someone. The Censor and Count ZEPPELIN between them were killing me."

I pitied the agony of the professional weather forecaster. I promised to respect his confidence. left the carriage proud of

the fact that I was one of the two men in England who knew what Saturday's weather would be. That is why I left my umbrella at home while apparently every other man took his out. It is also the reason why my new topper was ruined. And now I wonder whether the prophet was mistaken, or whether at the last moment he detected signs of culture in me and lied.

From an Indian paper :-

"The Germans are continuing the questionable tactics of sowing floating mines in neutral waters to the danger of neutral shipping, as well as of British and French war vessels. They are apparently tying them in Paris, so as to make it more difficult to avoid

As a result, the Iron Duke has had to give up entirely its morning run down the Rue de Rivoli. At the same time we are glad to hear that these floating mines are tied. It stops them from floating quite so much.

IN THE WINGS.

(Note: If this essay in the wellinformed manner achieves any success. the credit is largely due to the timely interruptions of the Censor.)

Few people, I think, realise the tremendous significance of waterproof overalls in a war like the present. I was talking to one of our most prominent Midland manufacturers at Sheringham the other day and he remarked confidentially [passage deleted by the Censor at fifteen per cent. reduction to our soldiers for spot cash.

Which reminds me of a stifling Malta afternoon, when I first saw the good ship Sheringham steam slowly up through the haze of Sliema Creek. It was in the early days of the Navy's grey-paint era. The change was a drastic one, as all service-men admitted. And why grey? I make no secret of the fact that I have always advocated ultramarine for the Mediterranean station; but the Grey Water School, you know - well, there, I must not be indiscreet.

Life on a cruiser may be the tally for some, but give me the nimble t.b.d.! There you have none of "the great monotony of sea" which drove W. M. T. to his five meals a day. Nothing but the charming fraternité of the wardroom, the delightful inconsequences of the chart-house kitten, and the throb of the oil-fed turbine! Unless I am greatly mistaken [passage deleted by the Censor—which shows that I wasn't ..

I was dining the other evening at the Buckingham Palace with a friend who is well known in Foreign Office circles. The conversation turned, naturally enough, on the dangers in our midst from foreign waiters. The English waiter who was attending us happened at the moment to dislodge with his elbow a wine-list which, in falling, decanted a quantity of Sauterne into passage deleted by the Censor .

I learn from reliable sources that one wing of our "contemptible little army is resting upon —. Dear old ——! and spars,
How often have I wandered down Lithe gymnasts who live on trapezes your sleepy little High Street to the épicerie of our lively old Thérèse ! But that was in the old days, before the black arts of Kaiserism transformed the peace of yesterday into the Armageddon of to-day. Next week I shall deal more intimately with life behind the scenes in German frontier towns; but you must wait with what patience you They mimic the civilised races can for these further confidences.



"No. SIR, THEY WOULDN'T TAKE OUR FRED, 'COS THEY SAID HE 'D A-GOT BELLICOSE VEINS.

GREY GIBBONS.

WITH fingers too canny to bungle, With footsteps too cunning to swerve, the lap of my vis-à-vis, who remarked They swing through the heights of the jungle,

> These stalwarts of infinite nerve: Blithe sailors who heed not the breezes Which play round their riggings

And parallel bars.

In ballrooms of plantain and mango They scamper, they slither and slide In the throes of a tropical tango, In the grip of a Gibbony glide; Tis thus in these desolate spaces,

Away from humanity's ken, And strive to be men.

As the grey little acrobats patter O'er creepers of myriad shapes, They mouth not the meaningless chatter

Of dull and demoralised apes; But, proud of their portion as creatures

Who know not the stigma of tails, They screw up their weather-worn features

And practise their scales.

And oft in this primitive Eden When I study some antic that hints At the physical fitness of Sweden, The speed of American sprints,

I dream of the wreaths and the ribbons Their prowess would certainly win, If there weren't any war, and my gibbons

Could go to Berlin. J. M. S.

MY FAVOURITE PAPER.

BY A VORACIOUS READER.

ALL day long I read the papers that keep this little island noisy and tell us how we ought to be governed. I can't help it. I want to know the latest, and reading the papers seems (more or less) or a resident in a locality favoured by retired colonels; but, in default of those advantages, one must buy the papers. And then of course it follows that one reads far too many papers and gets one's head far too full of war news. Still, what would you have? The war is so eminently first and everything else nowhere that this is inevitable.

Outside suggestion has its share, too. Morning papers are a matter of course. One reads one's regular morning papers and no others. But after that the came to a respectable for une and trouble begins with the evening paper placards, each with its lure. How can Clubs ever let them go, would be one resist them? The progress of the Allies! The repulsing of the enemy! The ten miles gained! The Russian advance! A German cruiser sunk! Each newsman has a different bait, and roared themselves hoarse to see such as the day goes on they become more attractive, so that one goes to bed at night filled with optimism. Well,

these all have to be bought.

Speaking as a reader of too many of them I must admit to a grievance or two: and the chief is the difficulty that headings to the principal war news. office and enrolled themselves as For example, I find among these soldiers. They had seen in a flash headings on the day on which I write that the only chance for England to a reference to a German admission of failure and dismay. But can I find the every eligible man to do his share. thing itself? I cannot. It may be there. but again and again has my eye travelled up and down the columns seeking the nutritious morsel and not yet has it alighted thereon, and that is but one case out of many. Sometimes after a long hunt I do track these joyful tit-bits down, and then discover that they are separated from the heading by several columns. Some day a newspaper editor will arise who can achieve her aid, and he replied, "Other people." a really useful index to his contents. The Times used to have something of different from a story that you might the sort, but under the stress of battle read anywhere. But the version in that has gone.

Another grievance—but I shall say no more on that subject. Grievances are for peace time, when a general huffiness and stuffiness about the way that everyone else conducts business is natural and indeed expected. In wartime no one should be harassed by one-described the success of a British criticism. So I pass on to the paper aviator who flew over Essen and which I like best of all those now being dropped five bombs on Krupp's gun published. I like it because it contains factory and did irreparable damage. Newcast e-on-Tyne.

every day, or rather every night, it gets pursued, he got clear away and returned better and will continue to get better to the Allies' lines. There was a fellow until the Brandenberg gate opens to let | for you! the Allies in. This paper is not a morning paper and not an evening paper. It is published at night, in the smallest of the small hours, and I am its the way to get at it. The best way of sole subscriber, for it is the paper of my all, of course, is to meet a man at a club dreams. Whether or not I am its editor I could not say. That question leads Now woe is me! My treasure, my to the greater one which would need a volume for its decision: Do we compose our own dreams, or are they provided by Ole Luk Oie or some other dreamspinner? Anyway, no one can read the paper of my dreams but I, and it is, after all, the best reading. It contains the oddest things. Last night it had a fine article about a football match in the North of England. Twenty-two terrific fellows, whose united salaries whose united transfer fees, should their sufficient to build a Dreadnought, had been charging up and down the ground in a series of magnificent rushes, while ten thousand North of England lads Suddenly a newspaper boy, glory. reckless of his life, dashed on to the ground with a placard stating that a whole regiment of British soldiers had been trapped by a German ruse and annihilated. In an instant the game was broken up and every player we have in finding the fulfilment of all and every spectator who was of age the promises which are set out in the ran like hares to the nearest recruiting get rid of this German menace was for

In another part of the paper I read of a young and powerful man in an English village who, on being asked if he did not think that England was in danger, replied "Yes." He was then asked if he did not think that it was necessary to fight for her, and he replied "Yes" again. He was then asked who in his opinion were the most suitable volunteers to come to So far the story is not appreciably my paper stated that he was seized by all the company present and not only ducked in the nearest horse-pend but held under the water for quite a long time, and then held under the water again.

And another article—a most exciting

the news I most want to read, and I forget his name, but, although he was

So you see that I get some good reading out of my favourite paper,

And more is to come!

THE PRICE OF WAR.

delight,

My guerdon after many toilsome days. Shall gladden me no more. It was a

To bid men gape in wonderment, and

My patient courage that endured despite The gibes of friends and Delia's pitying ways.

Ah, cruel fate that forced my hand to snip

Such costly growth as graced my upper lip!

Moustache most cherished! Not as other men

That let their lush growth riot as it

With just a formal waxing now and then.

Did I maintain it. Nay, with loving skill

And all the precious oils within the ken Of cunning alchemists I strove until Its soaring points aspired to pierce the skies,

And I was martial in my Delia's eyes.

Great store of gold I lavished. Yea, I went

To one that works in metals and I bought

A kind of dreadful iron instrument

With leathern straps, most wonderfully wrought,

And wore that horror nightly, well content

To bear such anguish for the prize I sought.

And all this patient toil was thrown away-

They stoned me for the KAISER yesterday!

At a time when every penny that can be spared is needed for the help of our so diers in the field and of our wounded, or to relieve the distress of the Belgian refugees or our own sufferers from the War, a public appeal is being made to the citizens of Newcastle-on-Type for subscriptions to a fund for presenting a testimonial to their Lord Mayor, on the ground that he has done his duty. We beg to offer our respectful sympathy to the LORD MAYOR of



Colonel of Swashbucklers. "NAH THEN, SWANK! THE WIMMIN CAN LOOK ARTER THEIRSELVES. YOU 'OP IT AND JINE YER REGIMENT."

A TOBACCO PLANT.

I HAD done the second hole (from the strongest he'd got." vegetable-marrow frame to the mulberry-tree) in two, and was about to shed when I thought I would go in and the bill when it comes in." convey the glad news to Joan. I found her seated at the table in the breakfastroom with what appeared to be a heap Not that I mind in a good causeof tea spread out upon a newspaper in that I forgot the object of my errand.

are you doing with it?" I asked.

"It isn't tea; it's tobacco," Joan replied, "and I'm making cigarettes comme ca!" for the soldiers at the front.

tobacco from, if it is tobacco?" I went on.

"Let me see now," mused Joan, pausing to lick a cigarette-paperwas it from the greengrocer's or the from the tobacconist's."

Joan gets like that sometimes, but I tobacco will fall out. do not encourage her.

Hottentot stuff?" I enquired.

"The soldiers like it strong," Joan "You don't quite grasp the situation. replied, "and this looked about the

"What does it call itself?"

proceed to the third hole by the potting- it, but you'll no doubt see its name on

"Thanks very much," I said. "That's what I should call forcible fleecing.

"Isn't it ingenious?" interrupted me last Christmas?" I said. front of her. Little slips of torn tissue- Joan. "You just put the tobacco in by her side were several empty card- button round until — until you've haven't worn it once." board boxes. The sight was so novel twiddled it round enough; then you slip in a cigarette-paper-like thatbutton round once more-open the lid tartan plaid and a Neapolitan ice. -and shake out the finished article-

"Where on earth did you get that on to the floor. I stooped to pick it up and the inside fell out. I collected the debris in the palm of my hand.

"How many of these have you made?" I asked.

"Only three thoroughly reliable ones, butcher's? Ah! I remember. It was including that one," she replied. "I've tube of paper. rolled ever so many more, but the

not encourage her.

"But what made you choose this suggested. "I'll roll and you lick."

I want to do something. I can't make shirts or knit comforters. I've tried and failed. My shirts look like pillow-"It was anonymous when I bought cases, and anything more comfortless than my comforters I couldn't imagine. I wouldn't ask a beggar to wear an article I had made, much less an Absent-Minded Beggar.'

"What about that tie you knitted for

"Yes," said Joan; "what about it? paper littered the floor, and on a chair between the rollers, and twiddle this That's what I want to know. You

It was true, I hadn't. The tie in question was an attempt to hybridise "What's all that tea for, and what moisten the edge of it-twiddle the the respective colour-schemes of a

> "That," I explained, "is because I've never had a suit which would set An imperfect cylindrical object fell it off as it deserves to be set off. However, if I can't help I won't hinder you. I only came in to say that I had done the second hole in two. I thought you would like to know I had beaten bogey." And I retired, taking with me the little heap of tobacco and the hollow

> When I reached the seclusion of the mulberry-tree I found that the paper had become ungummed, so I placed the tobacco in it and succeeded after "No," said Joan kindly but firmly. a while in rolling it up. The result,

though somewhat attenuated, was rewhen I had finished coughing I came to the conclusion that if only I could induce Joan to present her gift to the borne on the air from the direction of German troops instead of to our Tommies it would precipitate our ultimate triumph. I had to eat several mulberries before I felt capable of proceeding to the third hole. When I got there (in two) I found it occupied by a squadron of wasps while reinforcements were rapidly coming up from a hole beneath the shed. Being hopelessly outnumbered I contented myself with a strategical movement necessitating several stiff rearguard actions.

Joan, growing a little more proficient, had in a couple of days made 500 cigarettes. I had undertaken to despatch them, and one morning she came to me with a neatly-tied-up parcel.

"Here they are," she said; "but you must ask at the Post Office how they should be addressed. I've stuck on a label."

I went out, taking the parcel with me, and walked straight to the tobacconist's.

"Please pack up 1.000 Hareems," I said, "and post them to the British Expeditionary Force. Mark the label 'Cigarettes for the use of the troops.' And look here, I owe you for a pound of tobacco my wife bought the other day. I'll square up for that at the has the least idea what they do there. same time. By-the-by, what tobacco was it?".

"Well, Sir," the man replied, "I hardly like to admit it in these times, but it was a tobacco grown in German East Africa. It really isn't fit to smoke, and is only good for destroying wasps' nests or fumigating greenhouses, which I thought your lady wanted it for, seeing as how she picked it out for herself. Some ladies nowadays know as much about tobacco as what we do."

I left the shop hurriedly. problem of the disposal of Joan's wellmeaning gift was now solved. I returned home and furtively stole up the side path into the garden. Under cover of the summer-house I undid the parcel and proceeded rapidly to strip the paper from those of the cigarettes that had not already become hollow mockeries. When I had collected all the tobacco I went in search of the gardener, and encountered him returning from one of his numerous meals.

"Wilkins," I said, "there is a wasps' nest on the third green, and here is some special wasp-eradicator. Will you conduct the fumigation?"

As Joan and I were walking round the garden that evening before dinner Joan said-

"I don't want to blush to find it seemed to me that he called a saw a cognisably a cigarette. I lit it, and fame, but—do you know—I prefer doing zog, which was surely quite good good by stealth."

A faint but unmistakable odour was the third green.

"So do I." I said.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

My wife attributes our success (so far) in the entertainment of Belgian Refugees solely to the fact that we French. They are—(1) Dr. Anderson, have not, and never have had, a vestige of a committee. We all work along in the jolliest possible way, and we have crisis, though her constructions simply no meetings, or agenda, or minutes, or co-opting of additional members, or remitting to executives or anything of that kind. We just bring along anything that we think will be useful. Some of us bring clothes and others butter or umbrellas, or French books, or razor-strops or cigarettes. Hepburn, the dairy farmer, keeps sending cart-loads of cabbages; old Miss Mackintosh at the Brae Foot sends threepence a week. And when we are short of anything we just stick up a notice to that effect in the village shop. I issued a call for jam yesterday and ever since it has rained pots and pots. We have three large families of Belgians and we have already got to the stage where the men are at work and the children at school-though no one really

But although I admit that it is magnificent to be without a committee -we escaped from that by the simple plan of getting the Belgians first and trusting to the goodwill of the Parish to take care of them afterwards-there are other important factors in our success. There is our extraordinary foresight-of course it was a pure fluke really-in obtaining among them a real Belgian policeman. You can have the comb did not greatly surprise usno idea what a fine sense of security that gives us in case anything goes wrong. We have already enjoyed his assistance in a variety of ways, and we have something still in reserve in the employed it for baiting a bird-trap; and very unlikely event of his being professionally called in - his uniform. When we put him into his uniform the effect will be tremendous.

Then again we have the advantage of being Scotch. I simply don't know how English country people are going to get on at all Here we find that by talking with great emphasis in the very broadest Scotch-by simply calling soap sape and a church a kirk you can quite frequently bring it off and make yourself understood. I had a most exhilarating hour of mutual been entirely wasted if they have learned lucidity with the one that makes to appreciate the purpose fulfilled by

enough; and when he referred to a hammer as a hamer it might surely be said to be equivalent to calling a spade a spade.

Still the language difficulty remains and the worst of it is that it gives an altogether unfair advantage-where all are so anxious to help - to the few select people in our neighbourhood who happen to be able, fortuitously, to talk whose French is very good; (2) my wife, who is amazingly fluent in a don't bear thinking of; (3) the schoolmaster, who is weak; (4) the joiner, who is bad; (5) myself, who am awful. Several of our Refugees talk French.

Of course we all have pocket-dictionaries, but even they don't always beln us out. I found my wife once engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the one who does the cooking about some household necessity that was sadly lacking. She was completely baffled. It was pure stalemate. a deadlock. I pulled out my dictionary and suggested to the cook (by illuminative signs) that she should look it up and point to the English word. There was some rejoicing at this, and she at once called upon the collective wisdom of her whole family. At last they got it with much nodding of heads and exhibited the book, buttressed with an eager finger at the place. And we looked and read "A young gold-finch;" so you will see that that didn't help us much. It was only by the almost miraculous emergence of the word Fat in the course of their own private conversation shortly afterwards that light came to us.

That they are quite at a loss to understand the meaning of honey in though it was rather queer-but the Parish is deeply distressed at their total ignorance of oat-meal. They are quite at sea there, and so far have only that touches us closely, for the very foundation of our being in these parts is oatmeal. Even their beautiful devotion to vegetables of all sorts cannot, we feel, compensate for their attitude of negation towards this very staple of existence. There is a strong party among us bent on their conversion. We hope with all our hearts that they will be comfortable and contented among us till the day comes when they can return to their own country; and we feel that their exile will not have furniture in the carpenter's shop. It porridge in the Divine Order of things.

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WORD PERFECT.

Sentry (on duty for first time). "'ALT! WHO GOES THERE? ADVANCE TO WITHIN FIVE PACES, AND GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN 'WATERLOO,'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the good old days when that royal pipsqueak, our FIRST JAMES, came to the throne, if you were a physician of a little more than common skill and furnished with theological opinions of a modernist complexion, or a lonely woman with (or without) some cunning in the matter of herbs, who cherished a peculiar (or normal) pussy-cat, you were quite likely to be burnt out of hand. And, in her competent way, Mary Johnston, in *The Witch* (Constable), deals with this dark blot on the escutcheon of Christianity. Through what suffering and what joys Dr. Aderhold, the kindly free-thinking mystic, and Joan Heron, the simple village maid, found their ultimate and, for the times, merciful release by halter in place of fire, readers who have nerves to spare for horror will read with eagerness. It is indeed a dreadful story. Miss Johnston is not one of your novelists who lets herself off the contemporary document, and on her reputation you may take it she is not far out. The grim tale serves to show to what lengths the force of suggestion will, in times of excitement, carry folk otherwise sober and truthful. Manifestly preposterous evidence, freely given, was freely admitted by trained legal minds-evidence on which innocent lives were sacrificed at the average rate of over a thousand a month in England and Scotland in the two centuries of the chief witch-baiting period. But, after quarter-of-a-million of astrakanned Russians steal through | tint, which help to sustain the gossamer illusion.

England in the dead of an August night? And have we - But I grow tedious. The Witch is an eminently readable story of adventure of the coincidental kind.

What I like best in the stories of Mr. W. W. JACOBS. apart from their mere hilarity, is their triumphant vindication of the right to jest. They spread themselves before me like a pageant representing the graceful submission of the easy dupe. They tempt me to filch away chairs from beneath stout and elderly gentlemen who are about to sit down. Take the case of Sergeant-Major Farrer in Night Watches (Hodder and Stoughton). He was afraid of nothing on earth, or off it, but ghosts, and he despised the weedy young man who was in love with his daughter. So the weedy young man dared him to come to a haunted cottage at midnight, and, dressed up as a spectre, terrified the soldier into something more than a strategic retreat, with the result that he surrendered his daughter. In real life of course it is different. I know a colour-sergeant, and somehow I rather think that if I-but never mind. In Mr. Jacobs' beautiful world, as it is with Mr. Farrer so is it with Peter Russet, with Ginger Dick and with Sam Small. They know when the laugh is against them, and, waiving the appeal to force or to law, they grumble but retire. There is one exercise in the gruesome in Night Watches, but it hardly shows Mr. Jacobs at his best in this particular vein. There are also several charming all, have we not, most of us, near relations who saw a illustrations by Mr. Stanley Davis, executed with a buff

with any story which shows two women in love with the a shadow streaked at times by wavering bands of grevish same man. Miss May Sinclair in her new novel does not slime, strangely agitated . . . There were smells, too, mind how much she annoys her own sex. She shows us dank, sodden, drowned smells that came in upon the sea no fewer than three women engaged in this competition, mist. Moreover, Deeping Castle I can only describe as an and they are sisters. True, there was not much choice for eligible residence for the immortal Fat Boy. It was built them in their lonely moorland village, which contained a right upon the water, within convenient distance, as the young doctor and no other eligible man. Of this fellow auctioneers say, of the Pit; and between the two of them Rowcliffe we are told that "his eyes were liable in repose to your flesh is made to creep more than you would believe become charged with a curious and engaging pathos," an possible. As for the great scene where the Thing finally attraction which had broken many hearts before the story opened, and gave to their owner a great sense of confidence in himself. This set me against him at the start, but the three sisters, as I said, were not in a position to be fastidious. Mr. Ross has been at times a little too confident that Mary's love for him was of the social-domestic kind; the undoubted thrill of his bogic would save it from Gwenda's was spiritual; Alice's frankly physical. Though being unintentionally funny. I confess I did laugh once alleged to be "as good as gold," Alice, the youngest of The in the wrong place. But everywhere else I shivered

women who threaten to die or go mad unless they get married-a very unpleasant fact for a young doctor to have to discuss with her sister, and for us to read about. Indeed, if I were to tell in all its incredible crudity the story of the relations of this gentlybred girl with the drunken farmer who, to her knowledge, had previously betrayed her own servant-girl, I think even Miss Sinclair would be revolted. Her exposure of certain secret things which common decency agrees to leave in silence is a treachery to her sex, not excusable on grounds of physiological interest; and I, for one, who was loud in my praise of the fine qualities of her great

romance, The Divine Fire, confess to a sense of almost have been better. There was a real snap in the struggle personal sorrow that such high gifts as hers, which still show no trace of decline in craftsmanship, should have suffered so much taint. I sincerely hope that the noble work she is now doing with the Red Cross at the frontwhere the best wishes of her many friends follow her-may make more clear the claim that is laid upon her to devote cheers me up when the hero makes half-a-million pounds her exceptional powers as a writer to the higher issues of life and death; or, at the least, to something cleaner and sweeter than the morbid atmosphere of her present theme.

It has been my private conviction that the most depressing and shuddersome of all natural prospects is the wide expanse of mud and slime to be found at low water in the estuary of a tidal river. Such scenes have always been singularly abhorrent to me. Mr. "ADRIAN Ross" appears to share this feeling, for out of one of them he has made the novel and very effective setting for his bogie-tale, The Hole of the Pit (Arnold). It is a story of the Civil Wars, though these have less to do with the of the Civil wars, though these have less to do with the did not see Sir Edward Grey, but had a long conference with Sir action than the uncivil and very gruesome war waged Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary." between the Lord of Deeping Castle and the Unseen Thing that lived in the Pit. The Pit itself is real joy. It The only possible answer to this extraordinary conduct was was covered always by the tide, but could be distinguished a declaration of war.

If I were a woman I should always be a little irritated by a darker shadow on the surface of the sluggish stream. Three Sisters (HUTCHINSON), was one of those hysterical with the fearful joy that only the best in this kind can produce.

Hedger, "THERE'S AWFUL ACCOUNTS IN THIS 'ERE PAPER OF THEY GERMANS-SEEMS THERE'S SOME PEOPLE AS DON'T 'OLD NOTHING SACRED.' Huntsman. "AH! YOU MAY SAY SO! AND IT AIN'T ONLY GERMANS. Only last night I found as fine a dog-fox as even I see WITH A BULLET-WOUND THROUGH 'IS 'EART!"

I remember that I have before this admired the mixture of cheerful cynicism and dry humour that is the speciality of Mr. MAX RITTENBERG. He has shown it again in Every Man His Price (METHUEN), but hardly, I think, to quite the same effect as formerly. My feeling about the book was that it started with a first-class idea for a plot of comedy and intrigue, but that the author, instead of being contented with this, wanted to give us a novel of character-development on the grand scale, and somewhat spoilt his work in the attempt. The earlier chapters could hardly

between the English hero, Hilary Warde, who had nearly perfected a system of wireless telephony, and the Berlin magnates who wished to bluff him out of the results. As I say, I liked these early scenes and some others subsequently that dealt with rather sensational finance (it always in a single chapter!) better than those that had to do with Warde's domestic entanglements and the deterioration of his character. And the climax seemed inadequate to the point of bathos. But there is much in the tale to enjoy; and you might read it if only for a vivid word-picture of what Berlin used to be like before the beginning of the great débâcle. This has now an interest almost historical.

"TURKISH AMBASSADOR LEAVES BORDEAUX.

The Turkish Ambassador left Paris yesterday on a visit to Biarritz. He announced before leaving that he would return. This was the first visit paid by the Turkish Ambassador for over a fortnight. He

Edinburgh Evening News.

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CHARIVARIA.

were no official dinners on the eve of the opening of Parliament. The explanation of this is clear to the German Press. It was due to scarcity of food.

Upon receipt of the Japanese ultimatum, the Kaiser, it may be remembered, cabled to the commander of his Chinese fortress :- " Bear in mind that to the Russians." The kind-hearted Russians will now, we feel sure, have Cathedral contained at least one un-

less compunction in taking Berlin, seeing that the blow will have been softened to an anticlimax.

The Kaiser's hair, it is said, is now bleached; but this attempt to look like a white man will deceive no one.

Just as we go to press a report reaches us which certainly bears the impress of truth on the face of it. It declares that the CROWN PRINCE has been shot for looting by a short-sighted brother-officer who did not recognise the son of God's Viceregent on Earth.

"The British Navy is in hiding," says the Kö ni sche Zeitung. We beg our fragrant contemporary not to worry. In due course the Germans shall have the hiding. ***

It is so frequently stated that the leaders of the German Army attach no importance to the lives of their men that it seems only fair to point out that last

Neither the French, Russian, Belgian, nor British troops like the idea of fighting against the mere youths whom a paternal Kaiser is now sending in o the firing line, and a humane suggestion has been put forward for correcting this embarrassment. Would it not be possible, it is asked, to arrange Boys' Own Battles, in which the German little ones would be opposed by the young of the Allies?

geniuses," says the Hamburger Fremdenblatt, "taught us, Be not excessively just.' now to follow that teaching." We Curaçaos.

should say that there is no great danger of the German nation breaking CONTRARY to the usual custom there down under the strain of this effort.

> "How ever do the Teutons manage to produce so many lies about us?" asks "A Lover of Truth." Our correspondent is evidently not much of a gardener or he would have heard of "Intensive Culture."

The reply published by the Vossische it would shame me more to surrender Zeitung to the protest of French Kiaochau to the Japanese than Berlin clergymen against the destruction of Louvain and the shelling of Rheims prosperity.

"WOT'S THE USE OF THIS 'ERE EARLIER CLOSING?"

"WY, IN CASE OF A ZEPPELIN RAID. IF THE 'UN SMELLS BEER 'E'LL 'AVE IT!"

wounding a couple of German police-the German Emperor and the German beth Guardians. People are both permeated with a burning love of peace.

> The Rev. Mr. EDWARDS has resigned his assistant curacy at Tettenhall under somewhat peculiar circumstances, but we are sure the case is not so bad as The Wolverhampton Express would have us believe. According to our contemporary this gentleman exhorted his congregation "not to hate the Germans, but rather to pay for them.'

A wounded Tommy in one of our London hospitals, on being asked, the other day, by a lady visitor what he father commander. They come shouting "Klopstock, one of our greatest London hospitals, on being asked, the thought of the French soldiers, replied We shall endeavour that he very much admired the French

When in Breslau, The Evening News tells us, the Kaiser promised that the Russian Army should be crushed. Fortunately in this case the undertaking was not even written on a scrap of paper.

"For thirty-two years," says the Vossische Zeitung, "Egypt has had to endure British rule." Curiously enough this bright little sheet does not go on to point out that during the same period the poor Egyptians have also had to put up with a good deal of

A Beauty Spot.

"This photograph of the town of Pervyse, on the road from Nieuport to Dixmude, has been taken and retaken by both sides several times. Our photograph was taken just after it had again come into the possession of the Allies."—Daily Chronicle.

It is now the German photographer's turn again.

Another song for the KAISER :-"COME TSING TAU ME."

Translation of a letter received by The Morning Post :-

"By spring-time of the 6,000,000 German soldiers there will remain only three capable of fighting."

The CROWN PRINCE and two privates.

" PATRIOTISM FOR PAUPER CHILD-REN. - The Lambeth Guardians yesterd y decided that in order that the Poor-law school children may have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs the usual practice of allowing each child an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning be suspended this year."-Times.

If this doesn't learn them to love their country, it ought, at any rate, to encourage them to

week Brussels was fined £200,000 for fortunate expression. It asserted that honour and respect the patriotic Lam-

"Pending operations for her capture, or destruction, effective steps have been taken to block the Königsberg in by inking colliers in the only navigable channel." Birmingham Daily Mail.

Aren't they black enough already?

Examples of official enthusiasm are always welcome, and we therefore give further publicity to the following:-

"The Cossacks who have been mobilised in the Amur district have sent the following telegram to the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces:

Hurrah!"

The Grand Duke Nicholas replied:

'I shall be very pleased to see you.'-Reuter."

TO THE BITTER END.

(A word with the War-Lord.)

A RUMOUR comes from Rome (where rumours breed) That you are sick of taking blow on blow, And would inter with all convenient speed The hatchet wielded by your largest foe.

Is it the shadow Christmas casts before That makes the iron of your soul unbend, And melt in prayer for this unholy war (Meaning the part that pinches most) to end?

Is it your fear to mark at that high feast The writing on the wall that seals your fate, And, where the Christ-star watches in the East, To hear the guns that thunder at your gate?

For on your heart no Christmas Peace can fall. The chimes shall be a tocsin, and the red Glow of the Yule-wood embers shall recall A myriad smouldering pyres of murdered dead.

And anguish, wailing to the wintry skies, Shall with its dirges drown the sacred hymn, And round your royal hearth the curse shall rise Of lowly hearths laid waste to suit your whim.

And you shall think on altars left forlorn, On temple-aisles made desolate at your nod, Where never a white-robed choir this holy morn Shall chant their greeting to the Birth of God.

Peace? There is none for you, nor can be none; For still shall Memory, like a fetid breath, Poison your life-days while the slow hours run, Till it be stifled in the dust of Death.

O. S.

WHY I DON'T ENLIST.

[Curiosity is often expressed regarding the causes which have pre-[Curiosity is often expressed regarding the causes which have prevented young men from enlisting. Considerable interest, therefore, should attach to the following replies to enquiries, an inspection of which has been permitted us by the Secretary of the Patriotic League, an organisation which seeks to stimulate recruiting by writing to young healthy and unmarried men and asking them why they do not join the colours.]

My DEAR SIR,-I fully understand your views-in fact I am in cordial agreement with them. It would be quite fair to say of most young unmarried men that they could and should be spared. But this cannot be said of all young men. There is a small section of literary and other artists whose lives must continue to be immeasurably precious to the nation which has given them birth. From this company it is impossible for me to exclude myself. There is a higher patriotism, to the dictates of which I must respond. With infinite regrets, and thanks for what bit. is doubtless a well-meant endeavour,

> I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely, ENDYMION BROWNE.

P.S.—If you should be in town on the 24th, I am giving a reading from my own works at the United Intensities Club—"A Night with Endymion Browne."

DEAR SIR,—What you say is O.K. KITCHENER must have men and all that sort of thing. Show the Kaiser cluding Miss Phyllis Bedells, Miss Gladys Cooper, who's boss, and so on. But there are some men who can't possibly go. And I'm one. It's all very well to say "Go," but if I go—let me ask you quite seriously—how on earth is Smoketown Tuesday F.C. to lift the English pot? I don't want to shout about myself, but it is a known fact that I'm positively the only centre forward they've got. advocates to his gentle readers.

I'm worth £200 a week to the gate alone. If you don't care to accept my word, that it is absolutely impossible for me to go, I'll refer you to what our secretary says at Yours, ALF BOOTER.

Note by Secretary-What Booter says is quite true. He is indispensable. We paid £1,000 for his transfer, and could not possibly sanction his leaving us. Besides, some of his many thousand admirers might want to follow his example, and where would our gate be then?

DEAR SIR,-If I was to go and enlist, how could I follow the Occident and help 'em to win the League Championship? There it is, quite short-how? And if I didn't follow, and if others like me didn't follow, how'd the club stick it? How'd it keep going? What price duty of staying at home?

I am, yours truly, BERT SOCKSLEY.

Dictated.

SIR,-I snatch a moment to answer your letter, "Why don't I go to fight the Germans?" I am fighting them. I cleared £500 this morning which, before the war, would have gone into a German pocket. My motto is 'Business as usua!," and I have no complaints whatever against the Germans so long as I can go on fighting them some more in my own way.

> Yours faithfully, GEORGE CRABBE.

My DEAR SIR, -Your letter for my brother, John Halton, has reached me by mistake, but I'll answer it. "Why don't I go?" Just send me a recipe for turning me into a boy, and you'll not have to ask me twice.

> Yours very sincerely, JOAN HALTON.

DEAR SIR,—I know what my job is, so don't you come poking your nose in where it isn't wanted. I'm for England, I am. And I'm doing my bit. The Evening Wiper said only the other day that a Britisher's duty was to keep cheerful, and that the man who did that was serving his country. Well, I am cheerful-I didn't turn a hair even over Mons—slept exactly the same, and had bacon and tomato for my breakfast. Then they say, "Carry on." And I do carry on. I go out as usual, dress just as carefully-spats, fancy waistcoat, buttonhole, etc. One night it's the Imperial and another it's the Cinema. Men are wanted to cheer the patriotic songs and to sing the chorus of "Tipperary." I help here. Then I spend my money freely—freely, I tell you. Any Tommy I meet can have a drink—half a dozen at my expense, and no return expected. I got two quite blind last night, and never asked 'em for a sou. Then again, I 've spent quite a lot on flags. I always wear six on the front of my bike when I scorch through the crowds coming out of church on Sundays. I've got portrait buttons, too, of JOFFRE and KITCH., and I'm never ashamed to wear 'em. And I'm always urging chaps to go and enlist. So you see I am doing my Yours truly, ALBERT SPOTTLE.

In a Good Cause.

A Matinée will be given at the Empire on Thursday, the 26th, in aid of The Daily Telegraph's Belgian Relief Fund. Among the patrons are The JAPANESE AMBASSADOB, the Belgian Minister and the Grand Duke Michael.

Many popular artistes have offered their services, in-Miss Ethel Levey, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Wish WYNNE, Mr. WILKIE BARD, Mr. WILL EVANS, Mr. ALFRED LESTER, Mr. JAMES TATE, Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Mr. JAMES WELCH.

Mr. Punch very heartily commends the cause and its



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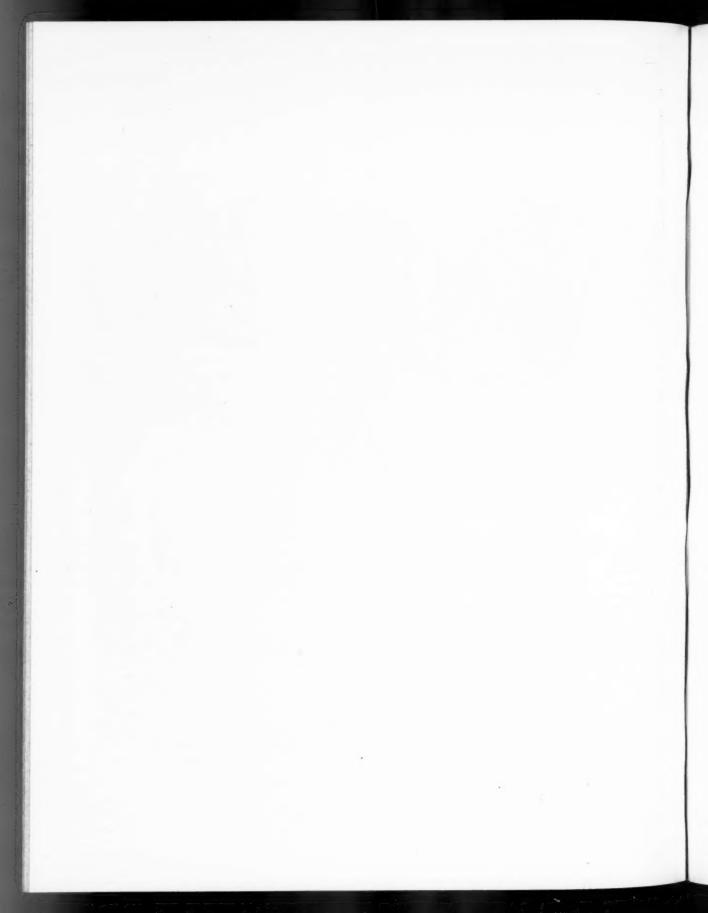
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GOOD HUNTING.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.





"Mother, look at that poor soldier: wounded in both feet."

WITH ALL RESERVE.

Departing from the time-honoured custom of believing everything they see in print, the British people are learning in these times that one should only run the risk of believing printed news that has passed the Censor. By the time the war is over the new habit will have become established, and we may look for items like the following in our daily papers:—

The right hon, gentleman went on to say that so long as the people of this country permitted the present Government to remain in power, so long would this country be governed in a manner which could never win the approval of the Opposition.

[The above having been passed by the Censor may be accepted as correct.—ED.]

The weather yesterday varied throughout the country. While in the extreme north it was warm and sunny, in the south snow fell. A violent hailstorm swept Battersea from end to end; yet in Stornoway the day was marked by a sky of cloudless blue. Once more the climate of these islands showed itself to be a fickle and unstable thing.

[The above has been submitted to the Censor, who sees no reason why it should be withheld from the public; and it may therefore be taken that in the main it is moderately accurate.—Ed.]

Lady A.'s dinner-party at the Ritz Hotel last evening was not a great success. The decorations of pink carnations were but moderately admired by her undistinguished guests. The Blue Petrogradese Orchestra played without particular brilliance. Among those absent without reason

assigned were the Duke and Duchess of W., the Earl and Countess X., the Bishop of Y., and Mr. Z., the unknown poet.

[The above has been submitted to the Censor, who possessed no official knowledge of the facts, but considered that the report had an air of sufficient probability.—Ep.]

TO THE UNDYING HONOUR OF A SUPER-PATRIOT.

COMMEMORATE, ye gods, the noble mind
Of Brown (A. J.), a youth of classic parts,
Whose soul was ever faultlessly inclined
To music, verse, and all the gracious arts;
At things of taste, in fact, Augustus John
Was always, and is yet, a perfect don.

But lately I have fathomed deeps unknown Before in my incomparable friend; No mere artistic *rifler, he has shown A patriot heart of high heroic trend, And showered sacrifice with fearless hand Upon the altar of his Motherland.

I haled him to a "music" hall to hear
The Great Recruiting Song, and watched him wince
And writhe throughout, as though his end were near;
But now I learn that, every evening since,
Brown has been there, in England's sacred cause,
To greet that patriot song with loud applause!

AUNT LOUISA'S SONG SCENA.

Just as adversity sometimes brings out men's strongest characteristics, hitherto unsuspected, so can amateur theatricals lead to surprising discoveries of humour and resource. Everyone must have noticed it.

No one had ever credited Aunt Louisa with any dramatic sense whatever. She is so gentle and so placid. She was always something of a knitter, and, like all essential knitters, given to sitting a little outside of life; but since

the war broke out she has knitted practically without ceasing; and who would dream of going to a knitter for stage effects?

Therefore we were astonished when, in talking over the projected Saturday night's entertainment, Aunt Louisa ventured the statement that she had thought out a scheme for a little interlude, and might she be permitted to carry it out? Just a mere fill up, but topical, or possibly even more than topical-prophetic.

Of course she might.

"Is it a tableau?" our stage manager inquired.

"No, I shouldn't call it a tableau," said Aunt Louisa; "I should call it a song scena."

How on earth did she hear that phrase? She never goes to music-halls. I would as soon expect to hear her speak of "featuring."

"A song scena," she went on, "the hero of which is the KAISER; and I shall want halfa-dozen gentlemen to assist."

The busy fingers knitted away and the gold spectacles were fixed on us with bland benignity. Aunt Louisa writing a song scena and ordering a chorus, just like Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES,

was not the least of the miracles produced by this war.

A company of six of us volunteered, ought to have said 'supers.' of whom I was one. Another was Mr. Herbert Foley, who has made private all the while. theatricals his life study.

coaching the performers and so on,"

"but I think I can manage."

"First of all," said Aunt Louisa, "I down a little, he began to sing :must choose a Kaiser. Someone who can act."

We all became very self-conscious. Our expressions said severally, "No one can act as well as I, but it's rotten form to push oneself forward."

Aunt Louisa scanned us narrowly and, much to everybody else's surprise, picked out Tommy Thurlow. To my mind she could not have made a worse choice; but, as it happened, her judgment was sound.

Foley seemed piqued. "Then what do we do?" he asked.

"You are chorus men," said she.

"Chorus!" said Foley.



Patriotic Wife. "Now, RICHARD, BEFORE YOU GO, LET ME HEAR YOU REPEAT MY INSTRUCTIONS."

Richard. "I MUST REMEMBER I'M THE HUSBAND OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN, AND I'M NOT TO COME BACK WITHOUT THE

so little about these things. Perhaps I our midst and broken to the world, we

On the evening Aunt Louisa's song "Anything I can do to help you in scena was the success of the show. It was called "The Haunted Kaiser," and he said, " I shall be only too pleased it began with a distracted demented to do. You know I'm no chicken at Tommy Thurlow, with the familiar "Thank you," said Aunt Louisa, wig from London, rushing on with his fingers in his ears. No doubt as to "All right," replied Mr. Foley, "but, who it was—the WAR LORD in a state course——. Want of experience——" bordering on delirium. Having calmed

> For years and years I'd waited, Preparing for The Day

The day that meant for Germany A universal sway. Alas, alack, For my set back !

At this point a number of tea-trays were smitten resonantly "off." Tommy dramatically heard them and sang :-

What 's that that smites upon my ear, The sound of cruel guns I hear, That sound of fear?

The British, French and Russians They are murdering my Prussians: Why did I make this war?

They 're in my way by day, by night:
In vain, 'n vain I take to flight,
I'll hear them evermore— Those guns! Those guns!

Tremendous applause, while Tommy prepared for the second verse and Aunt Louisa's great

> Alas! for my ambition. My glory passed away! What is there left of Germany But misery to-day? Alack alas, For such a pass!

Here on several concertinas in different parts of the hall, as well as upstairs, was heard, "It's a long way to Tipperary." Tommy began to behave like a maniac. He rushed about more wildly than before. He stopped his ears. He tried to hide. Then he began to sing again :-

What 's that that bursts upon my ear. That overwhelming song I hear,

That sound of fear? Though brave my men and wary, They 've been done by "Tipperary;"
Why did I make this war?

It's in my brain by day, by night, In vain, in vain I take to flight, I'll hear it evermore— That song! That song!

Now came the great dramatic effect. On to the stage climbed, in the latest revue manner, from all parts of the house, the army of which I had the honour to be one, all pointing the finger of

doom at the cringing Tommy "Isn't that the right word? I know | Thurlow. Having got him well into sang at him these stirring lines to a She then told us what to do, knitting too tamiliar tune:-

> It's a long way to get to Paree, It's a long way to go;

It's the wrong way through little Belgium, The wrongest way we know.

Good-bye, KAISER BILLY;

Farewell, O mein Herr;
It 's a long, long way to St. Helena,
But your home 's right there!

Terrific success: and, after some moments of reluctance, Aunt Louisa, still knitting a sock, was induced to bow.

But it wasn't a bad first effort at drama by an old lady in gold spectacles, was it? I have seen worse by professional writers.

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Mr. Thespian Jones, the famous Animal Impersonator, offers his services as "Collecting Dog" under the auspices of a belief committee—



-BUT SUDDENLY FORGETS HIMSELF ON THE ARRIVAL OF GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

THE KAISER'S "HATE."

[The feeling in Germany, it appears, is now quite friendly towards France and Russia, and all the fury of the Press is cone ntrated on England.]

When first the champions were listed,
When first the shells began to fall,
Some trace of animus existed
Between the Teuton and the Gaul;
King William was extremely callous,
Nay, even found a certain zest
In riding from his Potsdam palace
To show his purple to the West.

But what a charm the Frenchman carries!
His compliments how wide they range!
Before King William got to Paris
His feelings underwent a change:
"Our ancient feud against the Latin,"
He said, "has sensibly decreased;"
And rising from the trench he sat in
He moved his umbrage to the East.

He trampled on the Polish border;
He cried that Russia was the foe;
The German Press received the order
And answered meekly, "That is so;"
But when King WILLIAM met the Tartar
His soul sustained another wrench,
He found the Slavs were even smarter
At entertainments than the French.

They gave him such a royal greeting
With Cossack horsemen making curves
That WILLIAM asked them, on retreating,
To try his Prussian game preserves;

"Duke Nicholas is not the canker,"
He told his German scribblers then;
"His treatment has disarmed my rancour"

(It certainly disarmed his men).

"Out yonder in the circling billows
There lies the object of my scorn,
We hate these English armadilloes,
We wish they never had been born;
Their name to us is rank and fetid,
And on their sins our rage is fed;"
And all the German Press repeated
Precisely what the Kaiser said.

Eh well. That water is a worry!
And doubtless, if the iron glove
Should meet us here in Kent or Surrey,
Its clasp might soften into love;
We might despatch him with a grey grin,
And al! the German Scribes would vow
"Our bughear is the Montenegrin;
We do not hate the English now."

But better still to cool his dudgeon
Where week by week our nobler sons
Have proved Britannia's no curmudgeon
By salvoes of applauding guns;
To save him toil without his landing,
To meet him with more warm advance,
And help to share that "understanding"
He has with Russia and with France.

Evor.

THE LAST LINE.

WE progress. The days when the whole art of war consisted of "On the left, form platoons . . . On the left, blanket," are over. Skirmishing, signalling, musketry, Swedish drill-a variety of entertainment is now open to us; there is even a class for buglers. To give you an idea of the Corps at work, I offer you a picture of James and myself semaphoring to each other.

James is in the middle distance, a couple of flags draped over his person. I am going to send him a message. I signal to him that I am about to begin; he waves back that he is ready. Now

My mind becomes a complete blank. I find that I have absolutely nothing to say to James.

"Go on," says my instructor.

"Yes, but what?" I ask. All desire to interchange thought with James friend.

"Anything. Ask him, if a herring and a half costs three ha'pence, how much-

time the herring would be censored. very glad to hear we'd won. No, I've got it.'

it would annoy James if I reminded

"Do-you-want-a-nice-mortgage?" I signal.

James takes it up to "nice," and then breaks down. The "m-o" he reads as "s-w" (an easy mistake to make), and he imagines that I am offering him a nice sword-a fitting loses his head and signals "Repeat.'

I give it him again slowly. He reads the first five letters as s-w-r-t-g and assumes this time that I am offering him a nice town in Poland. It is five minutes before we get the mortgage platoons lying on its backs and waving properly established, and by then its legs in the air. This is one of the James is utterly disgusted.

He is now going to send a message to me. There is nothing half-hearted about James when he has his khaki

" Why the devil don't you send up those guns?" he signals.

General James is hard pressed. The enemy is advancing in echelon against his left wing; cavalry beat themselves against the hollow square on his right; his centre has formed platoon after platoon unavailingly. Still the enemy comes on. Where the devil are those guns?

I signalled back :

bullet."

It was a blow to James. Reluctantly he came to his decision.

" Must fall back," he said, and he caught a flag between his legs and did

Well, there you have us signalling. To show you us skirmishing I cannot do better than describe the fierce engagement between A and C Companies, which resulted in the entire annihilation of A. But perhaps that would not be fair. I am a prejudiced recorder; let one of A Company speak.

He was annoyed.

"We worked round their flank," he said, "and we'd got quite close up to them under cover of a wood when we came on one of them smoking a pipe. He said he was an outpost, and that he'd decimated us all long ago."

"What did you do?" asked his

"We scragged him."
Personally I had a safer position
among the supports. A decimated enemy in the first flush of annoyance "Yes, but that's too long. It would can be dangerous. I merely lay in a take me at least a week, and by that ditch and counted ants . . . But I was

Rifle exercises go on apace. It has occurred to me suddenly that have a curious collection of weapons ("weapons of precision" as they are him of his professional life. He looks so called by those who have never seen military in his puttees and khaki shirt. my targets), an order for six hundred of one family having fallen through, owing to a clerical error. "We can offer you 600 rides, 1900 pattern," the firm wrote; but an inspection of them showed that the "6" and the "9" had got mixed up.

But even with more modern weapons offer to one of his martial appearance. than these we are not very formidable When the third letter turns out to be as yet, and for some weeks we must not the "o" which he expected, he rely on other methods of striking terror into the hearts of the enemy. Luckily we are acquiring an excellent substitute for lead. As an example of "frightfulness" nothing can exceed the appearance of one of our really mixed Swedish drill movements . . . and, as I think I have mentioned before, we are all ages and shapes .

> Let me conclude with a little story to show the dangers to which we are subject and the fearlessness with which we face them. I cite the case of Reginald Arbuthnot Wilkins.

R. A. Wilkins is just as keen as they make them, and it is his great sorrow that, being in an important Government office, he is not allowed to enlist. For my liking he is too smart; when The shortage of food, due to the Gerhe does a "right-turn" he does it with man blockade, is at last making itself a jerk that you can almost hear. The felt. [Wireless from Bertin.]

click of the heels is all very well, but "Sorry, but B Company is using the Reginald Arbuthnot makes his neck click too. An "eyes-right" nearly takes his head off.

A dozen of them, including Reginald. were being taught saluting the other day. There was an imaginary Field-Marshal or somebody on the left, and they were told to turn the head smartly to the left, at the same time bringing the right hand up to the salute. . . "Sa-lute!" Reginald Arbuthnot Wilkins whizzed his head round to the left, but accidentally brought the wrong hand up. There was a crash as his left thumb met his left eye-ball, and Reginald was in hospital for a week.

The remarkable thing is that the other eleven, quite undismayed, went on practising the salute. That gives you some idea of our spirit.

A. A. M.

STRATEGIC DISEASE.

Some of the German military authorities having explained that their retreat from Paris was due to the spread of cholera in that city. we may perhaps expect to have something like the following further "explanations" else-

OUR recent rather smart retreat

From Warsaw need not causedisquiet:

Our army met with no defeat

Nor suffered from detective diet; We marched away because we knew Warsaw was reeking with the 'Flu.

Our move from Calais was, of course, A great strategic retrogression, We were compelled, though not by force,

To leave another in possession; But that 's no ground for doleful dumps, Calais was chucked because of Mumps.

Soon we shall see, though scarce as yet, Huns and howitzers hustled over Yon nauseous streak of heaving wet

Which still divides our arms from

And should "high failure" then occur Lay the whole blame on Mal-de-mer.

Le mot juste.

"Reports of military movements behind the Germans' front in Belgium are contradictory and too bragmentary to be worth much."-Western Mail.

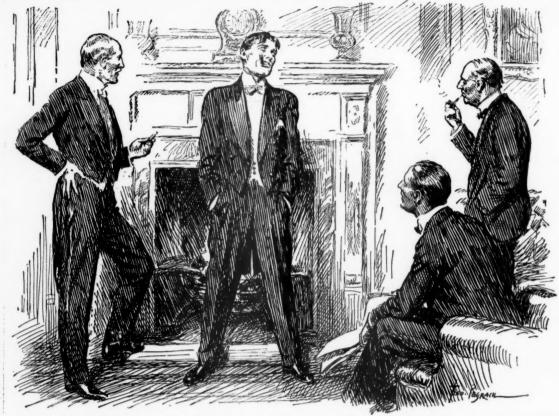
"Mr. Churchill: Six, nine, twelve months hence you will begin to see results that will spell the domm of Germany."—Daily Mail. We could spell it better than that in three months.

"The smallness of the members present was due in large measure to the war.'

Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



THE HISTORY OF A PAIR OF MITTENS.



"Waal, it's this way. We Amurricans don't take no sides-we're ab-so-lootly nootral. We don' give a row o' beans WHICH OF YOU KNOCKS THE KAISER OUT.'

SAFEGUARDS.

IT was the special terms to Special Constables that tempted me—and I fell.

I don't just remember how many times I fell, but it was pretty nearly as often as the "Professor" of the wily art took hold of me. Before the first lesson was over, falling became more than a mere pastime with me, it grew into a serious occupation.

So I left the jiu-jitsu school at the end of the second lesson with a nodding acquaintance with some very pretty holds and a very firm determination to practise them on Alfred when he got back to the office next day from Birmingham.

I suppose I ought to have persevered with my lessons a little longer, but I was losing my self-respect, and felt that nothing would help me to gain it better than to cause somebody else to do the falling for a bit.

Alfred is six-foot-two, but a trifle weedy-looking, and so good-tempered that I knew he wouldn't resent being practised on.

As he came in I advanced with outstretched hand to meet him.

"How goes it?" he said cheerily, holding out his hand.

"Like this," I said, as I gripped his right wrist instead of his fingers, turned to the left till I was abreast of him, inserted my left arm under his right, gripped the lapel of his coat and drugs are not procurable, sufferers from with my left hand and turning his wrist downward with my right, pressed to nervous dispepsia, etc., should give a trial to nervous dispepsia, etc., right, gripped the lapel of his coat his arm back. To attack unexpectedly is the great thing.

"Don't be a funny ass," said Alfred, as I lifted myself out of the wastepaper basket.

How I got there I wasn't quite sure, but concluded that I had muffed the business with my left arm by not inserting it well above his elbow for

the leverage.
"Sorry," I said; "the new hand-shake. Everybody's doing it."

"Are they?" said Alfred. "Well, I've been having some lessons in etiquette myself the last few days from A hardy race, these South Coast fresha naval man I met down at Hythe. Seen the new embrace?"

"Er-no," I said, putting a chair fish in the conservatory.

between us, "I don't think I have; but I'm not feeling affectionate this morning. I'm going to lunch."

Thank goodness, if I do meet a spy, I 've got a truncheon and a whistle.

Making the Best of It.

"Now that supplies of German chemicals

Bristol Evening Times.

Sufferer (after trial). " No, it's just as painful spelt with an 'i'."

"Other Petrograd despatches state that an increase in taxation by one-half is expected. . . . It is believed the increase will produce a milliard of troubles."—The Mirror (Trinidad). We think better of Russian patriotism.

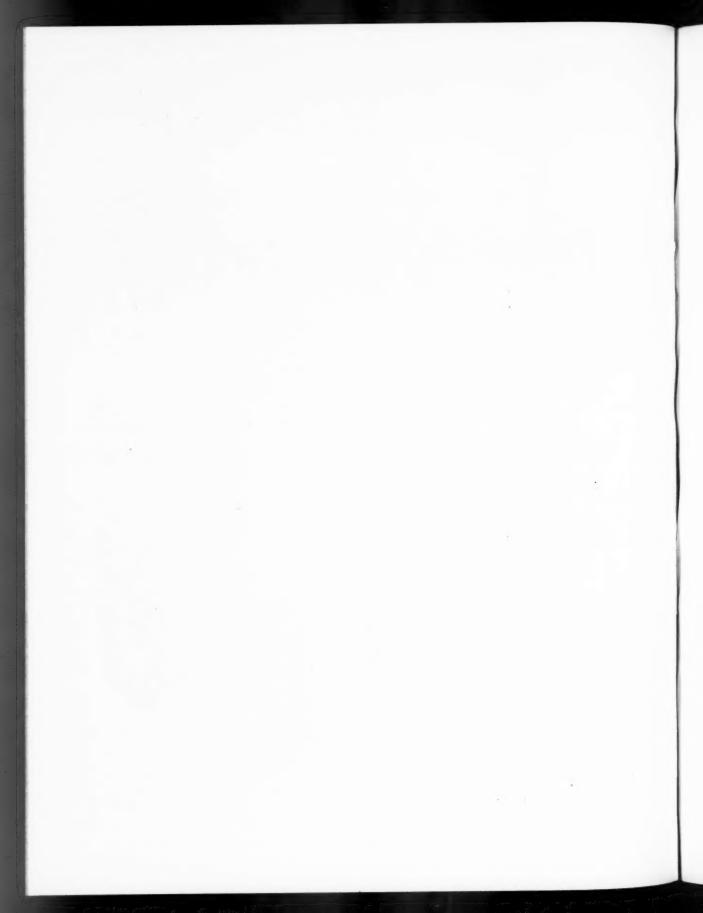
" Four or five had been landed at Ramsgate. It was a comparatively fine, peaceful morning. People were resting on the promenade enjoying the sea, and the fresh air anglers of both sexes were calmly fishing from the pier. Glasgow Herald.

air anglers. Our idea of November sport with the rod is sniggling for gold-



THE EAGLE COMIQUE.

Kaiser (reviving old Music-hall refrain). "HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN CALAIS?"





ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons, Wednesday, 11th a (more or less) trustworthy recorder. November .- Both Houses met for what scemed strangely empty. In Commons, as in Lords, most men wore mourning, "Ten-shun! Form Fours!"

the gloom a lit.le lightened here and there by khaki uniform. Whilst LEADER OF OPPOSITION and PRIME MINISTER spoke Members sat silently attentive. Only now and then subdued cheer indicated approval of a statement or a sentiment. There was sign neither of depression nor elation. The country, fitly represented within these four walls, has undertaken a great task, its performance making heavy demand of blood and money. At whatever cost mean to see it through. Meanwhile are grimly silent.

In course of brief proceedings curious instance forthcoming of prevalence of martial spirit even in unexpected quarters. Did not witness it myself, being at the moment engaged in showing a constituent the House of Lords at historic moment when, in absence of LEADER OF CONSER-VATIVE PARTY, GEORGE CURZON

rose temporarily to assume functions (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) by the MEMBER FOR SARK, whom I find

Seems that two new Members were will be last Session of ever-memorable in attendance prepared to take oath Parliament. Usual ceremony at State and their seat. In accordance with Opening by King, but atmosphere dis- custom they were ranged at the Bar tinctly different from that familiar on awaiting SPEAKER'S summons. Obsuch occasions. No crowd talking and serving one of them between his introgesticulating in Lobby before Speaker ducers, Speaker stiffly drew himself takes the Chair. That done, Benches up to full height, and called out in



"THE PILOT IS PICKED UP AGAIN." [LORD FISHER COMES ABOARD.]

House stared in amazement, Nohe will surely inherit. Story told me thing disconcerts Mr. LOWTHER. Recognizing slip, he quietly ignored it; made fresh start.

"Order! Order! Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

Thereupon PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, assisted by Mr. Burt, the revered Father of the House, affably conducted towards the Table his parent, Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN, newly elected Member for Hartlepool. Having seen him duly sign roll of

Parliament he stood him tea on the Terrace, made him free of the smoking-room, and invited him to partake to-morrow night of famous House shilling dinner.

These filial amenities pleasantly vary the austerity of Parliamentary life.

Business done. - Parliament reassembled. Address in reply to Speech from the Throne moved in both Houses.

House of Lords, Thursday .-A new-comer to Ministerial Bench. It is LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, commonly and affectionately known as "Jack." Three years ago, fatal age limit being reached, Admiralty regretfully but compulsorily Dropped the Pilot. Now, three years older as the almanack counts, actually as young as ever, the Pilot is picked up again. His appearance at the helm greeted with hearty cheer resounding from shore to shore.



Nurse. "I WONDER IF THAT MAN'S A GERMAN SPY?" Young Briton. "OH, NO, NURSE! HE CAN'T BE. HE HASN'T GOT A GUN!"

Everyone knows that present condipatient endeavour, supreme skill, un- business commences. been in such safe keeping. With K. K. at the War Office and JACK FISHER at the Admiralty British householder may sleep in his bed o' nights unafraid.

By another happy concatenation of circumstance Admiralty is represented House adjourned till Monday. in both Houses. With WINSOME WINSTON in the Commons and JACK FISHER in the Lords, the Navy will have a good show. Only doubt is whether FIRST SEA LORD will think it worth while to devote to Parliamentary duties the measure of time exacted from First LORD OF ADMIRALTY. Essentially a man of action, he has little patience with custom of talking round a matter. Nevertheless well to know that, if occasion serve, he can make a speech far beyond average in respect of power and originality. Discovery made when, six or seven years ago, he fluttered But Belgium's homes is blasted down; the decorous dovecotes of the Royal Her shops is ash-heaps, town by town; Academy by delivering at its annual banquet a memorable speech on condition and prospects of Navy.

Unlikely, too, that JACK FISHER will And choosing who they'd better shoot; tion of Navy, making it dominant on all take part in perfunctory performances, seas, is mainly due to him. Recognized as when the House, meeting at 4.15, as fitting thing that he should be sits twiddling its noble thumbs till 4.30, placed in charge of weapon that with the hour on stroke of which public There being erring foresight he had forged. Never none, or not any that occupies more yet in time of war have these Islands than five minutes, they straightway adjourn. But, if serious debate on Naval affairs arises, FIRST SEA LORD may be counted upon to be at his post.

Business done: - Address agreed to.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

[The author would be very proud if his lines might bring in any subscriptions to the Belgian Relief Fund. Cheques, payable to "Belgian Relief Fund," should be sent to the Belgian Minister, 15 West Halkin Street, S.W.] OLD England 's dark o' nights and short

Of 'buses; still she's much the sort Of place we always used to know.

There's women lonely-hid away, But mills at work and kids at play, And docks alive with come and go.

dead:

There's Prussians prowling after loot

There's kids gone lost; there's fights for bread.

It's thanks to that there strip of sea, And what floats on it, you and me

And things we love aren't going shares In German culture. They 'd 'a' tried To spare us some, but we're this side. It's so arranged—no fault of theirs.

Them Belgians had the chance to shirk, And watch, instead of do, the work;

But no! They chose a bigger thing And blocked the bully; gave us breath To get our coats off. Sure as death

They're Men—a King of Men for King.

Don't think they're beat with what they 've got,

And begging pennies, 'cos they 're not. It's this-their job is good and done; They 're fighting-pals; they 're hungry, cold:

We owe for blood that's more than gold-

A debt of honour, or we've none.

They've stood for us; for them we'll stand

Right through; and so we'll lend a hand Until the foe's account is quit.

There's harvests soaked and full of That happy day is working through; But, meanwhiles, it's for me and you-Well, dash it, pass along your bit.



"Why, Jacob, we thought a sturdy chap like you would have enlisted. There's not a soul gone from the village."

"BAIN'T THERE, THEN? THEY'VE GOT VOWER O' MAISTER'S 'ORSES!"

A TRACIC MISTAKE AT POTSDAM.

(In the manner of the Spy Books.)

AT about half-past ten this morning I took my little black bag and walked to the Palace. Presenting my pass, I was about to enter by the side door reserved for civilians when I felt a heavy blow on my shoulder and, turning, beheld an officer. Forbidding me to apologise he led me into the palace by another door, and, placing me in a small room and enjoining strict silence upon me, he left me alone. This was so different from the procedure adopted on former occasions that I took stock of my surroundings. The room was obviously a waiting-room, containing as it did a pianola, a gramophone and a photograph album of German generals. I was aroused from my slumbers about two and a-half hours later and beheld before me an elderly bespectacled officer. I knew him at once from the picture postcards as Bluteisen, head of the secret service. He examined me minutely, omitting, however, to look into my little black bag, which clearly escaped his notice. I began to explain, but he ordered silence and beckoned

being completely to mystify me. At length we arrived at a door deep under-ground, upon which Bluteisen knocked could only nod. He then held the mysteriously. Receiving no answer he paper in the flame of a candle till he turned to me and said, "Push." leaned hard upon the door, fell suddenly forward and stepped briskly into the

We were in total darkness save for a circle of green light at the further end of the apartment. In this circle was a desk, at which was seated a man writing. One glance at him and I trembled with excitement. I was in the Presence.

For fully thirty minutes he kept me standing. Nothing was heard but an occasional graunch, graunch, as he devoured the end of his pen. At last he spoke. "Number?" he said.

I was about to stammer an explanation, but Bluteisen cut me short with a warning look, saluted and said, "Three nine double nine."

"How long have you been here?" the Personage asked.

"About three hours," I replied. He seemed pleased. Then he gave me a paper. "Read that," he said.

I read it. My hair, usually comme to follow. He led me up three placent, rose with fear and astonishment. flights of stairs, along a corridor, down what I read was this:—"You will dawn to-more four flights, and so on for about three-blow up the British Albert Memorial Bluteisen.

quarters of an hour, his idea, I suppose, at your earliest convenience. Telegraph when completed, if still alive."

scorched his finger and thumb.

"You will never see that again," he said. And I never did. Then he thrust his face at me. "You will succeed?" he snapped. "Sire," I ventured, my head swimming with apprehension, "I -I humbly apologise, but I-I have never yet blown up anything."

"What!" he shrieked, giving to his moustaches an upward direction, what! you are Number three nine double nine, from the Ammunition section, are you not?"

"No, Sire," I replied, "I'm sorry, but I'm not in any section at all."

There was a terrible silence. one eye he annihilated me, with the other he detained Bluteisen, who was sneaking off into the darkness. Then in a fury he hissed, "What are you? What are you doing here?"

With choking voice I blurted out the simple truth. "Sire," I said, "I have the honour to inform you that I am here to tune the Imperial piano."

I understand that I am to be shot at dawn to-morrow. So, thank heaven, is

was there, and he saw the boys form sez he; 'go aisy, now,' sez he; 'sure recent works speaks of having met a fours when they marched to the station they 'll do worse here. 'Tis not satisthe next day. There were seventeen of them, and he said he'd never forget it.

"'Twas the Docthor's war speech that did ut," said Martin. "He had thin all in Micky's shebeen-sure they'd have been there annyhow—and the Docthor had volunteeerd himself; why not?

"Yes, the women and childer were admitted. Wouldn't they be wantin' to know the way of it? Av coorse.

"You'd not keep them out annyway. 'Tis the whole of Ballymurky that was there that night.

"'Twas an o-ration the Docthor gave dear,' sez she. thim. Ye could have heard a pin drop. Isn't it mesilf that would be away the e now, if they'd let me? Didn't Patsy Doolan have to sit on me head to keep me from gettin' into the thrain he'd care. with thim?

"'Sure the King knows ye've been drawin' the ould-age pension this two years,' sez he. 'Won't he have it down in his note-book?' sez he; 'and you wanten to pass for thirty. Gwan,' sez he."

Old Martin applied a piece of glowing turf to his pipe and sucked audibly before continuing.

Docthor shpoke," said Martin slowly-"och, the way he had with him.

"'The Kaiser is it?' sez he. 'What would ye be askin' for betther?' sez he. "Tis this way and that way wid the KAISER,' sez he, 'and he'll not be aisy till he's wiped Ballymurky off the map, so he would. And the GERMAN EMPEROR And you a railway porther. Isn't is as bad,' sez he. 'It's Bairrlin or Kitchener an Irishman, good luck Ballymurky, boys, so it is,' sez he; to him, and isn't he lookin' for ye all 'just that.

"' Is ut have the Germans over here in Ballymurky ye would?' sez he. 'Sure 'tis not butthermilk and praties he think if ye are not there to meet they'd be contint with, Doolan, me him? "So Micky didn't come," he'll boy,' sez he; 'faith 'tis your pig they'd be afther atin. And 'tis not you the he'll say. "Sure he's not the boy I KAISER would be decoratin' with an iron cross; 'tis more like a lick of his shtick ye'd be afther gettin, Doolan and the thrubble ye've taken with the him thin, Micky, so ye would.

rarin' of the crayther. Och, ye could ""Begorral" he'll say, looking you some instructive and illuminating nivver look the pig in the face again if round, "sure the whole of Ballymurky's ye shtayed."

me Doolan's pig, which was taking the air outside. "And that," he remarked, "is corrosive ividence of what I'm tellin' ye." The pig grunted his compliments, and Martin continued.

"" Wait till I tell ye what they did at Louvain, sez the Doc. 'Whist now, till ye hear this,' sez he.

"'Och, 'twas black murther they as he relighted his pipe.

did there, the villians! The currse of THE DOCTHOR'S WAR SPEECH. CRUMMLE seize thim,' sez he. 'Arrah! Martin Cassidy told it to me. He hould yoursilf in, you there, Conlan, fied with Louvain they'll be, Shamus; 'tis knockin' your cabin about your ears ye'll have them—and what will hersilf say to that?' sez he; 'sure, 'twill be the best vintilated cabin in Ireland, so it will.'

"'Is ut the GERMAN EMPEROR VE would have sittin' shmokin' his pipe in your cabin and fryin' sausages in your best pan, without so much as by your lave, and you waitin' on him, Mrs. Murphy?

"'Sure, ye know it is not, Docthor

"'Drivin up and down the street in your side-car he'd be, Patsy Burrke, him and his ginerals, till your horse dropped dead on him, and divil a bit

"'I'm lookin' at you there, Larry," sez the Docthor. 'Tis waitin' for Molly to say the wurrd ve are, Larry, me boy: but sure 'tis yourself that'll say the wurrd now. Och, 'tis fallin' over herself Molly will be to see ye in your rigimintals.

"Ballymurky, is ut? Arrah ye'll not know Ballymurky afther the KAISER has done with it. Isn't it "Don't I remimber ivery wurrd the changing the name of the dear ould place that he'll be afther?

"'First-class he'd be thravellin', no less, with the boots of him on the sate. and him without a ticket; and 'tis Rothenberg would be the name on the station, bad cess to him!

"'Rothenberg! d'ye hear that, Casey? to go? Isn't the Tsan of Russia himself goin' to Berlin, and won't he be lookin' for ye there, Micky? What'll say; "what's come over him?" thought he was," he'll say. Just that. And you there, Micky, ye divil, all the time. Ye'd have the laugh on

here." And why not? Bedad 'tis not Martin subsided a while to show the first time that Ballymurky's been on the spree.

"'The Kaiser is ut, boys,' sez the Docthor. 'Arrah have done with ye,' sez he. 'Sure there won't he anny Kaiser worth mintioning afther Ballymurky's finished wid him. . . .

"Be this and be that I'm thinkin' the same too," said Old Martin Cassidy,

THE LIMIT OF IGNORANCE.

(Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in one of his H. G. WELLS.)

As in a Midland city park

Great BENNETT latterly was walking, He came across a live Town Clerk, Who, as they stopped and fell a-talk-

ing, Confessed-so truthful ARNOLD tells-He'd never heard of H. G. Wells!

This ghastly ignorance, alas! Of that renowned investigator, Whom every age and every class Hails as its only educator, Is no experience isolated, But can be promptly duplicated.

The only Mayor I know—at least I know by sight-a splendid creature, Whose presence at a civic feast Is always a conspicuous feature, Has lately in his favourite organ Proclaimed his ignorance of DE MORGAN.

Again, the other day I ran Against a friend ('twas in Long Acre), A simple estimable man-

He plies the trade of undertaker-Who filled me with dismay and awe By asking, "Who is BERNARD SHAW?"

My hatter, too, who ranks among The leaders of his useful calling, Shows in regard to Filson Young An apathy that's quite appalling, For this benighted, blighted hatter Has never read The Things that Matter !

Saddest of all, a Don I know, A man of curious futile learning, Studied JANE AUSTEN long ago With admiration undiscerning, Till Mr. Bennett, thanks to JANE, Ousted all others from his brain.

THE OLD BULLDOG BREED.

The Wavecrest Hydro, Hastings. To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR, - I have on several previous occasions communicated to examples of the extraordinary intelligence of my dog Boanerges, but so far (doubtless owing to extreme pressure on your space) you have not been able to publish them.

In view of the present grave national emergency, however, I feel confident that you will be able to find space for the latest instance.

Boanerges is of the old bulldog breed; that is to say, he is not precisely a bulldog, but inherits the breed from one



Daughter (whose husband is at the front). "Oh, mother, isn't it splendid? Harry's sent me this paper with a marked PASSAGE ABOUT WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING. IT SAYS, 'CAPTAIN -- FUSILIERS, UNDER HEAVY -- OF THE -Now EVERYBODY WILL KNOW HOW BRAVE HE IS!"

been difficult to class fy him at Dog present) a new class, viz., Pom-Poms. weight of its editorial support, suggesting as an alternative name: Dum-Dums, or Soft-Nosed Builettes, but I fear me it was scarcely dignified enough to carry weight with the authorities.

However, all that is by the way.

Boanerges with me on my weekly visit to a local picture palace. He enjoys with the performance.

I also, unwontedly moved, rose in my seat and shouted, "Up and at 'em!"

Boanerges hit the hourding behind it; it stimulates his already keen inand follows the films with rapt atten- bristles. tion. Occasionally he will express his

of his grandfathers. Superficially he He makes allowances for the limitahim (though unsuccessfully up to the manager of the theatre and by the at the goose-step. regular patrons. Indeed, I firmly bepationage to the Thursday matinées. He also enjoys lions and tigers, but not crocodiles or snakes. As I have said, he is of the old bulldog breed.

On Thursday last I took Boanerges with me as usual. It was a dull pro-His heart is in the right place. No gramme at first, being chiefly devoted WILHELM shall land upon Hastings to imaginative drama in a Red Indian soil while Boanerges guards the beach, reservation. Bornerges growled the at, so to speak, one mouthful.

Then came the film of topical events. telligence; and there is no charge made A heading appeared on the screen: for dogs. He stands on my knees with "The Germans in Louvain." I could his fore-paws on the stall in front, feel Boanerges stiffen all over his wiry

The stark ruins were shown, with approval or disapproval by barking, Prussian soldiers on arrogant sentrybut always in a tholoughly gentle-go. Somebody, no doubt a refugee, manly way. He is critical, but not hissed out: "A bas les Bosches!" captious; laudatory, but not fulsome. Boanerges growled a deep menace.

Then came a picture of the main presents more the appearance of a tions of the camera. He usually cheers square of Louvain, with a group of were-haired retriever pom, and it has at what, I believe, are technically generals waiting for the march-past been difficult to class fy him at Dog known as "the chases," and his hearty and the salute. The soldiers marched Shows. Indeed, I have claimed for bark of approval is welcomed by the towards us, victorious and triumphant,

That was the breaking-point. Flesh The Canine Chronicle lent me the lieve that Boanerges attracts extra and blood could stand it no longer. All the bulldog strain pounded in his veins. With a roar of anger such as I have never before heard from him, Boanerges leapt from my restraining hands and made for the picture.

He dashed straight at the screen and through it! He devoured a whole company of goose-stepping Pruss.ans

the screen, and I think that his nose, now in bandages, is permanently damaged. Still, his brave deed echoes through Hastings, and recruiting in the town is brisker than it has ever been before.

This time, Sir, I feel confident that you will not refuse Boanerges his welldeserved place in your columns.

Yours, etc., ANTONY McWHIRTER.

PARIS AGAIN.

Big blue overcoat and breeches red as red,

And a queer quaint kėpi at an angle on his head;

And he sang as he was marching, and in the Tuilleries You could meet him en permission with Margot on his knee.

At the little café tables by the dusty palms in tubs,

In the Garden of the Luxembourg, among the scented

On the old Boul. Mich. of student days, you saw his red and blue;

Did you come to love the fantassin, le p'tit piou-piou?

He has gone, gone, vanished, like a dream of yesternight; He is out amongst the hedges where the shrapnel smoke is white:

And some of him are singing still and some of him are dead,

And blood and mud and sweat and smoke have stained his blue and red.

He is out amongst the hedges and the ditches in the rain, But, when the soixante-quinzes are hushed, just hark!—the old refain,

"Si tu veux faire mon bonheur, Marguérite, O Marguérite,"
Ringing clear above the rifles and the trampling of the

Ah, may le bon Dieu sond him back again in blue and red, With his queer quaint képi at an angle on his head!

So the Seine shall laugh again beneath the sunlight's quick caress;

So the Meudon woods shall echo once again to "La Jeunesse":

And all along the Luxembourg and in the Tuilleries, We shall meet him en permission with Margot on his knee.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER. No. VIII.

(From Richard Dickson, generall yknown as Cock-eyed Dick, Private in the South Loamshire Light Infantry.)

I suppose I ought to beg your Majesty's humble pardon for using a pencil for this letter, but it's a good pencil, and, anyhow, we don't run to ink in the trenches. I don't want to be disrespectful to your Majesty's Highness. Fact is I'm just a bit fond of you; you're doing our chaps such a world of good, keeping our hearts up in a manner of speaking and making us all so angry. When your regiments come out against us, the word goes round, and it's "Steady, boys; remember we're a contemptible little army; let's show'em a bit of contemptible shooting at 800 yards," or "Fix your contemptible bayonets and go for 'em;" and I warrant there's many a German chap out of the fighting line for good and all just on account of that nasty word.

There's another word, too, that some of your chaps have slung at us. They say we're a "mercenary" lot, meaning that we took up with soldiering just because we're paid to do it. Well, we are paid a shilling or two now and then, but don't you go and make no mistake; we don't stick it out in the trenches, with Black Marias playing bowls with us, and the machine-guns crackling at us and the snipers picking us off just because of getting a few shillings, which very often we don't get regular. We're in for this job, ah, and we're going to see it through, too, because we think it's the right thing to do and because we wanted to do a turn of fighting. We ain't bloodthirsty, and I'm not going to say we shall be miserable when it's all over, but while it's going on we like it. There's risks everywhere, even with the quietest jobs. I knew a chap once as drove a goat-cart

for children at the seaside, and one day when the wind was strong it blew off his hat, and he got to chasing it, and before he knew where he was he'd gone over the cliff. A careful man he was, too, but he hadn't reckoned up that particular chance when he put his savings into a goat and a two-wheeled cart. You can't think of everything, even if you happen to be a Kaiser. I've heard, by the way, that you ain't paid so badly for your job of Kaisering; and old Uncle Franky over in Austria, he rakes'em in, too, but we don't call you a mercenary pair, though what drove you to take up the business is more than I can make out.

I don't want you to go and make no mistake. You've stirred us up a bit with all your talk, but we've got no grudge against your soldiers. We don't hate'em. They're good fighting men, though I'm not saying that we ain't better, and good fighting men don't hate one another. We got one of your blokes the other day. He came on with the attack, and when we'd beaten it off, there he was still coming on. He'd dropped his rifle and his helmet was off, and he was groping about with his hands, and he wasn't shouting "Hock! Hock!" but he didn't stop. We didn't loose off at him, there was something so funny about him, and in another minute he tumbled in right atop of us and we took him. He told us afterwards he'd lost his spectacles and couldn't see a yard in front of him, and that was the reason for his being so brave. He talked English, too, but in a funny way, slow and particular and like as if he'd got a bit of suet pudding in his mouth. Well, we soon made him snug and tidy and then we started to pull his leg and fill him up, and he swallowed it all down. We told him something had gone wrong with the beefsteak pie and the jam tartlets and the orange jelly, and he'd have to satisfy himself with his own rations; but to-morrow there'd be a prime cut of mutton and an apple-tart; and he believed all our fairy tales and said he'd write the story of the English army's food if ever he got home alive. He was a learned man too, but his lost spectacles gave him a lot of trouble. The end of it was we made quite a pet of him, and we were quite sorry when we got relieved and took him to the rear and handed him over as a prisoner. There wasn't any COCK-EYED DICK. hatred about it. Yours,

REPATRIATION.

An interesting alien, he charmed our hours of ease, Being either Blue Hungarian or Purple Viennese, And he cut a gorgeous figure in his blue (or purple) suit As he coaxed enticing noises from (I think it was) the flute.

If his name upon the programme ever chanced to be defined, It was Otto Heinrich Ollendorf, or something of the kind, But his casual conversation served surprisingly to show That the accent of Vienna much resembled that of Bow.

When the rumour ran that battle was a-going to begin, He was heard to say his country would inevitably win (Had it chanced that in my presence such an insult had been said,

As he wasn't able-bodied, I'd have punched the beggar's head).

He declined in public favour; it was rumoured he was sent To keep watch upon our doings as he puffed his instrument, And we said, "Eject this alien, let him soothe the savage breast

In a beer-house at Vienna or a band at Budapest."

But the way was not so lengthy to his own, his native land; And where British flautists whistle in a wholly British band He performs as well as ever, and confesses to the town (With no fear of unemployment) that his proper name is

Brown.

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Tommy (reaching flooded trench lately occupied by the enemy). "Well, they bay there's no place like 'ome; but it's a BLOOMIN' UNCOMFORTABLE PLACE TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT LEAVIN' 1"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sinister Street, Vol. II. (SECKER) is a book for which I have been waiting impatiently this great while, and I welcomed it with eagerness. The first volume left off, you may remember, with Michael just about to go up to Oxford. Knowing what Mr. Compton Mackenzie could do with such a theme, I have anticipated all these months that to watch his hero at the university would be to renew my own youth. The book has appeared now, and I am justified of my faith. I say without hesitation that the first half of this second volume (which, by the way, to show that it is a second volume and not a sequel, starts at page 499) is the most complete and truest picture of modern Oxford that has been or is likely to be written. For those matter of fact these seventeen chapters seem to me to show Mr. Mackenzie's art at its best. They display just that strange combination of realism and aloofness that effectively with the deliberate, somewhat mannered beauty of the setting. Mr. MACKENZIE is an overlord of words,

epic of adolescence wherein growth is the only movement. Events are for the second half of the volume. Here Michael has come down from Oxford, and has set himself to find and rescue by marriage the girl Lily, whom (you remember) he loved as a boy, and who has since drifted into the underworld. About this part of the story I will only say that, though the art is still there and the same haunting melody of style, Mr. MACKENZIE has too strong a sense of atmosphere to allow him to treat squalor in a fashion that will be agreeable to the universe. Frankly, the over-nice will be prudent to take leave of Michael on the Oxford The others, following to the end, will agree with me that he has placed his creator definitely at the head of the younger school of English fiction.

For me, the pleasure of travelling consists less in the who, like myself, have their most cherished memories bound sight of museums, cathedrals, picture galleries and landup with the life of which it treats, the actuality of the scapes, than in the study of the native man in the street whole thing would make criticism impossible. But as a and his peculiar ways. When abroad, "I am content to note my little facts," and so is Mr. GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM; in fact, it was he who first thought of mentioning the matter. The reverend canon tours in the U.S.A., which is, when gives to his writing its special charm. No one has ever you come to think of it, about the only safe area for the (for example) reproduced more perfectly the talk of young purpose nowadays; he observes the manners and oddities men; and this scattered speech, in what Mr. Mackenzie of the Americans, whether as politicians, pressmen, hustlers, himself might call its infinitely fugacious quality, contrasts holiday-makers, hosts, undergraduates, husbands or wives, and remarks upon them, in Connaught to Chicago (NISBET), with just that quiet and unboisterous humour which his old and new, bending them to strange and unexpected uses, public has come to demand of him as of right. His first yet always avoiding affectation by the sheer vitality of his chapter shows that he has ever in mind the multitude of strength. As for the matter of these first chapters, one might his fellow-countrymen who have, in the past, made the say that nothing whatever happens in them. They are an same journey but for good and all. This memory leads

him at times into excessive praise of his subjects, especially happens to be in either at the death or immediately after it. the ladies, and so to apparent disparagement of his people instead of being summoned a day or two later when the women and children, in Ireland to all or any of their relatives panting ingenuity of Scotland Yard. You find him now and friends elsewhere: for when they leave their island in this part of England, and now in that, now in Amertheir humour runs to seed and loses that detachment and ica, and now in Italy. He is, in fact, a hedge-priest and delicacy which constitute its unique charm. That Mr. has not even a cure of souls in Baker Street. But BIRMINGHAM, however, was not nearly long enough abroad wherever he goes with his flapping hat and his umbrella to suffer this deterioration, must be patent to all who linger he chances on some fantasy of guilt. Yet any pangs we over this happy book.

there he will, at any rate, remain disgruntled until he can place his finger upon it on the map. After reading these tales of school and holiday life, I can only say that the school which harboured me must have been a dull place, and that I should now like to return there for a term at least-I doubt if I should be allowed to stay longer and liven things up. Miss Pope starts with one great advantage over men who write of boys' schools, because the critics cannot say that her work is autobiographical, and then proceed to "recognise" most of her characters. That is the terror lurking by day and night for any man who dares to write a school-tale. On

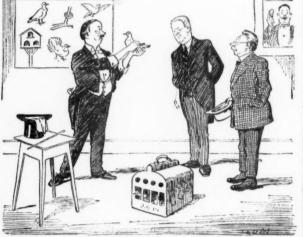
remarkably well into the skin of Jack Venables, who tells these stories but is not (thank goodness) the hero of most of them, she has not been able entirely to avoid what I must call Papal touches. For instance, I do not believe that a boy of Jack's age and character would use the word "feasible," and a special society would have to be started for the prevention of cruelty to any boy who ventured to talk of his "aunties." On the whole, however, she has a fine understanding of boy-nature, and if there are some improbabilities in these ingenious stories, she is armed with the crushing retort that the chief characteristic of any properly equipped boy is his improbability.

Possibly owing to some personal disinclination towards violent bodily exertion on the part of his creator, Father Brown, the criminal investigator of Mr. G. K. CHESTER-Ton's fancy, is not a fellow of panther-like physique. For him no sudden pouncing n the frayed carpet-edge, or the broken collar-stud dyed with gore. He carries no lens and no revolver. Flashes of psychological insight are more to him than a meticulous examination of the window-sill. When the motive is instantly transparent, why bother about the murderer's boots? In the circumstances it is perhaps the murderer's boots? In the circumstances it is perhaps of the Shipton family were too well known for anything to be said fortunate for the reverend sleuth that he nearly always in their praise."—Buxton Advertiser.

For my part I vastly prefer the Irish, men, grotesque circumstances of the crime have baffled the may feel for the absence of the tamiliar setting-the palefaced butler in the guarded dining-room of the country-house If Miss Jessie Pope receives her just reward, she will and the staggered minions of the local constabulary—are soon have to put a notice in the daily papers to the effect assuaged by the brilliant narrative manner in which The that she is grateful for kind enquiries, but is unable at Wisdom of Father Brown (CASSELL) is set forth. Here is present to answer them. For I think that any enterprising the paradoxical world of Mr. CHESTERTON'S imagination boy who reads 'I he Shy Age (GRANT RICHARDS) will forth-described in his own verbiage and proved by actual and with make it his business to find out the name of the grisly events. In that starry dream of a detective story school at which Jack Venables amused himself, and that which I sometimes have, where sleuth-hounds are pattering even if unavoidable circumstances prevent him from going along the Milky Way and pursue at last the Great Bear to

his den, Father Brown and Sherlock Holmes, the one spectacled, the other lynxeyed, are following the prey in leash.

Should you, among wild by-ways of Donegal or Connemara, meet a procession composed of Patsy McLann the Tinker and the Ass and Mary with Finaun the Archangel, Caeltia the Seraph, Art the Cherub, Eileen 'ni Cooley (a savage lady of easy morals), Billy the Music, the Seraph Cuchulain and Brien O'Brien, a lost soul who had a threepenny-bit stolen on him by Cuchulain that same, you would guess there's only one living man could be behind it-to wit JAMES STEPHENS, Crock-of-



GERMAN SPIES TAKING LESSONS FROM CONJUREE IN THE ART OF CONCEALING PIGEONS.

the other hand, although Miss Pope has fitted herself Gold Stephens. Fantastic things indeed happen in The Demi-Gods (MACMILLAN), which is a kind of inspired nightmare, a sort of Chestertonian inconsequence done into Gaelic, a little less violent and with a little less malt, but even less coherent. At the risk of being reckoned among the egregiously imperceptive I would ask Mr. Stephens solemnly whether he is not in danger of letting his fancy take bit between teeth and land him in some bog of sheer literary chaos. The most distant of the futurists notwithstanding, there must be some rules to the game or you don't get your work of art. When those modern wizards of the halls set themselves to a piece of bizarre juggling, say, with a string of pearls, a dumb-bell and a rose-petal, they do toss and catch-don't merely let everything just drop. Mr. Stephens will know what I mean without caring overmuch. There's something in it all the same. Anyway, there really are in The Demi-Gods delicate shy pearls and gleams of the authentic gold of the original Crock. And after all it wasn't written for middle-aged gentlemen of the Saxon tribe.

Another Impending Apology.

CHARIVARIA.

aid of Allah and the assistance of the his pluck." Prophet." It is rumoured that the KAISER is a little bit piqued about it.

We learn from a German paper that, since the brave Ottomans have discovered that their Culture and that of the Germans are one, many Englishmen who live in Crescents are crying out in fury for an alteration of their addresses.

According to a Berlin journal, about 2,000 players of orchestral instruments

have been thrown out of employment by the war. It is suggested that, with a view to providing them with more employment, reverses as well as victories should be musically celebrated in the capital.

We are glad to see that the names of battles in Belgium show a tendency to become more cheery. The other day, for instance, we had the battle of the Yperlee-and we may yet have a battle of Yip-i-yaddy-i-yay.

It is rumoured that a compromise has been arrived at in regard to the proposal, emanating from America, that the war

puddings instead of cannon-balls.

Among the promotions which we do as residuary legatee without a fee. not remember seeing gazetted is that of KARL GUSTAV ERNST, a German barberspy. At the Old Bailey, the other day, Mr. Justice Coleridge promoted him to be a Steinhauer or stone-hacker.

東京 "'MIRACLE' PRODUCER KILLED." Daily Chronicle. This is unfortunate for the Germans, for if ever they needed a miracle it is now.

"Information that has come into our possession," says The Grocer, "proves to our satisfaction that Germany has been receiving plentiful supplies of teal from our shores through neutral countries since the outbreak of hostilities." appears to be our contemporary's.

A cynic sends us a tip for the recruit-CHARIVARIA. ing department of our army. "Why go for the single man?" he asks. "We the Turkish troops, says: "The army may expect just as much courage from will destroy all our enemies with the the married man. He has already proved

> "HOW DE WET ESCAPED. A MISSING LINK IN THE CORDON."

The Germans, who have already been calling the Allied forces "The Menagerie," should appreciate this item.

Angry newspaper men are now calling a certain institution the Suppress Bureau.



THE RULING PASSION.

Customer. "BRING ME SOME SOUP. PLEASE." Waitress (absent-mindedly). "YES, SIR; PURL OR PLAIN, SIR?"

shall be stopped for twenty-four hours he is prepared to make the wills of on Christmas Day. The combatants, the men of a certain regiment free of it is said, have agreed to fire plum- charge, another enterprising legal gentleman, not to be outdone, would like it to be known that he is willing to act

> In his interesting sketch, in The Times, of the PRINCE OF WALES' career at the University the PRESIDENT of Magdalen mentions that His Royal Highness "shot at various country houses round Oxford." We hope that this will not be quoted against the PRINCE by a spiteful German Press, should any bullet marks be found one day on the walls of some eastle on the Rhine.

It came as quite an unpleasant Expeditionary Force, Nov. 9th :surprise to many persons to learn from Mr. Asquirm that the War is costing us a million pounds a day, The italics are ours: the satisfaction that being more than some of us spend Clever Germans are now disguising in a year.

The End of the Press Bureau.

" Members of several guilds carried their banners in the procession which went round the church to the accompaniment of impressive music and the swinging of censors.' Sout's Western Star.

If this had got about, there would have been a bigger crowd at the ceremony. As it was, Fleet Street was taken by surprise, and only had time to prepare a few fireworks for the evening.

" Among other public buildings in a certain town which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning . . . on a day and date which I need not trouble to repeat . . . "

No, this is not from our Special Representative behind the Front: it is the A solicitor having announced that opening passage of Oliver Twist, and

shows what a splendid War Correspondent DICKENS would have made.

Teuton Anatomy.

"The clay feet of Germany will be revealed when we take off the gloves."—Mr. ARNOLD WHITE in "The Sunday Chronicle."

So that's where they wear them.

"Questioned with reference to a letter written by him to Steinhauer, in which he said, 'The name of the gentleman in Woolwich Arsenal is —,' the prisoner said that was a false name." Times.

It's a very silly name anyway.

"The announcement issued by the Press Bureau that carrier pigeons are to be used

officially for certain purposes is an extremely interesting reversion to what we had regarded as almost premature ways of carrying news." Westminster Gazette.

Not so premature as the Wolff method.

More Information for the Enemy.

"BRITAIN'S SUGAR SUPPLY. SUFFICIENT FOR EIGHT MOUTHS." Aberdeen Evening Gazette. We insist on providing one of them.

" Now came the drums and fifes, and now the blare of the brass instruments, and continuously the singing of the soldiers of 'Die Wacht am goose step, while the good lieges of of Brus-Rhein."—Adelaide Advertiser.

A good song, but (so it has always struck us) a clumsy title.

Extract from Army Routine Orders,

"It is notified for information that shoeting in the Forest of Clairmarais and certain por-tions of the adjacent country is preserved. themselves as pheasants.

THE PRICE OF PATRIOTISM.

HELEN and I are economising; so Rococo.

let me explain.

In common with most other folk who are not engaged in the manufacture of khaki, or rifles, or Army woollens, or heavy siege-guns (to which I had not the foresight to turn my attention before the war came along), a policy of retrenchment and reform; geline is not a newspaper but a domestic double justice to the joint. and retiring at 9 in the evening.

Now, however, Evangeline goes after lunch, and Helen, who has bought a shilling cookery book, prepares the dinner herself.

On the day in question Helen suddenly decided to spend the afternoon part of Evangeline. It proved a veritable labour of Hercules, the flat accuracy gave me to understand, an "Aegæan stable." Tea-time came, but brought no tea. Shortly before seven Helen struck, and declared (this time she wasn't going to cook any dinner that evening. Not to be outdone, I cook it I wasn't going to clear it away. So we cleaned and adorned ourselves and groped our way to the Rococo.

We were both too tired to go to the trouble of choosing our dinner, and it was therefore that we elected to make our way through the table-d'hôte, to which we felt that our appetite, unimpaired by tea, could do full justice. Luxuriously we toyed with hors-d'œuvre, while the orchestra patriotically intimated that ours is a Land of Hope and Glory; blissfully we consumed our soup, undeterred by repeated reminders of the distance to Tipperary. It was with the fish that the trouble started.

At the second mouthful it began to dawn upon me that what the band was playing was the Brabançonne. I looked around, and gathered that I was not alone in the realisation of that evidently had not learnt the national fact; for one by one my fellow-diners airs of Serbia and Montenegro; and struggled hesitatingly to their feet, and Portugal had not then been drawn stood in awkward reverence while the into the War. But until the trouble is National Anthem of our brave Belgian over I shall avoid restaurants which Allies was in course of execution. I harbour an orchestra. As you say, it looked at Helen, and Helen looked at is no economy.

me, and we both tried not to look too regretfully at our plates as we also adopted the prevailing pose. Not one the other evening we dined at the note of that light-hearted anthem did the crchestra miss, and when it was "That's no economy," you cry; so over the warmth in our hearts almost compensated for the coldness of our fish. We decided to jump at once to the entrée.

Whatever else may be said of the Marseillaise, there can be no mistaking its identity. The first bar sufficed to bring the whole room to attention, and we have found it necessary to adopt a promising dish of sweethreads shared the fate of its predecessor. Before the and one of our first moves in this final crash had ceased to reverberate direction was to convert Evangeline we sat down with a thump, resigning from a daily into a half-daily. Evan- ourselves to the prospect of doing But the servant, and before the new order was orchestra was not so lightly to be issued she had been in the habit of cheated of its prey. True, we held out arriving at our miniature flat at 7.30 in as long as possible while the Russian the morning (when it wasn't 8.15), Hymn began to unfold its majestic length, and Helen actually managed to convey a considerable piece of saddle of mutton to her mouth while she was in the very act of rising. That joint, however, was soon but a memory of anticipation, and our hunger was still keen upon us when the funereal strains repairing a week's omissions on the of the Japanese Anthem coincided with the arrival of a wild duck. I had always harboured secret doubts of the being, as Helen with near enough advisability of Japan's joining in the War, and now they were intensified many times. Cold wild duck is an impossibility even to a hungry man.

Ice-pudding, though scarcely satiswithout any classical metaphor) that fying, seemed to warrant the expectation that it would at least survive whatever further ordeal the band had affirmed in reply that even if she did in store for us. But that hope too was doomed to extinction. When God Save the King smote the air the growing lethargy of the company of diners vanished, and all joined with a will in the recital of all its verses. In the glow of loyal enthusiasm that filled the room the ice gradually melted, and as we surveyed the fluid mess upon our plates we knew that our dinner was gone beyond recall.

Weary and unappeased we crept home through the City of Dreadful Night. I found a remnant of cold beef and some pickles in the kitchen, and on this we went to bed. I slept but little, and on five occasions watched Helen, who has dreams, get out of bed and stand to attention.

Of course it might have been worse; for the musicians of the Rococo

TO MR. BERNARD JAW.

- ILLUSTRIOUS Jester, who in happier
- Amused us with your Prefaces and Plays,
- Acquiring a precarious renown
- By turning laws and morals upside Sticking perpetual pins in Mrs.
- Grundy, Railing at marriage or the British
- Sunday. And lavishing your acid ridicule
- On the foundations of imperial rule :-Twas well enough in normal times
- And watch the workings of your wayward wit,
- But in these bitter days of storm and stress.
- When souls are shown in all their nakedness,
- Your devastating egotism stands out Denuded of the last remaining clout. You own our cause is just, yet can't
- refrain From libelling those who made its justice plain;
- You chide the Prussian Junkers, yet proclaim
- Our statesmen beat them at their own vile game.
- Thus, bent on getting back at any cost Into the limelight you have lately lost, And, high above war's trumpets loudly blown
- On land and sea, eager to sound your own,
- We find you faithful to your ancient plan
- Of disagreeing with the average man, And all because you think yourself
- undone Unless in a minority of one.
- Vain to the core, thus in the nation's need
- You carp and cavil while your brothers bleed,
- And while on England vitriol you bestow
- You offer balsam to her deadliest foe.
- Extract from a commercial traveller's letter to his chief :-
- "DEAR SIR,-On Wednesday next I want you to allow me the day off. My wife having lost her mother is being buried on that date and I should like to attend the funeral.'
- Extract from a child's essay on CROMWELL:-
- "In his last years, Cromwell grew very much afraid of plots, and it is said that he even wore underclothes to protect himself."
- We wonder if the Kaisen knows of

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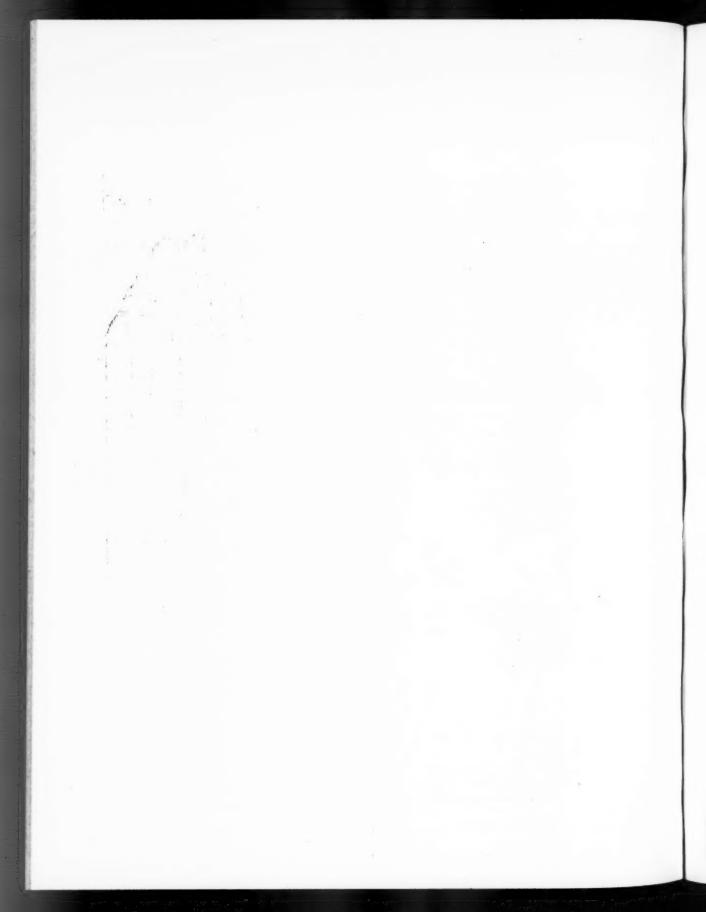
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CARRYING ON.





The Worst Character in the village (who has repeatedly been pressed by the inhabitants to enlist). "I dunna believe there ain't no war. I believe it's just a plot to get me out of the village."

THE AWAKENING.

"Here no howitzers speak in stern styles,
Light and gay is the leathern bomb,
We pay our sixpences down at the turnstiles,
And that is our centre, name of Tom;

Wild thunder rolls
When he scores his goals,
And up in the air go Alf and Ern's tiles;
But what is this rumour of war? Whence cometh

So said Bottlesham, best of cities
Watching the ball from seats above.
"Belgium ruined? A thousand pities!
Bother the Kaiser's mailéd glove!"
But it left no stings

it from?"

When they heard these things,
Though they wept as the brown bird weeps for Itys
On the day that the Wanderers whacked them two
to love.

Suddenly then the news came flying,

"English mariners meet the Dutch,
Tars interned, with the neutrals vieing,
Beaten at Gröningen." Wild hands clutch
At the evening sheets
And the swift pulse beats;
Is the fame of HAWKE and FROBISHER dying?
The heart of the town is stirred by the Nelson touch.

Six—five. It's true. And the tears bedizen
The smoke-stained cheeks, and there comes a scream,
"If our English lads in a far-off prison
Are matched one day with a German team

And the Germans win, They will say in Berlin That a brighter than all our stars has risen; Will even the Bottlesham Rovers stand supreme?

"Infantry, cavalry, guard and lancer—
Who on that day will bear the brunt,
With twinkling feet like a tip-toe dancer
Dribbling about while the half-backs grunt?
There is only one
Who can vanquish the Hun!"

And Bottlesham town with a cry made answer,
"There is only one; we must send our Tom to the
front."

EVOR.

A RIVAL OF "TIPPERARY."

While much has been written of the songs that inspire our own brave troops on the march, little is heard of those affected by our Allies.

Happily Mr. Punch's Special Eye-witness with General Headquarters in the Eastern Area has been enabled to send us the words of a song which, set to an old Slav air, is rendered with immense tlan by the gallant Russians as they go into battle. It is as follows:—

It's a hard nut is Cracow,
It's a hard nut to crack,
But it's not so hard to crack, oh!
When once you've get the knack,
Good-bye, Przemys!;
Farewell, Lemberg (Lwow);
It's a hard, hard nut to crack is Cracow,
But we'll soon crack it now.

By the more cultured Russian regiments, i.e., those recruited in the neighbourhood of the German frontier, the last line is rendered:—

But wo'll crack it right off,

to rhyme with Lvoff—the correct pronunciation of Lwow, according to a contemporary.

AT THE PLAY.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.

I COMMEND Sir HERBERT TREE'S obvious desire to do his duty as an actor-manager and a patriot. His true intent is all for our good; and he sup-Falstaff is the central obsession by a printed quotation from the words of That Wise Ruler Queen Elizabeth of England," where she says: "'Tis simple mirth keepeth high courage alive." But yet he does not convince me that he has chosen wisely here. For in the first place we are not closely interested in civil war, as we came near to being in the dim Ulster period; and patriotism, which it is his object to encourage, is like to remain unaffected by a play in which our sympathies are fairly distributed between rebel and royalist. In the second place I cannot believe that the glorification of drunkenness and braggadocio in the person of Falstaff can directly assist the cause (which at this moment needs all the help it can get) of sobriety and selfrespect.

Having made this protest I have little but praise for the performance itself, though I think Sir HERBERT TREE'S own lethargy was not wholly to be excused by the hampering rotundity of his girth; and that all this deliberate sword-play, where you wait till your enemy has got his right guard before you arrange a concussion between your weapon and his, fails to impose itself as an image of War. But it was no fault of the actors if we suffered a further loss of actuality by the incredible amount of fine poetry and rhetoric thrown off by military men at junctures

calling for immediate action. I also venture to make my complaint to the author that the Falstaff scenes are given too great a dominance, diverting us from the main issue so long that at one time we almost lost count of it; and that the picture of that fat impostor lying supine in a simulation of death within a few feet of the fallen body of the heroic Hotspur was repellent to one's sense of the proprieties.

Mr. Matheson Lang was a brave figure as Hotspur; but, after lately seeing that other keen actor, Mr. OWEN NARES, in the part of a modern intellectual discussing the ethics of War, I could not quite get myself to believe in him as Prince Hal. He spoke some of his lines with a fine ardour, but he was too high-browed and slight of body, and it was unthinkable that he could ever have persuaded Hotspur to die at his hands.

Sir HERBERT TREE affected an almost proprietary interest in the bibulous lieve, shouldered my share of the new nothing new.

humours of Falstaff, presenting them taxes like a man, but I am not made of with an easy and leisurely restraint; and Mr. Basil Gill both in form human aid, and in my own case the and manner made a quite good King. The minor parts upheld the standard of His Majesty's; and a pleasant rattling of steel and shimmer of mail ports his choice of a play in which ran through the scenes of active service. Mr. PERCY MACQUOID had seen but no longer. to it that the period was there, and Mr. Joseph Harker had taken good care that the jewelry of Shakspeare's verse should have the right setting,



The King (Mr. Basil Gill) reclaims young Harry (Mr. OWEN NARES) from old Harry (the Devil).

though I could easily have mistaken his Gadshill scene for a section of O. S. the Lake Country.

A GRIEVANCE.

Nothing is too good for our fighting Let my subscription to that

axiom be complete; and yet— Well, it is like this. A man who is only a year or so too old for active service, but feels as fit and keen as a boy, has so many opportunities for regretting his enforced civilism and absence from the arena that it is hard when additional ones are thrust upon him.

He may do his best at home. He may guard gasworks, or organise funds, or campaign as an enlister, or visit the hospitals; but all the time he is conscious that being here is so different from being there. It galls him day and night, and the only thing that can help him at all is the society of lovely women, and now he has lost that!

such stern stuff as to be superior to all mortification of non-combating, which now and then becomes depressingly acute, is to be alleviated only in this way. Nice women must do their part.

But do they? No. They did at first.

Let me tell you. The other evening I found myself one of the complacent hosts of a party of merry chattering young women, who seemed to be quite satisfied with our attention. All of us were just beginning to be very jolly, and I had actually forgotten my hard destiny of inactivity, when who should come into the room but an officer on crutches, who happened to be an acquaintance of each of our guests but was unknown both to me and my other just too elderly male friends. In an instant we were alone, and alone we remained for certainly half an hour, while every attention was being paid by our guests to that other. When at last they tore themselves away and returned, their conversation was wholly confined to their wounded friend's adventures, and we need not have been there at all, except to pay the bill.

Now it is no fun to me to deceive anyone but myself, and hence I shall not go about with my arm in a sling and win sympathy and attention to which I am not entitled; but I do appeal to all the young women to have a little pity on some of us compulsory stay-at-homes. Nothing is too good for our fighting men. I repeat it. But just a tiny spark of animation might be retained in the feminine eye when it alights upon an old friend who is debarred from taking arms. Just a spark, otherwise we shall go into a melancholy decline.

Smart Work.

"Owner gone to the front, friend offers his Wolseley . . . £165, an extraordinary opportunity. —Adrt. in "Autocar.

If we were not confident that we should be wrong in putting upon these words the sinister interpretation which they invite, we shouldn't envy the advertiser when the owner returns.

From verses in Punch, October 21st:-

"We have made progress near to Berry

And on our right wing there is nothing new." From the French official report, November 12th :-

"We have also made some progress around Berry au Bac."

I hate to grumble, and I have, I be- And on the right wing there was

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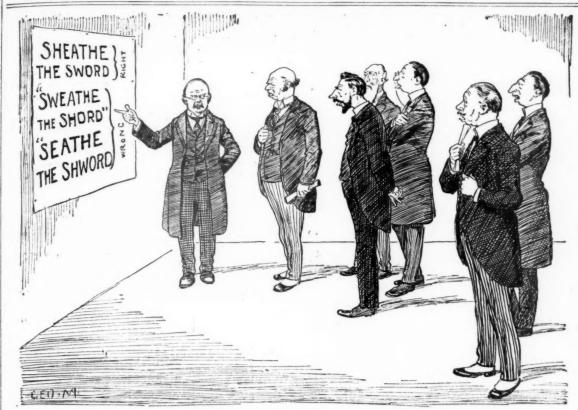
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UNRECORDED SCENES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

Public speakers attend a class for the purpose of learning to pronounce correctly the phrase: "We shall not sheathe the sword until, etc., etc."

FAN.

Fan, the hunt terrier, runs with the pack,
A little white bitch with a patch on her back;
She runs with the pack as her ancestors ran—
We're an old-fashioned lot here and breed 'em like Fan;
Round of skull, harsh of coat, game and little and low,
The same as we bred sixty seasons ago.

So she's harder than nails, and she's nothing to learn From her scarred little snout to her cropped little stern, And she hops along gaily, in spite of her size, With twenty-four couples of big badger-pyes:

'Tis slow, but 'tis sure is the old white and grey, And 'twill sing to a fox for a whole winter day.

Last year at Rook's Rough, just as Ben put 'em in,
"Twas Fan found the rogue who was curled in the whin;
She pounced at his brush with a drive and a snap,
"Yip-Yap, boys," she told 'em, "I've found him, Yip-Yap;"

And they put down their noses and sung to his line Away down the valley most tuneful and fine.

Twas a point of ten miles and a kill in the dark
That scared the cock pheasants in Fallowfield Park,
And into the worry flew Fan like a shot
And snatched the tit-bit that old Rummage had got;
Eloop, little Fan with the patch on her back,
She broke up the fox with the best of the pack.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

[The Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, where many Belgian children are now being cared for, is in very urgent need of funds to enable it to maintain its beneficent work. The Treasurer will gladly receive and acknowledge any subscriptions that may be sent.]

O generous hearts that freely give,
Nor heed the lessening of your store,
So but our well-loved land may live,
Much have you given—give once more!

For little children spent with toil,
For little children worn with pain,
I ask a gift of healing oil—
Say, shall I ask for it in vain?

For, since our days are filled with woe, And all the paths are dark and chill, This thought may cheer us as we go, And bring us light and comfort still;

This, this may stay our faltering feet,
And this our mournful minds beguile:—
We helped some little heart to beat
And taught some little face to smile. R. C. L.

"MONITORS AT WORK OFF KNOCKE," says The Daily Mail, and by way of reply the Germans knocked off work.

THE PATRIOT.

This is a true story. Unless you promise to believe me, it is not much good my going on . . . You promise? Very well.

Years ago I bought a pianola. I went into the shop to buy a gramophone record, and I came out with a pianola - so golden - tongued was the manager. You would think that one could then retire into private life for a little, but it is only the beginning. There is the music-stool to be purchased, the library subscription, the tuner's fee (four visits a year, if you please), the cabinet for the rolls, the and it might happen that an insufferman to oil the pedals, the--however, one gets out of the shop at last. Nor do I regret my venture. It is common talk that my pianola was the chief thing about me which attracted Celia. "I must marry a man with a pianola," she said . . . and there was I . . . and here, in fact, we are. My blessings, then, on the golden tongue

of the manager. Now there is something very charming in a proper modesty about one's attainments, but it is necessary that the attainments should be generally recognized first. It was admirable in Stephenson to have said (as I am sure he did), when they con-gratulated him on his first steamengine, "Tut-tut, it's nothing;" but he could only say this so long as the others were in a position to offer the congratulations. In order to place you in that position I must let you know how extraordinarily well I played the pianola. I brought to my interpretation of different Ops an élan, a verve, a je ne sais quoi-and several other French words-which were the astonishment of all who listened to me. But chiefly I was famous for my playing of one piece: "The Charge of the Uhlans," by KARL BOHM. Others may have seen Venice by moonlight, or heard the Vicar's daughter recite Little Jim, but the favoured few who have been present when Bohm and I were collaborating are the ones who have really lived. Indeed, even the coldest professional critic would have spoken of it as "a

noteworthy rendition.' "The Charge of the Uhlans." If you came to see me, you had to hear it. As arranged for the pianola, it was marked to be played throughout at a lightning annoy the man in the flat below; but a day evening-its last hours with us-I aim. I disregarded the "FF.'s" and the It is sad to part with an old and well-

became a whole battle scene. Indeed, it was necessary, before I began, that should turn to my audience and describe the scene to them-in the manner, but not in the words, of a I said, as I got it out. Queen's Hall programme:-

"Er-first of all you hear the cavalry galloping past, and then there's a short hymn before action while they form up, and then comes the charge, and then there's a slow bit while they-erpick up the wounded, and then they trot slowly back again. And if you listen carefully to the last bit you'll actually hear the horses limping.

Something like that I would say; able guest (who never got asked again) would object that the hymn part was unusual in real warfare.

"They sang it in this piece anyhow," I would say stiffly, and turn my back on him and begin.

But the war put a stop to music as months the pianola has not been played by either of us. There are two reasons for this: first, that we simply haven't the time now; and secondly, that we are getting all the music we want from the flat below. The flat below is learning "Tipperary" on one finger. He gets as far as the farewell to Leicester Square, and then he breaks down; the parting is too much for him.

I was not, then, surprised at the beginning of this month to find Celia looking darkly at the pianola.

"It's very ugly," she began. "We can't help our looks," I said in my grandmother's voice.

"A bookease would be much prettier

"But not so tuneful."

"A pianola isn't tuneful if you never play it.

"True," I said.

Celia then became very alluring, and suggested that I might find somebody who would like to be lent a delightful pianola for a year or so by somebody whose delightful wife had her eye on a delightful bookcase.

"I might," I said.
"Somebody," said Celia, "who isn't supplied with music from below.'

I found John. He was quite pleased about it, and promised to return the pianola when the war was over.

So on Wednesday it went. I was not sorry, because in its silence it was pace and with the loudest pedal on. far from beautiful, and we wanted So one would play it if one wished to another bookcase badly. But on Tuestrue musician has, I take it, a higher had to confess to a certain melancholy. other sign-posts on the way, and gave it my own interpretation. As played by me, "The Charge of the Uhlans" for your marriage. I looked at the them Triby, with Sir H. Beerbohm Tree in the title-rôle."—Blackheath Local Guide.

pianola and then I said to Celia, "I must play it once again."

"Please," said Celia.

"The old masterpiece, I suppose?"

"Do you think you ought to-now? I don't think I want to hear a charge of the Uhlans-beasts; I want a charge of our own men."

"Art," I said grandly, "knows no frontiers." I suppose this has been said by several people several times already, but for the moment both Celia and I thought it was rather clever.

So I placed the roll in the pianola, sat down and began to play . . .

Ah, the dear old tune . . .

Dash it all!

"What's happened?" said Celia. breaking a silence which had become

"I must have put it in wrong," I

I wound the roll off, put it in again, to many other things. For three and tried a second time, pedalling vigorously.

Doad silence . . .

Hush! A note . . . another silence . and then another note . .

I pedalled through to the end. About five notes sounded.

"Celia," I said, "this is wonderful." It really was wonderful. For the first time in its life my pianola refused to play "The Charge of the Uhlans." It had played it a hundred times while we were at peace with Germany, but when we were at war-no!

We had to have a farewell piece. I put in a waltz, and it played it perfeetly. Then we said good-bye to our pianola, feeling a reverence for it which we had never felt before.

You don't believe this? Yet you promised you would . . . and I still assure you that it is true. But I admit that the truth is sometimes hard to believe, and the first six persons to whom I told the story assured me frankly that I was a liar. If one is to be called a liar, one may as well make an effort to deserve the name. I made an effort, therefore, with the seventh

"I put in 'The Charge of the Uhlans," I said, "and it played God Save the King.'

Unfortunately he was a very patriotic man indeed, and he believed it. So that is how the story is now going about. But you who read this know the real truth of the matter.

A. A. M.

Things worth waiting for.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT -.

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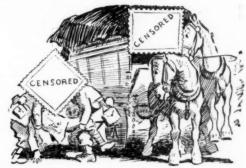
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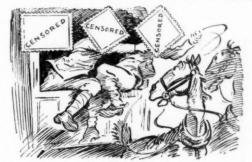
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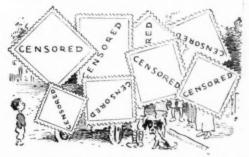
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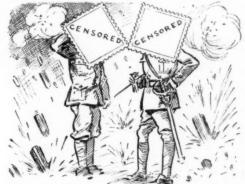
AND PLACED IN PASSING WAGON.



THE EXPRESSION ON THE DRIVER'S FACE TOLD HIM -



HE FOUND THE VILLAGE DAMAGED. THE ABOVE SKETCH GIVES THE EXACT POSITIONS OF —— AND ——. TO THE RIGHT OF - CAN BE SEEN THE RUINS OF THE -



AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH - WHO SAID -

To the Memory

of

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts

of Kandabar and Pretoria.

BORN, 1832. DIED, ON SERVICE AT THE FRONT, NOV. 14TH, 1914.

HE died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew,
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay

For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?

What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,

Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft;

Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;

Not pride of that high record he has left,

Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served; a pledge above his grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell

His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,

And through the mist the guns he loved so well

Thunder a last salute!

O. S



A PATTERN OF CHIVALRY.

THIS WAS THE HAPPY WARRIOR. THIS WAS HE THAT EVERY MAN IN ARMS SHOULD WISH TO BE.





Mr. Spenlow Asquith explains to Master Walter Long that "state of things complained of 18 entirely due to Monsieur Jorkins Poincaré."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons, Monday, 16th November .- " Let us think imperially," said Don José in a famous phrase. Just now we are thinking in millions. same thing. Anyhow PREMIER to-day scale! How his eloquence would have announced with pardonable pride that we are spending a triffe under a million a day in the war forced upon mankind by the Man Forsworn. To meet necessities of case he asked for further Vote of Credit for 225 millions and an addition of a million men to Regular Army.

Here was a chance for a great speech. Never before had English Minister submitted such stupendous propositions. Some of us remember how, thirty-six years ago, Dizzy, by way of threat to Russia, then at war with Turkey, created profound sensation in town and country by asking for Vote of Credit for six millions. At close of Boer War Hicks - Beach, then Chancellor of Exchequer, launched a War Loan of 30 millions. 'Twas thought at the time that we were going it, taking a long stride towards national Bankruptey Court. Now it is 225 millions

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.) of financial year, 31st of March. Then we shall begin again with another trifle of same dimensions or probably increased.

How Mr. G., had he still been with us, would have revelled in opportunity Suppose it's somewhere about the for delivering an oration planned to



in supplement of a hundred millions | WEDGWOOD BENN S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.

voted in August. Moreover, the two glowed over these fantastic figures! together do not carry us further than end | HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH (had he been consulted at the font, he would certainly have objected to useless waste of time involved in a second baptismal name) spoke for less than quarter of an hour, submitting proposals in baldest, most business-like fashion. He wanted the men and he wanted the money too. Fewer words spoken the sooner he would get them. So, avoiding tropes and flights of eloquence, he just stood at Table, a sort of humanized ledger, briefly set forth items of his account, totalled them up and sat down.

WALTER LONG, following, voiced general dislike for prohibition that keeps War Correspondents out of fighting line in Flanders. Deprecated risk of circulating information useful to the enemy, but insisted, amid cheers from both sides, that there might be published letters from the front free from such danger "that would bring comfort and solace to the people and would do more to attract recruits than bands and flag-parading throughout the country."

Speaking later in reply, Mr. Spenlow ASQUITH, while sympathising with WALTER LONG'S desire, explained that state of things complained of is entirely due to Monsieur Jorkins Poincaré.

"We are not free agents in this our Allies."

Business done,-Vote of Credit for 225 million and authority to raise another million men for Army agreed to

without dissent.

Tuesday. - Lords and Commons united in paying tribute to the life, lamenting the death, of Lord ROBERTS ception is made in his favour. "There are moments," writes a sportsman in turned out there was "nothing in it." | Friday.—Like Marlbrook, Wedge turned out there was "nothing in it." | wood Benk s'en va-t-en guerre. Has sallied out with a troop of Middle-

warrior salutes the enemy with his sword instead of striking with it. Such a moment came with the death of Lord Roberts."

Speeches in both Houses worthy of the occasion. Brief, simple, genuine in emotion, they were well attuned to the theme. One of the happiest things said was uttered by Boxar Law: "In his simplicity, in his modesty, in his high-minded uprightness, and in his stern detestation of everything mean and base, Lord Roberts was in real life all, and more than all, that Colonel Newcome was in fiction."

PREMIER proposed that on Monday House shall authorise erection of monument at the public charge to the memory of the Great Soldier. When motion formally put from Chair heads were bared in farewell salute of the warrior taking his rest.

Not the least touching note of eloquence was supplied during proceedings in House of Lords. It was the empty seat at the corner of the Front Cross Bench where on rare occasions stood the lithe erect figure, in stature not quite so high as NAPOLEON, modestly offering words of counsel.

Business done. — CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, presenting himself to favourable consideration of crowded House in homely character of coalheaver filling bunkers of a battleship, introduced second Budget of the year. Upon consideration House comes to conclusion that one is quite enough, thank you. Proposals in Supplementary Budget are what Dominie Sampson might, with more than customary millions in taxation.

matter," he said. "We must regulate, pence a pound added to tea; a halfpenny with the Admiralty and assured of our proceedings by the proceedings of clapped on price of every modest half-assistance of the Home Office wherever

pint of beer consumed.

Wednesday .- Monotony of truce in respect of Party politics varied by and noble Lords in Opposition not to wholesome heartening game. It con- be disturbed in their honest conviction sists of hunting down the German spies that McKenna is at the bottom of the and chivying the HOME SECRETARY. bad business. Played in both Houses to-night. In the Lords Halsbury attempted to Bonar Law and on motion of PREMIER - "Bobs," beloved of the Army, remake Lord Chancellors need in India, mourned throughout by disclosure of existence of "ingenious scheme of pensions and grants for men wounded in the war, and for the widows Germany, where hatred of all that is between alien spies and their paymaster and orphans of those who have lost English has become a monomania, ex- in Berlin. HALDANE replied that the their lives.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "IN HOMELY CHARACTER OF COALHEAVER FILLING BUNKERS OF A

Crawford fared no better. Imperturb- unit in its ranks. able LORD CHANCELLOR assured House that the military and civil authorities from Private James White, of the in Scotland were cognisant of ru-mours reported by noble Lord. Every at Belfast. Wounded by fragments of case that seemed to warrant investiga- a shell, White lay for an hour where tion had been looked into. Was found he fell. Then he felt a friendly hand that many were based on hearsay. Impossible to find evidence to establish asked how he was getting on. charges made.

dispassionately thought the matter over, came to conclusion that conduct of Home teries. He gave the wounded Fusilier Secretary was "contemptible."

This opinion, phrased in differing appropriateness and emphasis, describe form, shared on Opposition Benches in had all day been engaged in conveying Commons. PREMIER explained that wounded to French hospital in the rear. as "Predigious!" Faced by deficiency Commons. PREMIER explained that of something over three-hundred-business of dealing with aliens is not and-thirty-nine-and-a-half millions, concentrated in Home Office; is shared said Private James White. "He was CHANCELLOR launches War Loan of with the War Office and the Admiralty, as cool as the morning under fire, two hundred and thirty millions and Of late, on suggestion of Committee cheering us all up with smiles and levies additional fifteen-and-a-half of Imperial Defence, there has been little jokes." established at War Office an Intelli-

Items: Income Tax doubled; three- gence Department in correspondence necessary.
That all very well. Hon. Members

Business done .- On suggestion of Select Committee appointed to consider

sex Hussars to "join our army in Flanders," where, according to contemporary testimony, once upon a time it "swore terribly." His Parliamentary services, supplemented by the Chairmanship of Committee controlling disposition of National Relief Fund, might seem sufficient to keep him at home. But valour, like murder, will out. So, as old John Willett, landlord of the Maypole Inn, Chigwell, used to say when asked of the whereabouts of his son, "he has gone to the Salwanners, where the war is," carrying with him the good wishes of all sections of House and an exceptionally full knowledge of the intricacies of the Insurance Act.

Many gaps on Benches on both sides. SARK tells me there are seven - score Members on active service at the Front. One of the first to go was SEELY, at brief interval stepping from position of Head of British Army to that of a

News of him came the other day on his shoulder and a cheery voice

It was Colonel SEELY bending over Nevertheless, Londonderry, having him, regardless of heavy shell fire directed on the spot by German bata cigarette, helped him to get up and assisted him to his motor-car, in which he

"He is the bravest man I ever met,"

Business done: - Report of Supply.



THE AIRCRAFT CRAZE.

"Ullo, You fellers! Wot yer come down for? More petrol?"

A RECRUITING BALLAD.

[Recruiting in country districts is languishing because the folk hear nothing of their regiments, and local attachment is very strong. Unfortunately this ballad had to be founded on material supplied by the C-r. However, the permitted references to Germans ought at any rate to convince the public that the ballad has no connection whatever with the late Boer War.]

they made;

This is the tale of the deeds they did whose glory never will fade;

They only numbered X hundred men and the German were thousands (Y)

Yet on the battlefield of Z they made the forman fly.

say where);

turned a hair;

stubborn foe,

And said, "My lads, we must drive them hence, else A + Bwill go."

Then each man looked in his neighbour's face and laughed Rally, O rally, ye Blankshire men, rally to fill the gaps; with sudden glee

(The Briton fights his very best for algebra's formula); The hostile guns barked loud and sharp (their number I

cannot give), fire and live.

This is the tale of the Blankshires bold, the famous charge For Colonel O. was struck by a shell and wounded was Major Q.,

And half a hostile army corps came suddenly into view; And hidden guns spat death at them and airmen hovered to kill.

But the Blankety Blanks just opened their ranks and charged an (unnamed) hill.

Calm and cool on the field they stood (near a town-I can't Half of their number fell on the hill ere they reached the German trench;

Some of them hugged their rifles close but none of them Général J -- cried out: "Très bon"; "Not half," said Marshal F-

The Colonel (I must suppress his name) looked out on the An angry Emperor shook his fist and at his legions raved,

And then (the C-r lets mo say) the cheery Blankshires shaved.

Seek victories (all unknown to us), bear (well-suppressed) mishaps;

And when you've made a gallant charge and pierced the angry foe

And no one deemed the Blankety Blanks could face that Your names won't get to your people at home, but Buck-MASTER will know.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

II.

THE truth is that the Belgians in Crashie Howe are enjoying a succès fou. There is the enterprising Marie, who thinks nothing of going off on her own, on the strength of an English vocabulary only a fortnight old, over- away. whelming the stationmaster and boarding an ambulance train full of wounded Belgians at the local station to ask for news of her brothers. (We were all delighted when an adventurous letter miraculously arrived from the Pas unwounded.) There is Victor, who, although only thirteen, is already a as good as any fighting man. I can to get at it.

Then, again, there is the small Juliette, who is dark, with a comfortable little face constructed almost entirely of a prodigious pace while she looked but I think her great popularity may well survive even that. And there is Louis, who is a marvel at making birdcages, and Rosalie, whose pride is in the shine of her pots and pans. They

are all doing well. Rosalie, it is true, has had a fearful bout of toothache, so bad that she had to retire to bed for a day. Dr. Anderson, whose French is very good, had successfully diagnosed the trouble and told her that the only cure was to have the tooth out, she plaintively replied that she had thought of that herself, but, alas, it was impossible, for "it was too firmly implanted." For my part I sympathised with Rosalie—I have often felt like that.

The grandmother rather likes to sit apart, beaming, far from the general throng, and it was for that reason that I selected her at the very outset to practise on in private. I tried her more than once in my sadly broken French; I even went further and tried her in rapidly - improvised 'Flemish. Whenever I felt I was at my best I used to go and have a turn at her, and, Scotch friends. although she smiled at me like anything and was awfully pleased, I never elicited the slightest response. Now I know that she is almost stone deaf and hasn't heard a word I have said. As I came sadly away after this discovery there occurred to my mind the "Eccles lightning is the best."—(Advt.).

story of him who undertook to train a savage in the arts of civilization, only to learn, after some years of disappointing, unrequited toil, that his victim was not only a savage but also a lunatic. I don't mean that to be disrespectful to Grandmere-it is only a parallel instance of good work thrown Russian troops had been conveyed

We are learning a good deal that is new about the art of knitting. One thing is that the Flemish knitter cannot get on at all comfortably unless the needles are long enough to tuck under her arms. I may safely de Calais on Saturday and reported say that I never dreamt of that. At the European War." that both brothers were well and first they fumbled about unhappily with our miserable little needles, but the ship's carpenter-who makes the pupille d'armée and has a uniform quite bird-cages-has found quite an ingenious way out. He has mounted tell you he has put our Boy Scouts in all the needles at the end of a sort of the shade. But Victor is afraid the stilt or leg of cane (like a bayonet), and war will be over before he is old enough since this innovation they are working at a speed which, even in these days of universal knitting, would be pretty hard to beat.

The children are really getting on dimples, and, at the age of eight, has famously at school. A very touching been discovered knitting stockings at little romance was enacted there one day. Eugène and Pierre, belonging to the other way. I am afraid Juliette different families, arrived in our midst is being held up as an example to other children of the neighbourhood, to meet each other at first. At school they happened to be put, away from their compatriots, in the same room. Eugène is eight and Pierre seven. It was, you may well guess, pretty lonely work for a small Belgian in a roomful of Scotch boys, but both bore up bravely. The subject, as I understand, was simple addition (which knows no frontiers and looks the same in any language), and there is no whispering or secret conversation in our school, I can tell you. There they sat side by side for two hours, each contemplating the other as an alien, each smothering pent-up feelings of home-sickness. And then suddenly, at a single Flemish word from the schoolmaster, the moment of revelation came; it dawned on both of them at once that they were not alone, and, rising to their feet, they embraced

with tears of joy.
"Broeder!" cried Eugène.
"Broeder!" echoed Pierre.

That was nearly a week ago. By now Pierre is beginning to treat Eugène in a slightly off-hand manner. He has of London Reserves. hardly time for him. He has so many

"During the night a terrific gale raged in Manchester and surrounding districts, had and sleet being accompanied by a torrential rainfall varied by Pendleton, Eccles, Seedley and other lightning."-People.

THE IMMORTAL LEGEND.

In the House of Commons on November 18, Mr. King asked the Under-SECRETARY FOR WAR whether he could state, without injury to the military interests of the Allies, whether any through Great Britain to the Western area of the European War.

Mr. Tennant's reply :- " I am uncertain whether it will gratify or displease my hon. friend to know that no Russian troops have been conveyed through Great Britain to the Western area of

The firm and faithful believers in this beautiful tale are not to be put off so easily as that, and there are so many thousands of faces to be saved, and such numbers of ear- (if not eye-) witnesses of the undying exploit, that we really must see if there is not after all some loophole in the official pronouncement. Let us pause for further scrutiny and

Why, of course, here it is. The UNDER-SECRETARY merely states his imperfect knowledge of the bias of Mr. KING. He does not know whether his questioner is one of the ardent souls who are ready to pass along and adorn the latest legend from the Clubs, or a cold-blooded sceptic fit only to be a Censor.

meditations.

No, we are not to be done out of our Russians by any mere Under-Secre-TARY FOR WAR; certainly not one who is capable of such prevarication. And anyhow, why should the Germans do all the story-telling?

THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST END.

"A PROTEST .- Is there any reason why the War should be made an excuse for the abundenment of the niceties of life? Dining at a West-End restaurant nowadays one might well imagine oneself in America, from the variety and incongruity of the dress of the male patrons."—Advt. in "The Times."

WE fear that the protest is only too well justified. Indeed, much more might be revealed were it not for the heavy hand of the C-r. Our special representative reports:-

To the O.C., Punch Battalion, Bouverie Brigade, Fleet Division, E.C.,

A City on the river T--s. Nov. the -teenth.

Carrying out your order No. 69A, I made a night reconnaisance in force. I have the honour to report that at dinner at a certain hotel two hundred yards east by north of railway base C-g X, I counted only five boiled shirts. Have reason to suspect that

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they were subsidised by the management, and were worn by Stock Exchange members thrown out of employment by the War and endeavouring to supplement their private incomes.

The rest of the male costumes were mainly khaki. One man entered dining-room with Buffalo Bill hat decorated with maple-leaf and A.M.S. (Athabasca Mounted Scalpers), which he deposited on chair next to him. The only nut present endeavoured to remove this object. The A.M.S. man touched his hip-pocket significantly, and said: "The drinks are on you."

At the table next to him was a group of South American magnates in tweed suits decorated with large buttons reading: "No me habla de la guerra!" If the man from Athabasca should start conversation with them about the war, it seemed probable that gun-fighting would ensue. I therefore enfiladed the position and took cover. However, the sergeant-waiter tactfully shifted a palm into screening position between the two tables, and thus averted the spreading of the War to Latin America.

Similar state of affairs existed in stalls of certain theatre within outpost distance of P-y C-s. Ladies were openly knitting socks and intimate woollen garments between the Acts. Management seemed powerless to restore the conventions of peace-time.

At the C-n Tayern the bar-tender had pasted notice on mirror behind him: "This Saloon closes at ten sharp. Gents are kindly requested not to start nothing here." The announcement The announcement seemed to have been effective, for very few bullet-marks were to be noted.

By midnight, L-r S-e and R_t S_t were comparatively clear of dagos. This was due to efforts of street-cleaning corps (3rd County of L-n Light Hose).

THE NEW ANASTHETIC.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

MEDICAL SCIENCE SUPERSEDED.

satisfied with her story.



Recruiting Officer (to brawny pitman who has just passed his medical examination). "What regiment do you wish to join?"

Pitman. "I DON'T CARE."

Officer. "Sure you have no preference?"

Pilman. "Well, put me in one o' them that spikes the beggars."

A correspondent in whose accuracy country, in every case recording a we place the highest trust informs us sense of personal well-being, though of very remarkable results which have only comparative, and an increased means of alleviating pain and suffering realisation of what it must be to be a lady being suddenly taken with lumbago knees in a flooded trench, or sleeping was in great agony until she remem-bered our soldiers at the front, and waiting to be picked up and taken to a thought how much worse was a wound, hospital, or being taken to a hospital and instantly, our correspondent is over jolting roads, or going without informed, some of her own distress left meals, or having to boil tea over a her. The case has been investigated by candle-flame, or awakening from the East Coast resident :several eminent inquirers and they are operation and finding himself maimed

nature comes from other parts of the of imagination confined to bodily ills; R.A.M.C. forward, please.

for a well-authenticated case reaches us of a notoriously mean man of wealth who was not heard to utter a single been achieved by the adoption of a new disinclination to complain, upon the word of grumbling over the new war taxes after realising what the soldier's invented by a lady in London. This soldier just now-whether up to his burden was too. Hence Mr. Punch is only too happy to give publicity to the discovery.

The Spy Danger.

Extract from a letter written by an

"The authorities are now looking for a grey Meanwhile evidence of a similar Nor is the lenitive of this little effort to have a wireless apparatus inside."

THE LAST BOTTLE.

I HAD been drilling all the morning, and had spent the whole of the afternoon squirming face downwards on the medicinally. If I don't have him, there or Austrian origin should be used in our moist turf of Richmond Park in an endeavour to advance, as commanded, in extended order. In the morning—that is during compressed drill—I had by a mad dog—a real one, I mean—that better part of a box of Carlsbad plums. been twice wounded. Owing to lack his anti-Ally conscience would forbid Johann, being intact, was merely in of education a famous novelist had his adoption of the Pasteur treatment?" terned. But at that time I had not confused his left hand with his right,

on the ear with the barrel of his rifle. It soon ceased to be an ear, and became of the size and consistency of a muffin. My second casualty was brought about by a wellknown orchestral conductor, who however confidently he could pilot his players through the most complicated Symphonic Poem was invariably out of his depth whenever, the ranks being turned about, he was required to form fours. His manœuvre that morning had been a wild and undisciplined fugue, culminating in an unconventional stretto upon an exceedingly dominant pedal-point, that is to say, his heel on my toe.

Consequently when I arrived home in the evening, wet, soiled, hungry and maimed, I felt that I needed a little artificial invigoration. A bright idea occurred to me as I was waiting for the bath to

"Joan," I cried, "don't you think I might open Johann to- bottle of some friendly or neutral asked. "Hurry up and-oh! you've night?" Joan, who had been trying to substitute." decide whether it would not be more advisable to have my sweater dyed a permanent shot-green and brown,

"I thought your anti-German conscience would not permit you to open Johann until after the war's over," she called back.

"My anti-German conscience has been severely wounded," I replied. "It hasn't sufficient strength to hold out much longer. In a few seconds it will surrender unconditionally."

"Be brave," urged Joan. think how proud you will be in days to uncle (who is in the trade) had given come when you lock back to this her last Christmas. Number Five had the contents of Johann-his full name

the most terrible temptations, you Bank Holiday after a strenuous day on triumphed!"

"but to-night I feel I need Johann a terrible oath that nothing of German may be no days to come. Do be household until Peace broke out. This

the tennis courts. Later, when hostil. "That's all very fine," I remarked, ities had started all round I had taken confused his left hand with his right, "Then if you really feel the need with the result that when we were rightof a special refresher," said Joan, "at later 1 should be exhausted by long turned he had dealt me a terrific blow least let me send Phœbe out for a and tiring drills and manœuvres.

However, on this night my body cried aloud for Johann's refreshing contents. I did not care two pins that he had been manufactured on the banks of the Rhine. or that he was the product of alien and hostile hands. After all, it wasn't Johann's fault; and besides, surely he had been long enough in England to become naturalised. At any rate it was both prejudiced and illogical to assume that Johann was my enemy solely because he happened to be born in Germany.

The bath took some time to fill. The taps, I think, wanted sweeping. But during the time that elapsed I made up my mind. Johann should be opened. I slipped on my dressing-gown and went in search of him. When I had secured him I met Joan on the landing; she was just going down to dinner.

"Haven't you had your bath yet?" she

got Johann!" "Yes," I said. "I have decided

that there is no evidence to prove that he is not a naturalised British bottle. I am going to open him."

"You renegade!" Joan cried. "If you dare so much as to loosen his cork I'll-I'll give you an Iron Cross."

"I'm desperate," I answered. "I would still open Johann even if you threatened me with the Iron Cross of both the first and the second class."

"Coward!" said Joan. "Still, if

A moment later I had poured half evening and realise how, in the face of been opened on the evening of August is Johann Maria Farina-into my bath.



The Sentimentalist (who has received socks from England). "SHE LOVES ME; SHE LOVES ME NOT."

A vivid recollection of Phæbe's being despatched once before in an emergency for mustard and returning with custard flashed through my mind.

"She's much too unreliable," I cried. "She'd get bay rum, or something equally futile. It must be Johann or nothing.'

"Then," said Joan, "let us say nothing"—an ambiguity of which I determined to take full advantage.

Johann, I must now explain, was the sole survivor of six small bottles of the you're really determined to open him, "Just genuine Rhine brand which Joan's remember half belongs to me."



She. "THIS BE A TERRIBLE WAR, DOCTOR."

She. "It's A PITY SOMEONE DON'T CATCH THAT THERE OLD KRUGER."

She. "AW-CHANGED HIS NAME, HAS HE-DECEITFUL OLD VARMINT?"

He. "IT IS, INDEED."

He. "AH, YOU MEAN THE KAISER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman (MACMILLAN) that impenitent pamphleteer, H. G. Wells, returns yet again to the intriguing subject of marriage, and in a vein something nearer orthodoxy. Not, certainly, that worthy stubborn orthodoxy of accepted unquestioned doctrine, or that sleeker variety of middle-aged souls that were once young, now too tired or bored to go on asking questions, but an orthodoxy rather that is honest enough to revise on the evidence earlier judgments as too cocksure and hasty. Sir Isaac Harman was a tea-shop magnate, and a very pestilent and primitive cad who caught his wife young and poor and battered her into reluctant surrender by a stormy wooing, whose very sincerity and abandonment were but a frantic expression of his dominating egotism and acquisitiveness.

merely for a limit to the proprietorship, for the right to a separate individuality, the right to be useful in a wider sphere (a phrase that stands for so much that is good and less good). Mr. Wells has realised this gracious, shy and beautiful personality with a fine skill. It is no mean feat. He might so easily have made a dear mild ghost. And oh! if ladies of influence who regiment their inferiors in orderly philanthropic schemes had some of the wisdom and tolerance of Lady Harman in her dealings with the teashop girls. You see one instinctively pays Mr. Wells the serious compliment of assuming that he has something material to say about the things which matter.

As a demonstration of the irony of history, I can hardly imagine a better subject for romance at the present moment than the fortunes of WILLIAM OF ORANGE, and if Miss Marjorie Bowen's Prince and Heretic (METHUEN) Wooing and winning, thinks this simple ignoble knight, is shows some traces of having been rather hast ly finished a thing done once and for all. Remains merely obedience it is easy to pardon this defect. The alchemist's assistant, in very plain and absolute terms on the part of lady to part seer and part quack, whom she introduces into the lord, obedience which, in the last resort, can be exacted by earlier part of the story foretells the violent deaths of the withholding supplies—not so uncommon a form of black- young princes of the house of Nassau and the ravaging mail as it suits the dominant sex to imagine. Lady and looting of the Netherlands by ALVA, Defender of the Harman's emancipation does not take the conventionally Catholic Faith and servant of the House of Hapsburg; unconventional form, for some deeper reason, I think, than but he cannot conjure up out of his crystal the sight of a that her sententious friend and would be lover, George Catholic Belgium suffering these things, three hundred and Brumley, could not altogether escape her gentle contempt; fifty years later, at the hands of a Lutheran King allied with indeed, she recognises Sir Isaac's claims upon her for a Hapsburg and fighting for the sake of no cause but his duty and gratitude in a way which modern high-spirited own vanity. Most of the action takes place in Brussels priestesses of progress would scarcely approve. She fights

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half name bath. Granville; and the final retreat of William, ruined in methods of 1812 with those of 1914. On the other hand, everything except his spirit, to join the army of the PRINCE in these strenuous days we may not have the time, even if DE CONDE, has a pathetic significance to-day that not we have the inclination, to devote ourselves to campaigns many historical romances can claim. Bowen has a remarkable gift for the presentation of a admitting the value of this book, I confess that I had somenumber of lifelike portraits against a vivid and gorgeous times to skip in an endeavour to avoid being bewildered by background, and the successive pictures of the Dutch and names and numbers. Using this desultory mode of pro-Flemish Schools which she creates in Prince and Heretic, gression I was still abundantly informed and profoundly make it, if not quite so successful as I Will Maintain, at interested. Mr. Foord is out to give facts, however least a book which no lover of the Lowlands can afford tedious, and I agree with him that it is the business of an to miss.

gardens. Volumes that are exclusively devoted to what I might call horticultural hortation are apt to become oppressive. But Agnes and EGERTON CASTLE are persons far too sympathetic not to avoid this danger. Instead of lecturing, they talk with an engaging discursiveness that lures you from page to page, as it might from bed to border, were you an actual visitor in the exquisite Surrey garden that is their ostensible subject. One thing with them leads to another. "Lilacs," they say. "Ah, lilacs—" and immediately one of them is started upon a whole series of rambling, Du MAURIERISH recollections of school-days in Second Empire Paris. Kittens and Pekinese puppies, village types, politics (just a little) and Roman villas—all these are the themes of their

den Garrulous" they might have called the book; and I for all, the selection is admirably made and does credit to one have found it infinitely charming. Not that shrewd Mr. Coleridge's taste. Every extract bears the stamp hints upon the choice of roses, the marshalling of bulbs, of inspiration, a quality difficult to define but unmisand other such aspects of the theme proper are wanting, takable. RALEIGH'S invocation to Death; Johnson's Moreover, what they tell of garden triumphs is at once preface to the Dictionary; NAPIER'S description of the realised for you by a prodigality of drawings scattered battle of Albuera; Richard Shiel's appeal on behalf of among the text, some glowing in a full page of colour, others his fellow-countrymen, and Abraham Lincoln's immortal in line alone, from the pencil and brush of Mr. Charles speech at Gettysburg-all these are to be found, and many ROBINSON. Altogether a very gentle book, of which one more; and all go to show the might, majesty, dominion my echo the hope expressed by the writers in their grace- and power of that great language which it is our privilege ful preface that "some unquiet heart, labouring under the to speak. I think we shall value that privilege a little strain of long-drawn suspense," may find in it "a passing more highly and shall endeavour to place a more careful relaxation, a forgotten smile."

Mr. EDWARD FOORD for the patient labour and perseverance and never tiresome. Yet it must in fairness be added that he has spent on the compilation of Napoleon's Russian King Charles's head, in the shape of an anti-vivisection Campaign of 1812 (HUTCHINSON). The book appears at a footnote, has once, but only once, crept into the "memorial." most opportune date, for most of us nowadays are military However the fault is such a little one that those who love critics, and here we can, if we like, compare the Russian noble English prose will easily forgive it.

Miss Marjorie a hundred years old. For my own part, while frankly historian to be accurate before he is entertaining. Yet I could have wished that he had been less parsimonious with Our Sentimental Garden (Heinemann) is one of the very his human appeals, for whenever he unbends he can be at pleasantest garden-books I have encountered. One reason once interesting and informing. The struggles of Barclay for this is that it is about such a lot of other things besides DE TOLLY against jealousy and intrigues are vividly told.

and nothing could be more graceful than the tribute Mr. FOORD pays to the memory of that great soldier, General Eble. It is impossible to read the history of this disastrous campaign without being impressed by the terrible penalties of overweening arrogance and ambition, and without realising the flaming spirit of patriotism that has glorified, and will always glorify, the Russians in time of national peril.

In A Morning In My Library ("Times" Book Club), Mr. Stephen COLERIDGE has put together an anthology of English prose which has some high advantages to recommend it to popular favour even in what the compiler calls "these tumultuous times." It is a small book and fits easily into a coat pocket; it is well and clearly

restraint on our tongues and our pens after we have dipped through Mr. Coleridge's little book. He is a judicious Ernest students of military history should be grateful to guide, and such explanations as he adds are always short



Old Lady (to wounded Officer). "OH, SIR, DO YOU 'APPEN TO AVE 'EARD IF ANY OF YOUR MEN AT THE FRONT 'AS FOUND A PAIR OF SPEC-TACLES WOT I LEFT IN A 16 'BUS IN THE EDGWARE ROAD?"

CHARIVARIA.

Cross on Herr MAXIMILIEN HARDEN, the editor of Zukunft, who, in a recent article, suggested that the Germans did not begin the War.

Mr. CECIL CHISHOLM, in his biography of our Commander-in-Chief, draws attention to the fact that both Sir John FRENCH and General JOFFRE are square men. This, no doubt, accounts for the round them.

subject of his biography is known as "Lucky French," though few persons understand the full appropriateness of the epithet. It was Sir John Luck who first gave him a chance of distinguishing himself.

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"Before Christmas," says a German journal, "Lon-doners will have become familiar with the spectacle of seeing their public buildings guarded by German blue-jackets." This, of course, must refer to the interior of our prisons.

We hear that as a result of the raid by British airmen on the Zeppelin base at Friedrichshaven, the place has now been placarded with notices an-

nouncing that foreign aeroplanes are views." verboten there.

It is announced that the proposal at in another for Nationalists. Lewisham to change the name of Berlin Road has been rejected by the residents. This is unfortunate, as the only effect can be to put fresh heart into the Germans.

The Russians having objected to the Watch on the Rhine. being called a steam roller, the London and North Western Railway have tactfully taken their fast engine "Teutonic" and re-christened her "The Tsar."

The Russians succeeded, a few days ago, in catching the Goeben napping. Apparently the motto of the Turkisch Navy is "Let lying dogs sleep."

A writer in The Daily Chronicle suggests that cats, with their marvellous There was some excuse for this mis-

as pigeons. Not quite in the same CHARIVARIA. | way, perhaps; though cases of flying Boys Corps simply hate being called cats have occurred. We know one, for "Old B.C.s." pleasure in not bestowing the Iron instance, that flew at a dog only the other day.

"EYE-WITNESS" has remarked that should give up the pretence that they the Germans in France are now equipped with a gun which is quite silent. As a result of this statement a number of men who had hitherto held back as being subject to headaches are now rushing to enlist. . *

difficulty the enemy has in getting gallery in Dublin runs as follows:-School. The object is to teach every will be remembered that in a polo The author also mentions that the man to shoot irrespective of political tournament at that military station bject of his biography is Captain Desmond and his

NEFO YOU!

Recruiting Sergeant. "WANT TO JOIN THE CAVALRY, DO YOU? KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HORSES?"

Applicant. "Wot—me? Three winners and a second yesterday! Lumme, Guy'nor! Wot do you think?"

The old order changeth. be lost sight of. sighted in one way for Unionists and

The watchmaking industry in Chauxde-Fonds, Switzerland, has, it is stated, already suffered a loss of £700,000 since the outbreak of the war. This is attributed entirely to the competition of

With reference again to the Silent Guns which the Germans claim to have invented, it is only fair to point out that, before they were heard of, English artillery - men had silenced many of the noisy ones.

> "FREE PASSES AND OVER-CROWNING."

> > Evening Standard.

carriage of messages in the same way place at the Coronation Picture Palace. the enemy.

CAUTION.—The members of the Old

Plucky little Wales again! Russia may have her Przemysl, but it transpired in certain police-court proceedings last week that Glamorgan has her Ynysybwl. We would suggest that the competition should now stop.

THE RECRUITING PROBLEM SOLVED.

THE recruiting problem would surely The advertisement of a new rifle be solved easily if Lord KITCHENER would send for Captain Desmond, V.C., Learn to shoot at the Dublin Rifle and his legions from Lahore. It

> team reached the final after "they had fought their way, inch by inch, through eightand-twenty matches." (Ch. XVI., Captain Desmond, V.C., by MAUD DIVER.) If we generously assume that the hero's team played in the only tie in the first round-the rest being byes -we arrive at the result that there were 268,435,457 teams or 1,073,741,828 men playing. Might not just a small percentage of these, if brought over to France, decide the issue at once in favour of the Allies? Some of the four or five billion ponies might also be utilised for remounts and for transport. Nor should the committee which successfully managed this tournament

They showed a Formerly, no doubt, the rifles were power of organisation which could scarcely fail to be of use now at the War Office.

"Rosa pulled off her hat as she spoke, throwing it carelessly on the bed, and she laughed nosily."—Otlawa Citizen.

This is generally supposed to be an American habit.

A censored letter from a correspondent at the Front tells us that the most popular song with our Troops is the following :-

> " It's a long way to -It's a long way to go; It's a long way to -To the sweetest . I know, Goodbye --, farewell It's a long, long way to -But my heart's right -

It will be interesting to hear further details as soon as they can be divulged homing instincts, might be used for the print, for the offence complained of took without giving the position away to

TO THE NEUTRAL NATIONS.

IF you elect to stay outside And run no risk, on shore or sea, Where men for all men's sake have died In this the War of Liberty (The same whose figure points the pilot's way, Larger than life, in New York Bay);-

If you prefer to fold your hands And watch us, at your guarded ease, Straining our strength to sweep the lands Clean of a deadly foul disease, Which must, unless our courage find a cure, Fall on your children, swift and sure;-

Stay out by all means; none shall ask The help that your free will declined; We'll bear as best we may the task That duty's call to us assigned; And you shall reap, ungrudged, in happier years The harvest of our blood and tears.

Only-when this long fight is done, And, breathing Freedom's purer air, You share the vantage we have won-Think not the honour, too, to share; The honour shall be theirs and theirs alone By whom the thrall was overthrown.

Meanwhile a boon: if not your swords, Give us your sympathy at need; Show us the friendship which affords At least to let its pockets bleed; And get your tradesmen kindly to forgo Their traffic with a common foe.

O. S.

HISTORY'S REPETITIONS.

It may be interesting to compare modern war items with some which have been culled from our own contemporary records of the past.]

From The Early British Weekly, circ. 50 B.C.:

The Chief Druid's Fund to provide woad for our gallant troops at the Front continues to progress.

Tried yesterday for flint-and-steel signalling to the enemy, a Roman spy was convicted and axed.

News from Rome continues to show that the capital of the enemy is growing very uneasy. A force of special lictors has been enrolled to keep order in the event of a popular

An account of the fighting by an Eye-Witness with the Headquarters of Cassivelaunus appears on another page.

From The Saxon Chronicle, 878 A.D.:-

KING ALFRED has given his patronage to a scheme for sending comforts to our troops in the trenches. Contributions are already pouring in, and it is said that the KING was particularly touched by a gift of confectionery from the wife of a humble neatherd.

From The Saxon Standard, 1065 A.D.: -

The Norman Lie Factory continues to try to frighten us by means of invasion stories. The latest tale of terror is to the effect that a great army is to be landed at Hastings before we know where we are. crushed under the mailed fist of Normandy. The General a stone wall, which is not an agreeable occupation even Staff of King Harold can, we think, be trusted to deal when the heads are German. with such dangers-when they come.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. IX.

(From General von Bernhardi.)

ALL-HIGHEST WAR LORD,-To have received from you a letter written in your own gracious and weapon-bearing hand is an honourable privilege, under the weight of which many a General might have felt his knees tremble, and I confess that I too, though used to your Majesty's kindnesses. have not been unmoved.

Your Majesty asks me what I now think of this war of mine-I quote your words-and goes on to insinuate that in some measure the humble books that I have from time to time written, and the conversations I have held with your supreme self and with others, are responsible for what is now taking place in France, Flanders, and the Eastern seat of war. This insinuation I must with all my strength repudiate. It is true that I have been an advocate of war. For the Germans it was necessary that war should be the object of their policy in order that when the hour struck they might be able to attack their foes under the most favourable conditions and conquer them in the shortest possible time. But in saying this I made myself merely the echo of your Majesty's speeches and the faithful interpreter of your august mind. When you in words of matchless eloquence spoke of the mailed fist and bade your recruits shoot their parents rather than disobey their Kaiser, a humble General like myself could not go far wrong if he supposed that the thought of war was constantly in your Imperial mind. No other nation, I knew, had the purpose of attacking us, and I assumed therefore that if we were to gain the world-power at which we aimed we must be ready to attack other nations. Everything, however, depended on the conditions and the moment.

As for a war begun, as this war was begun, in a sudden fit of temper, I must use frankness with your Majesty and say that I never contemplated it. War against Franceyes; and war against Russia, if needs must be, though even then I deny that we ought to have made ourselves the mere instrument of Austrian ambitions and allowed ourselves to be dragged into danger for the beaux yeux of the Ballplatz. But to manage things so ill as to make it certain that England must declare against us and that Italy must refuse to help us-this, indeed, was the master-stroke of stupidity. Your Majesty will, no doubt, say that this was the fault of Bethmann-Hollweg and von Jagow, but I am not sure that you yourself must not share with them the responsibility, for it was you who lost your head and gave the final word-which, of course, no one else could have given. You could have spared Belgium and kept England out of the war, so as to deal with her alone at a later date, but you took the bit between your autocratic teeth, and,

alas, there was nobody who could stop you.

I say again, this is not my war. I never imagined it or planned it in this way, and I decline to be made responsible for it. I wanted a war that might be quickly prosperous and as safe for Germany as any war can be-a war of which we might keep the management in our own hands with great profit to ourselves. But now, though only four months have passed, we have lost the reins and Fate has taken them up and is directing the course of things. When that happens anything may happen. It is useless, therefore, to turn round and make accusations which are not founded in reason. My system was a good one and is still good, but it cannot now be used. There is nothing for it We are to be now except to continue hammering with our heads against

> Your Majesty's faithful subject, VON BERNHARDI.



MEN OF FEW WORDS.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. "ÇA MARCHE?"
GENERAL JOFFRE, "ASSEZ BIEN. ET CHEZ VOUS?"
GRAND DUKE. "PAS MAL."

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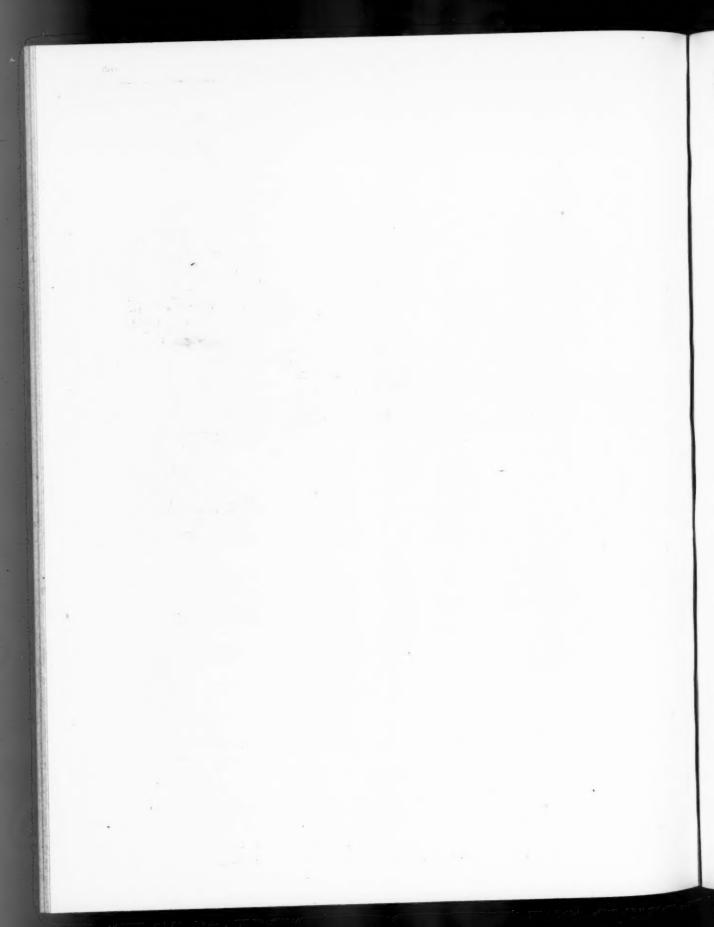
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Small Visitor. "AND HOW IS YOUR MOTHER, PENELOPE?" Penelope, "Thank you, poor mummie's a bit below herself this morning-what with the cook and the Kaiser."

THE WATCH DOGS.

DEAR CHARLES, - We have got a move on at last. We don't know where we are going or why we are going or even if we are really going at all. It Continent; it may be that we are on defensive; it may be that the authorities are pulling our legs and are watchsee how we take it. We march on till orderly room. are told to march on.

I was, as you know, in London on Sunday. Having had a trying week I sought a change of air to recuperate my health, I also sought to recover my self-respect by being saluted in my

Myself. But, dash it all, he knows where I'd come from.

Censor. That may be, but it's not to get about where you are.

Censor. H'sh.]

among other orders awaiting me: "Company Officers will hold their companies in readiness to move at short be done by 8 A.M. you say?" "The notice." "Will they?" I asked, and leapt battalion will march to the rendezvous lightly into my bed; never a wise thing at 7.15, Sir," said he. "Reveillé at may be that we are on our way to the to do when your bed consists of a stick 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, and sick parade or two and a bit of canvas . . . I was colour way to the coast to assume the lecting myself on the floor when a corporal came in, wearing that significant, nay sinister, look which corporals ing from behind the hedges en route to assume when they bring messages from could I do? Obviously the suggested we are told to stop. We stop till we roundly for the collapse of my bed (in pletion in the time allotted; why then military life you may curse anybody for anything, provided he is an inferior) I "11.5 P.M., Sir," said he. "Then," said native parks. Full of the good things I, "I have under nine hours to pack up of this world I returned in the evening all my goods, dividing them into those which I shall carry myself on my for-[Censor. Now then, don't you give it light-articles-only back, those which the transport will carry and those which I shall leave here for Providence to send home; to inspect my half-company, its feet, its rifles, its packs, its kit-bags and the thousand-and-one other things Myself. But I'm not there now. I'm which are its; to feed my men and worse. To him commotion is essential, ration for both of us and to attend to tant because the only thing he did on

I got to my little nest (anonymous) at all those little odds and ends which 10.30 P.M. and found the following will inevitably crop up when one is about to leave one's headquarters and never see them again. All this must at 6.45," he concluded, adding, with sarcasm more effective than any of my own, "Good night, Sir,"

I went straight to sleep. What else Having cursed him programme was impossible of comattempt it? I decided to obey orders: to reveillé at 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, told him to proceed and let me know the and then to start getting ready and worst. "We move at 8 A.M., Sir," said continue doing so till called for. If he. "And what is it now?" I asked. the worst came to the worst, I should become a sick man and parade accordingly. It struck me as I dozed off that in civil life the very last thing an invalid would attempt would be to parade.

In supposing that I should at least be thorough about my sleep, I reckoned without my old though not always welcome friend, Banner. His view is that when a crisis arrives it is up to the people involved to be at least busy, if not myself and gather together a day's and he has always distrusted our adjucigarettes and a Daily Mirror. When who may lie a-bed till six! Lieutenant Banner receives orders he at bent he searches round for other luck directed his footsteps to my billet; inwardly delighted to discover so depressing a sight.

"It is impossible to do it," said he. "Quite," said I, turning on my other side. "But good heavens, man, you're not going to sleep?" he asked. "I'm going to have a try," I told him. The result of the business was that Banner eventually did all my packing for me, feeling, no doubt, that I should be left behind if he didn't. Of course he was left behind himself. Really, I suppose. I ought to be very grateful to the dear old fellow; but I have the feeling that, if he had stayed away, I should have had my sleep and everything would have arranged itself in the meantime, and would have arranged itself rightly.

from that town where we have been your present or your past, how can you fire would be certain to be popular, as stationed the last three months, and it expect to be informed as to your future? shows how unavailing are these pre- Thus I may at this moment be marchcautions for secrecy when I tell you ing forward to Belgium, or I may be that the local tailor was up and about merely moving to another home station, before dawn collecting his unpaid or it may all be a test of my power and accounts notwithstanding. Since then organization and I may be making a we have slept in hay-lofts, and sometimes in eligible villas, knowing the one fine morning to my original startingdignity and pleasure of the white sheet again. Our willy - nilly hosts are all firmly convinced that we want conversation confined to the more gruein this war, but otherwise they are marches past. kindness itself. At the house I at present inhabit it is found absolutely essential that the father and the essential that the father and the mother, three daughters, two maid-latest poem of Rudyard Kipling: Rule servants, the nurse, and even, I believe, Britannia." —Buenos Aires Standard. the infant son, should rise from their Wait till you read ROBERT BRIDGES'

receiving telegraph orders to mobilize the whim of the G.O.C., put at that was to send out an orderly for a hundred unforgivable hour. It is only myself

once puts his cap on, pushes it to the due course what becomes of me, that of the currency has been made by a back of his head and passes a weary is if I ever know myself. I see little Mr. James Innes C. Roger. He writes hand across a worried brow. When he more of the business than the backs to the Press in the following terms:has confused himself to the top of his of the files marching ahead of me, and "It has lately struck me that a silver even if I discover the names of our 10s, piece might be introduced during On this Sunday night ill resting-places I have generally forgotten them in the haste of our deparseeing me in bed, he became positively ture. I met a man who had returned these might be objected to on the aghast, though I firmly believe he was from the Continent itself and I asked ground of size and weight, they would him where he had been and how he be interesting as a memento of the essing a sight.

got his wound. He admitted frankly great war, especially if the obverse side that he didn't know; in fact, he said, bore, say, a representation of the British ensued; how he repeated to me, with a he'd been back in England for three Fleet in action." nice sense of climax, the news which I weeks now and no one had ever let him had already received from the corporal. know whether he had been at the front vide a delightful little game for the



The Victor (after being admonished for un-scoutlike behaviour). "Well, YOU MAY SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, SIR, BUT I CONSIDER IT DISTINCTLY SUBVER-SIVE OF DISCIPLINE FOR AN ORDINARY PRIVATE TO CALL HIS PATROL-LEADER 'TOFFEE-NOSE,'''

We marched forth at break of day or not. If they don't inform you as to Army crossing the Aisne River under wide circle which will bring me back place, Tiddilyumpton.

Drop it all, a soldier ought to be told whether he is going to war or not. It would make it so much easier to some experiences of their friends know what attitude to adopt to the time an important step could be taken and relations who have got mixed up schoolchildren who cheer him as he Yours,

> "In its issue of 22nd instant our estimable contemporary, 'La Patria degli Italiani,'

beds at 5 o'clock when reveillé is, at new work, "God Save the King."

WAR MEMENTOES.

A THOUGHTFUL and far - reaching Well, Charles, I'll let you know in suggestion toward the better regulation the war instead of (or in addition to) the paper notes now current. Although

It seems to us that this would pro-

Government, which probably has not much else to do at present, and we do not see how the proposed coins could possibly be objected to on the grounds mentioned above. On the contrary they would be most useful in a variety of ways in which the sixpence and threepenny bit are of no service whatever. In thoroughly honest households they could be employed as letterweights or for practising the discus-throw for the next Olympic Games (if any), or for keeping open a swing door while a teatray is carried through. We hope the idea will be vigorously followed up. A 15/- piece representing the British

also would a 17/6 piece showing the arrival of the Indian Troops at Marseilles.

Something, too, might be done with our stamps. Concrete gun emplacements would look very well on the fiveshilling stamp, and the desired effect of secrecy could be obtained by printing them on the back; while we would suggest for the penny stamp a design of a muffler or a mitten with crossed knitting needles in each corner. At the same toward popularizing the postal order, by printing on the obverse side of it in red the whole of the first verse of "It's a long way to Tipperary."

We only throw out these suggestions for what they are worth. Like Mr. Roger himself our sole idea is to contribute something really useful to the pregnant deliberations of the hour.

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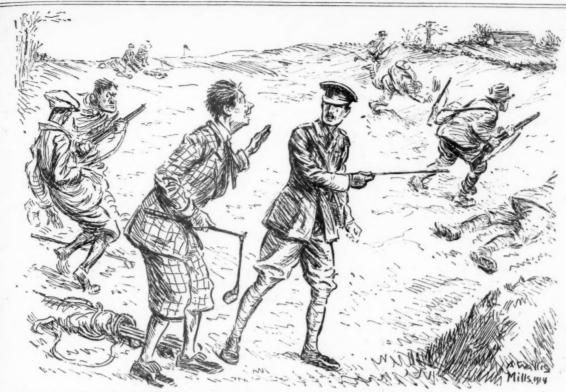
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Officer (commanding skirmishing party). "Very sorry to put you off your game, Sir; but we had to come across here." Golfer. "Don't mention it, Sir. It makes me feel I've done my bit."

BOOK TRADE GOSSIP.

(The following communication has been submitted to our own Special Censor, who takes the responsibility of contradicting it in every particular. Subject to this, he has no objection to publication.)

Paternoster Row.

In spite of the drastic regulations against dealing with the enemy it is to be feared that books from British publishing houses continue to find their way into German hands. During the early days of the invasion of Belgium an unprecedented demand for How to Collect Old Furniture arose in neutral countries, accompanied by enquiries for similar works dealing with silver plate, pictures and bijoutry. Suspicion respecting the ultimate destination of these books is strengthened by the fact that of late the demand has given place to urgent requests for stilts. wading-boots, and "water-wings"-a class of goods in which Paternoster Row is not keenly interested.

The esteemed Berliner Tageblatt has

as finally settled. Meanwhile from other sources no less authentic some interesting particulars have come to light of the literary relaxations prevailing among our enemy in the field. From these it would appear that early in September General von Kluck received, apparently from an anonymous admirer, a copy of The Mysteries of Paris. in which he has been thoughtfully absorbed ever since. His Imperial master's pocket-companion takes the form of a copy of Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON'S There and Back, which we learn is already beginning to show signs of hard wear. Many of the gunners stationed about French and Belgian cathedral cities are reported as being seriously interested in Max MÜLLER'S Chips from a German Workshop, while Mr. H. G. WELLS' Twelve Stories and a Dream has become almost a book of reference to the officials disseminating German wireless news.

A work of timely importance, especi-The esteemed Berliner Tageblatt has A work of timely importance, especiThe Press Bureau, while permitting publication, cannot vouch for the accuracy of this suitable reading for civilians during the lighting regulations, is promised in the statement."-Cardif Evening Express. war. One of its correspondents recom- course of the next few weeks. The No wonder!

mends Gulliver's Travels, "in order to novelty is to take the form of a brochure learn to know the English." That from the pen of Dean INGE, and will weighty point may therefore be regarded | court | popularity under the arresting title, How to be Cheerful though Gloomy.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S APOLOGIA.

["I resent exceedingly the gross and vulgar way in which the German Emperor has been treated in the newspapers. . . . I have a personal memory of the Emperer very sacred to me."—The Archbishop of York.]

HIS GRACE OF YORK maintains the KAISER'S

Merely the dupe of bad advisers, And, simply to avoid a fuss, Reluctantly made war on us.

One marvels what his Grace will say When, peradventure, some fine day, Thanks to his German friend, he hears York Minster crashing round his ears!

Foresight.

"It was stated in Dover last night that an aircraft was seen over Dungeness this evening .- Central News.

A QUESTION OF LIGHT.

As soon as Celia had got a chequebook of her own (and I had explained the light. Fancy if I got six per cent.!" mysteries of " ___ & Co." to her), she her balance, which amounted to several stocking and afterwards of mines, mortgages and aerated breads, were rejected sider what that message is to be." at once.

"I'll leave a little in the bank in case of accidents," she said, "and the rest must go somewhere absolutely safe and earn me five per cent. Otherwise

they shan't have it."

We did what we could for her; we offered the money to archdeacons and other men of pronounced probity; and finally we invested it in the Blanktown Electric Light Company. Blanktown is not its real name, of course; but I do not like to let out any information which may be of value to Celia's enemies-the wicked ones who are trying to snatch her little fortune from her. The world, we feel, is a dangerous place for a young woman with money.

"Can't I possibly lose it now?" she

"Only in two ways," I said. "Blanktown might disappear in the night, or the inhabitants might give up using electric light."

It seemed safe enough. At the same time we watched the newspapers anxiously for details of the latest inventions; and anybody who happened to mention when dining with us that he was experimenting with a new and powerful illuminant was handed his

You have Blanktown, then, as the depository of Celia's fortune. Now it comes on the scene in another guise. I made the announcement with some

pride at breakfast yesterday. "My dear," I said, "I have been asked to deliver a lecture."

"What ever on?" asked Celia.

"Anything I like. The last person lectured on 'The Minor Satellites of Jupiter,' and the one who comes after me is doing 'The Architecture of the Byzantine Period,' so I can take something in between.'

"Like 'Frostbites,'" said Celia helpfully. "But I don't quite understand.

Where is it, and why?"

"The Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society ask me to lecture to them at Blanktown. The man who was coming is ill."

"But why you particularly?"

"One comes down to me in the end," I said modestly.

"I expect it's because of my electric lights. Do they give you any money for it?"

"They ask me to name my fee."

lecture on the need for more electric

"This is a very sordid conversation," looked round for a safe investment of I said. "If I agree to lecture at all, it will be simply because I feel that I pounds. My offers, first of an old have a message to deliver . . . I will lunch?" now retire into the library and con-

> I placed the Encyclopædia handy and sat down at my desk. I had already grasped the fact that the title of my discourse was the important thing. In the list of the Society's lectures sent to me there was hardly one whose title did not impress the imagination in advance. I must be equally impressive . . .

After a little thought I began to

"WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG.

"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th.

" Ladies and Gentlemen-

"Well," said Celia, drifting in, how's it going?"

I showed her how far I had got.

"I thought you always began, 'My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,' she said.

"Only if the Lord Mayor's there."

"But how will you know?"

"Yes, that's rather awkward. I shall have to ask the Secretary before-

I began again.

"WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG.

" Lecture delivered, etc. . . .

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen-

It looked much better.

"What about Baronets?" said Celia.

"There's sure to be lots.

"Yes, this is going to be difficult. I shall have to have a long talk with the Secretary . . . How's this? - 'My Lord Mayor, Lords, Baronets, Ladies and Gentlemen and Sundries.' That's got in everybody."

"That's all right. And I wanted to ask you: Have you got any lantern

slides?"

'They 're not necessary."

"But they're much more fun. Perhaps they'll have some old ones of Vesuvius you can work in. Well, goodbye." And she drifted out.

I went on thinking. "No," I said to myself, "I'm on the wrong tack." So I began again:-

"Some Yorkshire Pot-Holes. "Lecture delivered before the Blank-

town Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th.

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords-

"I don't want to interrupt," said "Then say a thousand pounds, and Celia coming in suddenly, "but-oh, what's a pot-hole?"

> "A curious underground cavern sometimes found in the North."

> "Aren't caverns always underground? But you're busy. Will you be in for

> "I shall be writing my lecture all day," I said busily.

At lunch I decided to have a little

financial talk with Celia.
"What I feel is this," I said. "At most I can ask ten guineas for my lecture. Now my expenses all the way to the North, with a night at an hotel. will be at least five pounds."

"Five-pounds-ten profit," said Celia.

" Not bad."

"Ah, but wait. I have never spoken in public before. In an immense hall, whose acoustics-

"Who are they?"

"Well, never mind. What I mean is that I shall want some elocution lessons. Say five, at a guinea each." "That still leaves five shillings."

"If only it left that, it might be worth it. But there's the new white An audience soon gets waistcoat. tired of a lecture, and then there's nothing for the wakeful ones to concentrate on but the white waistcoat of the lecturer. It must be of a virgin whiteness. Say thirty-five shillings. So I lose thirty shillings by it. Can I afford so much?"

"But you gain the acoustics and the

waistcoat.

"True. Of course, if you insist-"Oh, you must," said Celia.

So I returned to the library. By tea-time I had got as far as this:-

"ADVENTURES WITH A CAMERA IN SOMALILAND.

" Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philo-

And then I had an idea. This time a brilliant one.

"Celia," I said at tea, "I have been wondering whether I ought to take advantage of your generosity.'

"What generosity?" "In letting me deliver this lecture."

"It isn't generosity, it's swank. I want to be able to tell everybody." "Ah, but the sacrifices you are

making. "Am I?" said Celia, with interest.

"Of course you are. Consider. I ask a fee of ten guineas. They cannot possibly charge more than a shilling a head to listen to me. It would be robbery. So that if there is to be a profit at all, as presumably they antipate, I shall have a gate of at least two hundred and fifty.

" I should hope so.

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HERO-WORSHIP.

Slightly soiled Urchin. "Please, Mr. General, if yer wouldn't mind bendin' dahn a bit, me an' Emma 'd like to give yer a kiss."

"Two hundred and fifty. And what does that mean? It means that at seven-thirty o'clock on the night of December the 8th two hundred and fifty residents of Blanktown will turn out the electric lights in their drawingrooms . . . PERHAPS EVEN IN THEIR HALLS . . . and proceed to the lectureroom. True, the lecture-room will be rhubarb, come cranberries. lit up-a small compensation-but not for long. When the slides of Vesuvius are thrown upon the screen-

Celia was going pale. "But if it's not you," she faltered, "it will be somebody else."

"No; if I refuse, it will be too late then to get a substitute. Besides they must have tried everybody else before they got down to me . . . Celia, already the Zeppelin scare has shaken your stock severely; this will be the final blow. It is noble of you to sacrifice-

"Don't go!" she cried in anguish.

I gave a deep sigh.
"For your sake," I said, "I won't."
So that settles it. If my lecture on elsewhere. A. A. M.

A LA RUSSE.

beginning to look sadly down the long vista of apple-apple-tart, apple-pud- I picture the snowfields stained with ding, stewed apple and custard, applecharlotte and apple-dumpling - that

I had forgotten them, as I do every year, and the pinky-red that tinged the it sets me thinking. knife yesterday, as soon as it entered what I feared was an apple-tart, ran right up my arm and spread in a glow to my face. Dear cranberries!

And doubly dear just now. How did you manage it? All the way from through mines and submarines, and not a keg broken, not a cranberry exploded? Thank you, Jellicoe.

Or are you a Southern Slav, a Crim-Tartar? And did you dare the Dardanelles, give the Goeben the slip, and disappoint the German ganders of their sauce? Artful ally!

"First Principles in Homeopathy" is Where is your home, bright berry? home a souvenir, we are keeping a ever to be delivered, it must be delivered What are your habits? Do you push little place on our writing-desk for a through the snow on the steppes? Do field-kitchen.

you flower in the first thaw of spring, set in full summer and ripen when the EVERY November, just as I am snow falls again? I think so; you have the savour of snow. I hope so; your blood when you burst.

We've known too little of you, but stretches all the way from now to we shall want to know more now. The Vicar said the war would do good in more ways than one. It does it now;

Learning, too. Mylandlady, for whom I had composed a simple object-lesson on the value of a strong Navy, pricked all my bubbles with, "Russian, Sir? Did you say Russian? I wouldn't have a bit o' foreign fruit in the house. Archangel, was it-threading your way Them berries was picked in my sister's garden on the moors."

> "Helmets galore strew the fields. Rifles, motor lorries, and field kitchens are common finds. Some day they will be collected, andsuch is the scandalous heartlessness of mankind-distributed as souvenirs of the great Armageddon of 1914."-Daily Chronicle.

In case anybody wishes to bring us



Vicar (his mind full of the recruiting posters), "Wilt thou take this woman to the wedded wife—for three years or the duration of the war?"

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

(Being a slight amplification, from another quarter, of the lines addressed to "Mr. Bernard Jaw" in last week's "Punch.")

Off as I 've wondered with a weary sigh At Mr. Shaw's incorrigible habit

Of always seeing England with an eye

That knows the armour's joint and where to stab it, And, sometimes taken by his style,

Have half believed his taunts of guile, But oftener set them down to bile

But oftener set them down to bile And eating too much green-stuff, like a rabbit;

I've dreamed a dream that, when the drums are still And stern Bellona, from her steel unbodiced,

Regrets the overthrow of KAISER BILL (Of all strange cranks, excepting one, the oddest), Disarmament and gentleness May also come to G. B. S.,

And, turned from wrath, he shall confoss Britain in triumph was supremely modest.

A newer, better Poland shall arise,

And Schleswig-Holstein be extremely perky;

Alsace-Lorraine shall look with loving eyes
To a clear dawn, where now the mists are murky,
And messengers of peace shall stray
On Balkan mounts, and my Aunt May
Has frequently been heard to say

That she intends to give the Belgians Turkey.

But what of England? Shall she not bestow Quiet upon the world, and ordered measure,

And take no vantage of the fallen foe

In land (which is but dust) and sordid treasure?
But rather of her kindness yield
The balm whereby hurt wounds are healed,

That couchant in the selfsame field Lion and lamb may masticate at leisu: e.

Let it be written in the terms of peace, And evermore on brassy tablets graven,

That England shall demand no right nor lease Of frontier nor of town, nor armoured haven,

But cede with unreluctant paw
To Germans and to German law
The whole of this egregious Shaw,

And only re-annex the BARD OF Avon.

Evos.

"The commission is also empowered to order the removal of advertising on existing marquises if it is deemed objectionable." Los Ange'es Times.

Who are these marquises who are large enough for a really telling poster on the waistcoat?

"Here Colonel Hoffmann remarked: 'We have a feeling of absolute superiority over the Russians. We must win: we will win."

Daily Mail.

Look out for our new opera, "Fairy Tales of HOFFMANN."



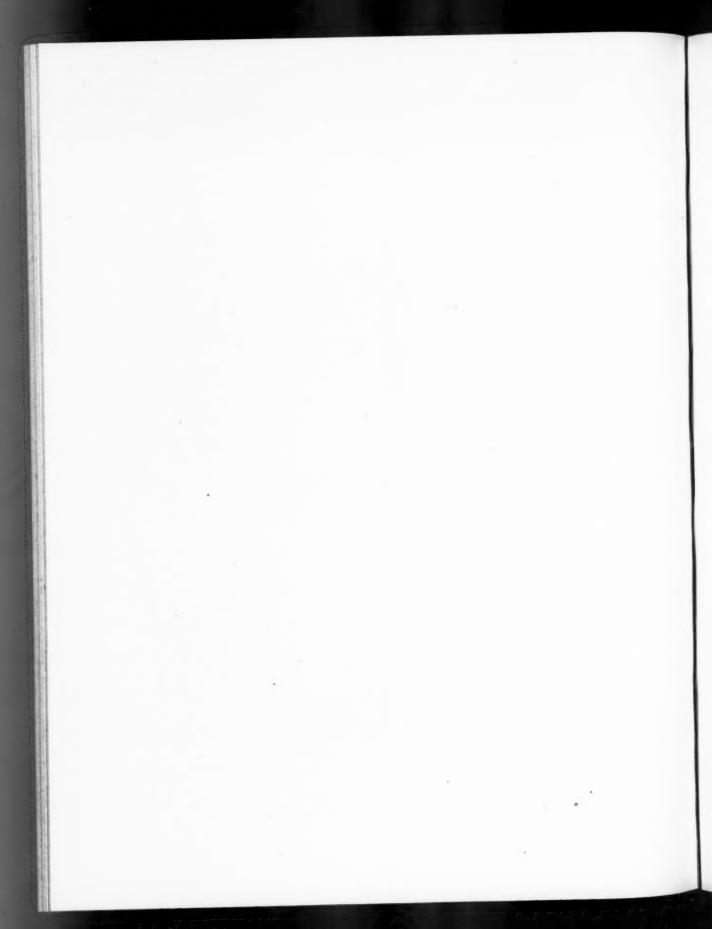
A CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

ly

AIDE-DE-CAMP, "'THE ENGLISH FORCE, SO PLEASE YOU.'"

KAISER, "'TAKE THY FACE HENCE . . . I AM SICK AT HEART.'"

(MACBETH, Act V., Sc. 3.)



Khaki starting up from below Gangway Correspondents who, forbidden to ap- flow of recruiting which Carson and

on Ministerial Side. It was Wedgwood (sans Benn). Wanted to know what advice Government are prepared to give civil population as to how they ought to behave in event of German invasion.

"Are they," asked the warlike Wedgwood, "to take it lying down and let the Germans walk over them? or shall they make the best possible stand for their country?"

From above Gangway in neighbourhood of LEIF Jones' seat came tremulous voice exclaiming, "Fight!"

Thus encouraged, PAR-LIAMENTARY SECRETARY to War Office, who day by

as ever we can."

gency committees are being formed in communicating important information, he, about midnight, by preference an hour later, dumps down upon hapless newspapers just Albert, son of Prince and Princes of Commons, Wednesday.—

House of Commons, Wednesday.—
For some time there has been rumour, generally discredited, that Princes down upon hapless newspapers just Albert, son of Prince and Princess tions are TENNANT strategically

declined to disclose.

After this reassuring statement Consolidated Fund Bill immediately passed second reading.

Later fresh protest, led off by Lord BoB and emphasised by Bonar Law, against arbitrary conduct of Censor in dealing with the Press.

"We ought to stick to this till K. caves in," says the Member for Sark. "The Press Bureau has about it stamp of things 'made in Germany.' Importation of other classes of these goods is in Germany." prohibited. Let us either get rid of the Press Bureau or have it remodelled on principles of common sense, in accord with public feeling and concern for best in-

terests of the Army."

Business done.—Stout bundle of Bills advanced a stage.

House of Lords, Tuesday .- The ways of the Press Censor are past finding out.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

He worries the British Press day going to press the material for whole columns of print.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 23rd deeds on the battle-field by particular takingly done, he permits certain jour-



Mr. Tennant. "Our duty is to drive the invader into the sea,"

day grows more martial in figure and proach the fighting line, laboriously of the question. Curzon, ever ready manner, pointed out that "the first pick up such scraps of information as to oblige, promptly undertook to place duty we [meaning the Army] and the may filter through its outskirts. He one on notice-paper. Navy have to perform is to prevent holds over for days, sometimes for holds over for days, sometimes for Business done.—In Commons Budget invasion. That failing, our duty is to weeks, official despatches from the Bill passed Report stage, Chancellor drive the invader into the sea as fast Front, for which the Public are eagerly smoothing the passage by concessions waiting. Occasionally, by way of ex- to the brewers and publicans by way of As to action of civil population emer-hibiting his desire that not a moment leasing burden of additional taxation.



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL KNOWS NOTHING OF SEDITIOUS IRISH NEWSPAPERS.

November. — Dull sitting suddenly men or regiments. He arbitrarily strikes nals published in Ireland to circulate stirred to excitement by Apparition in out passages from the letters of War seditious garbage designed to stop the

> John Redmond, representatives of contending national parties, have loyally united in encouraging.

In the Commons the other night attention of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, head of this new department. called to notorious matter. Protested that he knew nothing of these Irish papers. General impression in both Houses that it is time he made the acquaintance of the particular organs alluded to and took action accordingly.

MIDLETON to-night in spirited speech asked what the Government proposed to do? CREWE pleaded that he must have notice

Business done. In Commons Budget

CHRISTIAN, had taken active service with the enemy in struggle with whom the best blood of the nation is being daily outpoured. To-day Young asked whether story was true? PREMIER curtly admitted it.

" Is it considered just and expedient," inquired the Member for Perthshire, amid ominous cheering, "that the British taxpayer should be called upon to pay £6,000 a year for the maintenance of a family which includes this German officer?'

"The Question," replied the PREMIER, with something less than his accustomed point in dealing with Supplementary Queries, "relates to a particular individual."

House gladly got rid of disagreeable subject. But SARK tells me that, when in due course the pension comes up in Committee of Supply, more will be heard of the matter.

Business done. - Several War Emergency Bills advanced a stage.

House of Lords, Thursday .- K. of K. read brief paper on Military Situation in Flanders. In matter of picturesque detail it did not quite come up to pitch of "Eye-Witness's" despatches from the Front, which in the main it resembled. But it was as comforting as it was concise. Summed up in sentence the position to-day of Expeditionary Force: "Reinforcements have replaced our casualties, and the troops under the best of spirits, confident of success lation. under their Leader."

ringing; but said nothing about capture fire.

of Kaiser's cloak. SARK suggests that this interesting robe should be put up for sale to highest bidder (as if it were the First £1 note), proceeds to be contributed to Fund for Relief of Belgians. This would give opportunity for remarking that having taken off his coat to devastate the homes of the Belgians, WILHELM gave them his cloak also.

Suggestion worth thinking about. Certainly something attractive about it in way of poetic

justice. Business done. - In the Commons UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA gave glowing account of the gallant deeds of

Indian troops fighting in three continents.

Friday.—After heartening speeches by CHANCELLOR and FIRST LORD, together going to show that "we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too," Parliament adjourned till Tuesday, February 2nd, with promise that, if necessary, it can be specially summoned at any time on six days' notice.

"The Germans did not even hesitate to bring up heavy artillery which quickly became embedded in the mud, some of which has since been found by our troops."

Press Association War Special.

From what we hear, our troops have found all the mud they want.

"In reply to Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS,

Mr. McKenna said :- Germans cannot land in the United Kingdom without the express permission of the Secretary of State."

New motto for Great Britain: "McKenna and the Navy our shield."

A SERVANT OF THE KING.

"Your King and country need you."

" Lor!

Tilda Perkins, her cap awry and a smudge on her diminutive nose, came to a sudden halt, arrested by the staring into sixty go five. Five feet three an'a

"Your King and country need you." That personal appeal drove straight ome. Tilda's heart swelled; a flush of excitement invaded her cheeks.

"Bless 'em! They shall 'ave me," Sir John French, now re-fitted, are in she vowed in a fervour of self-immo-

Tightly clutching the newspaper con-Touched lightly on rout of Germans taining her master's breakfast haddock in Poland with which the world is she scudded off, ablaze with patriotic a little sigh.

Jem obeyed.

"'Old up yer 'ead. Don't loll," came the sharp command.

Jem drew himself up to attention, and Tilda manipulated an inch tape.

"Sixty-three inches an' a bit. Twelves scrap. You'll jest do," she said with a complacent nod.

Jem, motionless, but turning a fine blush-rose under the touch of the busy fingers, levelled an enquiring gaze at the preoccupied face.

"I'm giving you to King George," remarked Tilda. "I'm sorry you ain't taller, but he'll understand I've done the best I can for 'im," she added with

"But-but-" faltered Jem.

"There ain't no buts about it," broke in Tilda with swift asperity. "Think what you'd feel like if you was me.'

"Why, it's you a-sendin' me," protested Jem. "I won't go if you don't want me to leave yer."

Tilda flung back her head with an impatient snort at man's obtuse-

"You don't s'pose I'm whinin' cos you 're goin', do you? " she demanded.

An abashed Jem diminished perceptibly. "Well, why then?" he

asked humbly. "Cos I can't go, stoopid. It ain't fair."



Shopkeeper. "Candles are up in price to-day, x' know, Mrs. O'Flynn ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR."

Mrs. O'Flynn. "OCH! BAD CESS TO THEM GERMANS! WHY CAN'T THEY BE FIGHTING BY DAYLIGHT?

> "There 'tis, Ma'am," she gasped breathlessly, plumping down her burden on the kitchen table. "An' now I'm goin'.'

"Going! Where?"

"To KING GEORGE, God bless 'im. The poster ses 'e wants me.'

Her mistress shook a regretful head. "No, Tilda. It's not you and I he wants.'

Gloom unutterable descended upon Tilda as her mistress expounded the situation.

"Men 'as all the luck," she jerked out. "I ain't surprised them Sufferajettes got sick o' things."

A pause.

"Still, Is'pose it ain't KING GEORGE'S fault. I'll 'elp 'im out as well as I can," she announced.

It was a resolute Tilda who awaited her swain at the kitchen door that

"Take off yer shoes," she said abruptly.

A BENEFACTOR.

THEIR blazon flashed across the sky Or ever the War began; In divers spots it struck the eye Of every passing man. Aloft the flickering words would run, Curtly commanding me To use the Soap of Such a One, Or swallow Someone's Tea.

But oh, in London's sky to-day Such legends no man meets, And, as I go my cautious way By dark but decent streets, I think of him who bade depart These beacons' blatant din, And almost find it in my heart To bless Count ZEPPELIN.

"FIVE HOLES IN HULL.

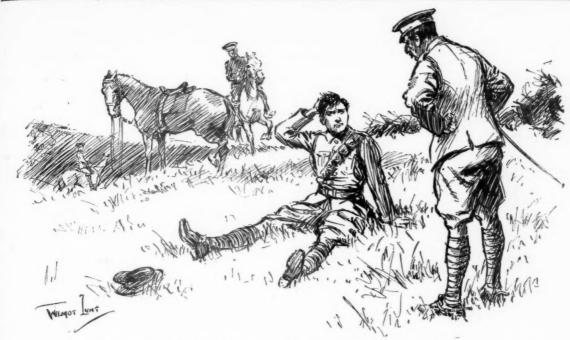
GLASGOW BEING REPAIRED IN RIO DE JANEIRO."-Star.

More news for Germans: "Successful bombardment of British towns."

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Cavalry Instructor. "From where did you receive instructions to dismount, Sir?" Raw Recruit. "FROM HINDQUARTERS, SIR."

A 'SOLDIER'S SERVANT.

DEAR Mr. Punch, -I am only a dog, but as you have a dog of your own me and understand my feelings. If you don't, ask him and he will explain.

place called The Front, and he seems awfully pleased with the idea. But my mistress is not pleased at all, though speak for themselves. she tries to smile and look happy when found her several times crying quietly by herself, and have had to lick her face thoroughly all over in order to cheer her up.

At first, when my master told me he was going to this mysterious place, I simply barked and wagged my tail and jumped about, because, of course, I thought I was going there too, and it doesn't matter to me where he goes as long as I go with him. Imagine therefore my feelings when it gradually leaked out that I was to be left behind. When the truth dawned upon me I was so upset that I lay for a whole day on the doorstep in a dazed condition, whilst several cats who knew me well came and washed themselves carefully right under my nose. I hardly saw them, though of course I couldn't help smelling them.

You see, Mr. Punch, what made me feel so very bad was that I had found A boon for the harassed hostess.

out something about The Front from other dogs. It appears that it is a very dangerous place, full of what they call Germans, where he would need me to you will be able to sympathise with look after him much more than he does at home. Why then not take me? I cannot understand it at all. I can My master tells me he is going to a fight. Ask the dog at the house at the corner of our road what he thinks, and just take a look at his ears. They

Then, again, I can hear and smell a he talks about it. All the same, I have great deal better than my master, and could keep watch while he is asleep (I am told he will have to sleep in a ditch!), and after one or two sniffs and bites I should soon learn to tell a German.

> In time of danger the place of every English dog is by his master's side, and he doesn't mind dying there either. Can't you help us to get to The Front with our masters?

> > Yours faithfully, A VERY SAD DOG.

P.S.—I enclose untouched one of the most delicious bones I have ever smelt -not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Men from Blankley's. "MATES GIVEN FOR

Dance Suppers. Dinner Parties. Wedding Receptions. At Homes Adet. in "Clifton Society."

THE OPPORTUNISTS.

'Tis a strange portent of the war That every advertiser

Desires to be indebted for His income to the KAISER;

At all events

He's got the goods for military gents.

" Pypp's Playing-cards," we learn, dispel

The longest siege's tedium."

"Tin of Tobacco turns a shell-Great feat by Mascot (medium)." "No ally feels

Hungry or tired who carries Ponk's Pastilles.'

"The nicest present you can get To soothe the soldier's nerve is Our Black Maria eigarette-

The best for active service!" "All haversacks

Should carry lumps of Entente sealing-wax."

" Ask for our French equivalent Of British Oaths. The French is

More chic. A pretty compliment To Piou-Piou in the trenches! A boon untold

To Indian colonels suffering from the cold!"

"Both persons have been taken prisoners and sent to Medan, where they will be fried for having broken Holland's neutrality.' Provinciale Groninger Courant.

A severe, but perhaps necessary, lesson.

A SPORTING DESPATCH.

[From William Wheezle, K.G. (Keeper of Game), addressed to our own Subaltern at the Front, and describing the operations of the Allied Forces in and round the West Wood and the Middle Planting, November, 1914.

that on Saturday last the Allied Forces large numbers of the enemy appeared advanced, as soon as they could be got out of bed, in the direction of the West Wood. The troops under my command taking our artillery by surprise. Our or supposed to be under my command, gunners, however, served their pieces were drawn chiefly from the Old Fogey | with regularity and determination until Division. In addition to the Household Extremely Heavy Infantry, there retreat. Their casualties were few, were two battalions of the 160th London Potterers (the "Puff Hards"), specially summoned from Pall Mall to only amounted to one wounded, or said act with us. These battalions, under to be. Two more were alleged to be the command of Colonel Bowindow, missing, but have probably by this time D.S.O., fully maintained the noble rejoined their regiments. The expentraditions that attach to their name. diture of ammunition during this skir-There were also two regiments of un-(Buster's Own)

with shooting ponies. Circumstances unfortunately deprived me of the assistance of other contingents, such as the Dog-potters, thoroughly on the alert. They found their casualties became more numerous. was not unsatisfactory. After a short march through the bracken we occupied a well-chosen position in open country, our troops availing themselves A violent general engagement ensued, and for some time the firing was continuous. The enemy's losses were attended with great disaster. The Potterers, after taking some time to

effective fire. Planting in strength, I decided to movement upon the line Stubblefieldengaging a strongly entrenched rabbit.

constant and, as they assured me,

if not completely shattered. It subse- pleased with themselves, to their base, quently succeeded in digging itself in the immediate neighbourhood of deeper in, and took no further part in Auction Bridge. the day's operations.

Before attempting to dislodge the main body of the enemy our forces took cover in open order under an ad-SIR,-I have the honour to report jacent hedge. With scarcely any delay above the top of the wire entanglements, the rapidity of their movements the enemy were reported to be in full chiefly owing to the speed at which their movements were conducted, and mish was great.

mounted cavalry, the 210th (Flannel Feet) and the 3.6th Purple Lancers which followed, the enemy suffered These sections de- severely. Our encircling movement was clined to co-operate unless provided capably carried out and our high-angle fire was very effective. On our left flank Colonel Buster found himself at one time almost completely enveloped by hares, but in this critical situation upon which I had in previous years he handled his guns promptly, and in been able to depend. At Westwood repulsing the adversary suffered no loss our troops deployed, and a hostile except that of his temper, That he did demonstration on the part of the enemy, not inflict more damage was, according signalled by loud von clucks, kept us to his own statement, due to the fact that the opposing forces, when they saw our range very quickly, a good deal him preparing to develop his attack, more quickly, indeed, than we found kept at a prudent distance. During theirs; but as they advanced closer this engagement numerous wood-taubes were sighted flying over our position, On the whole the result of this action but at such a height that it was impossible, or appeared to be impossible, to bring them down.

Rations were then served out, the commissariat being under the able direcof such cover as offered, though some tion of Major Domo. The quality of the of them took a good deal of concealing. supplies was satisfactory, nor was there any real shortage, if I may judge from the report (received by me after lunch from General Torpor, in temporary serious, a frontal attack in close forma- command) that our troops were intion and at a moderate pace being capable of advancing, or indeed of any movement at all.

LATER.—On waking up we made a bring their guns into action, kept up a forced march in the direction of Mudford Village and occupied a wide front, the considerable spaces between Reports having been received that units rendering our operations less the enemy were holding the Middle hazardous to each other. A flanking manœuvre in that direction. There was Tenacre-Turniptops was attended with I wished I could drop clean through an affair of outposts in the course of some success, though several entire the march, Colonel Bowindow bravely Army Corps of the enemy succeeded in extricating themselves without disaster. There was no actual loss of life, the Nor were we able to come in touch And the office boy was a full-blown rabbit retiring in good order, but its with them again before darkness set in,

moral is, I understand, seriously shaken and the Allied Forces retired, highly

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient Servant. WILLIAM WHEEZLE.

WAR'S REVENGES.

(A True Story.)

This War has done many wonderful things:

It has altered our views of Kaisers and Kings.

And quite discounted the stern rebukes Of those who anathematized Grand Dukes.

It has hurled from many a lofty pinnacle The self-sufficient and the cynical; And revised the judgments we once

held true In various ways that are strange and new.

For instance, the other day there came To see me, the same yet not the same, A former office boy, whom once

I wholly misread as a Cockney dunce. Who only cared for music-hall tunes-And who went and 'listed in the Dragoons.

His khaki was much the worse for wear, Soiled and crumpled and needing repair, And he hadn't unlearned since his office days

His gruff laconic turn of phrase. So I had to drag it out by degrees That he hadn't been in the lap of ease,

But from Mons to Ypres, out at the Front, Had helped to bear the battle's brunt.

Rest? Well, they had to do without it; But he didn't make a song about it. Last three weeks he'd never been dry; A sniper had shot him through the thigh;

But his wound had healed, he was right as rain And anxious to get to the Front again.

So there he stood, erect, serene, Unshaken by all he had suffered and seen.

And ready once more at his Country's

To leave his wife, his home, his all. And I, as I thought of what he had done.

And the arm-chair band (of which I am one).

Elderly scribblers, who can't even drill, And are only good at driving a quill-Humbled and shamed to my inmost core

the floor.

For the tables were turned: I stood at

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ANOTHER MISJUDGED ALIEN.

Clarence (who pulls the path roller) says there's a Society for the Maintenance of Horses' Rights. I wish there was one for the Abolitton of Eagles' Wrongs. I am an eagle, the handsomest eagle in the Zoo, and I sometimes wish I were a sparrow. Moult me, but I've even wished I were stuffed. And all because the authorities won't change my label. It's true the notice they've put on my cage telling people to keep their children from the bars has stopped the young brutes from shooting me with peas and monkey nuts, but it can't save my feelings, and all because-but there! this is how my own particular official label runs :-

IMPERIAL EAGLE. SCHODDERSTOGHARDTMEISSEN. DEPOSITED.

You can imagine the situation. How in the firmament am I to tell the public that Schodderstoghardtmeissen is a craggy headland on the coast of Norway, and not in the least associated with Germany or Austria - places I never heard of till but recently. But ever since the men in khaki first made their appearance in the Gardens some four months ago a most extraordinary undercurrent of opprobrious criticism has crept into the public's conversation, that public once so full of admiration for my noble bearing-unless it saw me walk; for which reason I don't come off my pedestal in public hours if I can help it. But now the mildest visitors seem to hold themselves under a moral obligation to connect me in some manner with what Clarence calls the "present crisis."

Sixpenny days are my worst. "There's the German eagle!" says the crowd. I can't even sit in my water trough without being told I'm "en-

trenching" myself. Only last chicken's - neck day (we dine alternately on poultry and-orthe joint) an old lady paused before my quarters and, her head on one side, murmured musingly: "Yet I always thought the Austrian eagle had two heads, but perhaps I'm thinking of the unicorn." Half an hour later a party says: "Them Jermins didn't deserve sent 'em, did they, Hemelie? Something with scales and bat's wings 'ud be more appropriate, I don't think."

Scr-e-e-e-e-ak!! Even the regular visitors are no better. The stout old gentleman—au editor and an F.Z.S., if you pleaselet him see me from the private window, who saw something of the sanatorium that's a 'ummin'-bird!"



Inspector. "Well, what's your little grumble?" Constable, "Beg pardon, Sir, but just because I look a bit like a German me life 'as become a burden. People say, 'I shouldn't wonder if 'e wasn't a sheep IN LION'S CLOTHES.

just glares at me over the top of his when he swallowed a lighted cigar-end newspaper and mutters, "Hah! my in mistake for a glow-worm, hopes fine bird, you're coming off your perch they'll give me chloroform. It's also head-first before many months are whispered that I'm moulting, but that, And the newspaper camera- I know, isn't true. stopped in front of me, and one of them man, who used to take my portrait photograph.

Well, I suppose it must all end one whilst Michael fed me with tit-bits- day. As it is, I find myself looking a nolle-looking bird like 'im to repre- last week he caught me warming my back longingly to the time when to the spread wings in a little patch of sun-public I was just an eagle and a king of light. "Just the stuff," he twittered, birds. I can even remember with toleras he struggled with his camera, ation the two simple souls who once "Yes, an' a drunkard's liver," chimes in another, and then they all laughed. "Great wheeze! Splendid snap for a perched upon a garden-seat before my in another, and then they all laughed. "His place in the Sun.'" apartments. Said one, "There y' are, It wasn't my fault if I didn't spoil the M'ria. There's one of them armerdillers young Bert was tellin' us about." The very latest is a rumour that my And the other replied: "Why, don't right wing is likely to be crumpled up. you know no more nat'ral 'ist'ry than who used to get Michael, my valet, to And the griffin vulture next door, that, Elfrid? That ain't a armadiller;

TOMMY BROWN, AUCTIONEER.

Tommy Brown knows all about India. You see his father served out there, and that is how Tommy knows so much. He says that everybody in India has to have a bath once a year in the Ganges, and that there is a delta at the mouth of the Ganges as big as Ireland.

Tommy says it is very hot in the shade in India, but you needn't walk in the shade unless you like. He like when you come to the castor oil hear them coming. under the ginger wine.

But it is about the Indian troops that I want to tell you. Tommy was very pleased when they came, because he knows all about them. He likes the Gherkins best, he says, because they are so hardy. Tommy says the Gherkins can hold their breath for five minutes without going red in the face, and that's why they can fight so well.

twig they chew; it tasted like cabbage. I didn't want anything more to eat all that day. Tommy had some himself; handle they can use the other. he says now he doesn't think it was them to prowl when they are very young, and that they are always the rope up after them. prowling. Tommy showed me how to the Gherkins very hardy. They always not known there. do it, Tommy says, even when they have a half-holiday. To do it properly you have to breathe through the back of your throat and move your ears.

When the King went to India, Tommy says he was surprised at the Gherkins. They used to prowl before him, and he was very glad. He said they were very hardy.

Tommy says they are very brave because they don't know what fear is; one has ever seen a Gherkin blub; if they have to, they go and do it somewhere else.

There is only one way you can kill them. Tommy knows the way, but he daren't tell anyone.

Tommy says that when they want to kill a man they prowl after him for five miles, and then come back as silently as they went. He says it is no good shooting at them, because they are not there.

people. They come up behind you and you are."

catch you round the neck, and it's no good saying, "Shut up," because they mother said the man had been to India don't understand English; then you and brought back his liver and Tommy make a noise like gargling for sore throats, and that's how they know you are dead. It makes the people very angry, Tommy says.

If they take a dislike to anyone, you are sure to get killed, because they prowl after you until they do. And when you come to look at the dead man, you can see he has died a horrible death, and if you turn him over there showed me how an'idol looked-it is isn't a mark on him. You see he didn't That's what Tommy Brown told me.

Tommy says a Gherkin once saved his father's life by killing a snake. Tommy's father gave the Gherkin a lot of money to put in his pocket, but he wouldn't take it. The Gherkins don't have pockets, Tommy says.

Tommy says that if two Germans stood back to back to see who was the taller, a Gherkin could cut through He says they never want anything both of them with his two-handled to eat, because they have a kind of a knife, and it would be done so quickly twig that they chew, and then all they that neither of the Germans would said: "My steemy Sir, it is no use; I have to do is to keep tightening their know which was killed first. They do bid four pounds." I could see old belts. Tommy gave me some of the it by practice, Tommy told me. They always use two-handled knives, so that when they are tired with using one

You can never catch a Gherkin the right kind of twig. Tommy told because on the slightest movement in me that the Gherkins' mothers teach the bushes they throw a rope up into the air and climb up it, then they pull

Tommy says that Gherkins wear prowl. You have to lie flat on your turbots on their heads. He says that stomach, and wriggle about as if you they wear very few clothes, but they were swimming. He says it makes don't catch rheumatism because it is

> that people were sending presents to the Indian troops we had a meeting about it. We dug a deep trench in Tommy's garden and held the meeting there; Tommy didn't want the Germans to know.

When we had dug the trench Tommy stood at one end, and I had to come up to him and give him the sign we had arranged. You had to move your ears his father told him that. He says no and say "Gherkin," then you were admitted to the trench. It was because of the German spies.

We decided to get money for the Indian troops by selling Tommy's white rats, and I was to lend Tommy my Jew's harp for a week as my share.

Tommy sold the white rats in the playground after school. He stood on a box near the fence. The man who lives next door thought Tommy was going to climb over into his garden after a ball, and he said to Tommy, He showed me how they killed "My steemy friend, you stay where to lead to confusion and should, there-

Tommy took no notice because his wasn't to listen.

I bid fourpence for the two white rats; we had arranged that in the trench.

Tommy Brown said with lots of scorn, "Fourpence!!"-just like that. Then he said the money was to go to buy things for the Indian troops, and what would they think of fourpence? Old Jones minimus said sixpence when he got his pocket-money on Saturday; then the Head came out to see what the row was about. When Tommy Brown told him all about it, the Head bid half-acrown in a loud voice. We cheered, and just then the man who lives next door and who brought his liver home from India shouted out five shillings. Then the Headmaster said ten shillings. Tommy Brown had to clutch hold of the rails. The man who lives next door went red in the neck and bid a sovereign. Jones minimus began to blub when the Head bid two pounds.

The man who had been to India Tommy Brown moving his ears like anything. The Headmaster said: "The Gurkhas are some of the finest troops in the world "-he meant Gherkins, but he was excited; then he said: "Five Pounds, Tommy White, for the brown rats.' The man who likes liver said something we haven't got to listen to, and then Tommy fell off the box.

"Knocked down at six pounds!" said the Headmaster, laughing; "we will have one each. They both gave Tommy Brown three pounds and then shook hands over the fence. Tommy says I When Tommy's mother told him needn't lend him my Jew's harp now.

Faint Praise.

"The House of Commons was seen at its best to-day. The benches, it is true, were more than all empty."-Cork Constitution.

From a letter to a school-teacher:-

"I think as Eliza as the mumps. Pleas look at her throte and if she as rub her jor well to tak away the stif feeling and oblig."

From War News in The Peshawur Daily News :-

"The 'Langford' knocked out the gunboat Smith ' in three rounds.'

How like a German gunboat (obviously "Schmidt") to disguise itself with an English name.

"MISS JEFFERSON RECALLED IN BREACH SUIT.'

" Evening News" Headline. Although the defendant in this case was a cycle-dealer, we think that these sudden changes of costume are liable fore, be forbidden.

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Officer (on rounds near revolving light). "ANYTHING TO REPORT?" Sentry. "No, Sir; there's no muckle ta riporet; but you folks have been havin' a heap o' trouble wi' their licht: m's gone out twenty times in the last oor."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

to the core. I take off my hat to "Hugh Carton" and otherwise display his art quite at its best. wish that more parsons were as humane and understanding as he.

fantastical, which at its best touches a kind of fairylike inspiration, unique and charming—the style, for example, of Jimbo. Then, on a lower plane, there is the frankly STEVENSON, in one of his Fables, imagines a court bogie creepiness of John Silence. Between the two he has presided over by the Great White Magistrate. It was a created a position for himself, half trickster, half wizard, very brief session, and the novelist did not again use the that none else in modern literature could fill. His new idea. Mr. Hugh Carton, whose name, we are informed book, Incredible Adventures (MacMillan), is a combination by the wrapper of the book, that new and most trustworthy of both methods. Four of the five adventures are of the medium of communication between the candid publisher mystically gruesome kind, removed however from being (unwilling that merit should shine unobserved) and the commonplace ghost-stories by a certain dignity of couhesitating purchaser (who needs only the truth to send his coption. It is to be admitted that but for this dignity two hand to his purse) is a pseudonym covering the identity of at least would fall into some peril of bathos. Take the first, "one of the leading clerics of our day," has however made The Regeneration of Lord Ernie, in which a young tutor, a whole book of it. In The Grand Assize (Heinemann) bear-leading a spiritless seion of nobility through Europe, Mr. Carton imagines a Day of Judgment, on which the brings his bored charge to a strange mountain village where careers and influences of a number of social types are the inhabitants worship the forces of fire and wind. If you weighed and punishment inflicted—for all are guilty. The know Mr. Blackwood's work, as you surely do, I need Plutocrat, the Daughter of Joy, the Bookmaker, the Party not detail to you what happens. Told as he tells it, at Politician, the Musical Comedy entrepreneur, the Agitator, considerable, even undue, length, but with a wonderful even the Cleric (although not, I am sure, he of the wrapper) sense of the mysterious, of the feeling of the wind-swept are called to justice. Everything for and against them is then mountain and its roaring fires, the thing is undeniably said, either by themselves or the advocate, and sentence is impressive. But in other less expert hands it would become passed. The result is a book curiously rich in sympathy, ludicrous. There is one tale of finer texture than the fearless and fine, and provocative of much thought, That others. It is called Wayfarers, and is a quite beautiful it is in essence a tract is nothing against it; for many of little fantasy on the old theme that love is longer than life. the best novels belong to that genus, and Hogarth, of whom This is what Mr. Blackwood can do to perfection. It now and then the reader is forced to think, was a tractarian redeems a volume that, for all its originality, does not

Antarctic Adventure (FISHER UNWIN), by RAYMOND E. PRIESTLEY, tells the story of Scott's Northern party. That Mr. Algernon Blackwood seems as a writer to possess party, as you probably remember, spent an unexpected two quite distinct literary methods. There is his style high- winter underground, owing to the failure of the ship to

relieve it. Its story was shortly told by its leader, Lieu- The plot turns on a not very serious marital estrangement. tenant CAMPBELL, in Scott's Last Expedition—the official report of a sailor to his commanding officer. Mr. PRIESTLEY day after reading RUSKIN) decided that she must have an is more communicative. As one of the famous six who intellectual companion and (rather daringly) that he must went through it, he gives us, from his comfortable rooms be of the male sex. So her husband's best friend dressed in Cambridge, the full tale of that extraordinary adventure. himself up as a fantastic and extremely repulsive-looking He had a good angle of observation in the igloo, for it was poet with a red wig and padded waistcoat and indulged he who doled out the eight birthday lumps of sugar and the other few ridiculous luxuries which relieved the monotony of seal. He was, in fact, the commissariat officer. How he I am to treat C. I. M. V. from the mildly satiric standmust have been loved-and hated! To what a large extent also (one begins to realise) the ultimate safety of the party must have been due to his management. I recommend to boys and grown-ups a story as absorbing as Rolinson Crusoe, and as heartening to the pride of Englishmen as the other stories which we are hearing now from places less remote. For boys in particular The Voyages of Captain Scott (SMITH did come from Streatham, I know, before she went to live ELDER) has been written by CHARLES TURLEY, a compila- in the country; but still the trams run all the way from

Sir J. M. BARRIE has written a true BARRIE preface describing the boyhood of Scott. I can think of no better present for a nephew.

The Woman in the Bazaar (CASSELL), by Mrs. Perrin, is a story of the Anglo-Indian life in which she always moves at ease. It is Captain George Coventry's first wife, the golden-haired and "phenomenally" (as the newspaper-men will go on saying) innocent Rafella of the high-perched Cotswold vicarage, who eventually finds her deplorable way down to the Bazaar. If George (that beastly prig) at the psychological moment of their first

forward and gone into the matter quietly, the entirely by ETHEL SIDGWICK. She's entirely responsible for these virtuous, if idiotic, Rafella would not have flown into the nice people, and for Lady Ashwin, Violet's utter beast of a practised arms of that unscrupulous barrister, Kennard, mother, and Sir Claude, that brick of a man and doctor, and who, as everybody knew, had left a mournful trail of dis- insufferable Honoria and naughty bewitching Lisette, who honoured wives all over India, his legal knowledge presumably saving him at once from the inconvenience of hole by Jones. E. M. Jones (M for Marmaduke) was the marrying his victims and from the physical violence of fellow who worshipped Violet at sight and was ever after outraged Anglo-Indian chivalry. And when George, now her faithful dog. . . . I've put down this book with real a colonel and on the verge of a quarrel with the second regret. I can't help worrying as to whether there really is Mrs. Coventry about a young ass of a tertium quid, caught such a person as Violet because I might have the fortune sight of poor Rafella at a window in the Bazaar, he was so genuinely upset that he rushed back to his wife, forgave her (nothing in particular) and lived happily ever after. Which, of course, is just one of those things that thrusts to miss A Lady of Leisure, to which Duke Jones is a sequel, the avenging hatchet into the hand of the Militant.

I suppose that the "culture" (using this word in the strictly English sense) of Streatham Hill may perhaps be a trifle thinner than that of certain other suburbs, panded by its author into three-hundred-page fiction form, at their best.

C. I. M. V. (she had called herself Veronica suddenly one in fantastic rhodomantades in order to disillusionise her. Well enough on the knock-about stage, of course. But, if point, which I fancy that MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY would prefer me to adopt, Mr. Shakespeare Waddilove is rather a big mouthful to swallow, even if I can accommodate my threat to the supposition that the lady would have allowed her husband to choose her Platonic friend for her and promise beforehand to give him a two months' trial. She tion excellently made from the original diaries; to which Streatham to Charing Cross-and that padded waistcoat!

However there are some amusing passages in Candytuit—I mean Veronica, and so I shut both eyes and gulped as hard

as I could.

Scraeant Instructor, "WHAT'S YER NAME?" Sir Angelo Frampington, R.A. "FRAMPINGTON." Sergeant. "WELL, 'OLD YER 'EAD UP, FRAMPINGTON."

Do you know Mrs. Shovell? Violet Ashwin she was, and married young Charlie Shovell, some sort of a publisher and really rather a nice fool. She is an absolute dear. Gay and loyal and adorably kind. No, not a bit sentimental. Shy and yet has a way with her, and, thank Heaven, not the least bit of a scalphunter. We did think that Master Charles, who was distinctly by way of being a philanderer, mightn't perhaps run quite straight.

serious quarrel, instead of threatening and laughing like a But she's done wonders with him. Might I introduce you? drunken man and reeling back into the room, had reeled Certainly? Then get Duke Jones (Sidewick and Jackson), to meet her. Really, Miss Sidgwick has an extraordinary power of making you feel friends (or bitter enemies) with her puppets, who aren't puppets at all. I've had the bad luck but I'll readily take the responsibility of advising you to get

Those who do not accept Archbishop Lang's view that the Kaiser is too sacred a subject for mirth should spend and, keeping this well in mind, I must try to believe that sixpence and a quarter of an hour on Keep Smiling (Nash). Candytuft—I mean Veronica (HUTCHINSON) is meant for In dealing with the inexhaustible theme of William's Lie romantic comedy and is not a one-Act farce hastily ex- | Factory, Messrs. Walter Emanuel and John Hassall are

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CHARIVARIA.

WE are told that "it is confidently believed by the advisers to the Treasury that the new issue of £1 notes cannot be successfully imitated." We think that it is a mistake to put our artists on their mettle in this way.

A black eagle, a contemporary tells us, was seen one day last week at Westgate on Sea. A Prussian bird, no holding the General's name. doubt, in mourning for lost Calais.

clared timber contraband of war owing to its alleged scarcity in Germany. Surely, as Douglas JERROLD suggested on another occasion, the German authorities could find plenty of wood in their own country if they only put their heads together?

The news that "Bantam" battalions are now being formed all over England is said to have greatly interested General Kluck.

The report that the PRIME MINISTER spent last week-end in the country is said to have caused intense annoyance to the Kaiser, who considered that it showed a lack of respect for His War.

A map of the United Kingdom published in the Berlin Lokalanzeiger depicts the Mersey as being located in the West of Ireland. Frankly. we are surprised at the Germans showing any Mersey anywhere. * *

accused of perpetrating a

bolted with the money." Is it not, is what is known as Lying in State. however, a fact that when a horse bolts he sometimes takes a bit between the teeth?

The financial expert of The Observer, in referring to the War Loan, said :he had just said that "the applicants University—as a reward, presumably, were enormous." Possibly the truth is for doctoring the truth. somewhere between the two-say about 111 stone.

A football pavilion in Bromley Road,

last week. We are trying to bear the blow bravely.

the influence of the Censor. Here is colours don't have too dull a time in the latest example of his activities :-"MEXICO

GENERAL BLANCO EVACUATES
THE CAPITAL."

We must confess that we fail to see what British interest is served by with-

The German IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR estimated to cost about £10. The German Government has de-has now repeated, in the presence of a Directors of Messrs. Broadwood have



Mr. John Ward has been German tries to look as little high-placed as possible. OWING TO THE OUTCRY AGAINST HIGH-PLACED ALIENS A WEALTHY

mixed metaphor when he warned the full-dress meeting of the Reichstag, the communicate with the nearest Rural Government, the other day, that "they old falsehood about Great Britain being Dean or Archdeacon would wake up and find the horse had responsible for the War. This, we believe,

> And the statement that Germany need have no fears of a food famine may be described, we take it, as a Cereal Story.

"GERMAN PREPARATIONS IN BELGIUM.

6-MILE GUNS IN POSITION."-Star.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE least that we others can do is There would seem to be no limit to to see that those who have joined the camp during the long evenings. Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons are organizing concerts which will serve the further good purpose of helping many professional musicians whose incomes have been reduced by the war. It is hoped to give 200 of these entertainments during the winter. Each is

> privately subscribed £500 towards the carrying out of this scheme, and they would be glad to receive generous help from the public. Subscriptions should be addressed to them at Conduit Street,

Bond Street, W.

OUR WAR ENQUIRY BUREAU.

Answers to Correspondents. Mother of the Gracchi.-If your son is under age, below

the standard height, is obliged to wear coloured glasses, suffers much from face-ache, and frequently has carbuncles, we fear his chances of obtaining a commission in the Household Cavalry are nil.

Anxious to help .- The pistols used by your grandfather during the Peninsular War would not, we are afraid, be of any use to your nephew in the present campaign.

All-British Matron. - We regret that we do not quite understand from your letter whether it is your new Vicar that you suspect of pro-German proclivities, or the pewopener. We advise you to

Troubled Parent .- We fear that your boy will be obliged to dispense with his hot-water bottle now that he has joined the Army, and it would be no use your writing to his commanding officer about the matter.

Aunt Alice.—Lord KITCHENER hardly ever accepts invitations to tea-parties, but it was nice of you to think of asking

"Dans l'Est, nous avons dû refuser une suspension d'armes, probablement destinée à l'inhumation des blessés."

To judge from this extract from Le Nord Maritime the French still lack a Catford, was entirely destroyed by fire It sounds like a 30,000 foot cinema film. true appreciation of German culture.

TRUTHFUL WILLIE.

[Suggested by an American's interview with the Crown Prince and also by Wordsworth's "We are Seven."]

A SIMPLE earnest-minded youth,
Who wore in both his eyes
A calm pellucid lake of Truth—
What should he know of lies?

I met a gentle German Prince, His name was Truthful Will, An honest type—and, ever since, His candour haunts me still.

"About this War—come tell me, Sir,
If you would be so kind,
Just any notions which occur
To your exalted mind."

"Frankly, I cannot bear," said he,
"The very thought of strife;
It seems so sad; it seems to me
Λ wicked waste of life.

"Thank Father's God that I can say My constant aim was Peace; I simply lived to see the Day (Den Tag) when wars would cease.

"But, just as 1 was well in train To realise my dream, Came England, all for lust of gain, And spoilt my beauteous scheme.

"But tell me how the rumours run;
Be frank and tell the worst
Touching myself; you speak to one
With whom the Truth comes first."

"Prince," I replied, "the vulgar view Pictured you on your toes Eager for gore; they say that you Were ever bellicose.

"'Twas you, the critics say, who led The loud War Party's cry For blood and iron." "Oh!" he said, "Oh what a dreadful lie!

"'War Party'? Well, I'm Father's pet,
And, if such things had been,
He must have let me know, and yet
I can't think what you mean."

"But your Bernhard," I replied,
"He preached the Great War Game."
"Bernhard'! who was he?" he cried;
"I never heard his name!

"Dear Father must be told of him; Father, who loathes all war, Is looking rather grey and grim, But that should make him roar!"

So, with a smile that knew no art,

He left me well content

Thus to have communed, heart to heart,

With one so innocent.

And still I marvelled, having scanned Those eyes so full of Truth, "Oh why do men misunderstand This bright and blameless youth?"

O. S.

NEWS FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

Northern France.

As you will see from our address, here we are among the War Correspondents. But there is a mistake somewhere; either there are not enough Germans to go round, or else they—Headquarters, you know—simply hate the idea of throwing the flower of the British Army into the full glare of the shrapnel. Anyhow, we haven't actually been engaged yet, though our Private Smithson has collected three bits of shrapnel and a German rifle; and we have all heard artillery fire (off). Which makes us think that these rumours of war aren't just a scare got up to help recruiting.

Some doubt exists among us as to our precise function out here. Here we are (as I may have mentioned) a magnificent battalion of young giants, complete with rifles—every man has at least one and Private Smithson has two—webbing equipment, cummerbunds, mufflers, cameras, sleeping caps (average, six per man) and even boots; and yet they can't decide exactly what to do with us. Mind you, we are absolute devils for a fight; we have already been reserve troops to five different divisions and thought nothing of it. We are not quite sure whether we get five medals for this or one medal vith five bars. Not that we really care; such considerations do not affect us. As Edward—the mascot of the section—observed to me the other day, "I don't care two beans about medals; I want to go home."

But you ask what do we actually do? Let no man believe that we are out here on a holiday. On the contrary we give ourselves over entirely to warlike pursuits. Some days we slope arms by numbers; and other days we clean dixies and indent for new boots. Night by night we guard our approaches and prol the tyres of oncoming motors with fixed hayonets. Every morning the man who held up General French tells us about it with bated breath over our bated breakfasts. It is one of the finest traditions of the corps that General French is held up by us every night. We have our own sentries' word for it. This is especially interesting in view of the persistent reports that he is in a totally different part of France. As he gives a different name every night and varies considerably in appearance we feel that there must be something behind it all.

Thompson, who is no end of a fire-eater and wants to be invalided home with a bullet in his left shoulder-he is engaged-has invented a scheme for getting to the front by sheer initiative. Our officers have quite a pedantic veneration for orders, field-marshals and other obsolete pink apron-strings. We are thus thrown back on our sergeants, a fine body of men whose one weakness is an enthusiasm for chocolate. Acting on this knowledge certain tactful and public-spirited privates in our midst will present the sergeants with two sticks of chocolate per sergeant on the understanding that they thereafter form the battalion into fours and march them circumstantially to the trenches. There are, by all accounts, such supplies of these that a few here and there are bound to be empty. Having occupied these we will all expose our left shoulders, and, having gleaned a whole shrubbery of laurels, return to Divisional H.-Q. The sergeants, such as survive, will then be court-martialled and shot at dawn, while the rest of the regiment will be honourably exiled to England in glorious disgrace. All that remains is for Thompson to approach the sergeants with chocolate.

We notice a stray poster which advertises the thrilling romance, I Hid my Love. Is the idea that he should elude conscription? or simply Zeppelins?



THE INNOCENT.

CROWN PRINCE. "THIS OUGHT TO MAKE FATHER LAUGH!"

[In an alleged interview the Chown Prince is reported to have said, "As to being a war agitator, I am truly sorry that people don't know me better. There is no 'War Party' in Germany now—nor has there ever been."]

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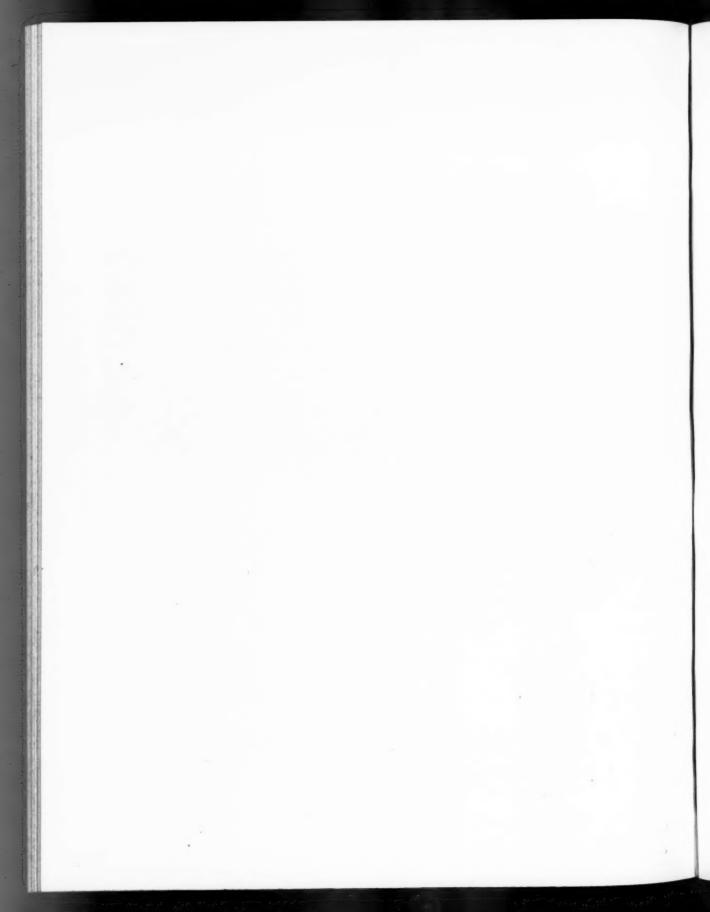
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- AND PLEASE GOD MAKE ME A GOOD GIRL AMEN. HOW WOULD IT BE, MOTHER, TO GIVE THE GERMANS CIGARETTES FILLED WITH GUNPOWDER?"

A RASH ASSUMPTION.

I awoke to find my chest covered with diseases cast their rashes before them, at my tongue. There it was. I took stairs. some of it out. It looked quite healthy. On -andante ma non troppo, two beats in failed ignominiously. How I cursed the bar. I whistled "Tipperary" to it, my public school education! and it kept perfect time.

would neither get out nor get under. were not there . . .

jacket that for some minutes I was was just possible that I might refuse of bed to investigate the matter closer. lost in admiration of the pleasing effect. food. I knew that would be a symptom. I counted forty-five—yes, forty-five— Then it occurred to me that coming At any rate I would go down to break-little flags, and then memory came fast and see. I dressed rapidly; I back to me. The previous day I had and I sprang from the bed in an agony simply tore my clothes on to me. bought forty-five miniature Belgian of apprehension. I rushed to the I shaved hastily; I literally tore the flags at one time and another during

so I put it back again. Then I gazed long and earnestly down my throat. It was quite hollow as usual. Next I for certain I was ill. I tore back to be som. I remembered being conscious got the clinical thermometer and sucked my bedroom and tore off my clothes. of a prickly sensation on each occasion, it for quite a long time. When I I unshaved. I tumbled into bed and but I attributed it to rapturous thrills removed it I saw my temperature was tried hard to shiver. I tried so hard running about the region of my heart. about 86. Then I found I was reading that I perspired. As I was really ill it upside down and that I was only normal, I felt disappointed. After that I ried my pulse. It took me some time to locate it, but it hadn't run I had ever heard of. I tried to get the symptoms is the symptoms of the symptoms is the symptoms of the symptoms of the symptoms of the symptoms is the symptoms of the sympt down; it was still going quite regularly delirious and talk nonsense, but I

In my extremity I even endeavoured sausages.

But still the rash remained. It to imagine that I saw things which

On the morning of November 27th I felt perfectly well, and yet I knew I awoke to find my chest covered with must be ill. I could not understand the really was there. It was my pin-And then I saw something which a pretty pink pattern. It blended so complete absence of other symptoms. cushion. It looked unusually crowded well with the colour of my pyjama- At last a bright idea struck me. It even for a pin-cushion, and I got out mirror and opened my mouth to look whiskers out of me. Then I tore down-at my tongue. There it was. I took stairs. Then I tore down-perienced wender had insisted on On the table was an egg. I removed pinning my purchase wherever there

To make sure that my explanation

"HUGE GERMAN SURRENDERS." "Evening Standard" Poster.

Probably he had eaten too many

girls that ever breathed. Yet we are to beat about the bush; superfluous again, drawback. She cannot forget that I therefore endeavoured to make the poem for the verses, though perhaps they are to me :-

"DEAR EDWIN,—I am in such a fix. You remember Mary Smith? She has Here it is. persuaded a young doctor friend of hers to start an album for original poems. He is such a nice fellow, though perhaps not very fond of poetry, if left to himself. But he has bought the album and has asked her to write Bid me share your warm but hygienic nest! on the first page. So she has come to me about it; and I am writing to ask if you would be a great brick and help Hopingstill that Lshould catch you on the hop; expressed his chagrin with a freedom

us, because we get mixed up so with the feet, and I know it is nothing to you to write poetry. Could you possibly let me have it by return?

Yours affectionately, GRACE.

P.S. - Entre nous, she is rather keen on him, I think."

Somehow, when Grace's note reached me at the Local Government Board (she has a habit of addressing her communications to me there, in faintly perfumed envelopes much appreciated by the messengers), I was not in a poetical mood. For the past three weeks my branch had been engaged on the subject of Drains in the Eastern Counties, and that very morning I was completing an exhaustive minute dealing with the probable effects of an improved system of sanitation on the public health of the Borough of Ipswich. Still,

I felt that something must be done. So I consulted Jones. Jones is, like myself, a poet; he is also the official whom Ministers of the Crown are accustomed, when hard pressed, to consult on the subject of Infantile Mortality amongst Suburban Undertakers; why, I cannot say, though many think it is on the strength of his having in pencil: "Come over into number thirteen and help us; and bring your cigarettes." He came, and before leaving the office at 4.30 I was enabled to comply with my sister-in-law's request. I wrote as follows :-

"DEAR GRACE,—I do not remember Mary Smith. On the other hand, since in poetry, as in boxing and batting, the proper management of the feet success. is everything, and requires more practice than either you or your friend have marry canaries, nor do the latter drink not write again. EDWIN.

apparently been able to devote to it, I ginger beer to any considerable extent. LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST. have much pleasure in coming to the But George will not notice these distressed with members of crepancies. He is not hypercritical." she is probably one of the sweetest the medical profession it is never wise none of us perfect, and Grace has a subtlety merely irritates them. I have am a poet. A fortnight ago she wrote just the artless outpouring of the innocent passion of such a girl as I imagine your friend Mary Smith to be.

To GEORGE.

How I love you, how I love you, Oh, you therapeutic dove, you! How I long to snuggle coyly on your chest; And reposing there to woo you, Till, with soft responsive coo, you

Though I might have oft been married, I have tarried, I have tarried,

Flag-bearer. "FEEL COLD, AN' WANT YER SHIRT, DO YER? GARN! WHERE'S YER PATRIOTISM?"

For to pining, lonely Mary To be George's own canary Would be sweeter than the sweetest ginger pop.

"'George'-in the title and body of the poem-can of course be altered, if necessary; but something, I know not what, tells me that that is his name, and that it is probably followed by Harris. I may be mistaken, but George been a Philpott's Theological Prizeman | Harris, as I feel I know him, is a simple, at Oxford. I scribbled him a line muscular young man, addicted to tennis and his bicycle, fairly good at diagnosing whooping cough or a broken leg. He likes his pipe and reads the Referce on Sunday mornings. Mary, however, will change all that. She will furnish in fumed oak, art flower-pots, and the poems of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, and so will lead him gradually to higher and better things. I wish her all EDWIN. Yours,

P.S.—It is true that doves seldom

Two days later I heard from Grace

DEAR EDWIN,-Thank you so much a little-well, a little outspoken, aren't they? Unfortunately, Mary's friend is not named George or Harris. He is not even English, but a very nice dark brown man from Asia, a Hindu, I think, and only trying to be a doctor at present. As soon as he is one he is going back again. I ought to have told you this before, as I feel it might have helped you. But thanks very much all the same. Yours affectionately, GRACE,"

When I showed this to Jones he

and resource surprising even in a Civil Servant; but, having put our hands to the plough, we felt we could hardly leave Mary Smith in the cart. So we set to again, and I posted the following poem to Grace :-

FAREWELL.

Though, O budding Inter-M.B., You may now perchance pro tem. be Not indifferent to a simple English maid.

Soon the daughters dark and dingy Of the land of Ranjitsinhji, Will be throwing her completely in

the shade.

And shall Mary thus be stranded, When she had you almost landed (Yes, the metaphors are mixed, but never mind)? Oh, imagine her emotion

When the cruel Indian Ocean Separates you from the girl you left

It was nearly a week before I heard from Grace. Then she wrote-

"DEAR EDWIN, -- It was really too sweet of you to send the second set. We have discovered, however, that Mary's friend is a Parsee, and therefore a worshipper of the sun, and she thinks the last line in the first verse would offend his family's religious scruples. She fears, too, that he might not endorse the epithet 'dingy' as applied by you to his female compatriots. So we have decided not to write in his album. I think however that the first poem (with modifications) would do for the album of a friend of my own, whose name, as it happens, is George. So I have asked the vicar to tone it down for me. He is a Durham man. Do you mind?

Yours affectionately, I read her letter, and breathed a deep sigh. Then seizing a telegraph form, I wired: "Have no objection to Durham vicars. Am ordering salt-cellars. Do

ANOTHER WAR SCARE.

Peter goes to a dame's school in Armadale Gardens, round the corner.

On Tuesdays and Fridays he comes home at twelve, changes into his football things, and goes off to play soccer

Yesterday, Friday, he came in as usual and, after changing, he put his head round the door of my study and shouted excitedly,

"Daddy!"

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"Well, old chap," I said, "out with I'm busy."

"Have you heard? Italy joins Austria. Official."

"Heavens above!" I said. "Official. did you say?"

"Yes," he said. "Can't stop now." "Hi! Peter," I shouted, "do get me a paper: it won't take you-" But the banging of the front door cut my appeal short.

I couldn't get a paper myself. I had a cold, and had been ordered to stay indoors, and I had an article to finish by three o'clock.

"Italy with Austria and Germany," I groaned. "It's monstrous."

I got up, kicked the waste-paper basket over and walked up and down the room. I knew Peter wouldn't tell a lie. Even for fun he wouldn't say anything like that if it weren't true.

I called Honor. She was in the drawing - room arranging the flowers. She came hurriedly with a bunch of them in her hand. I don't know one flower from one another, but they were big floppy red things.

"What's the matter?" she said. "Matter? Italy's declared for the enemy," I said. "It's official."

"Is that all?" she said. "I thought at least you couldn't find some of your

writing things."
"What!" I said, "you can stand there with those ridiculous red blobs in one hand and - and nothing in the other and talk like that"

"They 're not blobs," said Honor, "they're peonies. And if that's all that's the matter I'm busy. I must get my flowers done before lunch.'

"Bah!" I said, turning to my table again. "Hang lunch; I can't eat any. Italy, our staunch friend for years, throws in her lot with Austria, her hereditary foe, and you talk of lunch."

"It's macaroni cheese," said Honor calmly, "and you know you love it."

"Shade of GARIBALDI! Macaroni! You dare," I said "to mix that miserable Italian trash with good honest English cheese on such a day, when Italy is mobilising her millions of soldiers and sailors against us and our and-three-quarters. Allies. It's rank sacrilege.'



Village Worthy (discussing possibilities of invasion). "WULL, THERE CAN'T BE NO BATTLE IN THESE PARTS, JARGE, FOR THERE BAIN'T NO FIELD SUITABLE, AS YOU MAY SAY; AN' SQUIRE 'E WON'T LEND 'EM THE USE OF 'IS PARK."

"Don't get excited," said Honor; hall. He had finished lunch and was besides the cheese is American just off to school again. Cheddar."

here I shall trample on it."

"Aren't you coming in to lunch, It's awful." then?" she said.

anything, and I doubt if I can write a word after this."

"What earthly difference would having lunch make?" said Honor.

"None to you," I said. "You can while the Empire totters."

I kicked the fallen waste - paper basket across the room. I don't supbasket across the room. I don't suppose I added more than fifty or sixty foreign eggs. It is estimated that over 60% words to my article in the next hour- of these are no longer available."—Advt.

Then I heard Peter whistling in the 40%.

I called him. "Look here, old man," "You trifle with me," I said. "If I said, "you might get me a paper at you send any of the wretched stuff in the station before going to school. I want to see about Italy joining Austria.

"You don't need a paper," said "No, I'm not," I said. "I can't eat Peter; "look on the map and you'll see that Italy joins Austria," and he fled. It was well for him that he fled.

"Any more of that macaroni cheese left?" I said, rushing into the diningroom. "I've just swallowed the gorge yourself on macaroni cheese oldest joke in the world and I want to take away the taste of it."

Heaven preserve us from the other

THE LAST LINE.

AT last! We are "recognised" by the War Office! Our months of toil are not to go unrewarded. Two hours every evening at the end of an ordinary civilian day's work, all Saturday afternoon and the whole of Sunday, we have given these up cheerfully, supported by the hope of ultimate recognition. And now it is come!

The terms of the War Office are half-pew rushes from the right! generous. They are these. Provided that we buy our own rifles and equipment and continue to pay our own front at a thousand yards. training expenses; provided that we use no military terms and make no attempt to wear any clothing which brought with you? may look to the Germans at all like a War Office is at perfect liberty to employ upon those of us within the ageservice which it has no intention of might lend me some, old man. I employing upon the more patriotic man promise to pay you back at the end who spends his week-ends playing golf; of the month. these provisions complied with, weare allowed to go on living !

That startles you? I thought it You looked down upon us. like a bally millionaire. Recognition, you told yourself, would only mean that we were immediately to be employed as waterproof sheeting for the new huts or concrete foundations for the new guns. Aha! Now you wish you had joined us. We are allowed to go on living!

But I was forgetting. The War Office is being even more generous than that. In return for our not bothering them any more, it will allow us to wear (and pay for) a small red armlet with "G.R." on it; the red colour, I suppose, informing the Germans that we have just been vaccinated, and the "G. R." ("got rash") warning them that the left arm is irritable.

James is annoyed about it. This is silly of him. As I point out, our soldiers have already earned a reputation abroad for gaiety and high spirits, and it is all to the good that the War Office should show that it has a sense of humour equally keen. When the invasion comes, and music - halls, cinemas and football matches are closed down, the amusement of the country (as the War Office has foreseen) will depend entirely upon us. Let us, then, obey rigidly the seven commandments of "recognition" and see how funny we can be.

For instance:

AT HEADQUARTERS.

The Brigadier and the Adjutant-I beg pardon (don't shoot) - Father and Father's Help are discovered in conversation.]

Father (explaining orders). Battalion will advance to-morrow towards Harwich, where the enemy

Father's Help. Excuse me, Sir, but isn't that rather too military? How would this do?-"The brethren will walk out towards Harwich to-morrow, where the Band of Hope from another parish has already assembled."

IN THE FIELD.

Churchwarden Jones. Advance in

Sidesman Tomkins. No. 1 half-pew, advance . . . At the congregation in

Parishioner Brown (to his neighbour). I say, how many bullets have you

Parishioner Smith. Fifteen. Fact is, soldier's uniform; provided that the I'm jolly hard up just now. Emily's been ill again, and one thing and another . . . I did have twenty, but limits a conscription for whole-time the baby swallowed two . . . You

Parishioner Brown. I'll lend you a couple, but that 's really all I can spare . . Look at Boko swanking away That's his tenth shot this afternoon. chucking his money about.

Parishioner Robinson. I'll give you a hundred cartridges in exchange for your bayonet if you like. Sickening the Germans coming just now; it's my birthday next week and I'd been practically promised one by Aunt Sarah.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD. Elder Perks, C.B. (that is to say, "completely bald"). What the blank blanket do those blanks think they're doing?

Lay-Helper Snooks. 1 beg your pardon, Sir, for reminding you, but military terms are not allowed to be used.

Elder Perks. Quite right, Snooks; I forgot myself. Kindly request the organist to sound the Assemble. Those naughty lads are running in the wrong direction.

AT THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS.

German Officer (to prisoner). You are a civilian and you are caught bearing arms. Have you anything to offer in your defence?

Prisoner. Civilian be blowed! I'm recognised by the War Office. Look at my -- Oh lor, it 's come off again ! German Officer. Well?

Prisoner. I know appearances are against me, but-

German Officer. What is your rank? Prisoner. Er-Chairman of the Committee.

German Officer. I thought so. (To Sergeant) Take him away and shoot Or as angels perform on the harp.

The him. (To Prisoner) Any last message you wish to leave will be delivered.

> Prisoner (drawing himself up nobly). Tell my wife not to mourn me. Tell her that I die happy (his voice breaks for a moment) knowing that my death (with deep emotion) is-technically-(a happy smile illuminates his face) an illegal one.

> And so I tell James not to worry. If the worst befalls him-and all the time when I was writing "prisoner" above I seemed to see James in that position -if the worst befalls him, his partner will at least be able to bring an action against somebody. For we are not "civilians." We are - well, I don't quite know what we are.

OUR MIGHTY PENMEN.

(In acknowledgment of the services of some of the gifted representatives of " The Daily Mail" and "The Daily Chronicle.")

Correspondents, though banned at the Front,

Are so manfully doing their "stunt" In searching for news That the Limerick Muse Thus honours their skill in the hunt.

The despatches of Mr. Elias Are so laudably free from all bias That their moderate strain Has given much pain To the shade of the late ANANIAS.

K. of K., who by birth is a Kerry man, Much approves of the work of Z. FERRIMAN,

For it holds the just mean That's betwixt and between The extremes of Cassandra and Merry-

For news that is fresh from the spot Commend me to great ALAN BOTT;

The stuff that he wires Stokes our patriot fires Without being ever too hot.

The despatches of good Mr. Perris Have the flavour of syrupy "sherris;" They enrapture the mind

Of the sane and refined-Especially Ellaline Terriss.

In Rotterdam city James Dunn Keeps his vigilant eve on the Hun, And fires off despatches

In generous batches, Like a humanized 15-inch gun.

It is futile to cavil or carp At Sir Alfred, whose surname is SHARPE;

For he soothes us or stings As the nightingale sings,

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THE MASTER WORD.



THE ZEPPELIN MENACE.

A SMART LONDON CELLAR IN WAR-TIME. PICTURED BY A BERLIN ARTIST.

THE FOUR SEA LORDS.

(For the information of an ever-thirsty public.)

FIRST SEA LORD.

Tuis is the man whose work is War; He plans it out in a room on shore-He and his Staff (all brainy chaps) With miniature flags and monster maps,

And a crew whose tackle is Hydrographic,

With charts for steering our ocean

But the task that most engrosses him Is to keep his Fleet in fighting trim; To see that his airmen learn the knack Of plomping bombs on a Zeppelin's hack ;

To make his sailors good at gunnery, And so to sink each floating hunnery.

SECOND SEA LORD.

Here is the man who mans the Fleet With jolly young tars that can't be For he's, chief of all, the Transport

He has them trained and taught the He finds the Fleet in coal and victuals

He looks to their hospitals, barracks, He sees to the bad'uns that get imschools;

doing.

And if it has mumps or measles brewing. He fills each officer's vacant billet (Provided the First Lord doesn't fill it); And he casts a fatherly eye, betweens, On that fine old corps, the Royal Marines

This is the job that once was Jellicoe's, But now he has one a bit more bellicose.

THIRD SEA LORD.

Ships are the care of the Third Sea Lord, And all Material kept on board. Tis he must see that the big guns boom And the wheels go round in the engineroom:

'Tis he must find, for cloudy forays, Aeroplanes and Astra Torres; And, long ere anything's sent to sea, Tot up a bill for you and me.

FOURTH SEA LORD.

The Fourth Sea Lord has a deal to plan,

man. (Supplying the beer—if not the skittles); prisoned,

He notes what rumorous Osborne's And settles what uniform's worn (or isn't) .

> Even the stubbornest own the sway Of the Lord of Food and the Lord of Pay!

SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE MERSEY.

A LONG lean bar of silver spans The ebon-rippled water-way, And like a lost moon's errant ray Strikes on the passing caravans-

Ghost-ships that from the desert seas Loom silent through the steady beams,

Pale phantoms of clusive dreams Cargoed with ancient memories.

Through the long night across the cool Black waters to their shrouded berth, Bearing the treasures of the earth, Glide the fair ships to Liverpool.

"Londoner" in The Evening News:-

"Long live King Leopold, a faithful prince if ever there was one, as foyal to his brave Belgians as they, gallant souls that they are, are loyal to him. Does he, I wonder, ever take a look at his family pedigree?"

Because, if so, he would discover that his name was really Albert.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-DECEMBER 9, 1914.

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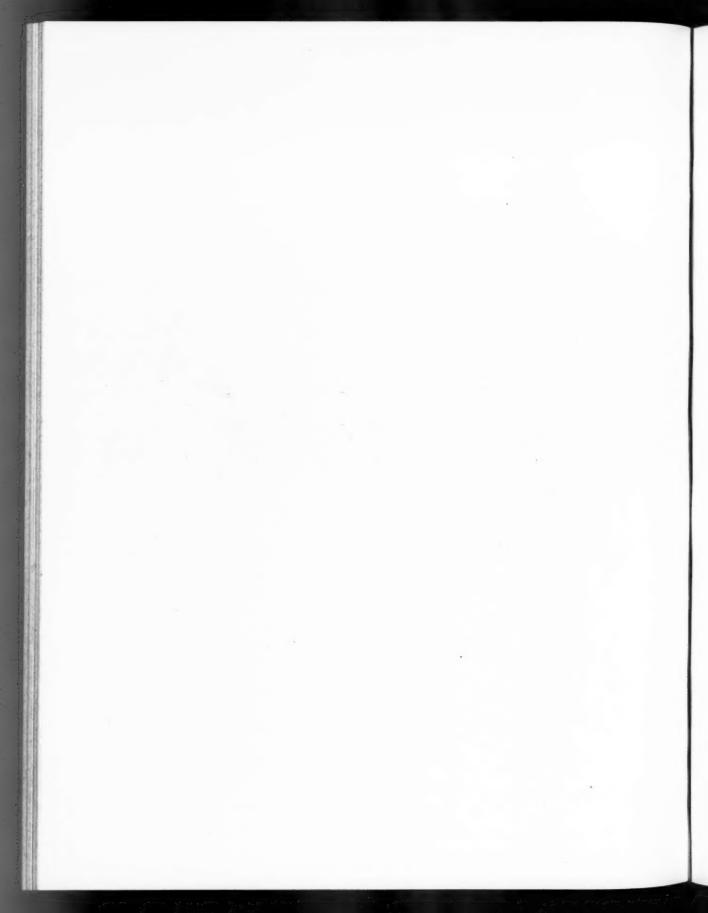
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THE KING AT THE FRONT.

"Tommy" (having learned the language). "VIVE LE ROI!"





Michael (gloomily). "MUMMY, I DO HOPE I SHAN'T DIE SOON." Mummy, "DARLING! SO DO I-BUT WHY?" Michael. "IT WOULD BE TOO AWFUL TO DIE A CIVILIAN."

THE ENTENTE IN BEING.

WE were sitting in a little restaurant in the gay city-which is not a gay city any more, but a city of dejection, a city that knows there is a war going on and not so long since could hear the guns. There are, however, corners where, for the moment, contentment or, at any rate, visitations of mirth are possible, and this little ressitting there waiting for coffee, the to mine that we were practically touchfor the table behind me, where two elderly French bourgeois and a middleaged woman were seated, when suddenly the occupant of the chair which backed into mine and had been backing into it so often during the evening that I had punctuated my eating with comments on other people's clumsy bulkiness; suddenly, as I say, this occupant, turning completely round, forced his face against mine and, cigarette in hand, ruddy face set deep between vast credit for which I endeavoured fruit-land I whispered to the waiter to fill

shoulders, a face garnished with grey lessly to disclaim, and we all stood up beard and moustache, and sparkling moist eyes behind highly magnifying spectacles. Very few teeth and no hair. But the countenance as a whole radiated was that none of my resentment as to the restlessness of the chair had been telepathed.

Would I do him the honour of giving no, he said, not at all; he desired the privilege of taking the light from my cigarette, because I was an Englishman and it was an honour to meet me, and - and - " Vive l'Angleterre !" This was all very strange and disturbing to me; but we live in stirring times, and nothing ever will be the same again. So I gave him the light quite calmly and with great presence of mind said, asked me for a light. I could see hand and thanked me for the presence neck of the speaker. nothing but face—a waste of plump of the English army in his country, the It was therefore my turn to behave,

and bowed to each other severally and collectively, and resumed our own lives

But the incident had been so unexbenignance and enthusiasm; and one pected that I, at any rate, could not be thing, at any rate, was clear, and that quite normal just yet, for I could not understand why, out of four of us, all English, and one a member of the other sex, so magnetic to Frenchmen, I should have been selected either as taurant is one of them. Well, we were him a light? he asked, the face so close the most typical or the most likely to be cordial-I who only a week or so room (for it was late) now empty save ing. I reached out for a match. Oh, ago was told reflectively by a student of men, gazing steadfastly upon me, that my destiny must be to be more amused by other people than to amuse them. Especially, too, as earlier in the evening there had been two of our men —real men—in khaki in the room. Yet there it was: I, a dreary civilian, had been carefully selected as the truest representative of Angleterre and all its bravery and chivalry, even to the risk "Vive la France!" Then he grasped my of dislocation of the perilously short

three more glasses with his excellent denly been lifted. The room buzzed. the next table, with our compliments. wife, but, he told us proudly, helped in research student that "Germany" is a This he did, and the explosion of his business, whatever that might be; mere corruption of "Cyrmania," and courtesy and felicitations that followed and Madame, on closer inspection, was terrific. It flung us all to our turned out to be one of the capable but Cyrus, King of Persia. feet, bowing and smiling. We clinked somewhat hard French women of her glasses, each of us clinking six others; class, with a suggestion somewhere "mania" part, and we think the "corwe said "Vive la France!" and "Vive about the mouth that she had doubts ruption" must be that of the modern expressions consonant with the finest quite a necessary expense—whether types of our respective nations. I things had not gone well enough withfelt everything that was noblest in out it, and my contribution of fine the the English character rushing to my fitting conclusion. Still she made a however, informs us that the ever-cheeks; everything that was most gal-brave show at cordiality. Then we frowning War Lord derives from the lant and spirited in the French tem- were introduced to the other gentleman, monarch of the rocky brow, who

perament suffused the face of my friend until I saw nothing for him but instant apoplexy. Meanwhile he grasped my hand in his, which was very puffy and warm, and again thanked me for all that ces braves Anglais had done to save Paris and la belle France.

Down we all sat again, and I whispered to our party that perhaps this was enough and we had better creep away. But there was more in store. Before the bill could be made out-never a very swift matter at this house -I caught sight of a portent and knew the worst. I saw a waiter entering the room with a tray on which was a bottle of champagne and

irregularities are nothing; but to me, adieux.

to us . . them, he asked, in drinking to the good part with it:health and success of the Allies in a glass of champagne? Of course we would. We were all on our feet again, all clinking glasses again, all crying "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Angleterre!" to which we added, "A bas les Allemands!" all shaking hands and looking our best, exactly as before. But this time there was no following national segregation, but we sat down in three animated groups and talked in three animated groups and talked not let any one else do it for the have been done by any journalist posas though a ban against social inter-world. Warm hearts are not so comcourse in operation for years had sud- mon as all that!

Fine de la maison (not the least remark- We were introduced one by one to able in Paris) and place them on Madame, who not only was my friend's We tried to assume as to whether the champagne had been representatives of the ancient Orientals,



FAITH.

seven glasses. My heart sank, for if there is one thing I who was Madame's cousin and had a cannot do, it is to drink the sweet son at the Front, and, on hearing this, champagne so dear to the bourgeois we shook hands with him again, and palate. And after the old fine, not so gradually we disentangled and at before it! To the French mind these last got into our coats and made our

When I had shaken his feather-bed There however it was, and, in a hand for the last time my new friend moment, the genial enthusiast was gave me his card. It lies before me again on his feet. Would we not join now as I write and I do not mean to

> BAPTISTE GRIMAUD, DÉLÉGUÉ CANTONAL, 9A PLACE GAMBETTA.

Pompes Fundbres.

A FOOTNOTE TO HERODOTUS.

It has been discovered by a Berlin

We are inclined to agree as to the

counted his men by nations at break of day, and when the sun set where were they?
If the Hohenxerxes family are still on the look-out for places in the sun, they will find their ancestral homes for the most part un-occupied in the sufficiently arid regions around Ecbatana and Persepolis, now crying aloud for Kultur and Kraut.

We are still waiting to hear that you HAFIZ and OMAR ZU KHAYYAM. as well as Shakspeare, have been proved to be Germans, and that the Herr Wolff of the Berlin Lie Bureau traces back to the foster-mother of ROMULUS and Romance.

Ultimatum.

Mr. Punch begs to remind the 1,793 correspondents who have lately sent him delightful plays upon the word "wet" [DE WET the man and "de wet" the rain (ha-ha)] that the same idea had already occurred to 15,825 correspondents during the Boer War. Time is a great healer, but twelve years is not long enough.

Mr. C. G. GREY writes in The Daily Express on the Freidrichshafen air-

"The raid itself was one of those simple affairs which might have been done by any aviator possessing skill and pluck, only fortunately for these three officers nobody the

Well, if ever I come to die in Paris And the disparaging comment was one notody else did it.

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THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

WAKING at six, I lie and wait Until the papers come at eight. I skim them with an auxious eye Ere duly to my bath I hie, Postponing till I'm fully dressed My study of the daily pest. Then, seated at my frugal board, My rasher served, my tea outpoured, I disentangle news official From reams of comment unjudicial, Until at half-past nine I rise Bemused by all this "wild surmise," And for my daily treadmill bound Fare eastward on the underground. But, whether in the train or when I reach my dim official den, Placards designed to thrill and scare Affront my vision everywhere, And double windows can't keep out The newsboy's penetrating shout. For when the morning papers fail The evening press takes up the tale, And, fired by furious competition, Edition following on edition, The headline demons strain and strive Without a check from ten till five, Extracting from stale news some phrase To shock, to startle or amaze, Or found a daring innuendo-All swelling in one long crescendo, Till, shortly after five o'clock, When business people homeward flock, From all superfluous verbiage freed Comes Joffre's calm laconic screed, And all the bellowings of the town Quelled by the voice of Truth die down,

Enabling you and me to win Twelve hours' release from Rumour's

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN.

A FEW days ago, when sitting in £3 16s. 1d.

"That's curious!" Joan remarked, comparing our calculation with some figures on another slip of paper before a penny half of seven pounds twelve and twopence?"

"It is," I admitted. "But why?" Christmas presents cost us exactly seven pounds twelve and twopence. In other words it means that we can only afford-owing to the extra taxes -to spend half that sum on presents this year."

I nodded.



"RUN AVAY, YOU LEEDLE POYS; DON'T GOME HERE SHPYING ABOUT!"

How would it be if we-

"Give them half-presents! Half liability?" Committee on ways and means in the a lace scarf to your mother, one fur matter of Christmas presents, Joan glove only to your father, afternoon-tea thusiasm. and I made out that the extra taxes saucers to Aunt Emma, a Keats Calenwhich we should be called upon to dar for 1821 days to Uncle Peter, kiltdisgorge this year would amount to lengths instead of dress-lengths to promissory notes for the balance attached.'

"I don't mean anything of the sort," her. "Isn't three pounds sixteen and a penny half of seven pounds twelve presents. We shall give no halfwhere "Isn't three pounds sixteen and a penny half of seven pounds twelve presents. We shall give one whole "What did Mr. Asquitti say in teen and a penny, but virtually it will and sec. represent a sum of seven pounds twelve and twopence."

I coughed a sceptie's cough.

here and now, a cheque for three marked in pencil. "Well," continued Joan, "I have a pounds sixteen and a penny, and credit "The Chancellor of the Exchequer," splendid idea. Our folk, I know, your conscience with double that I read out, "acknowledges the receipt

won't expect proper presents this year, sum? Will you be willing to leave its disposal to me if I guarantee that "I know what you mean," I chimed that shall be the full extent of your

> "Absolutely!" I replied with en-"Can't you arrange to settle the rates, the electric-light bill and the coal bill on the same terms?"

"No," said Joan gravely, "my prin-Cook and Phoebe, and so on, all with ciple only applies to presents. Here's your cheque book and here's my fountain-pen."

"What is your principle?" I asked

present where it will be needed far 1912?" was all the answer Joan more than by our relations. It will vouchsafed, so I decided to follow that "Because last year," said Joan, "our have a face-value of three pounds six- eminent statesman's advice and wait

> When I came down to breakfast two days later Joan passed me The Times. "You don't believe me," said Joan. "Read that," she said, indicating a "Now, will you be content to give me, paragraph in the "Personal" column

conscience-money from -

"Oh! I've marked the wrong paragraph," exclaimed Joan. "It's the one underneath." Then I saw—

"The Hon, Treasurer of the QUEEN'S 'Work for Women' Fund, 33, Portland Place, W., gratefully acknowledges the receipt of Treasury notes and postal orders to the value of £3 16s. 1d. forwarded by an anonymous donor."

When I looked up Joan was smiling

significantly.

"Very nice," I commented, "but I see they've only acknowledged the original amount I gave you. I thought you were going to double it."

"And so I have," said Joan. "He (or she) gives twice who gives quickly."

THE TERRORS OF WAR.

[Being privileged extracts from two of next season's War Romances.]

From Pot-bank and Potsdam :-

Edwin Clayhanger strolled dully down the Square. A squat dirty boy shrieked: "Sentinel. Result of Bursley Match. War News-Official." Edwin snatched a pink paper and under an anti-Zeppelin gas-lamp read that Knipe had defeated Bursley Rovers by four goals to none. He crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it disgustedly into the gutter, outside Bates the cheesemonger's. Sam Bates emerged, Marshal F—, and saluted. picked up the paper and confided to his is going, like old Mr. Clayhanger's."

Chill mists enveloped the pot-banks. The glare of the Hanbridge furnaces was subdued to a faint glimmer. The shout of a laughing crowd outside the Blood Tub drew Edwin closer. He perceived in the midst of the throng an elephant covered with Union Jacks. On its back stood Denry Machin, the famous Card of the Five Towns, thrice

Mayor of Bursley.

"Boys," cried the Card, "you can see the circus elephant free. You can listen to me free. Hanbridge is going to raise a Pot-bank Company for Kitchener's Army. They want us to he said, and led me through the fog raise one to match it. We're going towards the enemy's lines. We had one better. Bursley will raise a Pot-bank Regiment. I just want a thousand fine chateau. men to be going along with. Don't all speak at once.'

The crowd shrieked with laughter at I scout for Uhlans."

Bursley's only humorist.

with her overwhelmed him. Up went another man.

of two pounds and three shillings "Nine hundred and ninety-nine more thought. We sat for an hour and then and off we march to Potsdam in the I said, "Holmes, your mission." morning.'

> From The Military Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes :-

reserve trench. The fifteen inches of half-frozen mud caused my old wound from an Afghan bullet to ache viciously. I longed for some wounded to arriveanything to end this chilly inactivity. A tall officer in staff uniform jumped into the trench beside me.

Baker Street," he remarked.

"How did you know?" I exclaimed. "Why, Holmes, what are you doing here?"

"Business, my dear Watson, business. Moriarty is becoming troublesome again."

"But he was drowned."

that pool. Merely stranded on the edge like myself. But I had made England too hot for him. You can guess his name.'

"Not the K-

"Watson, Watson, Moriarty was my mental equal. Now he calls himself in which for years he has been von Kluck."

I was overwhelmed.

Just then a little group of the staff arrived. I recognised amongst them the figures of General J- and Field-

assistant that "Young Edwin's brain third on your left, Sir," said Holmes

casually.

party.

As the shots rang out I whispered, "How did you know he wasn't English?"

"Watson, Watson, did you not see that he had no handkerchief in his sleeve?"

"It is all-important, Captain Holmes," said the British Commander, "that we should ascertain what army is opposing our right wing. Our airmen are useless in this fog. I detail you for this duty."

Holmes saluted. "Come, Watson," not walked a mile when we reached a to meet Karl since the outbreak of war.

"You are cold, Watson," said Holmes. "Light a fire in the front room whilst being brought through from -

In a moment he returned to me after Edwin Clayhanger thought deeply. having looked round the house. It was, For three years he had been waiting I think, the first time the Chateau had name. You can imagine his surprise to marry Hilda Lessways. Now the known the scent of shag tobacco. A thought of 528 pages of married life glow of heat rushed through me. I felt

"We're doing fine," cried the Card. Holmes, penetrating to my inmost but this was apparently only another

"Ah, I forgot. Come on." He led me into the thickening fog. and in a few minutes I was surprised to find myself in the British lines. The I shrank down into a corner of the General emerged as we approached, Holmes saluted. "The Crown Prince's army is on the enemy's left, Sir. It is now in rapid retreat.

The General shook him warmly by

the hand.

"But, Holmes," I said, as we went away, "we have done nothing. The "You are wishing yourself back in lives of thousands of our men may de-

pend on this."

"My dear Watson," said Holmes. tapping the dottel of his pipe into his hand. "I used my eyes. In the house we visited the silver had almost all vanished. Inference—Crown Prince. But two solid silver spoons had been left on the table. Inference-Crown "Far too elever to be drowned in PRINCE in a hurry. Really, I am ashamed to explain a deduction which an intelligent child could have made."

KARL.

Karl has emerged from the obscurity wrapped and has become a topic of conversation, a link with the past, a popular alien enemy and a common nuisance.

Once upon a time, when we were first told about Karl, those of us who "The spy in staff uniform is the didn't say that it was an extraordinary coincidence observed that the world is a small place after all; but now, when The Field-Marshal beckoned a firing the narrator reaches that part of the story where he tells us that we "can imagine his surprise when "-I usually interrupt him to say that he must forgive me, but really I cannot.

Karl was a German waiter at all the restaurants where my friends and my friends' friends were in the habit of dining. In time of peace not one of our mutual friends ever mentioned Karl to me, nobody ever wrote excitedly to tell me that they had seen him getting into a bus in the Strand;

My sister-in-law's brother has the distinction of being the first among us He was at Waterloo Station one morning when some German prisoners were as he passed them someone, speaking with a familiar voice and a strong German accent, addressed him by when-

but now

Karl, my sister-in-law said her brother told her, had spoken of being "Better than the trenches," said pleased to be among us once more, hen

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CARRYING ON.

Old Sportsman, "Well, Tom, Back into Harness again?" Tom (retired Huntsman). "YES, SIR; ONLY SECOND WHIP NOW. DIDN'T THINK TO SEE FOU HUNTIN' AGAIN, SIR." Old Sportsman. "JUST TRYING TO KEEP THINGS GOING TILL THE LADS COME BACK AGAIN."

him he was back in the trenches again. securely interned in Holland, and we name by a young German whose face ever, I had overlooked Stephen. seemed vaguely familiar. You can Stephen and I were talking have fallen into English hands.

addressed my cousin by name and said a German waiterhe was longing to be back in England again.

Two days afterwards I heard that a where the unlucky fellow was interned, present at the inquest." having deserted with the intention of returning to us.

who had not already heard from some- which were found in her dress-basket." added.

German lie, for when next I heard of one who had met him—that he was

" Karl," I said.

"You've heard about it?" he asked.

"The inquest!

"Yes," I said. "He shot himself I made it my business to let my through the heart with one of the friends know-those friends of mine seven hundred and twenty-five rifles

I didn't allow him to interrupt me.

"He had only recently become en-A friend of my brother's fiancée, who should know no more of him until the gaged to her, I believe. She had been was superintending the removal of war was over, and after that I had for a trusted nurse and governess in many some German wounded to Paris, was some time the pleasure of forgetting English families for many years, etc., surprised to find himself addressed by his existence. Unfortunately, how- etc. Some day I will tell you all about rer, I had overlooked Stephen.

Stephen and I were talking of the depressing. But about Karl. His imagine his astonishment when, etc. war (and incidentally having dinner mind had undoubtedly become unhinged Karl, my brother said the friend of his together) when he told me that a man and, after escaping from Holland, he fiancée told her, was only too glad to he knew had told him of a strange found his way to the house where she coincidence of which his nephew had was employed, learnt that she had been It was in a hospital ship in the told him. A friend of his who was at arrested (you see, the red stitches on her North Sea that my cousin met him, the Front had been in the habit of handkerchief, which everyone had sup-The situation remained unchanged. He dining at a certain restaurant where posed were laundry marks, turned out to be plans of Hampton Court Maze and the most direct route to Swan and Selfinsons), and, seizing the rifle, he "Only yesterday," I said, "I met a rushed from the house (it was the night friend of mine had seen him in Holland, friend who knew someone who was the Russians passed through Aberdeen and Upper Norwood) and-

Stephen apologised to me.

"Karl shall be no more," he said. "Karl the ubiquitous is dead."

"Evening papers please copy," I

THE SEARCH FOR PADDINGTON.

I no not say that the expedition I propose to describe was accompanied by any very great risk. The streets, of course, were dark and the taxis and motor-buses were quite up to the usual average in number and well above it in speed. Still, when your mind is full of stories of shrapnel and Black Marias, you feel able to affront motor vehicles, even in darkened streets, with a feeling of comparative security. It is not so much danger as mystery that makes this story remarkable.

There were two of us, and we found ourselves taking tea in the N.W. district, that is to say in one of those parts (there are millions of them) which lie about the Abbey Road. One of us had knitted belts for soldiers; another knew a hero who had received the D.S.O., and all of us had been brought into close connection with Belgian refugees whose cheerful courage under terrible suffering formed the burden of our talk. Not to know a Belgian in these days is a mark of social outlawry, and you cannot know them without admiring them. The fire was warm, the room was comfortable, and the minutes ticked themselves away in the usual place on the mantelpiece.

"How long," said one of us, "will it take us to walk

from here to Paddington?"

"To walk?" said our hostess in a tone of mild surprise. "Yes," I said, "to walk. We are the ones for adventure. We are country folk, and we don't get a chance of a walk in St. John's Wood every day."

"I don't want to hurry you," said our hostess, "but if you really want to walk you must start at once."

We did. We went out, turned to the right, and plunged head-first towards the brooding darkness of Maida Vale.

"Are you sure," said my companion, "that you know

the way?

"No," I said, "I am not sure. Is one sure of anything in this life? But Paddington is a big place. We can't miss it. Think of its immense glass roof and take

courage. We are bound to get there sooner or later."
"Yes," she said, "but we want to get there for the 5.50,"
"True," I said. "We must limit our wanderings. I will ask this gentleman. He is standing at a corner. He has leisure and must know the way to Paddington."

I approached the gentleman and addressed him. "Sir," I said, "can you tell me the best way to get to Paddington?"

He looked at me suspiciously. "The station?" he said. "Yes," I said, "Paddington station."

"Are you going to walk?"

I said we were.
"Ah," he said, "that makes a difference. If you wanted a bus now I might help you; but I'm lame, you see—only got one real leg. Run over by a van a matter of ten years ago, and I don't do much hard walking myself. Still you can't go far wrong if you take the first on the left."

We tore ourselves away, took the first on the left and walked on, ever on, through a wilderness of silent and unfamiliar houses. At last we came upon a baker's cart. "Ask him," said my fellow-traveller, pointing to the baker's man. I asked him.

"Are we right," I said, "for Paddington?"

"Oh yes," he said, "you're right enough. You'll get second on the right, close to the dairy; you can't miss it." be glad to know.

Again we fled into the blackness. Paddington had shrunk to the size of a needle and we were in a huge bottle of hay, an oriental bottle full of weird surprises in the shape of sultans, genie, princesses, mosques, one-eved porters, but We always keep a cork tip on ours in case of accidents.

never a hint of a railway station. How, indeed, could there be a railway station in Bagdad five hundred years ago?

"Ask again," said the other onc.

I addressed a gentleman who was hurrying over a bridge, "Can you," I said, "direct me to Paddington station?" He murmured something unintelligible and pointed to

I repeated my question loudly and again he murmured. At last I made out his words: "Stone deaf, stone deaf."

"Great heavens," I said, "all the infirmities of the world are come out against us. The man with one leg-the stone-

deaf man. What next, what next?"

The second wayfarer seized my arm. "Look," she said, pointing to the sky. There, before our eyes, merging into the foggy infinity of the heavens, was the glass roof of our dreams. We ran like hares. We collided with everybody. Both of us had our feet trodden on by soldiers. We shouted at porters and they shouted back at us, and at last we flung ourselves into a train.

"You don't often come by this train," said a friendly

fellow-passenger.

"No," I said, "I generally come by the 6.50."

"This is the 6.50," he said.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

(Sympathetically addressed to the Hamburg Colonial Institute, which " has undertaken the task of showing that Germany has conducted her operations in the spirit of the most enlightened humanity.")

> In this war of the civilised nations That extends from the East to the West, Have arisen full many occasions For a man to put forth of his best: When the battle was raging its roughest, Men have spared themselves never a jot, But, gentlemen, yours is the toughest Affair of the lot.

Your countrymen's road through the trenches Has not proved too easy a course, For they seem to be hindered by FRENCH's No longer contemptible force, But their work with the gun and the sabre, Their frenzied attempts to break through, Are child's play compared with the labour Allotted to you.

One fears that your gallant intentions Will meet with a general scorn, For I doubt if all history mentions A hope so extremely forlorn; But, should you succeed in acquitting The Huns and their bellicose boss, All the world will unite in admitting You merit your Cross.

War Stringency.

From the catalogue of a G. W. R. salvage sale:-"696. 2 bags tares and 1 grass seed."

there in time, but you'll have to walk round the world first. We have bought the grass seed and are planting it in our My advice is to go in the opposite direction and take the garden. If anybody hears of another for sale we shall

" ZOUAVES CARRY WOOD AT POINT OF BAYONET."



WELL, WHEN 'E SEZ ''OO GOES THERE?' IF YOU'RE A ENGLISHMAN YOU 'AS TO SAY 'FRIEND!' AND IF YOU'RE "SEE 'IM? A GERMAN YOU 'AS TO SAY 'FOE!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE aspect of the present problem (as this sounds a little respectful congratulations. too like a leading article, I should explain that I mean the Christmas present problem) has this year been very satisfactorily settled. Everybody buys some books at this time; and when you know that for two shillings and sixpence you can now purchase the best and most characteristic work of two-score famous writers and artists, and, moreover, that the said half-crown will go to one of the most sensible and practical of all the Funds, naturally Princess Mary's Gift Book (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is going to figure large in this year's list of things-not-to-forget. Honestly and been brought together. From the first page (on which you will find a charming portrait by Mr. J. J. Shannon of the gracious young lady to whose timely inspiration the volume is due) to the last, everyone seems to have given his or her

at the Leicester Galleries in aid of the QUEEN'S Work for Women Fund. Upon the assured success of a delightful book the reviewer begs to offer to its only begetter his most

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, published by Murray, is the third volume of the work, the two earlier ones having been edited by the late Mr. Money-PENNY. Mr. GEORGE BUCKLE now "takes up the wondrous tale," and maintains at a high level its historic interest and literary charm. He finds DISRAELI, after the fantastic flights of early manhood, in an assured position. He was within measurable distance of assuming the Leadership of a Party which, long dallying with the harsh appellation without hyperbole, I question if a better collection has ever Protectionist, now decided to be known as Conservative, a compromise hotly resented by good Tories. A flash of the old vanity flickers over a letter written from the Carlton Club to his wife: "The Ministry have resigned. All Coningsby and Young England the general exclamation best. Not only this, but the precise kind of best that we here." Alone he did it, partly by writing a novel, incidentmost like to have from them. To take a few examples at ally by forming a Party of which Lord John Manners was random, here is a song of Big Steamers by Mr. Rudyard a representative member. On the opening of the Session, KIPLING, with the jolliest ship-pictures by Mr. NORMAN January 19th, 1847, DISRAELI took his seat on the Front Wilkinson; a Zulu tale by Sir Rider Haggard; a Pimper- Opposition Bench in embarrassing contiguity to Peel, nel story by the Baroness Orczy; and a comic upside-down acutely suffering, it may be supposed, from the combined dream of a little London child by Mr. Pett Ridge. This influence of Coningsby and Young England. One of those last has drawings by Mr. Lewis Baumer that are fully Parliamentary descriptive writers held in light esteem worthy of it; indeed it cannot but be a proud sensation in their day, but to whom historians turn for light and for the peculiarly gallant heart of Mr. Punch to find that he colour, notes a significant change in DISRAELI'S attire. is represented by so many of his knights of the pencil in "The motley coloured garments he were at the close of this worthy cause. It is satisfactory to learn that the the previous Session were exchanged for a suit of black originals of the drawings in the book will shortly be on sale unapproachably perfect." Also "he appeared to have

peacock." Evidently he felt that his carefully-designed sartorial extravagances had played their appointed part in attracting notice. In manner of speech as in fashion of

position of a responsible statesman.

At last, after long struggle, he stood on safe ground. But the fight was not over yet. The personal antipathy and distrust with which he was regarded in Tory circles were unabated. He had proved an invaluable auxiliary in the of humour, and his last book, But She Meant Well (LANE). battle against Free Trade; but having defeated PEEL the shows him in his most natural and therefore best vein, Protectionists did not want any more of DISRAELI. His His lady of the good intentions was one Hannah Neighold friend, Sir George Bentinck, whose patronage had been invaluable as investing him with an air of respect-ability, stood by him to the last. Resigning the post of Leader of the Protectionists, he nominated DISRAELI as his is generally about people who mean well something pathetic

successor. The Tory rank and file would have none of him. Lord STANLEY, acknowledged leader of the Party in the House of Lords and the country, hesitated and chaffered, in the end reluctantly giving in. Something of the same thing happened when, six years later, STANLEY, now succeeded to the earldom of Derby, formed an Administration and proposed to make Dizzy Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Among the most strenuous objectors to the proposal was QUEEN VICTORIA. But DISRAELI was invincible because he was indispensable. How courageously and with what matchless skill he fought against overwhelming odds, and won the day, is a fascinating story that in the skilled hands of Mr. Buckle loses no point of interest.

Captain HARRY GRAHAM is one of the authors whose work I never argue about. If, as has happened occasionally, I meet those who do not find him amusing, I conceal my own

doffed the vanity of the coxcomb with the plumage of the the usual complement of anecdotes lacking. The practical value of these cannot be over-estimated. A careful perusal of the tragic story of the late Lord Bloxham, to take but one instance, will certainly save the lives of many deep-sea clothing he assumed ways more compatible with the fishermen who have fallen into the foolish habit of angling for sharks with a line fastened to one of their waistcoat buttons to save the trouble of holding it.

> Mr. WILLIAM CAINE has a very nice and persistent sense bour, an incorrigible infant whose eminently virtuous resolves produced the most vicious results without the

and something else which is worse, and these characteristics are apt to become so exaggerated in fiction as to be almost offensive. Mr. Caine's young person is not of that sort; she is no prig, and her fault is not weakness but irrepressible activity. To whatever extent she annoyed me, I was always possessed with the morbid desire to see some even worse result attending her efforts; and all the while I had to give her credit for infecting the other characters of the story with a remarkable vitality. I congratulate the author upon his presentation of the problem, how can you deal with such a misguided child so that you may at the same time check dangerous proclivities and yet do justice to her excellent motives? Still more was I pleased with his frank, if abominable, admission that in order properly to inculcate discipline it is necessary for the most part to ignore motives and let justice be blowed.



He. "I'M JUST ABOUT FED-UP WITH ALL THIS TALK ABOUT RECRUITIN'. WHO'S GOIN' TO CARRY ON THE WORK OF THE COUNTRY IF ALL THE PEOPLE OF BRAINS GO TO THE FRONT?"

The reappearance of Dorothea as a volume in the new

personal opinion that, with the possible exception of Mr. collected edition (Constable) of the works of Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK, he is the most rollickingly funny MAARTEN MAARTENS has at this moment a strange person at present writing the King's English; but now, aptness. For you may remember that Dorothea, herself of being in a position to air my private views without fear Dutch-English extraction, married into a Prussian family. of contradiction, I make the statement boldly, and put, in Nay, more, into the family of a Prussian general. A very as Exhibit A of my evidence, The Complete Sportsman obvious interest attaches to the impression made by these (Arnold). Like other earlier volumes from the same people upon the mind of the author. Of the old General source it is compiled from the occasional papers of Reginald we find him writing that "his lofty soul had accepted the Drake Biffin, and the sportsman who tries to get on without theory of the unity on earth of the good, the true and it is positively courting disaster. The first thing he knows, the beautiful." Who, I ask you, would have supposed it? he will be talking to well-informed people about a flock of But throughout the book these Von Rodens stand as the sparrows or a covey of weasels, and their quiet smiles will perfect family, gently chivalrous, cultured and altogether show him that he has been guilty of a ludicrous blunder. charming. Then one remembers in explanation that If he had read his Biffin he would have known that the Dorothea was written some time ago, and that this was the correct terms are a "susurration of sparrows" and a "pop old-fashioned Kultur. There you have the German tragedy of weasels." These are small matters, perhaps, but your in a nutshell. Of Dorothea herself I will say little. sportsman cannot be too accurate. Mr. Bifin treats of Probably you already know her, and may agree with me in practically every branch of sport, from elephant-snaring to considering her an unattractive prig, whose place in the Sunday bridge, in the easy chatty style which made The list of Mr. MAARTENS' heroines is decidedly at the wrong Perfect Gentleman the inseparable companion of all who end. But those amazing pathetic Prussians! and the desire to comport themselves correctly in Society. Nor is conflicting emotions they stir in your heart as you read!

CHARIVARIA.

T. P.'s Weekly, in some sprightly lines, suggests that Punch should appear Shertzoff" This would certainly not be a whit more strange than to issue a done by our contemporary.

Answer to a Correspondent.-Yes, khaki is the fashionable colour for plumpuddings for the Front.

Post hoc propter hoc? Extract from the Eye-Witness's description of the King's visit to France: —"Another sight which excited the King's keen interest was the large bathing estab-

lishment at one of the divisional headquarters . . . From here the procession returned to General Headquarters, where his Majesty received General Foch and presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath." * . .

Sir John French's praise of the Berkshire Regiment will surprise no one, least of all Mr. Punch's Toby.

REUTER tells us that when DE WET arrived at Johannesburg he was looking haggard and somewhat depressed. This lends colour to the rumour that he was annoyed at being captured.

In a letter published by a German newspaper a Landwehr officer writes:-" On the German front officers and men do not salute in the usual way, but by saying, 'God punish England,' while the reply is, 'May He punish England.'" This admission that the Germans themselves cannot do it is significant.

recruits, says, "Mere figures will not frighten us." Frankly, some of the figures of the stout Landwehr men frighten us.

At last in Constantinople there are signs that it is being realised that the Germans are driving the Turkish Army to Suez-side.

When the Germans and the Russians both claim to have won the same battle, what can one do? asks a corre-Hague Tribunal. * *

of Propriety thinks the Censor might all this time for their call for duty . . . very well have censored :—"To the And now the French authorities have south of Lask the Russian troops took cut the train and the staff-in two!"

T. P.'s Weekly Christmas Number as is high, whom the Prince of Wales It's the Hun-expected that always noticed in hospital, is not the tallest happens. man in the British Army, that distinction being claimed for Corporal Frank Millin, 2nd Coldstream Guards, who is 6 ft. 82 in." This, again, is the sort of ford, and the Germans are pointing out paragraph which might have been censored with advantage, for we are quite begun in earnest. sure that, if the PRINCE OF WALES'S giant sees it, it will cause a relapse.

For the first time for many years



"I'M AFRAID IT'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE SAME PLACE AS MY GERMAN PIPE WENT-THE DUSTBIN. IT SUITED ME, TOO."

there were no charges of murder at the December Sessions at the Old Bailey. It looks as if yet another of our indus-Die Post, in a reference to our million tries has been filched by the Germans.

> The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that candidates for assistantclerkships, Royal Navy, who have completed a period of not less than three months' actual military service with His Majesty's Forces since mobilisation, will be granted fifty marks in the examination. It seems a most unpatriotic proceeding to pay them in German

The Nursing Times must really be spondent. We can only suggest that more careful or we shall have the issue of the 5th inst. our contemporary after strenuous fighting. An item of war news which the Pre- says :- "The 'Train unit' whose names sident of the Society for the Promotion | we gave some weeks ago have waited

Reply to those who think it absurd "The Grenadier Guard, 6 ft. 7 in. to take precautions against invasion :-

> A great fall of cliff occurred last week between Beachy Head and Seathat the break-up of England has now

Mr. Wells on Men's Wear.

"Her thoughts came back to the dancing little figure in purple-striped pyjamas. She had a scared sense of irrevocable breaches."

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman.

An obvious misprint in the last word.

The Quickest Route.

"THE KING'S JOURNEY. CROSSES CHANNEL IN TORFEDO."
Cumberland Evening Mail.

This is the method which the KAISER means to try for his coming invasion of England.

"Professor G. Sims Woodhead, the Board's consultative bacteriological adviser, to whom the report had been submitted, said: 'I consider Dr. Mair's work contains a germ of great promise. Birmingham Daily Mail.

We hope the Professor will not lose sight of the promising young microbe.

"For any enemy ship to try to get into Dover at the present time would be like entering the mouth of hell.

[We understand that the Admiralty have received no confirmation of this.] Daily Telegraph.

We hope that none of our contemporaries will blame the Admiralty for its lack of information.

"Rev. Owen S. Watkins, one of the Wesleyan Methodist Chaplains with the Expeditionary Force (already mentioned in the dispatches), tells some most extraordinary stories of his experiences at the Front." Public Opinion.

We remember now some mention of this "Expeditionary Force" being made in despatches, and we wondered at the time why the Censor allowed such a public reference to it.

The Russians quietly evacuated Lodz the matter should be referred to the German newspapers drawing attention without the loss of a single man. The to atrocities by the French. In its Germans allege that they captured it

"And how can man lie better Than facing fearful Lodz?"

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

Lines for King Albert's Book, published to-day for the benefit of The Daily Telegraph's Belgian Relief Fund.]

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife, And trust that out of night and death shall rise The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart. That God has given you, for a priceless dower, To live in these great times and have your part In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light High in the heaven, their heritage to take: "I saw the powers of darkness put to flight! I saw the morning break!"

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FINANCIAL STRATEGY.

In some respects one is no doubt compelled to admire the foresight of those gentlemen who are writing the History of the War while it is in progress, but as Mabel (my wife and very able colleague) justly observes, no History of the War, however copious or however fully illustrated, can be considered complete without a few salient details of the campaign by which The Snookeries levy of our last reserves, and the charwoman (who is a (our domestic stronghold in Tooting) was saved from the discreet person of considerable experience in such matters) fate of Belgium.

That omission I propose to remedy. Peace hath her

strategy no less than War.

For some time prior to the Declaration of War it was evident that the butcher, the baker, and other foes of our evident that the butcher, the baker, and other foes of our neutrality, and we have promise of further support, if domestic happiness were gathering for an onslaught. The needed, from Uncle Robert. Thus, although the enemy attitude of the butcher was particularly uncompromising: I do not hesitate to describe it as distinctly Hun-ish. Diplomacy gave little hope of preserving peace, so that I was not altogether surprised when the war opened with a heavy bombardment. A brigade of small accounts advanced in skirmishing order, but were disposed of without trouble.

Mabel suggested a temporary withdrawal to the sand-dunes of Mudville-on-Sea, but I pointed out that this meant sacrificing part of our scanty store of ammunition and had the further disadvantage of cutting us off from our are no flies on dear Mabel. base of supplies in the City, to say nothing of losing touch with Uncle Robert, who has so often proved a staunch ally

in a crisis.

We therefore resolved to entrench ourselves behind the Moratorium and prepared for a stubborn resistance. From this strong position we were able to sustain without loss a brisk fire of explosive missives which continued unchecked for some weeks. Speaking quite candidly, and dropping the language of the Press Bureau for the moment, there has never been a time when the postman's rat-tat has occasioned me less emotion.

The defences of the Moratorium did not save us from sundry annoying raids upon our supplies, the butcher being peculiarly active in this kind of warfare. I repeat, the butcher is a true Hun and must be sternly dealt with after the Peace. I was forced to silence him temporarily with a

few shots from my new one-pounders.

I would like to say what a valuable weapon the one-pounder has proved in this campaign. It is wonderfully mobile and saves the waste of heavier ammunition. My only regret is that we were not armed with more of to the appeal for help which was recently made in them.

Towards the end of August the rate-man and the gasman mounted heavy ordnance upon official heights. They got our range to a nicety and threatened us in flank. despatched Mabel at once to Uncle Robert, and with his assistance we were enabled to silence the enemy's howitzers, not, however, before the rate-man-a remorseless and persistent foe-had landed a "sheriff's officer" (as we jocularly term his missiles) into our dining-room. Little material damage was done, but for some days the effect upon the moral of our forces was apparent.

I must not forget to speak of Mabel's brilliant victory

over the milkman, whose attack she frustrated by a threat to open negotiations for obtaining supplies from his hated rival. When these troubles are happily over I must cer-

tainly see that Mabel receives a decoration.

Towards the end of October our entrenchments behind the Moratorium became untenable, but by that time we had received substantial reinforcements and were easily able to hold our own against the enemy's reckless frontal attacks. The landlord suddenly unmasked a very strong battery which created some consternation. He himself appeared in force, but, thanks to the vigilance of my outposts, I was enabled to make a strategic retirement by the back-garden gate, leaving Mabel to foil the enemy by a ruse-de-guerre. (Dear Mabel is wonderfully clever at these things.) I succeeded in regaining my position under cover of darkness.

The attacks of the landlord were renewed with such vigour that I called a council of war to discuss the situation. Retreat being out of the question, Mabel suggested a was mobilised. In this way we secured a sufficient force to

rout the landlord on his next appearance.

The last few days have been comparatively quiet. Mabel's dressmaker and my tailor have reaffirmed their appear to contemplate a new attack in the future, we are full of confidence.

In conclusion, I must not forget to refer to the very able way in which Mabel out-manœuvred the coal-man. Before he could unlimber, she had deftly poured in a rapid fire of sympathy for the slackness of trade from which she knew he must be suffering, and followed this up by an order for two tons of the best Wallsend.

I think I am justified in advancing the theory that there

OFF THE FALKLANDS, DECEMBER 8TH.

[To an old nautical air, with Mr. Punch's loud congratulations to Vice-Admiral Sir DOVETON STURDEE and his brave sailors.

> HARDENED steel are our ships: Gallant tars are our men; We never are wordy (STURDEE, boys, STURDEE!), But quietly conquer again and again.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Hon. Treasurer of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street (where many Belgian children are being cared for) desires to express his sincere thanks to Mr. Punch's readers for their generous response these pages.

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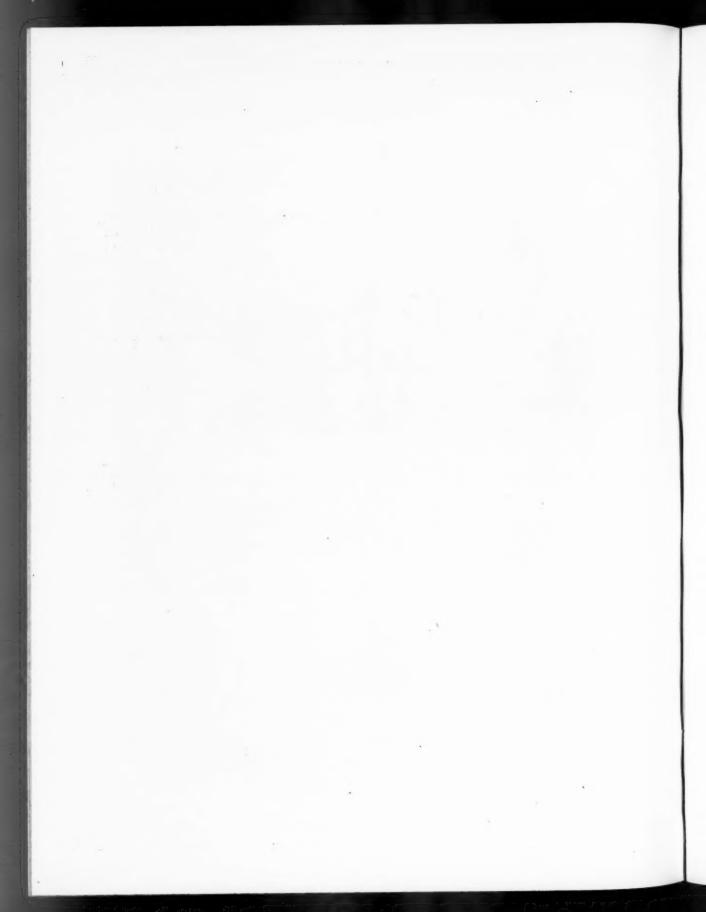
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THE SINEWS OF WAR.

PRIVATE ATKINS, "FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED-AND ARE GOING TO RECEIVE-HERE'S TO THE A.S.C."





Chida (much impressed by martial emblems opposite). "Mother, is that a soldier?" Mother. "No, darling." Child. "Why not?"

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. X.

(From Mrs. James Prosser, 25, Paradise Road, Brixton.) hear it, him being a good fighter. I'd warrant him to take their premmer jewness, as the Belgian lady over the way anything in the way of a compliment. That's why I've himself. wrote it down here.

Anyhow, Jim's gone. I saw him off with a lot of others, lungs would let 'em-not drink, mind you, so don't you run away with that notion, but just high spirits and health and happiness. First it was "Tipperary," and that made me feel so mournful I had to give Jim a good old hug, and the little un pulling at my dress all the time and calling out, "Let me have a go at him, Mother," and "Don't give 'em all to Mother, Dad; keep half-a-dozen for me," just as sensible as a Christian, which is more than you can say of some. His name's Henery, the full name, not Henry, and we had him christened so, to make sure. He's going on for five years now, and he's got a leg and a chest on him to suit twice his years. I'm not saying that because I'm into his cot like a flash of lightning. his mother, but because it's the truth. After they'd sung "Tipperary" they sang a lot of other songs. There was one in particklar that I liked, it had such a go with it. Jim told me it was made up by one of their own men, music and all. I misremember most of it, but there was two lines stuck in my head :-

General French is a regular blazer, He's going to dust the German KAISER.

There was a lot more about theirselves and their officers and their colonel, who was second to none and was making tracks for the German Hun, all as funny and clever as you could make it. I couldn't help laughing to see 'em all so Kaiser, -Jim's gone. I don't know if you'll like to jolly. Then the engine give a whistle and the guard said, "Stand back," and waved his green flag, and the train the shine out of any two Germans I ever met. They're moved out, and the men cheered and we cheered back, and big men, the Germans, but they mostly run to fat after at last they was gone, and the little un was saying, "Don't mind me, mother. Have a good cry and get it over;" and said last week when we was a-talking about 'em. I don't then we went home, and he kept talking all the way of know what she meant, but she didn't look as if it was what he's going to do when he grows up to be a soldier

Well, Jim's gone, but I wouldn't have had him stay at home not for ever so much. He was earning good money, and they was all singing and shouting as loud as their too, in his job, but that's going to be kept open for him so as he can drop into it again when he comes back. And I'm going to keep his home open for him so as he can drop into that when he comes back; there's enough money coming in to make certain of that, what with allowances and my work. Mind you, I like to work; it keeps you from thinking too much, and me and the little un manage splendid together. He helps about the house better nor half-a-dozen housemaids, and he's so managing it would make you die of laughing to see him. The only trouble is he can't bear going to bed; but I tell him if he don't the KAISER'll catch him, and then he's off with his clothes and

> There, I've talked about myself and the little un and all the time I meant to tell you about Jim. However, you'll know him right enough if ever you come up against him. He's a handsome man with black hair and no moustache, and he's got a scar over his right eye where he tumbled against the fender when he was four years old.

> > Yours without love,

SARAH PROSSER.

THE WATCH DOGS.

IX.

DEAR CHARLES,-As the men, for reasons best known to themselves, will invader as, home-sick and sea-sick, he the unknown future. . . .

alights gloomily on our shores. If, by the way, I have given hints in this correspondence as to the disposition of any part of our troops, it is a comfort to think that the artful spy who gets hold of them will have the utmost difficulty in making up his mind as to the real or fictitious existence of (1) my Division: (2) my Brigade: (3) my Battalion; (4) my Company; or

even (5) me. Meanwhile we are in a very difficult position, such as I believe few soldiers have ever been called upon to face. You will remember how, four months ago, we collected ourselves together in accordance with our long-standing engagement to protect these islands against the foreign trespasser, the condition of our contract being that our service should begin (as charity should) and end (as charity often does) at home. In the bad old days when I was at the Bar I should of course have known that contracts are apt to turn round on those who make them; but now I am only a plain soldier and I am unable to understand why I should be made to stay at home when I desire to go and make a nuisance of myself abroad. But the real!

trouble comes from this, that some six

gathered together in the greatest numbers, informing them of the position Alas! there have l but irretrievable swank? No ostenta-

erous and costly gifts proffered by rela- worse as time passes; we do not go tives who at less emotional times would home now, and we would even refrain have grudged you a Christmas card?

suddenly chant on the march—"We're made a fuss of; we took our leave and known and our existence doubtful. If here because we're here, because we're nice things were said to us, tears welled, the authorities won't part with us, they here, because we're here," goodness and hands, peculiarly firm or peculiarly might at least give us an address which knows when (if ever) we shall get to tender as the case might be, held ours would make it look as if they hadthe Front; so this is yet another letter for rather longer than the customary for you from the Back, where we are, much against our will, kept to deal kindly but firmly with the German off at last, off amid deafening cheers to



Genial Pedestrian. "A BRIGHT MOON TO-NIGHT, CONSTABLE." Morbid P.C. "YES, SIR. LET'S 'OPE IT DON'T DRAW THE FIRE OF 'OSTILE AIR-CRAFT!"

weeks ago I received written and ex- home again as before, but, since the joy be such emphasis as the least intelliplicit orders to the effect that I was to of a temporary reprieve may outweigh gent may readily appreciate. Some-sail forthwith. Suppose this had happened to you they were pleased to see us and gave terms I may inadvertently ask some and you had been given special leave us another farewell only slightly less gentle soul later on in life to pass the of forty-eight hours to make all neces- emotional than the last. But on the marmalade, or with what expletives I sary preparations, would not you have third of this series of week-ends a note may comment upon some little defect gone where your more impression- of insincerity crept into the "Good- in domestic life. My literary friend, able acquaintances and friends were bye, old man," and the hand-pressure John, has shamelessly compiled a short

and doing, on the strength of it, a quiet week-ends since that. I trust it is One inquiry, to be addressed to the only our self-consciousness makes us local peasant by the leading officer, tion, mark you, and nothing approach- think that we are looked upon as frauds, runs thus:-" Can you tell me, Sir, ing a boast, but just a suspicion of a who have obtained by false pretences where the enemy is at present to be brave careless laugh, a voice just the field-glasses, electric torches, knitted found?"="On sont les Boches sanslightly choked with emotion and but wares, tears, hand-clasps and choicest quinaires?"

a formal reluctance to accept the num-superlatives of our friends. It becomes from writing if we could hope by that We did. We went home and were means to have our whereabouts unto explain, and, when our friends are

told, their faces will cloud over. not with sorrow at our departure but with annoyance at being pestered with the news of it again. It is a hard life, is a soldier's!

One bold bad private informed our most youthful orderly officer, upon being asked if he had had a sufficient breakfast: "Yes, thank you, Sir: a glass of water and a woodbine; otherwise personal idiosyncracies become less marked, since individualities become merged in the corporate machine. The battalion is cross as a whole, nervy as a whole, laughs as a whole, almost sneezes or has indigestion as a whole. Recalling the good old days of annual camps, when energy used to be rewarded with free beer rather than demanded as a matter of course, the battalion as often as not sings as a whole while route-marching at ease past the C.O.:-

" Nobody knows how dry we are, Nobody knows how dry we are, Nobody knows how dry we are, AND NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE."

While the conduct of all of us becomes every day more disciplined, our speech, I have to report with regret, becomes more loose. Emphasis is an

The following week-end we were essential of military life, and it must phrase-book for our use abroad, repro-Alas! there have been even more ducing our present regrettable idioms.

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AT A MILITARY WEDDING.

Usher (to Uninvited Guest). "Bride's friends to the right; Bridegroom's to the left." Uninvited Guest. "I'M AFRAID I'M A NEUTRAL."

The other point of view as to going to the Front was put last Sunday with unconscious aptness. At breakfast we had read aloud to us a letter written with inspiring realism by a Watch Dog who is actually there and seeing life in all its detail in the trenches. Having listened to it with rapt attention, we then marched to church and (actually) sang with unanimous fervour :-

"The trivial round, the common task Will furnish all we need to ask. . . ."

Nevertheless more to be feared than the enraged German is the scaptical scornful Aunt of

> Yours ever, HENRY.

"Washington, Saturday.—The American Ambassador at Constantinople reports that Turkey has acquiesced in the departure of several Canadian missionaries, whose safe conduct was requested by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador here."—People.

This is headed "Millionaires Released," and shows how well the clergy are paid in Canada.

LITTLE BROTHER.

(The Indian Jackal.)

PANTHER, tiger, wolf and bear,

They live where the hills are high, Where the eagle swings in the upper air And the gay dacoit is nigh;

But we live down in the delta lands, A decenter place to be-

The frogs and the bats and Little Brother,

The pariah dogs and me.

He was a Rajah once on a time

Who is Little Brother now; And I know it is all for monstrous

Or shamefully broken vow

That he slinks in the dust and eats alone

With a pious tongue and free; For a holy man is Little Brother, As beggars ought to be.

But whether he lurks in the morning

Where the tall plantations grow, Or wanders the village fields by nights Telling of ancient woe;

Or whether he's making a sporting

For me and a dog or two, An uncanny beast is Little Brother For Christian eyes to view.

For there comes an hour at the full o' the moon

When the Boh-tree blossoms fall, And a devil comes out of the afternoon And has him a night in thrall;

And he hunts till dawn like a questing hound

For souls that have lost their way: And it's well to be clear of Little Brother

Till the good gods bring the day.

Wherefore I think I will end my

Wishing him fair good night, For Little Brother's got something

That'll never on earth come right; And this perhaps is the honest truth,

And the wisest folk agree, The less I know about Little Brother The better by far for me.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE TRENCHES.

OLD mother mine, at times I find Pauses when fighting's done That make me lonesome and inclined To think of those I left behind-And most of all of one

At home you're knitting woolly things-They 're meant for me for choice: There's rain outside, the kettle sings In sobs and frolies till it brings Whispers that seem a voice.

Cheer up! I'm calling, far away: And, wireless, you can hear. Cheer up! you know you'd have me stav

And keep on trying day by day; We're winning, never fear.

Although to have me back's your prayer-

I'm willing it should be-You'd never breathe a word to spare Yourself, and stop me playing fair; You're braver far than me.

So let your dear face twist a smile The way it used to do: And keep on cheery all the while, Rememb'ring hating's not your style-Germans have mothers too.

And when the work is through, and when

I'm coming home to find The one who sent me out, ah! then I'll make you (bless you) laugh again, Old sweetheart left behind.

HIGH JINKS AT HAPPY-THOUGHT HALL.

An inevitable article in any decent magazine at this time of the year. Read it carefully, and then have an uproarious time in your own little house.

Ir was a merry party assembled at Happy-Thought Hall for Christmas, The Squire liked company, and the friends whom he had asked down for the festive season had all stayed at Happy-Thought Hall before, and were therefore well acquainted with each other. No wonder, then, that the wit flowed fast and furious, and that the guests all agreed afterwards that they had never spent such a jolly Christmas, and that the best of all possible hosts was Squire Tregarthen!

But first we must introduce some of the Squire's guests to our readers. The Reverend Arthur Manley, a clever young clergyman with a taste for gardening, was talking in one corner to Miss Phipps, a pretty girl of some twenty summers. Captain Bolsover, a smart cavalry officer, together with Professor and Mrs. Smith-Smythe from Oxford, formed a small party in another corner.

in deep conversation with the beautiful fourpence. But once again they were all Miss Holden, who, it was agreed among the ladies of the party, was not altogether indifferent to his fine figure and remarkable prospects. There were other guests, but as they chiefly played the part of audience in the events which followed their names will not be of any special interest to our readers. Suffice it to say that they were all intelligent, well-dressed and ready for any sort of fun.

(Now, thank heaven, we can begin.)
A burst of laughter from Captain Bolsover attracted general attention. and everybody turned in his direction.

"By Jove, Professor, that's good," he said, as he slapped his knee; "you must tell the others that."

"It was just a little incident that happened to me to-day as I was coming down here," said the Professor, as he beamed round on the company. "I happened to be rather late for my train, and as I bought my ticket I asked the clerk what time it was. He replied, 'If it takes six seconds for a clock to strike six, how long will it take to strike twelve?' I said twelve seconds, but it seems I was wrong."

The others all said twelve seconds too, but they were all wrong. Can you guess the right answer?



Clock, when striking six. The other house may be filled in by zour small boy. He will fuit it viry ministry.

FIG. 1. -TO ILLUSTRATE THE PROFESSOR'S DELIGHTFUL STORY OF THE BOOKING-CLERK'S

When the laughter had died down. the Reverend Arthur Manley said:

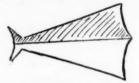
"That reminds me of an amusing experience which occurred to my housekeeper last Friday. She was ordering a little fish for my lunch, and the fishmonger, when asked the price of herrings, replied, 'Three ha'pence for one and a-half,' to which my housekeeper said, 'Then I will have twelve.' How much did she pay?" He smiled happily at the company.

"One-and-sixpence, of course," said Miss Phipps.

"No, no; ninepence," cried the Squire with a hearty laugh.

Captain Bolsover made it come to Handsome Jack Ellison was, as usual, £1 3s. 24d., and the Professor thought of the company.

wrong. What do you make it come to?



Attring, preparer for cooking. Shaded portion represents half- harning.

FIG. 2.-TO ILLUSTRATE THE CURATE'S IN-GENIOUS PROBLEM OF THE FISHMONGER.

It was now Captain Bolsover's turn for an amusing puzzle, and the others turned eagerly towards him,

"What was that one about a door?" said the Squire, "You were telling me when we were out shooting vesterday, Bolsover."

Captain Bolsover looked surprised. "Ah, no, it was young Reggie Worlock," said the Squire with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, do tell us, Squire," said everybody.

"It was just a little riddle, my dear," said the Squire to Miss Phipps, always a favourite of his. "When is a door not a door?"

Miss Phipps said when it was a cucumber; but she was wrong. So were the others. See if you can be more successful.

"Yes, that's very good," said Captain Bolsover; "it reminds me of something which occurred during the Boer War.

Everybody listened eagerly.

"We were just going into action, and I happened to turn round to my men, and say, 'Now, then, boys, give 'em beans!' To my amusement one of them replied smartly, 'How many blue heans make five?' We were all so interested working it out that we never got into action at all."

"But that's easy," said the Professor. "Five."

"Four," said Miss Phipps. would. Silly kid.)

"Six," said the Squire. Which was right?



Brews. Sometimes rolled (rather trulgarly) Kidney trans, browns of the shaft.

FIG. 3.-TO ILLUSTRATE THE CAPTAIN'S THRILLING STORY OF THE BOER WAR.

Jack Ellison had been silent during the laughter and jollity, always such a feature of Happy-Thought Hall at Christmas time, but now he contributed an ingenious puzzle to the amusement

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Little Tomkins (to Herculean Coalheaver), "Why don't you come up the green a couple o' nights a week an' do a bit o' shootin' an' drillin'? You'd get as fit as a fiddle."

"I met a man in a motor-'bus," he said in a quiet voice, "who told me that he had four sons. The eldest son, Abraham, had a dog who used to go and visit the three brothers occasionally. The dog, my informant told me, was very unwilling to go over the same ground twice, and yet being in a hurry wished to take the shortest journey possible. How did he manage it?"

For a little while the company was puzzled. Then, after deep thought, the Professor said:

"It depends on where they lived."
"Yes," said Ellison. "I forgot to say that my acquaintance drew me a pocket. "Here it is."

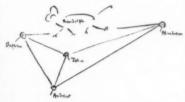


FIG. 4.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE JOURNEY OF THE BAGACIOUS HOUND.

puzzle over the answer, Miss Phipps being unusually foolish, even for her. It was some time before they discovered the correct route. What do you think it is?

"Well," said the Squire, with a hearty laugh, "it's time for bed."

One by one they filed off, saying what a delightful evening they had had. Jack Ellison was particularly emphatic, for the beautiful Miss Holden had promised to be his wife. He, for one, will never forget Christmas at Happy-Thought Hall.

Note.-The originals of the drawings are map." He produced a paper from his on sale from the Author at five guineas apiece.] A. A. M.

STABLE INFORMATION.

LAST winter I wasn't familiar with Brown,

Our intercourse didn't extend

Past a grunt if we met on the journey to town

And a nod when I chose to unbend; But times are mutata, and now I've I have had it-well, almost direct from

To cultivate Brown more and more,

The others immediately began to For Brown has a scn who is friends with the son

Of a man at the Office of War.

When a fog is concealing how matters progress

And editors wearily use

(Upholding the goodly repute of the Press)

A headline from yesterday's news, Brown's knowledge enables his friends to decide

What the future is holding in store, For we gather that KITCHENER loves to confide

In that man at the Office of War.

And I in my turn spread the tidings about;

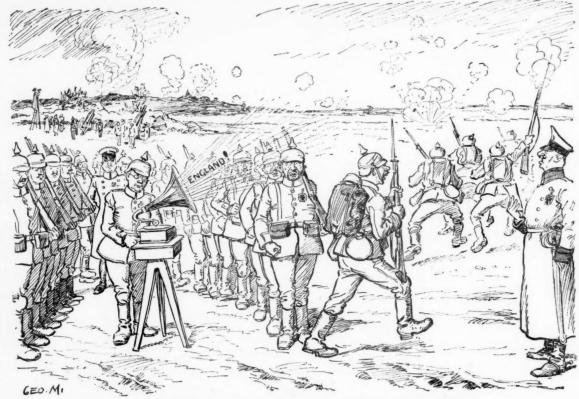
To the heart that is apt to be glum And the spirit that suffers severely from doubt

Like a sunbeam in winter I come; "The Teuton," I whisper, "will suffer eclipse

In the course of a fortnight-no more;

the lips

Of the Chief of the Office of War."



UNRECORDED EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

GERMAN SOLDIERS BEING ROUSED TO ENTHUSIASM BY THE "HYMN OF HATE."

MAILS FOR A MAILED FIST.

The rumours of an invasion of this country, which have been prevalent during the last few days, are presumably responsible for these letters addressed to the KAISER, which have been intercepted.]

Northsea Cove, Suffolk.

KIND SIR,-Should your troops land in this neighbourhood, would you please ask them not to fire off guns between 3 and 4 P.M., as during that hour I have my afternoon rest, and I do not sleep very well.

Yours truly, WILHELMINA TIMMINS.

SIR,—Hearing that you are thinking of sending over an army, we have formed a small Reception Committee to provide for its comfort, and knowing glad to learn that complete arrange- ing from the Continent. ments have been made for conveying them to, and accommodating them at, a salubrious spot called Tipperary, immediately on their arrival.

(Signed) J. Pusher, Secretary, Eastern and Home Counties Resorts Association.

Professor Burgess-Brown, the wellknown swimming expert, presents his compliments. He would be pleased to call at Kiel Harbour (or other appointed place) in order to teach the art of natation to German soldiers who may, after arrival in England, suddenly find themselves deprived of their troopships when wishing to return.

DEAR SIR,—We hear that a number of your friends are coming to England, and shall accordingly welcome an enquiry for our advice, which is always at the disposal of the travelling public. We do not know whether you propose personally to come over, but we should certainly recommend this course, as by travelling viá an English port you could get a boat direct to St. Helena how concerned you are for the welfare and thus save the wearisome changing of your troops we think you will be to which you might be exposed in sail-

Yours obediently, THE WORLD'S TOURS, LIMITED.

Headquarters, Poppy Patrol Boy Scouts, Cliffe, Norfolk.

much use in your troops landing. In kind.

this county alone there are two hundred and ninety-five more scouts than there were in August, and they are still coming in. Of course come if you like, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Yours, T. SMITH,

Patrol Leader.

Imperial Studios, Yarmouth.

SIR,-Hearing that your troops are thinking of visiting the above town, we should be glad to take you, in small or large groups. We understand that your excursion will be only a half-day one, but we have facilities for the immediate development of negatives.

Yours obediently,

GEORGE GELATINE JONES.

WARNING! TO THE KAISER.

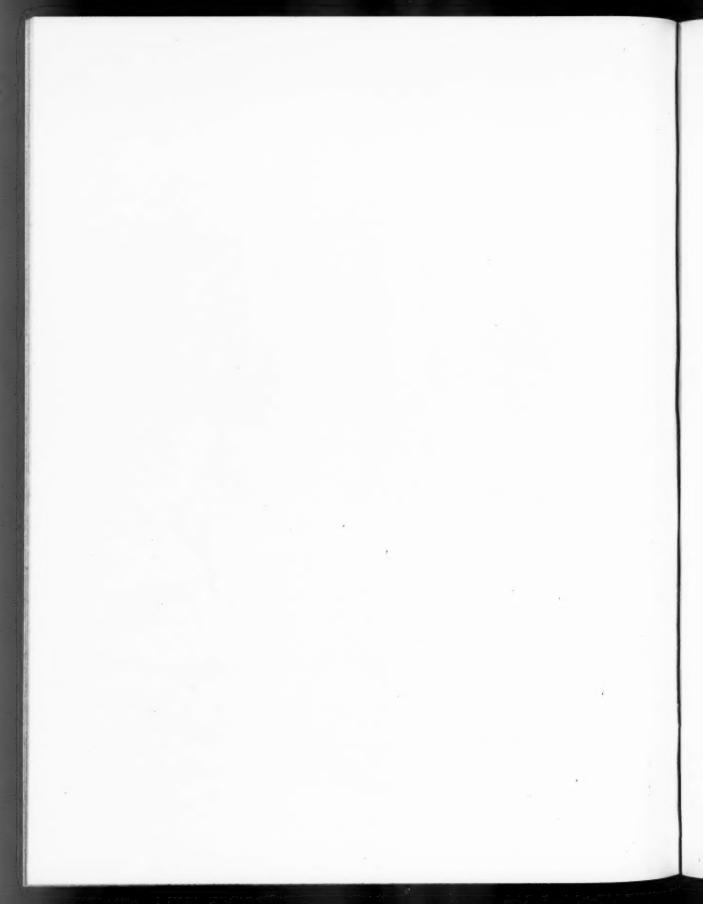
From the Huntsman of the Bungay Foxhounds.

Send your men over if you like. Let them turn their guns on all our ancient buildings, destroy crops, blow up bridges; but MIND, if one of your Huns raises a rifle to any Norfolk or Suffolk DEAR SIR,—I don't think there is fox, there will be trouble of a serious



KILLED!

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to General BOTHA.]





Old Lady (to District Visitor). "Did you hear a strange noise this morning, Miss, at about four o'clock? I thought it was one of them aireoplanes; and my neighbour was so sure it was one he went down and let his dog loose."

MINOR WAR GAINS.

The year that is stormily ending
Has brought us full measure of grief,
And yet we must thank it for sending

At times unexpected relief;
These boons are not felt in the trenches
Or make our home burdens less hard;
They're not a bonanza, but merit a
stanza

Or two from the doggerel bard.

The names of musicians and mummers
No longer are loud on our lips;
Bythe side of our buglers and drummers
Caruso endures an eclipse;

And the legions of freaks and of faddists

Who hailed him with rapturous awe, O wonder of wonders, are finding out blunders,

And worse, in the writings of Shaw! Good Begbie, no longer upraising

His plea for the "uplift" of Hodge,
Has ceased for a season from praising
LLOYD GEORGE and Sir OLIVER
LODGE;

And there hasn't been much in the

About the next novel from CAINE (No doubt he's in Flanders, the guest of commanders

Who reverence infinite brain).

JOHN WARD has forgiven the Curragh (The Curragh's forgotten JOHN WARD);

No longer he cries "Wurra Wurra!"
At sight of an officer's sword;
MacDonald, the terror of tigers,

Sits silent and meek as a mouse, And the great von Keirhardi is curiously tardy

In "voicing" his spleen in the House.

The screeds of professors and jurists
Have quite disappeared from the
Press;

'Tis little we hear of Futurists,
And frankly we care even less;
Why, TREVELYAN, the martyr to
candour,

Who lately his office resigned, Though waters were heaving has sunk without leaving

The tiniest ripple behind.

In fine, though there fall to our fighters
Too many hard buffets and bumps,
'Tis a comfort to think that our

Are down in the deadliest dumps; And whatever the future may bring us In profits or pleasures or pains The ill wind that 's blowing to-day is

bestowing
A number of negative gains.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS CARD.

"Are we sending Christmas cards this year? Yes," said Blathers, "but not next year, or the year after that, as we shall be retrenching. They are quite modest trifles, yet at the mere sight of the envelope each recipient will, cheerfully, I hope, pay twopence towards the sinews of war. One hundred of these contributions will amount, I am told, to sixtern shillings and eightpence; not much, but it is my little offering to the country in her hour of need. This is the card I propose to send out in a sealed and unstamped cover":—

MR. AND MRS. BLATHERS WISH YOU

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS 1914, 1915 AND 1916,

A Bright New Year 1915, 1916 and 1917. The Ferns, Tooting.

"The Russian mining engineers who have been sent to Galicia since the occupation report that the oil districts will suffice to supply the whole of South-Western Russia. The working of the fields will start in the spring; moreover salt and iron abound, also sporadicalli, silver, copper, lead and the rarer metals."

Cork Examiner.

For vermicelli, however, it will still be necessary to go to Italy.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

To the list of things that the Belgians in Crashie Howe do not understand, along with oatmeal, honey in the comb, and tapioca, must now be added is how it is, and we cannot but be the Scottish climate. They do not grateful to St. Nicholas for this delicate complain, but they are puzzled, and attention to our allies, by which no after sixty-five consecutive hours of doubt they get the pick of the toys, rain they wonder wistfully if it is even though we were nearly let in by always like this. We simply dare not him. Indeed Pierre had practically given tell them the truth.

before the shattering fist of the Kaiser over Great Britain, Belgium, Holland and France. We have not been very successful so far, but one or two we have found, at points as far apart as York and Milford Haven, and, best of all, we have unearthed a great-grandmother, last seen in an open coal boat off Ostend, who is now in comfortable quarters in a village in Avrshire.

Our language difficulties have not been assisted by the arrival of a family from Antwerp who talk nothing but Walloon, but, on the other hand, the progress of the children is now beginning to afford certain frail lines of communication. The least of them, Elise, can already count up to twenty in English (with a strong Scoto-Flemish accent), and so it came about that when I took my little nieces round to pay calls, relations were at once established on a numerical basis.

"One, two, three," said Sheila, holding out her hand.

"Four," retorted Juliette, gurgling with delight.

"Five, six, seven," shouted

" Eight, nine?" enquired Juliette. . . | quently received with open arms.

and Russia, not on December 25th, but of hay for the horse, along with your on December 6th. All our attempts to shoes, or else he will simply pass on explain this phenomenon by the difference in the Russian calendar, though ingenious, have failed; it doesn't work out at all. Still, for some reason, that up hope. He had told his mother that By every post we are busy hunting he was afraid St. Nicholas would never for lost relatives who are scattered find his way to Scotland, it was too far.

> MATINEF WAR FUND

Weary Variety Agent. "AND WHAT'S YOUR PARTICULAR CLAIM TO ORIGINALITY?

Artiste. I'M THE ONLY COMEDIAN WHO HAS SO FAR REFRAINED FROM ADDRESSING THE ORCHESTRA AS 'YOU IN THE TRENCH.'''

Then there is another thing which At the next cottage, where we were might easily have been overlooked. all rather shy, we began tentatively It's no use putting out stockings, as we "I have always wanted him to keep a with "One?" But we finally gained prefer to do in our insular way; one diary." so much confidence that by the time we must put out shoes. At first sight it reached our last visit we ran it up to looks as if we in this country have the ten at a single burst, and were conse- pull over our allies here, for one pair of little shoes does not hold much stuff. One of our main concerns has been But fortunately it is the happy custom the Santa Claus question, and that is a in all lands to allow of overflow to any ously. "How can they realise? How matter which touches us closely, as we extent. And finally St. Nicholas never can you expect Kathleen to realise?" have among our number eleven children comes down the chimney; he pops in of Santa Claus age. There are a good through the window (which should be Henry, "that only last Sunday my many pitfalls here, and it is now unfor- left slightly open at the bottom so that niece Kathleen was marching all over tunately too late to warn other people he can get in his thumb and prize it the house singing at the top of her of the chief of them. For the fact is—
up). Also he never drove a reindeer in some voice, "It's a long, long way to Tipas we found to our amazement—that his life. He rides a horse. And this santa Claus (you must, by the way, call him St. Nicholas; after all, it is condition attaching to his benevolence "But what about—" Eileen was his proper name) comes to Belgium is that you must put out a good wisp beginning.

and you will get nothing at all.

Having collected and considered all these facts we were fully prepared to meet the situation-even down to the small gingerbread animals which always grace the day-on December 6th. and to deal faithfully with the little rows of clogs, bulging with hav, which awaited us on St. Nicholas Eve.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, 1914.

"IT's perfectly simple," said the Reverend Henry, adopting his lofty style. "We must cut the whole lot. There is no other course.'

"I don't consider that your opinion is of any value whatever," said Eileen. "In fact you ought not to be allowed to take part in this discussion. Every one knows that you have always tried to get out of Christmas presents, and now you are merely using a grave national emergency to further your private ends.

The Reverend Henry was squashed; but Mrs. Sidney had a perfect right to speak, for she has been without doubt the most persistent and painstaking Christmas provider in the family, and has never been known to miss a single relation even at the longest range.

"I quite agree with Henry," said she. "This is no time for Christmas presents - except to hospitals and Belgians and men at the Front."

"You mean that you would scratch the whole lot," said I, "even the pocket diary for 1915 that I send to Uncle William?"

"Yes, even that. You can send the diary to Sidney" (who is in Flanders).

"What about the children?" said I. "The children must realise," said the Reverend Henry solemnly, "what it means for the nation to be at war."

"Oh, no," Laura broke in impetu-

"Do you know," said the Reverend

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"Let's have a scrap of paper," said I, "a contract that we can all sign, and then we can put down the exceptions to the rule.

Henry was already hard at work

with a sheet of foolscap.

"... not to exchange, give, receive or swap in celebration of Christmas, 1914, any gift, donation, subscription, contribution, grant, token or emblem within the family and its connections: and further not to permit any gift, donation, subscription, contribution, grant, token or emblem to emanate from any member of the family to such as are outside."

"Good so far," said I.

"The following recipients to be excepted," Henry went on,

"(1) All Hospitals; (2) Belgians; (3) His Majesty's Forces-

"(4) The Poor and Needy," suggested Eileen.

"(5) The Aged and Infirm," said L. "I only want to get in Great-aunt Amelia. She mustn't be allowed to draw a blank.

"That's true," said Henry; "we'll fix the age limit at ninety-one. That'll bring her in."

"(6) Children of such tender age that they are unable to realise the national emergency," said Mrs. Sidney.

"Quite so," said Henry. "What would you suggest as the age limit? Three?"

"Four," said Laura simultaneously. "I should like to suggest five," said I, "to bring in Kathleen."

"Let's make it seven," said Mrs. Henry. "I can hardly believe that

Peter realises, you know."
"Stop a bit." said I. "If you take in Peter you can't possibly leave out Tom. Make it eight-and-a-half.'

"That seems a little hard on Alice, doesn't it?" said Eileen.

"Any advance on eight-and-a-half?" called Henry from the writing-desk. And from that moment the discussion assumed the character of an auction, Laura finally running it up to thirteen (which brings in the twins) to the general satisfaction.

When the contract was signed, witnessed and posted on its way to the other signatories there was a general sense of relief that Christmas would not be very different from usual after That anchor off Pagoda Isle; all. Henry growled a good deal. But we know our Reverend Henry: he will do his duty when the time comes.

"The Prince of Wales noticed a private in his own regiment, the Grenadier Guards, who is six feet inches in height. He is six feet inches in height."—Scotsman.

It sounds silly, but the writer evidently means it.



THE RULING PASSION.

Voice from below. "For 'eaven's sake, mum, get back. The fire-escape will be 'ERE IN FIVE MINUTES."

Endangered Female. "Five minutes? Then throw me back my knitting."

THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE. A PHILISTINE? Then you will smile At this old willow-pattern plate And junks of long-forgotten date

At little pig-tailed simpering rakes Who kiss their hands (three miles away)

To dainty beauties of Cathay Beside those un-foreshortened lakes.

With hand on heart they smile and suc. Their topsy-turvy world, you say, Is out of all perspective? Nay, 'Tis we who look at life askew.

Dreams lose their spell; hard facts we

In our humdrum philosophy;

But, could we change, who would not be

A suitor for those azure eyes?

Who would not sail with fairy freight Piloting some flat-bottomed barge-A size too small, or else too large-On this old willow-pattern plate?

"The 'Figaro' publishes a telegram from Petrograd which contradicts the German announcement that Lodz is occupied by the Kermans."—Lancashire Evening Post. And quite right too.

A MARNE FOOTNOTE.

THERE was a battlefield. I was told. with a ruined village near it, about as far from Paris as Sevenoaks is from London, and I decided to see it. The preliminaries, they said, would be difficult, but only patience was neededpatience and one's papers all in order. It would be necessary to go to the War Bureau, opposite the Invalides.

I went to the War Bureau opposite the Invalides one afternoon, I rang the bell and a smiling French soldier opened the door. Within were long passages and other smiling French soldiers in little knots guarding the approaches, all very bureaucratic. The head of the first knot referred me to the second knot; the head of the second referred me to a third. The head of this knot, which guarded the approach to the particular military mandarin whom I needed or thought I needed, smiled more than any of them, and, having heard my story, said that that was certainly the place to obtain leave. But it was unwise and even impossible to go by any other way than road, as the railway was needed for soldiers and munitions of war, and therefore I must bring my chauffeur with me, with his papers, which must be examined and passed.

My chauffeur? I possessed no such thing. Necessary then to provide myself with a chauffeur at once. Out I went in a fusillade of courtesies and sought a chauffeur. I visited a taxi rank and stopped this man and that, but all shied at the distance. At last one said that his garage would provide me made at all, except possibly to oblige a person of great importance. Was I a person of great importance? he asked me. Was I? I wondered. No, I thought not. Very well then, he considered it best to drop the project.

I came away and hailed another taxi, driven by a shaggy grey hearthrug. I told him my difficulties, and he at once offered to drive me anywhere and made no bones about the distance whatever. So it was arranged that he should come for me on the morrow-say Tuesday, at a quarter to eleven, and we would then get through the preliminaries and my lunch comfortably by noon and be off and away. So do hearthrugs talk with foreigners-light-heartedly and confident. But Heaven disposes. For when we reached the Bureau at a minute after janitor told us we were too late. Too France.

tion was closed between eleven and paid for it; for we were the only clients, two; we must return at two.

"But the day will be over," I said; "the light will have gone. Another than toil. They acted with the utmost day lost!" Nothing on earth can crystallize and solidify so swiftly and implacably as the French official face. At others, in turn, scrutinised it. What these words his smile vanished. He did I want to go to - for? (The was not angry or threatening—merely granite. Those were the rules, and how could anyone question them? At two, he repeated: and again I left the building this time not bowing quite so effusively, but suppressing a thousand the battlefield. That would be triste criticism: which might have been spoken were not the French our allies.

Three hours to kill in a city where everything is shut. No Louvre, no Carnavalet : However, the time went, chiefly over lunch, and at two we were there again, the hearthrug and I, and were shown into a waiting-room where far too many other persons had already assembled. To me this congestion seemed deplorable; but the hearthrug merely grinned. It was all a new experience to him, and his meter was regis- dark. tering the time. We waited, I suppose, forty minutes and then came our turn, at a table. He had white moustaches and was in uniform with blue and red about it. I bowed he bowed, the hearthrug grovelled. I explained my need, and he replied instantly that I had come to the wrong place; the right place was the Conciergerie.

Another rebuff! In England I might have told him that it was one of his own idiotic men who had told me otherwise, but of what use would that be in with a car. So off to the garage we France? In France a thing is or is went, and there I had an interview with not, and there is no getting round it if a manager, who declined to believe that it is not. French officials are portpermission for the expedition would be cullises, and they drop as suddenly and as effectively. Knowing this, so far from showing resentment or irritation, I bowed and made my thanks as though I had come for no other purpose than a dose of frustration; and again we

left this cursed Bureau.

by the meter, I should very soon have clock face leant against a wall. Everycompletely paid for, and we hurtled one had fled-it is a "deserted village" away (for the hearthrug was a demon driver) to Paris's Scotland Yard. Here few fowls. Everything was damaged; were more passages, more little rooms, more inflexible officials. I had bowed of the shingled spire was destroyed, to half-a-dozen and explained my errand before at last the right one bell lay among the debris on the was reached, and him the hearthrug ground. It is as though the enemy's grovelled to again and called "Mon policy was to intimidate the simple folk Colonel." room, and beside him, all on the same side of the table, sat three civilians. eleven the next morning the smiling On the wall behind was a map of late at eleven? Yes, the office in ques- wondered, and how much they were imagined as I stood before this ruined

and the suggestion of the place was one of anecdotage and persiflage rather unanimity. First "Mon Colonel" scrutinised my passport, and then the name is suppressed because it is two or three months since the battle was fought there.) I replied that my motive was pure curiosity. Did I know it was a very dull town? I wanted to see too. Yes, I knew, but I was interested. "Mon Colonel" shrugged and wrote on a piece of paper and passed the paper to the first civilian, who wrote something else and passed it on, and finally the last one got it and discovered a mistake in the second civilian's writing, and the mistake had to be initialled by all the lot, each making great play with a blotter; and at last the precious document was handed to me and I was really free to start. But it was now

The road from - leaves the town and we were led to a little room where by a bill, crosses a canal, and then sat a typical elderly French officer mounts and winds, and mounts again, and dips and mounts, between fields of stubble, with circular straw-stacks as their only occupants. The first intimation of anything untoward, besides the want of life, was the spire of the little white village of on the distant hill, which surely had been damaged. As one drew nearer it was clear that not only had the spire been damaged, but that the houses had been damaged too. The place seemed empty and under a ban.

I stopped the car outside, at the remains of a burned shed, and walked along the desolate main street. All the windows were broken; the walls were indented with little holes or perforated with big ones. The roofs were in ruins. Here was the post-office; it is now half demolished and boarded up. There was the inn; it is now I re-entered the taxi, which, judging empty and forlorn. Half the great with a vengeance: nothing left but a but the church had suffered most. Half most of the roof, and the great bronze He sat at a table in a little beside him, all on the same natural stronghold. "If the church is so pregnable, then what chance have we?"-that is the question which it What they did all day, I was hoped would be asked; or so I its, va.s 1er ost rube nat 'he 0.77 as Ve as iee ste ed. on to ng he ke nd all a 11-28 W

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Pompous Lady. "I SHALL DESCEND AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE." Tommy (aside). "Takes 'ERSELF FOR A BLOOMIN' ZEPPELIN!"

placid only four months ago?

a few hundred yards away, and only too distinguishable as such by the little cheap tricolors on the hastilydug graves among the stubble and the ricks. Hitherto I had always associated these ricks with the art of CLAUDE Moxer, and seeing the one had recalled the other; but henceforward I shall think of those poor pathetic graves sprinkled among them, at all kinds of odd angles to each other-for evidently the holes were dug parallel with the bodies beside them—each with a little wooden cross hastily tacked together, and on some the remnants of the soldier's coat or cap, or even boots, and on some the blue, white and red. As far as one can distinguish, these little crosses break the view: some against the sky-line, for it is hally about here, others against the dark soil.

sanctuary. Where, I wondered, are shine. The sky was blue and the air those villagers now, and what chances mild. A heavy dew lay on the carth. are there of the rebuilding of these old peaceful homes, so secure and fluttered. No sign of life. We were alone, save for the stubble and the ricks And then I walked to the battlefield and the wooden crosses and the little flags. How near the dead seemed: nearer than in any cemetery.

Suddenly a distant booming sounded; then another and another. It was the guns at either Soissons or Rheims-the first thunder of man's hatred of man I had ever heard.

So I, too, non-combatant, as Anne-Domini forces me to be, know something of war-a very little, it is true, but And some day hopes to say, "I told enough to make a difference when I read the letters from the trenches or When Heraclitus brings a cloud, meet a Belgian village refugee.

"General Joffre then engaged in a short conversation with several journalists, and when they referred to the military medal which M. Poincaré pinned on his chest, he said: '3 All this counts for nothing.' Manchester Guardian.

But on the other & we offer our It was a day of lucid November sun- respectful congratulations.

THE PROPHETS.

I have a friend, a gloomy soul, Who daily wails about the war, Taking the line that, on the whole, Our luck is rotten at the core, And into each success Reads some disaster, rather more than

Another friend I have, whose heart Beats with "abashless" confidence, Who sees the Kaiser in the cart

And hung in chains "a fortnight hence"; He saw this months ago,

you so."

Democritus provides the sun; Or should the Hopeful crow too loud, I listen to the Mournful One;

And thus, between the two, I find a fairly rational point of view.

Faces We have no Use For.

"Once or twice he sighed a little, although he had an uninterrupted view of a profile as regular as a canoe."—New Magazine.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."

No, he was not a shirker, as you making munitions of war, or khaki, or woollens, or military boots, or in exporting cocoa to the enemy via neutral Holland-that roaring monopoly of the Pacificist. His business was to spy at spies-a task that called for as much coolness and courage as any job at the Front. And so when the officious flapper presented him with a white prisonment or at least a caution to be feather he had no use for it except as of good behaviour for the future. a pipe-cleaner.

For his purpose Christopher Brent had taken up his residence at a "select boarding establishment, on the East Coast, which contained the following members of the German Secret Service: Mrs. Sanderson, proprietress; Carl, her son, clerk in the British Admiralty: Fräulein Schroeder, boarder, and Fritz, waiter. Their design, if I rightly penetrated its darkness, was to give information of the whereabouts of a certain section of the Expeditionary Force which was "coming through from the North"; to supply Berlin with plans of the coast defences; and finally to give a signal to a German submarine by the firing of the house, which would incidentally mean the roasting alive of its innocent contents. All this (for the sake of Aristotle and the Unities) was to take place in a single day, though I for one could not believe that either the pigeon post or the ordinary mail would

be equal to the strain. Their utensils included a Marconi instrument concealed in the chimney; a bomb; a revolver; maps of the minefield and harbour; a carrier-pigeon, and a knife for disposing of the cliff-sentry.

To frustrate their schemes something more was needed than the wit of Brent a very permissible humour that just he thought the and his ally, the widow Leigh; somestops short of farce. Some of the them to go away. thing more, even, than his skill in stage-devices, as I am assured by my shooting pigeons in flight with an air- betters, may have a touch of antiquity, rifle. The vacuum was supplied by but their application is as modern as the crass stupidity of the Emperor's can well be, and I should indeed be Office. minions. Even when full credit is ungrateful if after an entertainment so given to Brent for letting his bath smoothly and dexterously administered overflow so as to flood the public salon I were to be captious about origins or and render it untenable, it was surely other matters of pedantry. unwise of Mrs. Sanderson to offer her private parlour for the use of the his real character of detective and in boarders on the very day set apart for the assumed futility of his disguise as the execution of her plans which were centred in this room. It was also gross carelessness on the part of her son, when he had Brent, with hands up, at his mercy, to place his own revolver on the table and to use, in exchange, the unloaded weapon which he had taken the country of her adoption. from his opponent's pocket. It was Fritz of Mr. HENRY EDWARDS was puerile, too, to accept without proof another delightful sketch, though his You should see Sir Herbert Tree as the verbal assurances of the widow actual German birth and his allegation Always.

Leigh that she was one of themselves, of Dutch nationality were both belief a loyal German spy. And Fritz com- by the red Italian corpuscles with mitted an unpardonable error in giving which the authors had inoculated him. away the site of the Marconi apparatus thought. Nor was he engaged in by his undisguised suspicion of anybody who took any interest in the in the part of Miss Myrtle, she had her fireplace.

> And so their schemes all went agley: the whole pack was arrested; and when the curtain fell on a happy group of boarders in midnight deshabille there was every promise that the misde-meanants-would receive a month's im-

> I understand, on good authority, that the tendency of the public at this juncture of the War is to demand light refreshment. Well, they have it



"HANDS UP!" "HANDS UP YOURSELF!"

Carl Sanderson . . Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY. Christopher Brent . . Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

here. For, though the subject deals with a serious problem of the hour, it can be treated, and is treated, with

Mr. DENNIS EADIE, as Brent, both in a genial idiot, was equally excellent, and again proved his gift for quickchange artistry. Miss MARY JERROLD's Fräulein Schroeder was extraordinarily Teutonic in all but her quiet humour. which she seemed to have caught from Miss JEAN CADELL, as usual, played a pale and fatuous spinster, but this time. chance, and seized it bravely. When that typical British boarder, Mr. John Preston, M.P. (interpreted with great relish and vigour by Mr. Hubert Harben, remarked, "I call a spade a spade," she replied, "And I suppose you would call a dinner - napkin a serviette"-one of the pleasantest remarks in a play where the good things said were many and unforced.

I have not mentioned the admirable performance-its merits might easily be missed — of Mr. Stanley Logan as a Territorial Tommy; or the very natural manners of Mrs. Robert Brough as Mrs. Sanderson; or the quiet art of Miss Ruth Mackay in a part (Miriam Leigh) that offered a toolimited scope to her exceptional talents. Miss Isobel Elsom contributed her share of the rather perfunctory loveinterest with a very pretty sincerity; and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, in the ungrateful part of the spy Carl, did his work soundly, with a lofty sacrifice of his own obvious good-nature. Indeed, it was a very excellent cast.

I should like to congratulate the authors, Messrs. LECHMERE WORRALL and HAROLD TERRY, on having given the public what they want, without lapsing into banality. The attraction of the first two Acts was not, perhaps, fully sustained in the third, but they gave us quite a cheerful evening; and at the fall of the curtain the audience was so importunate in their applause that Mr. DENNIS EADIE had to break it to them that, though the loss of their company would give him pain, he thought the time had come for

I did not notice Mr. REGINALD McKenna in the stalls, but it was a great night for him and the Home O. S.

Raison de Plus.

- Says the sleek humanitarian: "Any sacrifice I'd make
- For the voluntary system—up to going
- to the stake,"
 Which inspires the obvious comment that contingencies like this
- Turn the coming of conscription to unmitigated bliss.
- "The remaining characters were taken by Mr. Herbert Lemas as Ever, a splendid actor. . . ."—Manchester City News.



LANGUAGE-KULTUR.

Voice from the darkness. "Doand shood! VE vos de Viltshires."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If The Prussian Officer, a study of morbidly vicious cruelty practised by a captain of Cavalry on his helpless orderly (and the first of a sheaf of collected stories, short or shortish, by Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE, issued by Messrs. Duck-WORTH), had been written since the declaration of war it would certainly be discounted as a product of the prevailing odium bellicosum. But it appeared well in the piping times of peace, and I remember it (as I remember others of the collection) with a freshness which only attaches to work that lifts itself out of the common ruck. An almost too poignant intensity of realism, expressed in a distinguished and fastidious idiom, characterises Mr. Lawrence's method. It is a realism not of minutely recorded outward happenings, trivial or exciting, but of fiercely contested agonies of the spirit. None of these stories is a story in the accepted mode. They are studies in (dare one use the overworked word?) psychological portraiture. I don't know any other writer who realises passion and suffering with such objective force. The word "suffering" drops from his pen in curiously unexpected contexts. The fact of it Yet it is no morbid obsession. He seems to obsess him, seems to be dominated by sympathy in its literal meaning, and it gives his work a surprising richness of texture. . . I dare press this book upon all such as need something more than mere yarns, who have an eye for admirably sincere workmanship and are interested in their fellowscolliers, with womenfolk to match.

On a map of the North you may be able to find an island named after one Margaret. It should lie, though I have sought it in vain, just about where the florid details of the Norwegian coast-line run up to those blank spaces that are dotted over, it would seem, only by the occasional footprints of polar bears. Anyhow it was so christened by two bold mariners who lived in the Spacious Days (MURRAY) of QUEEN ELIZABETH. That they both loved the lady (ELIZA-BETH, of course, too-but I mean Margaret) may be assumed; but that they should eventually, with one accord, desire to resign their claims upon her affection must be read to be understood. I for one did not quarrel with them on this score. For had not their mistress in the meantime found companionship more suitable than theirs? Besides, if even the author is so little courteous to his heroine as to invite her to appear only in two chapters between the third and the twenty-seventh, why should two rough sea-dogs-or you and I-be more attentive? And indeed it is a correct picture of his period that Mr. RALPH DURAND is concerned to present rather than a love story. In the writing of the love scenes considered necessary to the mechanism of the plot he seems very little at his ease; and so marked at times is his discomfort that I must confess to having felt some irritation when my willingness to be convinced was not met halfway. In the handling of his sheets and oars I like the author better, though even here I miss what might have brought me into a companionship with his people as close as I could wish on a most adventurous journey of nearly four hundred pages. But perhaps that is fellows of all sorts, soldiers, keepers, travellers, clergymen, my fault; and, at the least, here is a straightforward sea story—as honest as the sea and as clean.

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how she grew and what she learnt, and all the changes of lorn George, impressing his mother, and generally scoring her dresses and her soul, are set forth by Mr. OLIVER off poor Samantha. At least so she thought. Really, how-Onions in Mushroom Town (Hodder and Stoughton), ever, Mrs. Spragge had taken Hazel's measure in one, and She differed from the children of other novelists who grow was all the time quietly fighting her visitor for her son's up to be men and women, because she was made of bricks and mortar and iron girders and romantic scenery and makes it, are the best things in the book. I shall not tell ozone (especially ozone), and the people who lived with her or took trips to see her are troated as a mere emble- and was unprepared for creeps. But George, I may remind matical garnish of her character and growth. Llanualo is vou, collected snakes. A good and virile tale. a daughter of Wales, but she is not any town that you may happen to have seen, although possibly Blackpool and

noses at her, as she turned up her nose at them. Lancashire built and conquered her, to be conquered and annually recuperated in turn. Cymria capta ferum . . . might have been the motto of her municipal arms. Exactly how Mr. Oxions exhibits the romantic spectacle of her development, with the strange knowledge she picked up, as from virgin wildness she became first select and then popular, I cannot hope to explain. Suffice it to say that the process is epitomised in sketches of the various people who helped in the moulding of her-the drunken Kerr brothers, who built a house in a single night; Howell Gruffydd, the wily grocer; Dafydd Dafis, the harper; and John Willie Garden, son of the shrewd cotton-spinner who first saw the possibilities of the place, and won the heart of the untamed gipsy girl, Ynys. This is surely Mr. Osions' best novel since Good Boy Seldom; and as Llanyglo is safely ensconced on the West coast you should go there at once for the winter season.

Spragge's Canyon (SMITH, ELDER), takes its title, as you might guess, from the canyon where the Spragges lived. It was a delightful spot, a kind of

Californian coast. Wherefore the Spragges loved it with a love only equalled perhaps by the same emotion in the about it. The Spragges of the tale are Mrs. Spragge, young woman, destined by Providence and Mrs. Spragge to be the helpmate of George. But George, though he was strong and handsome and a perfect marvel with rattlesnakes (which he collected as a subsidiary source of income), was also a bit of a fool; and when, on one of his rare townward excursions, he got talking to Hazel Goodrich Reichstag the Government might change their minds. in a street car, her pale attractiveness and general lure down to the ranch on a visit (I am taking it on trust now, but these misprints of his name always annoy him, that Mr. VACHELL knows the Californian etiquette in these and every little helps.

Llanyglo was a child with fair hair and blue eyes, and matters) and has the time of her life, flirting with the loveyou who wins. Personally I had expected a comedy climax,

Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN hopes, in his Introduction Douglas and Llandudno have met her, and turned up their to Days of my Years (ARNOLD), that his reminiscences "may

be found of some interest to a patient reader"; and, when one considers that Sir Melville spent twenty-four years at Scotland Yard, many of them as chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, he can hardly be accused of undue optimism. Speaking as one of his readers, I found no difficulty at all in being patient. I have always had a weakness for official detectives, and have resented the term "Scotland Yard bungler" almost as if it were a personal affront; and now I feel that my resentment is justified. S. otland Yard does not bungle; and the advice I shall give for the future to any eager-eved, enthusiastic young murderer burning to embark on his professional career is, don't practise in London. I would not lightly steal a penny toy in the Metropolitan area. There are two hundred and seventy-nine pages in this story of crime, as seen by the man at the very centre of things, and nearly every one of them is packed with matter of absorbing interest. Consider the titles of the chapters: " Bombs and their Makers"; "Motiveless Murders"; "Half-a-day with the Bloodhounds." This, I submit, is the stuff; this, I contend, is the sort of thing you were looking for.



THE COMPLETE SALESMAN.

Lady (rather difficult to please). "I LIKE THIS ONE, BUT-I SEE IT'S PRINTED IN GERMANY."

Salesman. "Well, IF YOU LIKE IT, MADAM, I WOULDN'T TAKE TOO MUCH NOTICE OF THAT STATEMENT. IT'S PROBABLY ONLY ANOTHER GERMAN LIE!"

earthly paradise (snakes included), and the Spragge family | There is something so human and simple in Sir Melville's had made it all themselves out of unclaimed land on the method of narration that it is with an effort that one realises what an important person he really was, and what extraordinary ability he must have had to win and hold breast of Mr. H. A. VACHELL, who has written a book his high position. Even when he disparages blood-hounds I reluctantly submit to his superior knowledge and abandon widow of the pioneer, and her son George. With them on one of my most cherished illusions. I hate to do it, but the ranch lived also a cousin, Samantha, a big-built capable if he says that a blood-hound is no more use in tracking criminals than a Shetland pony would be, I must try to believe him.

Revenge.

"After Herr Von Holman Bethwig's wild speech in the German

proved too much for him. Accordingly Hazel was asked It isn't much one can do to the German Chancellor just

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THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK



THE STATUS QUO.

TURKEY. "WILL YOU NOT STILL BEFRIEND ME?" BRITANNIA, "BEFRIEND YOU?-NOT WITH YOUR HANDS OF THAT COLOUR!"

September 9, 1876.

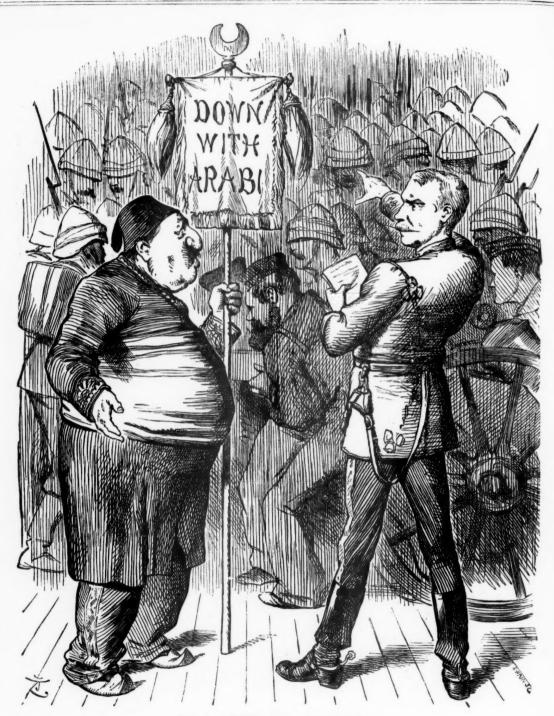
England indignantly protests against the atrocities committed by the Turk in Bulgaria.



ONE BUBBLE MORE!!



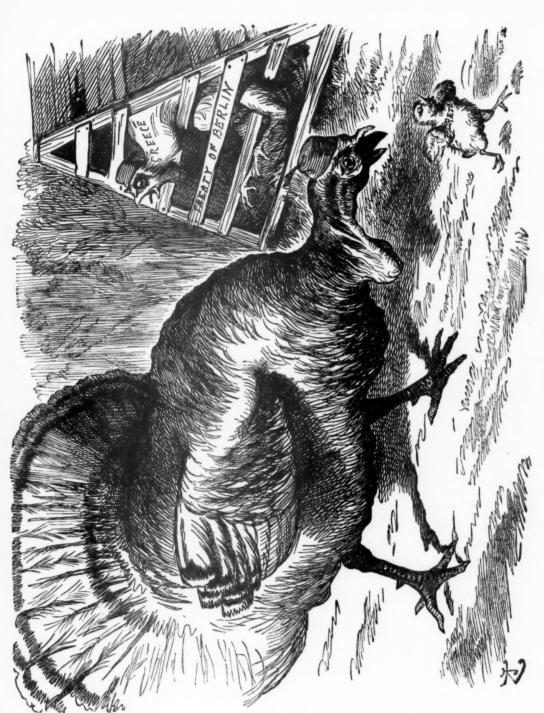
EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!



THE SUBLIME-"SUPER"!

(REHEARSAL OF GRAND MILITARY DRAMA.)

STAGE MANAGER. "WHAT ARE YOU TO DO, SIR? WHY, GET WELL TO THE BACK, AND-WAVE YOUR BANNER!!!"

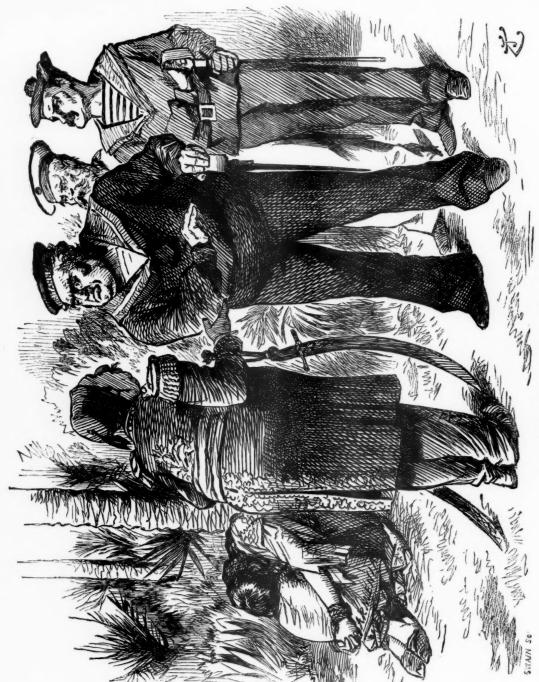


COOPED UPI

The Powers, despite the protests of Greece, leave it to the Turk to restore order in the Island of Crete.

11"

1882.



"DEEDS-NOT WORDS!"

JOHN BULL. "LOOK HERE, -- WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PALAVER! ARE YOU GOING TO LET THE GIRL GO, OR HAVE WE GOT TO MAKE YOU?"

The barbarous treatment of Armenia by the Turk compels the intervention of England, France and Russia.



A FREE HAND.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK. "HA, HA. THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! I CAN GET TO BUSINESS AGAIN."



A TURKISH BATH.

Sultan. "They gave it me pretty hot in that Armenian room! but—Bismillah! this is—phew!!"



"TURKEY LIMITED."

Sultan. Make me into a Limited Company? H'm-Ah-S'pose they'll al: ow me to join the Board after Allotment!"



TENDER MERCIES!

DAME EUROPA (to LITTLE CRETE). "DON'T CRY, MY LITTLE MAN. I'VE ASKED THIS NICE, KIND TURKISH POLICEMAN TO STAY AND TAKE CARE OF YOU!"



THE SLAVE OF DUTY!

Admiral John Bull. "Now then, out you'll have to go!"
The Unspeakable. "What! leave my beautiful Crete in a state of disorder? Never!"



THE MITYLENE MARCH.

(SOLO FOR THE FRENCH HORN.)

THE SULTAN. "I DON'T LIKE SOLOS! GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED EUROPEAN CONCERTO!"



BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE DEEP SEA.



THE OPTIMIST.

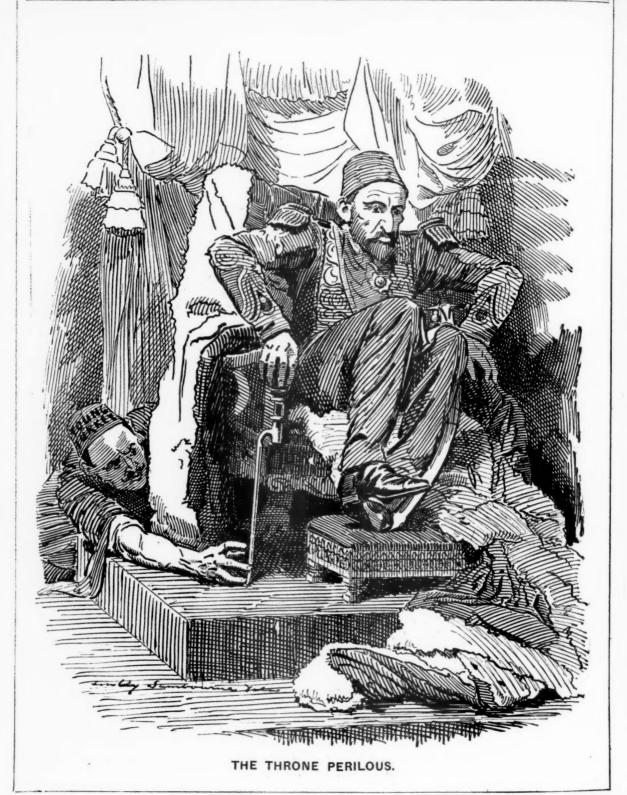
Abdul Hamid. "What, all the Fleets coming here? That will be fun! I do hope they'll have Fireworks!"



OUT OF BOUNDS.

JOHN BULL. "SHOO! SHOO!"

May 9, 1906.



The condition of the Turk is very critical. Internal disorders indicate a serious danger of collapse.



THE SALT-WATER CURE.

Shah of Persia. "Go on in, Abdul—just for the look of the thing. You can always come out if you don't like it."

SICK MAN OF EUROPE. "YES, I KNOW. BUT ONE GETS SO WET!"



AT LAST!



ARMAGEDDON: A DIVERSION.

Turkey. "Good! if only all those other christian nations get at one another's throats, I may have a dog's chance yet."



NO EFFECTS.

Balkan Leaguer. "It's your money we want."
Turkey. "Money, dear boy? Search me!"



SETTLED.

Dame Europa. "You've always been the most troublesome boy in the school. Now go and consolidate yourself."

TURKEY. "PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

DAME EUROPA. "IT MEANS GOING INTO THAT CORNER-AND STOPPING THERE!"



"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."

King of the Hellenes. "Our success was, as you know, entirely due to you."

German Emperor. "Thanks, thanks." (Aside) "I suppose he can't be referring to our organisation of the Turkish army."

The Unspeakable Turk.



ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

Turkey (to Greece). "Aha! My young friend, alone at last! Now we can arrange a really nice treaty."

The Unspeakable Turk.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

The Kaiser (to Turkey, reassuringly). "Leave everything to me. All you've got to do is to explode." Turkey. "Yes, I quite see that. But where shall I be when it's all over?"

CHARIVARIA.

to the war, Ireland is suffering from and Joffre Venmore. a horse famine, and many of the natives are now to be seen driving

An appeal is being made in Germany for cat-skins for the troops. In their Navy, on the other hand, they often get the cat itself.

In offering congratulations to the any time of the day or night." The don Association of Master Decorators.

expression is perhaps a little unfortunate; it sounds as if they had been pegging out.

Private F. NAILOR, of the Royal Berkshires, was at his home at Sandhurst last week when the postman brought a letter from the War Office reporting that he had been killed in action. While his being alive is, of course, in these circumstances an act of gross insubordination, the Army Council will, we understand, content itself with an intimation that it must not happen again.

A cigar presented by the KAISER to Lord LONSDALE has been sold at Henley in aid of the local Red Cross Hospital, and has become

price of £14 10s. Will it, we wonder, perhaps? now be inscribed, "From a brother butcher"?

According to the Berliner Tageblatt Western Australia is interning her alien and Bears are now comrades in arms. enemies on "Rottnest Island." there is anything in a name, this does seem a rather unhappy choice, in view of the well-known sensitiveness of the German.

It is curious how in war time really important occurrences are apt to escape one's notice. For example, it was not until we read an article in a contemporary last week on "The Demise of the Slim Skirt" that we realised that Fat Skirts were now the vogue.

less little children, and we hear with trenches.

regret that the Register of Births in Liverpool now includes the following SOME LITERARY WAR-NOTES. An exceptionally well-informed Berlin names :- Kitchener Ernest Pickles, newspaper has discovered that, owing Jellicoe Jardine, French Donaldson, out William the Silent. This is not a

> With reference to our recent remarks about Mr. J. WARD's so-called mixed metaphor of a horse bolting with Messrs. Chatto and Windus. money, a gentlemen writes to us from Epsom to say that he has personally put money on more than one horse and Inventions of the Twentieth Century which bolted.

The War would certainly seem to "Green Howards" on the work they have led to better feeling in the Labour have been doing at the Front, Major- world between masters and men, and Hohenzollern. This does not speak General Capper said, "I knew it was from a recent paragraph in The Daily well for the alertness of our publishers. a regiment I could hang my hat on at Mail we learn that there is now a Lon-



Orderly. "Your Majesty, I have been sent to ask for detailed instructions ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TO BE HELD AT BUCKINGHAM PAL-

Wilhelm. - ! -

The War has worked other wonders. Not the least of these, a Stock Exchange friend points out, is that lots of Bulls

"NEW PHASE IN RUSSIA. GERMANS CHANGING THEIR DISPOSITIONS." Daily Mail.

We are glad to hear this, for they used to have simply beastly ones.

Another secret revealed by Mr. HAMILTON FYFE:-

"As usual when they take the initiative, the Russian troops swept the enemy before them. They first cleared out the trenches and then pursued the Germans."—Dail Mail. In the West we still cling to the old-Of all forms of cruelty the most hideous fashioned method of first clearing out is that which is perpetrated on defence- the Germans and then pursuing the Another example of true British re-

MESSRS. HARRAP have just brought biography of the Kaiser.

Nor is The Hound of Heaven, a new edition of which is announced by

Mr. EDWARD CRESSY'S Discoveries makes no mention, curiously enough, of the Wolff Bureau. We look in vain, too, among the Yuletide publications for a book of Fairy Tales by WILLIAM

Messrs. Jack, we see, have produced a Life of Nelson. It is now, we consider, up to Messrs. NELSON to produce a volume with some such title as We Al! Love Jack.

> At last the Germans are reported to have scored a little success in the United States. An American coon is said to have been so much impressed by the achievements of the Germans that he has sent a song to the KAISER, the opening words of which are "My Hunny!"

> The War is responsible for a splendid boom in the study of geography. An English lady who visited some of the Belgian wounded at a certain London hospital the other day

the property of a butcher at the The idea is a pretty one. Iron Crosses, asked one of them where he was hit, and on receiving the reply, "Au pied," is said to have spent hours trying to find the place on the map.

> Which reminds us that, owing to the new names which the various belligerents are giving to towns which they have conquered (like Lemberg) or temporarily occupied (like Ostend), several map-makers are reported to be suffering from nervous breakdown.

The Kaiser's Thanks.

"The Archbishop of York and Germany." Heading in " Edinburgh Evening Despatch." Other pluralists, like the Bishop of Sodor and Man, are not at all jealous, nor are we at all surprised.

"They drank the full-flavoured soup with scarcely a sound."-The Story-Teller.

finement.

THE OLD SEA-ROVER SPEAKS.

[Referring to our victory off the Falkland Islands, the Tügliche Rundschau remarks: "On board our North Sea ships our sailors will clench their teeth and all hearts will burn with the feeling, 'England the enemy! Up and at the enemy!" The gallant bombardment of defenceless towns on our East Coast would appear to be the immediate outcome of this intelligent attitude.]

> Behind your lock-gates stowed away, Out of the great tides' ebb and flow, How could you guess, this many a day, Who was your leading naval foe? But now you learn, a little late-So loud the rumours from the sea grow-England's the thing you have to hate, And not (for instance) Montenegro.

The facts are just as you've been told; Further disguise would be but vain; We have a penchant from of old For being masters on the main; It is a custom which we caught From certain sea-kings who begat us, And that is why we like the thought That you propose to "up and at" us.

Come where you will—the seas are wide; And choose your Day-they're all alike; You'll find us ready where we ride In calm or storm and wait to strike; But-if of shame your shameless Huns Can yet retrieve some casual traces-Please fight our men and ships and guns, Not women-folk and watering-places.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XI.

(From the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.)

MOST INTERNALLY (INNIGST) BELOVED FATHER,—Here in my headquarters we learnt with sorrow that you have been suffering from a bronchial catarrh. Anxious as we were at first, our minds were relieved when we heard that you had since, and we said to ourselves that you could not fail soon to be in the saddle again with all your accustomed energy. And now comes the report that you are indeed yourself again, like Richard III. in our great German, Shakspeare.

Now that all danger is past I cannot forbear giving you from my heart a word of warning, begging you not with rashness to risk your so valuable life. Do not laugh and imagine that I am pulling your leg (dass ich Dir das Bein ziehe). Nothing is further from my thoughts; I am quite serious. You must remember that you are not so young as you were and that this rushing to and fro between France and Poland, which to a man of my age would be a mere trifle, bringing with it only enjoyment, must be for a man who is between fifty and sixty a task well calculated to search out and expose his corporeally weak points so as to call upon me. I can scatter any number of Iron Crosses, petrol.

and am willing to make speeches which will prove to our hated enemies, as well as to America and Italy, that God is the good old friend of our Hohenzollern family and that He will pay no attention (why should He?) to anything that the English, the French, the Russians, the Servians and the Belgians may say. Is it not lucky for the Austrians and the Turks that they are on our side and can share in the high protection that we enjoy? To save you trouble I would even go so far as to open a session of the Reichstag, though for my own part I never could see much use in that absurd institution. Still we have it now under our thumb (unter unserem Daumen), and even the Socialists are ready to feed out of our hands and to allow us to kick them about the floor. He who says that war is barbarous and useless can learn by this example that it is not so. If you wish me to invite one or two Socialists (not more) to a State dinner I will even go so far as that. You see how deeply prepared I am to oblige you. And if you want to finish your cure by taking a complete rest from the serious work of being Commander-in-Chief, even in that point I am not unwilling to sacrifice myself to the highest interests of the Fatherland by replacing your august person both in the field and in the council chamber. You have only to say the word and I shall be there.

May I now add a few words about the War? Somehow it does not seem that we are getting on as we have been led to expect. Mind, I am not blaming anybody, certainly not your most gracious fatherly Majesty, but I must say that all the books which we were told to read showed us quite a different war, a war laid out on the system of 1870. At this stage, in 1870, everything was over except the siege of Paris and the shouting, but now we do not appear to be making progress anywhere. Why do these degenerate races hold back our holy and with-love-of-Fatherland-inspired troops? Perhaps the new Moltke has not been quite so sure in his touch or so triumphant in his plans as the old one-but then that ought not to have made much difference, because you and I have been there to keep him straight. FALKENHAYN, no doubt, might have been expected to do better, for you had opened your whole mind to him, but he too seems only able to knock his head against a stone wall (seinen Kopf gegen eine Mauer stossen) and the result is that we are everywhere getting it in the behaved very violently to those about you, for in that we neck (dass wir es überall in dem Hals kriegen), and that recognised our good old father as we knew him from long process is not pleasant for a true Hohenzollern. It is possible that RUPERT OF BAVARIA has been allowed to talk too much. One Crown Prince is enough even for a German army. Have you any idea what we ought to do to secure victory somewhere?

I am sending you a box of lozenges, which I have always found excellent for a cough. I beg also that you will not forget how efficacious is flannel when worn next to the skin.

> Your most devoted Son, WILHELM, KRONPRINZ.

SEASONABLE GIFTS.

I. THE MOTTLE.

A new and ingenious development of the old-fashioned bring satisfaction, not to us, but to the enemy. Such a hot-water bottle. The ordinary hot-water bottle warms burden must no longer be placed only upon your back, for but a small portion of the bed. The Mottle, possessing there are others whose bones are young and who are a motor attachment, can be wound up and it will then willing to share it with you. Why should we be compelled travel all over the bed, diffusing an agreeable warmth to sit still or merely to beat our back with fists while you, everywhere. May be used as an engine in the nursery by dear Father, undergo these too terrible fatigues? I myself, day. 33s.6d. The Chesterton, for large-size beds, 44s.11d. for instance, if I may say so with the most humble respect, This kind also makes an excellent gift for soldiers in the am ready to represent you in all departments whenever you trenches. It will travel half-a-mile before requiring further



FULFILMENT.

AUSTRIA. "I SAID ALL ALONG THIS WAS GOING TO BE A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION."





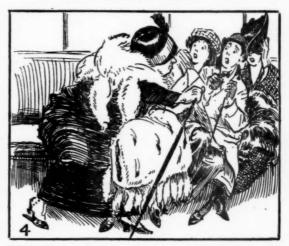
THE STEAM-ROLLER (ENGLISH) AT WORK.



"Nothing, madam, I assure you-pidn't feel it."



THE PATRIOTIC MIND AT WORK.



"BUT, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU CAN STAND HARDSHIPS LIKE THAT, HOW IS IT YOU ARE NOT AT THE FRONT?"

LIGHT REFRESHMENT: AN INTERLUDE.

By Special Constable XXX.

I was sitting grimly in my sentrybox guarding a power station and a sausage factory. The latter is considered to be a likely point of attack on the part of the Huns. Should it be destroyed, a vital source of food supply for our army (they would reason) would you looking so blue with the cold." be cut off.

Incidentally, the sausage factory is much more exciting to guard than the electric light works. One sees the raw material arriving and being unloaded. One sees the sausage king swishing up in his richly-appointed limousine, giving porkly orders to his deferential subordinates, and then whisking off-no asked. doubt to confer with the War Office.

An old lady with a million wrinkles approached me and seemed desirous of entering into conversation. We are of my explanation.

strictly forbidden to talk with civilians unless first accosted. After that it is bombs, what will you do then, dearie?" a matter for individual discretion.

got to sit there the 'ole of the afternoon, dearie?" this very clear.
"And what do you think they will dearie?"

I confirmed that apprehension.

"Well, I do call it a shame; and

With that I was in cordial agreement. "Are they going to bring you tea, dearie, at 'arf-time?

Alas, no. Under sergeant's sanction we might be permitted to buy a porkpie from opposite, but this must be taken as unofficial and in confidence.

"Zeppelins, Madam," I replied.

" Zeppelins-what would they be?" She nodded a vigorous understanding " And when they drop their nasty

Our orders were to draw our trun-I therefore left it to her to make the cheons, arrest them and convey them first advance. She began: "'Ave you to the nearest police-station. I made

do to them?"

I considered that they would get at least a month with hard labour, and no option of a fine.

"I should think so! The brutestrying to take away the poor man's food! And as for that CROWN PRINCE, when you get 'im, just you 'it 'im right over the 'ead with your truncheon!'

We are not allowed to hit over the "What are you waiting for?" she head on ordinary occasions, but in the case of the Crown Prince attacking (and conceivably looting) our sausage factory, no doubt the rule would be relaxed. I undertook to follow her advice, and she left greatly relieved.

A CAPTURE.

Even without his khaki I should have plate. known the wee lieutenant for an infant I had been detached by our hostess to might think me a bit of a fool." cover his left wing, that he was that happy warrior for whom I was seeking. wife told me the other day was "a too much beer, and I like it myself-

poor trumpery sort of thing if KITCHENER meant, it as an

honour to them."

"I'm not a kicker," he assured me, and I let him talk inoculation happily until we commenced to move forward in files.

"You live here, don't you?" he said as soon as Maria (not black) had served us with soup, and when I assented his next remark made me hopeful.

"And you know all the people round here, I suppose?'

"Nearly everyone I should think within five miles of the village."

"I've been here a fortnight and this is the first time I have been out-not out-of-doors, of course-I mean meeting people."

At that moment my neighbour upon the left commenced a bombardment which interrupted us but, when a pause came at last, the wee lieutenant broke it in a low and solemn voice.

"I suppose you couldn't tell me why a deaf man can't tickle nine children?"

So suddenly had matters come to a head that I sat staring, and the wee lieutenant, misunderstanding my interest, grew red.

"I'm not mad, really and truly, but that thing is positively getting on my brain. I'm not very keen on riddles and so

I didn't catch the answer. Some- on the roller, and the how it has worried me ever since. Jersey among them." Why can't he tickle them?"

I shook my head. "I never saw anybody attempt it, deaf or otherwise. Hadn't you better ask the person who she was rather nice, you know." propounded the question?

answer to the riddle, you might know whatever else the fortunes of war the answer first-hand. Won't you ask the person who asked it. It's very might bring him. hard to get to know people by yourself, isn't it?'

" How I lured him into the open. did you come to hear it?

with his frank eyes bent upon his when I got to a cottage with its blinds

"I don't mind telling you, but I in arms, and I began to hope, directly shouldn't like everyone to know; they

I promised discretion.

"Well, the other morning I was up He saw me looking at the red rib- on the common kicking a football bon which adorned the left wing in about with some of the men-it's good else did, but I heard my one-I mean question and which our gardener's for them and keeps them from getting the Jersey one-I mean the Yellow one

The Jester. "HALLO, SONNY! CHOOSIN' YER TURKEY?! Diminutive Patriot. "GARN! YER DON'T CATCH ME 'AVIN' TURKEY THESE DAYS. WY, I'D AS SOON EAT A GERMAN SAUSAGE!"

forth, but I happened to hear some-|football, I mean, not beer-and some and write it down for you?" one ask that one the other day, and people came and sat down to watch on the roller, and there was a Yellow half company to retire, the other half

cow-on a roller."

I nodded, thinking to myself that "I—I can't very well—I wish I this young man would never make could. I thought, if you knew the "an Eye-Witness with Headquarters,"

"Well, that evening we were out scouting, trying to find out where a capture a prisoner of war, but that's party of cavalry had got to that had how I assisted at the taking of a been reported coming out from King's prisoner of love.

He pondered in silence for a moment Langley to take us by surprise, and down and a light inside I peeped in, and there were two or three people, and she was there, and, of course, I had to knock to ask if any cavalry had gone by.

" And she didn't come to the door!" "No, you're right there; somebody -ask somebody that riddle; but the

person-the sister or whatever she was who came to the door -finished me off before I heard the answer, and somehow or other it's been running through my head ever since. It isn't the girl, you know, it's-it's the aggravation of it. I asked our sergeant the other day and he doesn't know. One of these days I shall be giving it as an order - 'Deaf section! Tickle nine children!' Do you-do you know who lives in that cottage?"

"Nobody."

"But she-they were there that night."

"Yes, but they don't really live there. We call them the Swallows because they migrate so much. Baby Swallow is very pretty, isn't she? and, bythe-by, she's rather afraid that you may be worrying about that riddle."

" Me—I?"

This was the moment for which I had been waiting, but the wee lieutenant took cover, hunting his dessert fork on the floor long after Maria had brought up reinforcements.

"Why, yes, she ought to have said, 'dumb,' not 'deaf.' I've forgotten the answersomething about 'gesticulate.' She's coming to tea with me to-morrow. Would you like me to ask her what the answer is,

Our hostess gave the signal for our to stay down in the smoke, and I added, "But what a curious place for a as I went out, "That will lay the riddle nicely, won't it? If it had been the The wee lieutenant twinkled. "And girl and not the aggravation, I should have asked you to tea too."

The wee lieutenant surrendered at that, blushing above the door-handle.

"I-I-I say, I should like to get me to tea, please?"

I don't yet know what it feels like to

KEEPING IN THE LIMELIGHT.

It was a grand meeting of the literary gents. They had all heard about the War from their publishers, and there had been one or two suggestive allusions in The Author. The question of the moment was, "How can we help?" The chairman was the President of the Society of Authors, who

knew everybody by sight.

The first to rise was Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, but he failed to catch the Chairman's eye, which had been secured by Mr. H. G. Wells. This well-known strategist rose to point out that what England wanted in the event of an invasion was the man, the gun and the trench. When he said man he meant an adult male of the human species. A gun was a firearm from which bullets were discharged by an explosion of gunpowder. A trench, he averred, amid loud protests from the ex-Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, was a long narrow cut in the earth. He had already pointed out these facts to the War Office, but had received no reply. Apparently Earl KITCHENER required time for the information to soak in. Was it or was it not a national scandal? His new nov-(Deleted by Chairman).

After a little coaxing, Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS was persuaded to rise to his feet. He said deferentially in the first place that he was not a savage. (General cheering, in which might be detected a note of sincere relief.) He lived at Torquay. (Oh, oh.) He had never been to London before, and was surprised to find it such a large place. (General silence.) He had been a pacifist - (Hear, hear) - but he now thought the GERMAN EMPEROR was a humbug. He wished it to be known that his attitude was now one of great an elaborately assumed apathy. But in apologised to his brother authors for 'umbleness. The war could go on as his eyes was a bitter envy. far as he was concerned. (Applause.) Although he had given up writing about Dartmoor he had that morning applied for the post of Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Torquay Division of Devonshire, (Profound sen-BENNETT, with whom he used once to collab- (Deleted by Chairman).

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE then took the floor, but was interrupted by the arrival of the Military Member of the Invasion nov-Committee of the Thorpe-le-Soken

Division of Essex.

Hanging his feathered helmet on the QUEUX. door-peg and thrusting his sword and Mr. Wells was observed to sink into on behalf of the War Funds and humbly for pheasant-shooting."—Daily News.



THE SUPREME TEST.

The Civilian. "I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT. FANCY MARCHIN' THIRTY MILES WITH THE RIFLE, AND THAT PACK ON YER BACK!

The Tommy. "YES, AND MIND YOU-IT'S TIPPERARY ALL THE WAY!"

were told and what that was would be sation.) He didn't know if he should insisted on something being done, and of--- (Deleted by Chairman). get it, but his friend, Mr. Arnold the War Office, which wasn't such a fool as some authors thought (with a meaning look at Mr. Wells), had been most affable. Everything now was all right. His next book was to be a war - (Deleted by Chairman).

> Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE then rose to his feet simultaneously with Mr. WM. LE

Mr. WM. LE QUEUX said that he order. scabbard into the umbrella-stand, Mr. owned an autograph portrait of the Arnold Bennett took a seat at the table, afterwards putting out his chest. Kaiser. It was signed "Yours with the belt, Bill." The speaker would sell it

having knocked about so much in his Mr. Bennett, after clearing his youth with emperors and persons of that throat, said that he had settled the kind. It should not occur again. He War. Everybody was to do what they pointed out that he had foretold this pointed out that he had foretold this War, and that his famous book, The told them in due course. He and the Great War of-whenever it was-was War Office had had it out. He had to be brought up to date in the form

At this juncture it was brought to the Chairman's notice that Mr. H. G. Wells was missing. An anxious search revealed the fact that the ornamental sword and plumed casque of the Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Thorpe-le-Soken Division of Essex had disappeared at the same time, and the meeting broke up in dis-

Our Sporting Press Again.

"Sporting rifles have been bought in Paris

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

I was sitting in front of the firedozing, I daresay - when he was announced.

"Father Christmas."

He came in awkwardly and shook

me by the hand.

"Forgive my unceremonious entry," he said. "I know I ought to have lisher's," I said soothingly. come down the chimney, but-well, you understand.'

"Things are different this year," I

suggested.

"Very different," he said gloomily. He put his sack down and took a seat on the other side of the fire-place.

"Anything for me?" I wondered, with an eye on the sack between us.

"Ah, there's no difference there," he said, brightening up as he drew out a big flat parcel. "The blotter from Aunt Emily. You needn't open it now; it's exactly the same as last year's."

I had been prepared for it. I took a letter from my pocket and dropped it

in the sack.

"My letter of thanks for it," I explained. "Exactly the same as last year's too."

into the fire.

"All the same," he said at last, "it's different, even with your Aunt and stopped me. Emily."

with, why didn't you come down the

chimney?"

"The reindeer." He threw up his hands in despair. "Gone!"

" How ?" " Filleted."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Or do I mean 'billeted'?" he said. "Anyway, the War Office did it."

"Requisitioned, perhaps."
"That's it. They requisitioned 'em. What you and I would call taking 'em.'

"I see. So you have to walk. you could still come down the chim-

ney."

"Well, I could; but it would mean climbing up there first. And that wouldn't seem so natural. It would make it more like a practical joke, and I haven't the heart for practical jokes this year, when nobody really wants me

"Not want you?" I protested.

Father Christmas dipped his hand into his sack and brought out a card of greeting. Carefully adjusting a pair of horn spectacles to his nose he letter), but not the jolly Christmas prepared to read.

"Listen to this," he said. "It's from Alfred to Eliza." He looked at me over his glasses. "I don't know if you know them at all?"

"I don't think so."

"An ordinary printed card with robins and snow and so forth on it. And it says "—his voice trembled with indignation—"it says, 'Wishing you a very happy——' Censored, Sir! Censored, at my time of life. There's your War Office again."

"I think that's a joke of the pub-

"Oh, if it's humour, I don't mind. Nobody is more partial to mirth and jollity than I am." He began to chuckle to himself. "There's my joke humorously. about the 'rain, dear'; I don't know if you know that?"

I said I didn't; he wanted cheering up. But though he was happy while he was telling it to me he soon became

depressed again.

"Look here," I said sternly, "this is smiled. absurd of you. Christmas is chiefly a children's festival. Grown-ups won't give each other so many presents this on to his shoulder and faced meyear, but we shall still remember the his old jolly self again. "This will children, and we shall give you plenty to do seeing after them. Why," I went on boastfully, "you've got four of my presents in there at this moment. The book for Margery, and the box Father Christmas sighed and gazed of soldiers, and the Jumping Tiger

Father Christmas held up his hand

"It's no good," he said, "you can't "Tell me all about it. To begin deceive me. After a good many years at the business I'm rather sensitive to impressions." He wagged a finger at me. "Now then, uncle. Was your whole heart in it when you bought that box of soldiers, or did you do it with an effort, telling yourself that the children mustn't be forgotten - and knowing quite well that you had forgotten them?"

> "One has a-a good deal to think about just now," I said uneasily.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you; everybody's the same; but it makes it much less jolly for me, that's all. You see, I can't help knowing. Why, even your Aunt Emily, when she bought you that sible for the war?" delightful blotter . . . which you have your foot on . . . even she bought it in a different way from last year's. Last year she gave a lot of happy thought to it, and decided in the middle of the night that a blotter was the one thing you wanted. This year she said, 'I suppose he'd better have his usual blotter, or he'll think I've forgotten him.' Kind of her, of course (as, no doubt, you've said in your spirit.

"I suppose not," I said.

Father Christmas sighed again and

Perhaps next year they'll want me again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. You're quite sure there's nothing else for me?

"Quite sure," he said, glancing into his bag. "Hallo, what's this?"

He drew out a letter. It had O.H.M.S. on it, and was addressed to "Father Christmas."

"For me? Fancy my not seeing that before. Whatever can it be?" He fixed his spectacles again and began to read. "A commission, perhaps," I said

"It is a commission!" he cried excitedly. "To go to the Front and deliver Christmas presents to the troops! They've got hundreds of thousands all ready for them!'

"And given in what spirit?" I

"Ah, my boy! No doubt about the spirit of that." He slung his sack be something like. I suppose I shall have the reindeer again for this. Did I ever tell you the joke - ah! so I did, so I did. Well, good night to you."

. He hurried out of the room chuckling to himself. I sat down in front of the fire again, but in a moment he was

back.

"Just thought of something very funny," he said, "Simply had to come back and tell you. The troops-heehee-hee-won't have any stockings to hang up, so-ha-ha-ha-they'll have to hang up their puttees! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

He passed through the door again, and his laughter came rolling down the passage.

THE SUPPRESSED SUPERMAN.

"WHAT are you reading, Arthur?" I said.

"NIETZSCHE," said Arthur.

I sneezed in response. "Isn't that the chap," I said, "who's really respon-

"People like you think so," he said. "The reading of philosophy," I said, "was never in my line. Give me the exact sciences; Euclid for me every time."

" Hopelessly moth-eaten," said he. "Most of the schools have dropped him in favour of geometry."

"Bah," I said, "a quibble. But tell me, wasn't it NIETZSCHE who taught the Germans to think they were supermen or whatever you call 'em?"

"Contrary to the opinion of the man in the street," said Arthur, looking at me rather meaningly, "NIETZSCHE did not write merely for the benefit of "Well, I must be trotting along. German people, nor did he approve, I

FOR ALL PERSONS.



I KNIT.



THOU KNITTEST.



HE KNITS.



WE KNIT.



YOU KNIT.



THEY KNIT.



AN ECHO FROM EAST AFRICA

Sentry (until lately behind the counter in Nairoli, to person approaching post). "HALT! ADVANCE ONE, AND SIGN THE COUNTERFOIL!"

should say, of the German idea of culture. You've been reading the evening papers; you're a wallower, that's what

"I'm afraid," I said, "you also consider yourself a bit of a superman.'

"I admit," he said, "that I've gone a long way.

"Towards Tipperary?"

"Beyond you," he said, tapping the page of NIETZSCHE he was reading; we're not on the same plane."

"You can always get out and change," I said.

"Such flippancy," said Arthur, "is unbecoming in a lance corporal. What you want is a course of philosophy."

"What you want," I said, "is a course of musketry." Arthur, who, like me, is rising forty-six, is sound enough for home defence, but isn't in any Force yet. So, being a lance corporal in the "United Arts" myself, I feel I can throw advice of this sort at him freely.

"I'm going to give you a mental prescription," he said, taking out a pencil and scribbling on an envelope. "Have you read this—Ludovici's Who

a lot of it.

"I've got a pal," I said, "who'd dearly enjoy a few rounds of mental jiu-jitsu with you. He's got rather advanced ideas.

"Advanced!" said Arthur contemptuously. "We Nietzscheans speak only of being 'complete' or 'nearer completion."

It was at this point that Alfred joined in. He was sitting in uniform on the other side of the fire, reading Ruff's. Guide.

"Who's that talking about poor old LUDOVICI?" he asked.

For a moment I was afraid Alfred thought that Ludovici was a horse.

"I was recommending him to this shining light of the Burlington House brigade," said Arthur.

Alfred laughed. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "everybody knows that he (pointing to me) is an antediluvian; but you've gone a bit off the boil yourself, haven't you?"

looking rather pained.

"The Japanese," said Arthur, "think theory has been sent down even from there. Have you read Barrow's Fallacy of the Nietzschean doctrine?"

" N-no," said Arthur.

"Or Erichsen's Completion of Self? You can get the paper edition for a bob."

"I'm sorry to say I haven't," said Arthur, who looked sadly chap-fallen. "But I will. However, for the moment I've got a meeting on—our literary club, you know."

"I'm coming round to raid you one night," I said, "to see if you're all registered.

For reply Arthur slammed the door behind him.

"Alfred," I said, when Arthur had left the house, "you astound me. Who are these new friends and their philosophies, Barrow and the Danish fellow, what's his name?'

"Mere inventions," said Alfred, "but they served."

"Then the fat's in the fire," I said; "he'll find out that you've been pulling "What do you mean?" said Arthur, his leg before lunch-time to-morrow."

"That's all right," said Alfred. "Our is to be Master of the World?"

"Many Continental theories," said lot's booked for Pirbright to-morrow mon, I haven't," I said; "but I can Alfred, "when they die, go to Oxford. morning, and we shan't meet again till tell you who isn't going to be—in once."

I'm afraid your friend Ludovici's the other side of Peace."



THE CHILDREN'S TRUCE.

PEACE. "I'M GLAD THAT THEY, AT LEAST, HAVE THEIR CHRISTMAS UNSPOILED."



THE PRIZE.

With ivy wreathed, a hundred lights Shone out; the Convent play was finished;

The waning term this night of nights
To a few golden hours diminished.

Again the curtain rose. Outshone The childish frocks and childish tresses

Of the late cast that had put on Demureness and its party dresses.

Rustled a-row upon the stage
Big girls and little, ranged in sizes,
All waiting for the Personage

To make the speech and give the prizes.

And there, all rosy from her *rôle*,

Betsey with sturdy valiance bore her,
Nor did she recognize a soul

But braved the buzzing room before her

With such resolve that guest on guest, And many a smiling nun behind them,

Met her eyes obviously addressed

To proving that she did not mind
them.

(So might a kitchen-kitten see— Whose thoughts round housemaids' heels are centred—

The awful drawing-room's company He inadvertently has entered.)

Swift from her side the girlish crowd, With lovely smiles and limber graces,

Went singly, took their prizes, bowed, Returning sweetly to their places.

Then "Betsey-Jane!" and all the rout (Her hidden mother grown romantic) Beheld that little craft put out Upon the polished floor's Atlantic.

The Personage bestowed her prize, And Betsey, lowly as the others, Bowed o'er her sandals, raised her eyes Alight with pride—and met her mother's!

She thrust between the honoured row Before her in her glad elation; Her school-mates gasped to see her go; The nuns divined her destination;

The guests made way. Clap following

Acclaimed Convention's overleaping
As Betsey gained her mother's lap
And gave the prize into her keeping.

Royalties We Have Never Met.

I. THE EMPEROR WILLIAMS.
"The Emperor Williams, who was reported to have been at Breslau . . . seems to have returned to Berlin."—Evening Despatch.



At the "Spotted Dog," "I 'ear there be two hundred soldiers—Borderers, they calls 'em—'ave come 'ere. Do yer reckon they'll be for us or agin' us, Jarge?"

ON EARTH-PEACE.

JUDGE of the passionate hearts of men, God of the wintry wind and snow, Take back the blood-stained year again, Give us the Christmas that we know!

No stir of wings sweeps softly by; No angel comes with blinding light; Beneath the wild and wintry sky No shepherds watch their flocks tonight.

In the dull thunder of the wind
We hear the cruel guns afar,
But in the glowering heavens we find
No guiding, solitary star.

But lo! on this our Lord's birth-day, Lit by the glory whence she came, Peace, like a warrior, stands at bay, A swift, defiant, living flame! Full-armed she stands in shining mail, Erect, serene, unfaltering still,

Shod with a strength that cannot fail, Strong with a fierce o'ermastering

Where shattered homes and ruins be She fights through dark and desperate days;

Beside the watchers on the sea She guards the Channel's narrow

Through iron hail and shattering shell, Where the dull earth is stained with

Fearless she fronts the gates of Hell And shields the unforgotten dead.

So stands she, with her all at stake,
And battles for her own dear life,
That by one victory she may make
For evermore an end of strife.

SANTA CLAUS AT THE FRONT.

SEASONABLE GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

By Aunt Parker.

As Christmas draws nearer, the problem of what gifts to send to our brave men at the Front becomes more acute. For of course they must all have presents, no matter what decision is come woven into the ordinary fabric. dear old festival at home.

Street, where will be found many ingenious novelties designed especially for the mirthful anniversary which ing their energies on letter-paper for prices are a fetish. will so soon be on us with all its the Front. In a compact and very associations of peace and goodwill to tasteful morocco case is a sufficient possible value at the lowest possible

mend shops and their wares, but it is a pleasure to put on record some of the things on which my roving eyes settled as I traversed London's most luxurious thoroughfare. Every taste is there considered, but for the moment my interest is solely in gifts for our brave officers-and privates too, if they have wealthy enough friends.

At Messrs. Baskerville's, for example, I perceived a host of captivating articles calculated to make glad the heart of any fighting man. In one window was a Service Smoker's Companion which cannot be too highly extolled, especially as this War is, as everyone knows, being waged very largely on the beneficent

twice as well, and any horrid old pipe pounds, which is, of course, nothing. that he might possess and, however obtainable in silver at a lower cost; but carried by an orderly. my advice to everyone is to take the

ten-guinea Campaign Abdominal Belt strap-for Mr. Jones forgets nothing. strands of real gold thread being compasses for the other arm, and for to as to the manner of spending the foretell an enormous sale for this Thus fitted, the officer knows practically As an aid to the generous there is service Muffler at seven guineas, say that all are in gold; but a few nothing like a walk down Bongent which has real gold tassels at each special sets in radium can be obtained.

Messrs. Cartersons are concentraten.

It is no part of my duty to recom
supply of paper, envelopes and blottingpaper for a considerable corresponding the charming premises of Messrs.

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST, 1914.

The Spectral Duke (to guest in haunted room), "HA, HA! BEHOLD, I AM HERE!"

Guest. "Yes, yes—so I see. But I'm awfully busy just now. Give us a look up next year."

Indian weed. The equipment consists ence. A gold ink-pot, a gold pen and no officer need ever again go without of four delightful gold-mounted pipes, a gold pencil are also included, together tea in the trenches. Messrs. Slimmer each guaranteed to be made of briar with sealing-wax and nibs, and a very over eighty years old; a gold-mounted clever little rubber-stamp with the pencil; a gold cigar-case and fifty words, "Somewhere at the Front." A cigars; a gold cigarette - case and writing pad for the knee when in action 1,000 cigarettes; a gold cigar-cutter; completes this timely budget. Those a gold mechanical lighter; a gold and interesting letters from officers and amber cigar-holder; a gold and amber men, which now form so popular a cigarette-holder; a smoker's knife and section of each paper, are likely soon two gold ash-trays—the whole neatly to be noticeably increased in numbers. packed in a leather case and weighing Fortunate indeed is the man who gets every visit to their trenches. only nine pounds. No soldier—at any one of Messrs. Cartersons' Front rate, no officer—should be without it. Correspondence Companions! The cheered by its presence he would fight total weight is only a little over two

tired of it, be forced still to smoke for I noticed a very delightful Field Tanwant of a new one, he would be able to talus, which can easily be attached to give to a Tommy. The same set is a shoulder-strap or, better still, be For home use the same firm has a

The moment the threshold of Mr. Luke Jones' establishment is crossed, Many of our brave fellows are sup- both eye and mind are in a state of plied with helmets, belts and mufflers ecstasy in the presence of so much by the loving hands of their friends; Christmas enterprise. Here, as else- dinky little Game Book especially pre-

but for those who cannot knit, Messrs. where, the first thought has been for Tyke and Taylor have a most attractive our brave soldiers at the Front, and show of all the woollen articles with particularly the gallant officers. Wrist which it has been decreed that our watches of every shape are to be seen, warriors shall cover their bodies. Their each thoughtfully provided with its could not be improved upon, little In addition to wrist watches are wrist the ankles a speedometer and barometer. fascinating article, and also for the all that can be learned. I need not Even these, however, are not ruinous, for with Mr. Luke Jones reasonable

The full assurance of securing the best

Slimmer and Bang. Their Service knick-knacks cannot be overpraised. Glancing hastily around, I noticed several with devices all calculated not only to be useful but to amuse at the Front, wherever our stalwart representatives are gathered.

One of the most practical is a boot-cleaning set in strong pigskin with gold clasps, including, very ingeniously, a bottle of patentleather reviver. Another pigskin, indispensable at the Front, holds a complete teaset. It resembles the old teabasket, but weighs at least five ounces less (no small matter on the march, I am told) and is more compact. With such a gift as this,

and Bang are to be congratulated.

Anything more charming than the Service card-cases at Messrs. Slosson and Kay's I have never seen. One side is intended for paper notes, of which every officer at the Front is in constant need; the other half is reserved for his visiting-cards, which it is de riqueur, I am told, to leave on the enemy after and Kay also have charming combina-In another of Cartersons' windows tions of drinking-flask and ear-syringe in all the more precious metals, and field-glasses studded with diamonds. most delightful Special Constable's gold-mounted truncheon, which unscrews for liquid refreshment, of which our S. C.'s are often in need.

Messrs. Kyte and Kyte have a really



"AND WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU, SIR?"

pared for the War and as a Christmas land operations — I am myself our English shoot, but on examination we Przsczwow or have they not?" find that the game is of larger size. Pen which not only acts as a pen but occupied.' also as a clinical thermometer and pipecleaner. It has furthermore an attachment for removing stones from horses' feet. Made in gold, it is a most becoming Yuletide gift.

A CREDIBILITY INDEX.

"This Poland business is still rather hard to follow," said my wife plaintively, after consulting the latest newspaper map pinned over the mantelpiece, "and sheer quantity as you have since the I know it's tremendously important. I wish they wouldn't keep fighting in that yarn about small villages that aren't marked; and really beyond the bare fact that both simultaneously it is not at all easy to gather just what they are at."

"The whole thing would be as clear as day," said my sister-in-law, who absolute reliability. Nil for the perlikes to be regarded as an authority on fect and utter lie.'

gift. It differs at first sight very little Naval Expert-"if only one knew what up beside the map for reference; I refrom the ordinary game book of an to believe. Have the Germans occupied co

"I think they must have done. Last The divisions include all ranks of the night's paper said that it was believed German army, so that an exact analysis | that Przsczwow was officially occupied, of one's bag can be kept. Messrs. Kyte and it says here that it is officially and Kyte also make a Service Fountain stated that Przsczwow is believed to be

> "It's only partially official," said I, who had carefully collated the reports on the point. "It was semi-official from Amsterdam, official from Berlin, considered to emanate from a good source in Rome, and unofficially denied in Petrograd."

"It must be true," said my wife.

"You were always a good believer, dear," said I. "I doubt if I know any one who has believed as much in war began. You know you swallowed

"Don't you think," my wife broke in hastily (for she simply hates to be armies repeatedly surround one another reminded of the Russians in England), "that we ought to have a sort of index to judge these rumours by?"

"I see," said I. "One hundred for

The table which resulted was hung

commend it for general use.	
London, Paris or Petrograd (official) .	100
(semi-official) .	
Berlin (official)	25
It is believed in military circles hero	-
that	24
A correspondent who has just re-	
turned from the firing-line tells	
me that —	18
It is freely stated in Brussels that-	17
Our correspondent at Amsterdam	
wires that	13
Our correspondent at Rome an-	
nounces that—	11
Berlin (unofficial)	10
I learn from a neutral merchant	10
	7
A story is current in Venice to the	
effect that—	5
It is rumoured that	4
I have heard to-day from a reliable	-
source that—	3
I learn on unassailable authority	0
that—	2
It is rumoured in Rotterdam that—	1
Wolff's Bureau states that—	Ô
TOTAL D APRICAGE DIRECT CONTROL	U

We didn't put in my wife's other sister who lives on the East coast, because I don't like to hurt people's feelings. My wife hears from her frequently. Her average is about nineteen to one against, so that her proper place on the list would be bracketed with the story from Venice.

[&]quot;I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER. HAS HE BEEN IN HERE? HE'S AN OLD MAN 'BOUT THIRTY-SEBEN."

TREASURES IN STORE.

HE is a great man in the Pantomime world. As he rose from his roll-top desk with the evident intention of kicking me, I hastened to explain that There have been other ructions, and especially I was only a harmless reporter come to look at some of the new lyrics.

"Ah," said he, "that alters the case. I thought you were another topical songster. Now here's a clever little piece about the Navy."

I stretched out my hand for it. "No," he said. "So much depends on intelligent expression and emphasis that I'd better read it to you. I think of calling this one 'The Battle of the Brine.'

"The seas roll high, and the smoke around does hang,

And the Dreadnoughts steam along in line; The big guns boom and the little fellows bang, And the shells go bumping in the brine! The flags run up, and the Admiral says, 'Now,

Sirs. Buck up and send the Huns to Davy Jones! Then the Captain cheers, and the men hitch

up their trousers, And they all give Hohenzollern three groans! "There it is;" and the Great Man fairly purred with satisfaction. " Une petite pièce de tout droit, isn't it?" he said. "I gave you a hint of the tune.

It needs a stirring one." "It does," said I, delighted to be able to agree with him on one point. "And you have other songs equally topical?"

He pointed to a bale in the corner that I had taken for a new carpet. "I've had a good few to choose from, he said. "I fancy this one is about the best. My leading low - comedian writes all his own lyrics-extraordinarily adequate little man. He opens briskly:-

"Pip-pip, girls!
As I was walking down the street, Because it couldn't walk down me, One day last week I chanced to meet A German en-ee-mee. He had a notebook in his hand (not a

sausage) And I said, ''Ere's a spy! Wot O!' So I gripped him by the collar and-And—then—I—let—him—go! For he (ha! ha! he! he!)

Was bigger than me, you see So I thought it well to run and tell The speshul constabularee!

"Yes," he gasped, "I thought that 'ud hit you. That's what I call a real live piece of work. Here's anotherin the old-fashioned style. Not quite so much snap about it. But my fourth low-comedian thinks he can make it go. It's called, 'When Father Barbara shook him and flung him down; Threw his Wages at the Cat.'

"We're not a happy family, we're always on the nag,

Our miseries are dreadful to relate: I've got two little sisters who are both a mass of blisters

From settling disagreements in the grate;

This afternoon my Uncle Charlie kicked me We took him back, and we asked down the stairs

And walloped me for crumpling up the mat; But this, though far from nice, is simply nothing to the crisis

When father threw his wages at the cat!

the day

That mother lent our dicky to the sweep, When all of us were weeping and the baby gave up sleeping

Because it was impossible to sleep; But all the rows that ever raged in any British home

Were never half so horrible as that

Which made the coppers rally to the storming of our alley When father threw his wages at the cat!"

"Is that out of date?" said I. "If so, I like the old style best.'

He grunted. "It'll pass," he said; "but the other's the business."

"Well, give me pleasure first," said "As a true Briton I can always take it sadly."

BARBARA'S BIRTHDAY BEAR.

Barbara's birthday comes once a year, And Barbara's age you may surely know

If into the toy-box depths you'll peer And count the Teddy-bears all in a

For by Barbara's law, which we all obev

She claims each year, as the birthday-

That her loyal subjects must cheerfully

A new Teddy-bear for the toy-box Zoo.

Some of them growl and some of them squeak,

And one can play on a rub-a-dub drum,

But till Barbara's birthday last Wednesday week

Not one of the Teddy-bears was dumb.

The latest addition to Barbara's bears Was a splendid fellow when well displayed

In one of the smallest of nursery chairs, And his label declared he was "English made."

Barbara called him her "bestest bear," But he tumbled soon from this place

For she squeezed him here and she pounded him there,

And "Daddy, he doesn't growl," she cried.

She turned her back and refused to

And to every argument said with a

"He's my worstest bear; he can go away.'

instead

For "A bear like this, that can growl, you see; "

But the shopman smiled and he darkly

"All growls are made, Sir, in Germany." *

* No doubt this defect in the British industry has by now been made good.

THE NEW REPORTING.

TONBURY V. HAILEYBRIDGE.

(A Rugby Match reported after the style of the German General Staff. The passages in brackets are the work of a neutral correspondent.)

OUR brave Tonburians kicked off against the wind and immediately assumed a strong offensive along the whole line, forcing the enemy to evacuate his positions. When we reached their Twenty-five it became clear, after a furious struggle, that a decision was inevitably about to be postponed on account of the unexpected strength of their defence. (One try to Haileybridge which was converted.)

After some fierce scrummaging in mid-field, in which we had all the best of it, it was found necessary, owing to strategic reasons, for our forces to occupy entirely new positions some thirty yards nearer to our own touch-line. Thereafter there was nothing whatever to report. (Try to Haileybridge.)

When the game was resumed it soon became evident that the situation was developing according to our expectations. (A dropped goal to Haileybridge.) Fighting continued, but there was no

new development to report. (Two tries.) At half-time the head-master heartily congratulated the Tonbury Fifteen upon the magnificent victories they were gaining against superior forces, and assured them that it would soon be over, and they would all be back in time for tea. He then conferred their caps upon the whole Fifteen and an extra tassel upon the Captain. It is understood that the school-house will be decorated with bunting.

The second half was largely a repetition of the first. We continued to keep up a powerful pressure all along the line, varied only by frequent occupation of new strategic lines, occasional postponements of decision, several stages of development according to anticipation, and some rapid re-grouping of our forces. The whistle found us pressing heavily, just outside the goal-line (the Tonbury one).

(Result: Haileybridge, 43 points; Tonbury, nil.)

THE BERLIN CHRISTMAS SEASON.

YULE LOGS.

Made from the finest Belgian church carved oak. A Prussian General writes: "This wood burns admirably. I speak from personal observation of experiments carried out under my orders.

An admirably suitable present for this year is a

WAR MAP.

Those we offer are calculated to be particularly popular, the little Imperial flags not being detachable but painted on to the map - at Paris, London, Petersburg, etc. Thus, whatever may be happening in the field, you may continue cheerful.

AMERICAN MIRRORS.

As many of our most exalted customers complain of the quality of these goods, considering them too crude and glaring in their effect, we have prepared, with the help of our Ambassador at Washington, a special glass which provides a less realistic reflection. Sold in various shapes-the Kaiser mirror, the Dernburg reflector, etc. Try one.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR.

CALAIS-BEACH PEBBLE BROOCHES.

(We regret to announce that at the last moment our buyer writes that he is unable to procure the last-named article.)

TOPICAL GEOGRAPHY.

STUDIES IN THE ART OF DRAGGING-IN-

"Though the Falkland Islands are dreary and uninviting enough, they have added their quota to the gaiety of the world. It should not be forgotten that Miss Ellaline Terris is a native of Stanley, the capital of the islands."

—Pall Mall Gazette.]

THE town of Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia, which has recently been in evidence owing to the enterprise of French aviators, is the seat of a university, of an Old Catholic bishopric and a school of agriculture. But it owes its chief title to fame to the fact that it was the birthplace of BEETHOVEN, the eminent composer. BEETHOVEN was a man of a serious character, but thanks to the genius of Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who impersonated the illustrious symphonist in one of his notable productions, he has contributed substantially to the general gaiety.

Scarborough's unhappy plight under the shells of the German Navy will not soon be forgotten, and the sympathies of us all are with the unfortunate as irresistible as the townsfolk of the Northern resort. Macedonian namesake. Brighton, however, which shares with Scarborough the claim to be called the Empire, has re-emerged into prom-



THE JOY OF BILLETING IN A FRENCH CHATEAU. Time, 6 a.m.

Brigade Major. "I SAY, SIR, MAY I FINISH DRESSING IN HERE? THEY'RE SHELLIN' THE NORTH BEDROOMS!"

recreation ground for tired Londoners never be forgotten that Miss GERTIE on Sunday, among whom that mirthprovoking comedian, Mr. George GRAVES, is often to be seen.

The strategical and political importance of Egypt has of late somewhat overshadowed its picturesque aspect. But Memphis, Luxor, the Pyramids are still names to conjure with, as anyone will readily admit who recalls the wonderful stage pictures in Bella Donna, in which the rôle of good genius was sustained with such consummate skill and sympathy by Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose smile is as irresistible as the sword of his

Tokio, the capital of the Japanese and no doubt will remain a favourite the fall of Tsingtau. But it must Not KIPLING's after all, you see.

MILLAR'S espièglerie has caused many critics to compare her with the famous Japanese actress, Madame SADA YACCO, who, so far as we know, was born at Tokio and is one of its brightest jewels.

All eyes have recently been turned towards Ypres, and every one not of Teutonic caste must regret the damage that has been wrought there by the War. The word Ypres, however, to many persons, is chiefly interesting as giving its name to the old tower at Rye, in Sussex, where Mr. HENRY JAMES, whose sprightly and fertile pen has added so much to the dubiety of nations, has long resided.

Queen of Watering Places, is unharmed inence owing to the celebrations over on the suaves." —Corriere delle Puglie.

TOO MUCH NOTICE.

I DECIDED to go home by bus. My season-ticket had expired painlessly the previous day, and twice already that morning I had had to satisfy the curiosity of the railway officials as to my name and address. Although I had explained to them that I was on half-salary and promised to renew business relations with the company as soon as the War was over or Uncle Peter died-whichever event happened first-they simply would not listen to me, and hence my decision to adopt some other means of transport. I signalled to a bus to stop, and, as the driver, seeing my signal, at once put on his top speed, I just managed to fling myself on to the spring-board as the vehicle tore past.

I ran up to the first storey, and sat down in the front seat. I took out my cigarettecase and was about to light a cigarette when a printed notice caught

my eye-

PASSENGERSWISHING TO SMOKE ARE KINDLY REQUESTED TO OCCUPY THE REAR SEATS.

If the notice had been put a little less politely I should have ignored it; but I can refuse nothing to those who are kind to me, so I refrained from lighting up, and contented my-

wished I had learnt to take snuff.

moment a walking - stick playfully which left me half-stunned. tapped the head of the young fellow point of his umbrella into my calf, knocked off my pince-nez with his newspaper, and spread himself over he said by way of peroration. "Then the back of the seat.

"'Allo, Alf!" he said. "Thought it must've been you. Look 'ere, I him my fare. "I've done nothing else

want to see you——"
"Perhaps," I interrupted, "your your ease-and mine."

he was addressing a Double-Blue-

places, and my attention at once say I should have worked my passage became absorbed by a notice headed

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

I had just reached the exciting part when two girls arrived on the landing. "There aren't two together; we shall have to divide," I heard one say.

"Excuse me," I said, rising. "Don't divide. I'll get into a single seat if you care to take this double one.

I was rewarded with the now almost obsolete formula of "Thank you," and moved a seat further back. Here I found some fresh reading material provided for me in the shape of a notice to the effect that

PASSENGERS ARE WARNED NOT TO PUT THEIR ARMS OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUS.

When I had probed its beauties to

to the notice you refer to. I haven't reached it yet. "Look 'ere," said the conductor.

thrusting me into the vacant smoker's seat and pointing with what I at first took to be a saveloy, but which upon closer inspection proved to be his forefinger, "what does that say?-

TO AVOID ACCIDENTS PASSENGERS SHOULD REMAIN SEATED WHILE THE BUS IS PASSING UNDER RAIL-WAY BRIDGES.

There nar. Some of you blokes never look any farther than the end of your noses."

"Then if I had your nose," I retorted, "I should need a telescope to see even as far as that.'

I was much disappointed that, just as I got to the caustic part, the exigencies of his profession demanded that he should punch six tickets in rapid succession. My repartee was consequently drowned amid a perfect carillon of bells. But meanwhile I had found another notice-

TO STOP THE BUS STRIKE THE BELL ONCE.

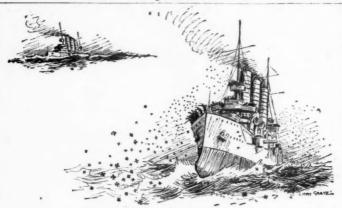
It was a friendly and sensible notice, for, to tell the truth, I was beginning to feel afraid of a bus that carried so much free literature. It could not hope to be a thoroughly reliable bus

self with looking round to see if there | the utmost depth I again turned round | and a library at the same time. I "season" one more chance. I got up and struck the bell once. As the driver didn't know it was just an ordinary passenger that struck it he pulled up immediately. I had got halfway down the staircase when somebody-it must gave the game away, for the bus jerked badly and started off again at a rare pace. So did I. But as I flew through the air I could not help catching a fleeting glimpse of a final advisory

PASSENGERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST ALIGHTING FROM THE BUS WHILE IN MOTION.

From The Evening Standard's racing

"That's Enough, 19st 2lb (Mr. R. Cavello) J. Killalee



THE IRON CROSS EPIDEMIC.

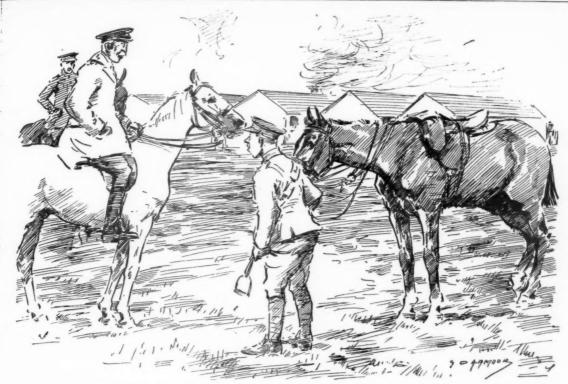
CAPTAIN OF A GERMAN CRUISER, HURRYING HOME AFTER SHELLING HEALTH-RESORT, GIVES ORDERS TO LIGHTEN THE SHIP FOR THE SAKE OF SPEED.

was a rear seat vacant. There wasn't, to see if there was a vacant seat among therefore determined to forfeit several A cluster of happy, smoking faces con- the smokers. To my joy I saw one. divisions of my ticket, and give my fronted me. I turned round again, and Quickly I rose and hastened to secure it, but at the same moment the bus "Cheer-o, Bert!" said a refined voice turned a sharp corner and I sustained just behind my car, and at the same a violent blow on the back of my head

The conductor, who had just apsitting next me. My neighbour faced peared on deck to collect fares, helped have been that offensive conductorabout, kicked me on the shin, dug the me to my feet. Then he rounded on me.

"Why don't you read the notices?"

it wouldn't 've 'appened."
"The notices?" I repeated, handing but read notices ever since I got on this wretched reading-room. I know where friend would like to change places with I may smoke and where I may not. I me. Then you can scrutinise him at know that I must beware of pickpockets, and I know that I mustn't "You're a sport," remarked Bert.
He spoke truly. Little did he guess Further, I have read Mr. Pinkerton's personal assurance that his Pills are bowls and quoits. Alf and I changed the Best. If I'd had more time I dare- We agree with the horse.



General. "Glad to see you walking, my lad. I always like to see a man who considers his horse." Recruit. "Thank you, Sir. But my near side stirrup's broke, and I can't get on." General. "Then why the deuce don't you get on with the off-side one?" Recruit (after some consideration). "But I'D BE SITTIN' WRONG WAY BOUND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM sorry that I cannot now be the first to call King Albert's Book (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) The Golden Book. But, since this term has already been applied, I can only applaud it. I suppose never in the history of books has such an one as this been put together, just as never in the line of kings has monarch received, under such circumstances, so rare a tribute. If in the Belgian heart, from splendid effort will bring to it. King Albert's Book is made is one from which time has taken away any cause for indeed a noble tribute to nobility—one that for every sake surprise. "There was," he says, "a German lieutenant

will become an historic souvenir of the Great Days. And (if I may confess the secret wickedness of my heart as I read) how I should love to see the Berlin Press notices!

When Mr. Theodore Roosevelt stated on page 25 of Through the Brazilian Wilderness (MURRAY) that his was not a hunting-trip, but a scientific expedition, I winked solemnly, so often have I read books in which science is used as an excuse for a slaughter that to the unbloodthirsty seems to be more than a little indiscriminate. Now, howruler to refugee, there is room for more pride than should ever, there is nothing to do but to withdraw that wink and of right be there already, surely these pages, voicing the to say that Mr. Roosevelt and his companions killed only homage of all that counts in the world to-day, will bring it. for the sake of food and specimens, though on one very We are all King Albert's men now, and in this book we exciting occasion a man called Julio displayed a most have a welcome chance of proving our fealty. You will unwholesome desire to slay anybody or anything. This observe that I say nothing about the volume as commercial renegade's lust for murder was merely a side-show, but it value for the three shillings that it costs to buy. One glance serves vividly to illustrate the dangers and risks that the at the list of those who contribute (a kind of international travellers took as they fought their way along the River of supplement to Who's Who is all that is needed to satisfy you Doubt. No escape is possible from the buoyancy of Mr. on this point. The Daily Telegraph is primarily responsi- Roosevelt's style; as frankly as any schoolboy enjoying a ble for gathering together a greater assembly of the names holiday he revelled in the ups and downs of his adventures; that matter than was ever collected between covers. To the and if his enthusiasm for the important work that he was proprietors, to Mr. Hall Caine, who edits the book, and to helping to accomplish occasionally leads him to relate the printers (especially for the illustrations in colour, which trivialities, and also prevents him from advancing a few are triumphs of reproduction) I can only offer my thanks kilometres without adding up the total number he has and congratulatory good wishes. Certainly, The Daily travelled, the essential fact remains that his tale of exploit Telegraph Belgian Fund, to which will go the entire pro- and exploration is told with a joie de vivre that carries ceeds of the sale, deserves well the shillings that this everything before it. Among the many discoveries that he

with the Paraguayan officers - one of several German ible novel-a defect of tactics rather than of capacityofficers who are now engaged in helping the Paraguayans with their army." Through the Brazilian Wilderness is packed with wonderfully good photographs, two of which introduce us to a game played by the Parecis Indians, of which the initial rule requires the "kicker-off" to lie flat on the ground and butt the ball with his head. One wonders if Brazil's future battles will be won in the playingfields of the Parecis.

that I cannot forbear to quote them. The tale concerns that the topical preface is being overdone these days. the famous conductor Hans von Buelow, who (says Sir CHARLES) was once taking the Berlin Philharmonic

Orchestra through a rehearsal at which some ladies had been invited to be present. They indulged in whisperings and chatterings which greatly disturbed the players. Buelow turned round and said, "Ladies, we are not here to save the Capitol, but to make music." Pretty neat that for a Prussian! It is an example of the many excellent tales to be found in Pages from an Unwritten Diary (ARNOLD). Some of the best of them concern this same Buelow, and have done much to disprove my personal belief in the non-existence of German humour. But throughout his book Sir Charles is the best of good company. Whether he is chatting about Royalty-there is a rather moving little anecdote of QUEEN VICTORIA and TENNYSON that was new to me-or telling again the often-told history of the Cambridge Greek Plays and the A.D.C., he has a happy pen for a point, and even the chestnuts inevitable in such a collection are served with a flavour of originality. I must be allowed to quote one more of von Buelow's good things. A gushing lady at a musical party begged for an in-

great man!

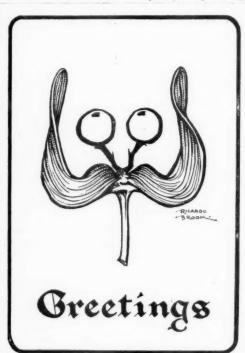
I am quite prepared to accept Mr. Lindsay Bashford's Cupid in the Car (Chapman and Hall) as a nice unpretentious diary of a motor-tour on and about the Franco-jerked out by machinery. Yet I am bound to confess that wholesomely seasoned with adventure and the arrangement wholesomely seasoned with adventure and the arrangement of marriages shortly to take place. And I distinctly like his taciturn paragon of a chauffeur, Eugene—a nephew of Enery Straker the voluble, as I should judge from a certain family resemblance and, by the way, much too intelligent to murder his French phrases in the hopeless manner which the author, none too scrupulous in these little touches, suggests. But whether Mr. Bashford hasn't spoilt an enthusiastic travel book without producing quite a plaus- Hence The Evening Standard.

and whether the book doesn't show too many signs of the hustle and vibration of the car are questions that intrude themselves; and certainly one has a right to jib at the Preface, which seems to suggest that the rovel, written before war broke out, was to enlighten the public, by a sugar-coated method, as to the general terrain of the conflict inevitable at some future date, so that we might "better picture the work our loved ones were doing at the Front." If this were indeed so, then it was distinctly untactful that The opening lines of the Preface to Sir Charles Villiers the only British officer who appears should be a tosh-Stanford's book of reminiscences contain so good a story talking General obviously too fond of his food. The fact is

My only complaint against The Flute of Arcady (Stanley

PAUL) is that Miss KATE HORN. who wrote it, seems somewhat to have disregarded the classic advice of Mr. Curdle to Nicholas Nickleby in the matter of observing the unities. It struck me, indeed, that she had begun it as a Cinderella-tale and then found that there wasn't enough of this to go round. Thus the early chapters roused my sympathetic interest for Charlotte Clairvaux (the bullied companion of the hateful cat, Mrs. Menzies) and her admiring suitor, Dr. Shuckford. I felt deeply for poor Charlotte, and longed for the moment when the doctor, who was eminently desirable, would fold her in his manly arms. But this moment came confusingly early, in the third chapter, and left us with three-quarters of the book to fill up. So Charlotte, for no reason -that I could see-but this of space, refuses her Shuckford, and off go she and Mrs. Menzies to Versailles, where they meet a good number of pleasantly-drawn people, and encounter a variety of adventures, some amusing, some merely farcical. Without doubt Miss Horn has a pretty wit, but I admired its exercise far

Which being given, "Oh, Monsieur von Bülow," she said, There is, for example, a delightful new version of Mrs. "vous connaissez Monsieur Wagner, n'est-ce pas?" Bowing, Malaprop in the lady whose ambition it was "to live in and without a shade of surprise, Buelow answered at once, a mayonnaise in a good part of London." I loved her, "Mais out, Madame; c'est le mari de ma femme!" A and the terrible French infant, and the nuns, and the old countess and the other Versailles folk. But of the incidents, fantastic adventures with elephants and such, one sometimes feels that their humour is, as the author says of



THE WILHELM MISTLETOE.

A CARD OF TEUTONIC ORIGIN NOT LIKELY TO HAVE A BIG SALE OVER HERE THIS SEASON.

> The Times, describing the attempted escape of a German officer in the disguise of 'Safety Matches,' says: "There was nothing in the box to excite suspicion." Except, of course, the officer.

"Never again will one rigid form of civilisation prevail. . . . The world has grown too big to rest content with one standard.'

Evening Standard.

CHARIVARIA.

ABDUL the D-d is said to feel it keenly that, when the British decided to appoint a Sultan in Egypt, they did not remember that he was out of a job.

Meanwhile Abbas Pasha is reported to have had a presentiment that he would one day be replaced by KAMEL past he would start nervously whenever he heard the band of a Highland regiment playing "The Kamel's a-coming."

German newspapers are publishing photographs of Whitby Abbey, and claiming the entire credit for its ruined condition.

It remained for The Times to chronicle the Germans' most astounding feat. It happened at Hartlepool. "A chimney nearly 200 feet in height, on the North - Eastern Railway hydraulic power-station, was, our contemporary tells us, "grazed by a projectile about 100 yards above its base."

The Archbishop of YORK, who was one of the Kaiser's few apologists, is said to feel keenly that potentate's ingratitude in selecting for bombardment two unprotected bathingplaces in his Grace's diocese.

It is widely rumoured that Wilhelm is conferring a special medal on the perpetrators of this and similar outrages, to be called the Kaiserye-Hun medal.

Some of the German newspapers have been organising a

symposium on the subject of how to spend the coming Christmas. Herr General von Diedenhofen, the com-ARTHUR VON GWINNER, director of the mander at Karlsruhe, has issued a Deutsche Bank, is evidently something proclamation expressing his "indigof a humourist. "More than ever," he nation at the dishonourable conduct" says, "in the exercise of works of love of three German Red-Cross Nurses who and charity." We rather doubt whether have married wounded French prisoners.
the Herr Direktor's irony will be It certainly does look like taking advanappreciated in high quarters.

A message from Amsterdam says that there are signs in Berlin of for a "clean sweep." The difficulty, paper calling the Germans "the Apaches of course, is that, while there are of Europe." plenty of sweeps in Germany, it is not easy to find a clean one.

"Immediately after his arrival at an Army with so many different tastes interest."

his quarters at the Caffarelli police." Our alleged harsh treatment of aliens fades into insignificance by the side of

General Baron von Bissing, the Pasha. If is said that for some time Governor-General of Belgium, has informed a German journal that the Kaiser has "very specially commanded him to help the weak and oppressed We have very little doubt that the are the Belgians being oppressed?

> BELOUG MEH. ANTER AT ONE

- "BUT YOU AREN'T TALL ENOUGH."
- "WELL, CAN I GO AS A DRUMMER-BOY?"
- "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR THAT."
- "WELL, THEN-DASH IT ALL! I'LL GO AS A MASCOT."

The same journal announces that it reached the Censor. tage of the poor fellows when they were more or less helpless.

We hear that considerable ill-feeling discontent with the German Chancellor has been caused in certain quarters of and his staff, and patriots are calling Paris by a thoughtless English news-

Rome," says The Liverpool Echo, and creeds. Commenting on this, The "Prince Buelow proceeded to the Villa Evening Standard says: "This is not Malte, his usual residence at Rome, a surprising matter from our point of where he will stay until he takes up view, but the German cast-iron system does not lend itself either in thought or practice to adaptability." Some people, we believe, imagine the Germans feed, without exception, on Pickelhauben.

A little while ago the Germans were claiming our SHAKSPEARE. We now hear that a forthcoming production at His Majesty's Theatre has set them in Belgium." By whom, we wonder, longing, in view of the scarcity of the metal, for our Copperfield.

> Mr. THOMAS BURT, M.P., Father of the House of Commons, has decided to resign his seat in Parliament. This does not however mean that the House will be left an orphan. Another father will be found at once.

> It is rumoured that, after the War is over, a statue is to be erected to the Censor at Blankenberghe, in Belgium.

A tale from the Front. "The enemy are continuing to fortify the coast, Sir," said the sub-altern. "I don't care if they fittify it," roared his commanding officer; "it'll make no difference." This shows the British spirit.

A Sensational Statement.

"General Smuts stated that there were in the field at the present time, not including those training, more - men." than -

Daily Telegraph.

This is headed "South Africa's Forces," and may have been an actual piece of news until

Another Impending Apology.

We read beneath a photograph in The Graphic: -

"Miss Pauline Prim - the cat in the Aldwych Pantomime, as she is in real life.

The Troubles of Neutrality.

From a recent Geography Examination paper :-

"Holland is a low country: in fact it is such a very low country that it is no wonder that it is damned all round."

A correspondent writes:-

"It is to be hoped that nothing further will be heard of these various proposals to intern A German critic has been expatiating the Kaiser at St. Here had been quite sufficient thought that there had been quite sufficient the KAISER at St. Helena. One would have on the trouble we must have in feeding descration already of places of historic

THE WAR-LORD'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Kaiser, what vigil will you keep to-night?
Before the altar will you lay again
Your "shining armour," and renew your plight
To wear it ever clean of stain?

Or, while your priesthood chants the Hymn of Hate, Like incense will you lift to God your breath In praise that you are privileged by fate To do His little ones to death?

Will Brother Henry, knowing well the scene That saw your cruisers' latest gallant feat, Kneel at your side, and ask with pious mien A special blessing on the fleet?

Will you make "resolutions?"—saying, "Lo!
I will be humble. Though my own bright sword
Has shattered Belgium, yet will I bestow
The credit on a higher Lord.

"What am I but His minister of doom?
The smoke of burning temples shall ascend,
With none to intercept the savoury fume,
Straight upward to my honoured Friend."

Or does your heart admit, in hours like these, God is not mocked with words; His judgment stands;

Nor all the waters of His cleansing seas Can wash the blood-guilt from your hands?

Make your account with Him as best you can.
What other hope has this New Year to give?
For outraged earth has laid on you a ban
Not to be lifted while you live.
O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XII.

(From the Ex-Sultan of Turker.)

My Brother,—There are many who in these days gnash their teeth against you and pursue with malice and reproach the words you utter and the deeds you perform, so that verily the tempests of the world beat about your head. It may please you, therefore, to know that there is one man at least whose affectionate admiration for you has suffered no decrease, nay, has rather been augmented a hundredfold by the events of the past half-year. Need I say that I am that man?

It is true that I have been shorn of my honours and privileges, that I live in exile as a prisoner and that the vile insulters of fallen majesty compass me about. I who once dwelt in splendour and issued my commands to the legions of the faithful am treated with contumely by a filthy pack of time-servers, and have nothing that I can call my own except, for the moment, the air that I breathe. Oh, for an hour of the old liberty and power! It would amuse me to see the faces of Enver and of my wretched brother Mohammed as I ordered them to execution—them and their gang of villainous parasites. By the bowstring of my fathers, but that would be a great and worthy killing! Pardon the fond day-dreams of a poor and lonely old man whose only crime has been that he loved his country too well and treated his enemies with a kindness not to be understood by those black and revengeful hearts.

I remember that in the old days there were not wanting

those who warned me against you. "Beware," they said, "of the German Emperor. He will use you for his own purposes, and will then cast you aside like an orange that has been squeezed." But I paid no heed to their jealous imaginings, and I had my reward. Not, indeed, that you were able to save me when the wicked burst upon me and cast me down. The stroke was too sudden, and you, alas, were too far. But the memory of our delightful friendship is still with me to sustain and comfort me in my tribulations. I still have some of the letters in which you poured out your heart to me, and when melancholy oppresses me I take them from my breast and read them over and over again.

It is a joy to me to know that there is a firm alliance between my brave Turks and your magnanimous soldiers. I doubt not that Allah, the good old friend of the Turks, will continue to bless you and give you victory after victory over your enemies. It is no less a joy to learn how gloriously and how sagaciously you are conducting this war. They tell me that your ships have bombarded the coast towns of England, and that five or six hundred of the inhabitants have fallen before your avenging shells. What matters it that these towns were not fortified in the strict and stupid sense, and that there were many women and children amongst those you slew? The towns were fortified in the sense that they were hostile to your high benevolence, and as for women and children you need not even dream of excusing yourself to me. These English are no better than Armenians. It is necessary to extirpate them, and the younger you catch them the less time they have for devising wickedness against the Chosen of Allah. As for women, they need hardly be taken into account. In all these matters I know by your actions that you agree. You must proceed on your noble course until the last of these

May I condole with you on the loss of your four ships of war by the guns of the British Admiral STURDEE? That was, indeed, a cowardly blow, and it is hard to understand why it was allowed.

infidels is swept away to perdition.

Farewell then, my Brother. Be assured again of the undying friendship and admiration of the poor exile,

ABDUL HAMID.

KILL OR CURE.

[Reports continue to reach us from our brave troops in the field that they "never felt fitter," are "in the best of spirits," and so forth.]

Have you a bronchial cough, or cold,
And is your ailment chronic
Past every sort of cure that's sold?
We'll tell you of a tonic.
Just wing our agents here a wire
And book "A Fortnight Under Teuton Fire."

Do you admit with anxious mind
Your liver's loss of movement,
And that in consequence you find
Your temper needs improvement?
Then leave awhile your stool or bench
And try our "Month Inside a Flooded Trench."

Are you a broken nervous wreck,
Run short of red corpuscles,
Painfully scraggy in the neck,
And much in need of muscles?
Come to us now—for now's your chance—
And take our "Lively Tour Through Northern
France."



DISHONOURED.

CAPTAIN OF THE EMDEN. "DIRTY WORK!"

THE REAL HERO OF THE WAR.

THERE is an impression about that among the candidates for the position of real hero of the war KING ALBERT might have a chance; or even Lord KITCHENER OF SIT JOHN FRENCH. But do not much abash him. He was pre-I have my doubts, after all that I have heard-and I love to hear it and to watch the different ways in which the tellers narrate it: some so frankly proud, some just as proud, but trying to conceal their pride. After all that I have heard I am bound to believe that for the real but is sometimes perplexed by overwork hero of the war we must look elsewhere. Not much is printed of this young fellow's deeds; one gets them chiefly by word of mouth and very largely in club smoking-rooms. In railway carriages too, and at dinner-parties. These are the places where the champions most do congregate and hold forth. And from what they say he is a most gallant and worthy warrior. Versatile as well, for not only does he fight and bag his Bosch, but he is wounded and imprisoned. Sometimes he rides a motor cycle, sometimes he flies, sometime, he that they were saluting HIS MAJESTY. has charge of a gun, sometimes he is doing Red Cross work, and again he helps to bring up the supplies with the A.S.C. He has been everywhere. He was at Mons and he was at Cambrai. one day says he has more cigarettes He marched into Ypres and is rather than he can smoke, and the next beangry when the Germans are blamed wails the steady shortage of tohacco. for shelling the Cloth Hall, because he As to his heroic actions he is reticent; tells you that there was a big French but we know that many of the finest gun firmly established behind it, and only by shelling the building could the enemy hope to destroy that dangerous in sight of the V.C. piece of ordnance. He saw something Belgian coast.

And not only does he perform some of the best deeds and often get rewarded for them, but he is a good medium for news too. He hears things. He's somewhere about when General says something of the deepest significance to General -He knows men high up in the War Office. He refers lightly to KITCHENER, and staff officers apparently tell him many of their secrets. He speaks qu'te casually and familiarly of WINSTON and what Winston said yesterday, for he often has the latest Admiralty news too. It in need of funds, Great Britain is ready to was he who had the luck to be in provide them."—Japan Chronicle. was he who had the luck to be in the passage when Lord FISHER and another Sea Lord executed their historic waltz on the receipt of the news of STURDEE'S coup. I don't pretend that he is always as worthy of credence as he was then; for he has spread some false rumours too. He was, in fact, one fiction between the Austrians and the Geroff the busiest eve-witnesses (once or mans."—Natal Times. twice removed) of the triumphant Their forte, however, is humorous To roll down every Eastern road progress of millions of Russians through fiction.

Scotland and England some months ago. He is not unaware of the loss of battleships of which nothing has yet been officially stated. In fact, his unofficial news is terrific and sometimes must be taken with salt. But denials pared for them and can explain them.

His letters are interesting and cover a vast amount of ground. They are sometimes very well written, and in differing moods he abuses the enemy and pities them. He never grumbles in the trenches. He hates having to stand long in water and has lost more comrades than he likes to think about. One day he was quite close to General JOFFRE, whom he regards as a sagacious leader, cautious and far-sighted; another day he was close to Sir John French, and nothing could exceed the confidence which his appearance kindled in him. On the morning of the King's arrival at the Front he was puzzled by the evolutions of our air scouts, who seemed to have gone mad; but it turned out Some of his last letters were from the neighbourhood of Auchy and described the fighting for the canal. He is a little inconsistent now and then. and deeds have been performed by him. He has saved lives and guns and is

And what is his name? Well, I can't of the bombardment of Rheims and he say what his name is, because it is not watched the monitors at work on the always the same; but I can tell you how he is always described by those who relate his adventures, his prowess, his news, his suspicions and his fears. He is always referred to as "My son."

"My son," when all is said, is the real hero of the war.

It is all very well to warn the British public (na uralised or otherwise) against supporting and comforting the enemy, but it might have more effect if those in authority set the example.

"The British Government declares that in the event of the Austrian Government being

. "King George has sent a warmly-worded telegram of congratulation to the new Sultan of Turkey." - Sunday Chronicle.

Paragraphs such as these, for instance, do not provide the proper inspiration.

"There are increasing rumours of serious

R. G. A.

Over the hills where the grey hills

Smoke wreaths climb to the cloudless skies,

White in the glare of the noonday

Climbing in companies, one by one, From the strong guns, The long guns,

That wake with break of day And dutifully drop their shells a dozen miles away.

Far beneath where our airmen fly. Slowly the Garrison guns go by, Breaking through bramble and thorn and gorse,

Towed by engines or dragged by horse,

The great guns, The late guns, That slowly rumble up To enable Messrs. Vickers to converse

with Messrs, KRUPP. Garrison cannon is never swift (Shells are a deuce of a weight to

When they are ready to open shop, Where they are planted, there they

The grey guns, The gay guns, That know what they 're about, To wait at fifteen hundred yards and clear the trenches out.

4.7's and 9.4's, Taking to camping out of doors; Out of the shelter of steel-built sheds, Sleeping out in their concrete beds-

The proud guns, The loud guns, Whose echo wakes the hills, And shakes the tiles and scatters glass

on distant window-sills.

Little cannon of envious mind May mock at the gunners who come behind;

Let them wait till we've lined our pets

On to the forts and the walls of Metz; The siege guns, The liege guns,

The guns to batter down The barricades and bastions of any German town.

Though there be others who do good work.

Harassing German, trouncing Turk, Let us but honour one toast to-day-The men and the guns of the R.G.A.! The vast guns,

The last guns, When Spring is coming in, a-becoming to Berlin!



THE TEMPTATIONS OF A SOLDIER.

Fond Mother (who has just seen her son, a very youthful subaltern, off to the front). "I got him away from his father for a moment and said to him, 'Darling, don't go too near the firing-line, will you?""

NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

THE STRATEGIST'S MUZZLE.—For use in the Home-the Club-the Railway Train. Fitted with best calf leather gag-easily attached-efficiency guaranteed, 4s. 11d. With chloroform attachment for violent cases, 8s. 11d. Belloc size, 22s. 6d.

Recommended by the Censor.

THE ALLIES' MUSICAL BOX.—Beautifully decorated in all the national colours. A boon to organizers of war concerts. Plays all the National Anthems of the Allies simultaneously, thus allowing the audience to keep their seats for the bulk of the evening. A blessing to wounded soldiers and rheumatic subjects. 10s. 11d. carriage paid.

THE COIN DETECTOR.—This ingenious little contrivance rings a bell once coins and twice when in the proximity

able to collectors for Relief Funds. 2s. $11\frac{1}{2}d$. post free.

Testimonial from Lady Isobel Tomp-

"Since using your invaluable detector in my collecting work I understand that there has been quite a run on the banks and post-offices in this neighbourhood for postal orders and the new notes. With the addition of an indicator of paper-money your machine would be perfection.'

leaders of different views make a happy Paris by the beginning of September. family. 101d.

Mr. Keir Hardie says:-"I never knew a more aggravating game."

GERMAN HAPPY FAMILIES.—Intensely amusing; peals of laughter come when brought within a yard of silver from the table when one asks for Mr. When proceeding northward it has of gold coins. Absolutely indispens- looter; Mr. Tirpitz, the pirate, 101d.

Burke's Norman Blood.—The presentation book of the season. Invaluable to the newly naturalised. 3s. 6d. net.

From certain Regimental Orders we extract the following:-

"There is no objection to the following being written on the Field Service Post Card: 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.'" All the same, the danger of conveying news to the enemy must not be over-HAPPY FAMILIES .- The game of the looked. Many German soldiers, we season - with portraits of all our hear, are under the impression that it political leaders. Any four assorted is still August, and that they will be in

> "In the early hours of Wednesday morning, what is supposed to have been a traction engine when proceeding southward, struck the west side of the parapet with great force. Alnwick Gazette.

Kayser, the butcher; Mr. Prince, the more the appearance of a sewing-

THE WATCH DOGS.

King Wenceslas" upon us, it is now put in the firing line first. rendering an emotional waltz, of which, though now and then it may drop a note quaintance, each is making merry, as to what follows, I have always thought or two, it mislays none of the pathos. the season demands, in his own fashion, the rally after a charge was an anti-

It was a present to the Mess, intended for our entertainment in the trenches, though I cannot think who was going to carry it there. The tune serves to recall the distant past, when we used to wear silk socks and shining pumps, to glide hither and thither on hard floors, and talk in the intervals, talk, talk, talk with all the desperate resource of exhausted heroes who know that they have only to hang on five more minutes and they are saved. Suppose we had by now been in those trenches and had been listening to this obstinate old box slowly but confidently assuring and reassuring us that there is

that ball-room anyway."

are going to be pushed through to the remarks, is asleep as usual. end, cost what it may to the enemy or his own side. His partner is Second-but, alas! Captain d'Arcy has begun deavouring to conceal his feelings by operations, gives the "stand-fast!" the manipulation of his face and a and sends out a cautious patrol to Parr, a dashing player of great courage admit that he is in a dangerous situa- Yes, but what about the rectory?

Sumners, one of those grim, earnest with sudden and sharp elevations and fighters whom no event however sud-depressions in the bass, and the My pear Charles, I write on den or stupendous can surprise into possibility of an ambush at every turn. Christmas Day from a second-grade speech. This latter is a real soldier His reconnoitring party returns; he Infants' School, the grade referring whose life is conducted in every par- starts to move forward again with obviously to the school and not to the ticular on the lines laid down in scouts always in advance. He halts; infants. We sit round the old Yule hot-water pipe, and from the next classroom come the heavenly strains of the "Is it common-sense?" He is at about five bars at a time . . . At last gramophone, one of those veteran but present in trouble with his superior the situation develops and he pauses to sturdy machines which none of life's officer for having frozen on to his ace collect all his available forces and get rough usages can completely silence or of trumps long after he should have them well in hand. I can almost hear even shake in its loyal determination parted with it. But those text-books the order being passed along the line to go on and keep on going on at all say, "Keep your best forces in reserve," "Prepare to charge"—almost catch the costs. Having duly impressed "Good and so the little trumps must needs be bugle-call as his ten fingers rush forth

Visitor. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT TIME THE TIDE IS UP?" Odd job man. "Well, Sir, they do expeck 'igh water at six; BUT THEN YOU KNOW WOT THESE 'ERE RUMOURS ARE NOWADAYS.'

two-three home in the one-two-three, a map on the wall showing the inner is at his darning; ay, with real wool one-two-three West! I can see the truth of the currents in the Pacific; and a real needle he is darning his picture; I can see the tears of happi- another is observing, for his information socks. The colour of his work may ness coursing down our weather-beaten and further guidance, the process of cheeks as we say to ourselves, "Good- manufacture of lead pencils as illusness knows, it's uncomfortable enough trated by samples in a glass - case. here, but thank heaven we aren't in Others are being more jovial still; having exhausted the pictures and In a corner of this room is a bridge- advertisements of the sixpenny Society four. The C.O. is sitting in an authori- papers, they are now actually reading tative, relentless silence. His tactical the letter-press. The machine-gun dispositions have been made and they officer, as I gather from his occasional

And now the gramophone has ceased; Lieutenant Combes, deviously thinking on the piano. As I write, the scheme to himself with all the superior know- of communication between his right ledge of youth, "What rotten disposi- and his left flanks has broken down. tions these C.O.'s do make!" but en- Like a prudent officer, he suspends more than usually heavy interspersion of "Sirs" in his conversation. The enemy are ill-assorted allies: Captain gained. Glancing at his music, I must safe."—Advt. in "Guardian."

and very ready tongue, and Lieutenant tion, heavily wooded in the treble. to the assault, forth to death or glory, As to the other officers of your ac- to triumph or utter confusion . . . As

> climax, even when it consists of a rapid "Rule Britannia!" passing off evenly, without a hitch.

I find, looking round my fellow-officers, that I have omitted the final touch, the last stirring detail to complete the picture of the soldier's hard but eventful life. In the one easy, or easy-ish, chair sits the Major, that gallant gentleman whose sole but exacting business in life it is to gallop like the devil into the far distance when it is rumoured that the battalion will deploy. He sits now at leisure, but even at leisure he is not at ease: silent, with every nerve and fibre strained to the utmost ten-

and was and always will be our one-One is studying, not for the first time, sion, he crouches over his work. He not be harmonious, but it is a thorough job; he has done what even few women would do, he has darned not only the hole in his hosiery but his left hand also.

> As for the men, they have been dealt with by a select body under the formidable title of the Christmas Festivities Committee. It has provided each man with a little beer, a lot of turkey and much too much plum pudding. Having disengaged the birds into their separate units, it has then left the man to himself for the day, thus showing, in my opinion, a wise discretion rarely found in committees, even military com-HENRY. mittees. Yours ever,

[&]quot;Exchange, charming country parish, North Yorks. Easy distance sea. Income



Lady in black, "Our Jim's killed seven Germans-and he'd never killed anyone before he went to France!"

THE PEACE-MAKER.

followed by an Anonymous Peace. I have Twyerley's own authority for this patched-up peace must be avoided at all will be able to paint the large white statement.

has the matter in hand, and readers of or Twyerley and his myriad readers will ideal means of teaching the new geowhere to secure Part I. of The History It is well known that all publications military academies.) issuing from that Napoleonic brain are disappointment.

In approaching the Peace problem at this stage Twyerley is displaying his customary foresight. The military suppressing his daily column on The sions in case of need. Position at the Front. He has resolved them.

If Twyerley had been listened to in

out of print within an hour or two of thrilling spectacle. With his remorse- of running a Prize Competition on their appearance, but Twyerley takes less scissors he hovers over Germany these lines but was reluctant to emprecautions to safeguard readers of The and Austria in a way that would make barrass the Government.) Booster against any such catastrophic the two Kaisers blench. Snip! away goes Alsace-Lorraine and a slice of the voted to "Famous Scraps of Paper" Palatinate; another snip! and Galicia from Nebuchadnezzar to the Treaty flutters into the arms of Russia.

authorities frustrated Twyerley's pub- twenty-four parts, if the Allies' plenilic-spirited attempt to let the readers potentiaries possess the capabilities of The Booster into the secret of Gen- with which Twyerley credits them; but eral Joffre's strategy - ruthlessly he has prudently provided for exten-

that the diplomatists shall not repeat be signed in twelve months or twelve by a view of that interesting town and the offence; he will be beforehand with years, the final part of the History will several pages of original designs for go to press on the morrow.

Armed with the History, readers of times of peace there would have been The Booster will be able to follow step THE Anonymous War is not to be no war; the fact is undeniable. Since by step the contest in the councilwar has come, however, the danger of a chamber, when it takes place. They costs. In order that there shall be no map with the special box of colours I may go farther and make public the mistake Twyerley has prepared a map supplied at a small additional cost. interesting fact that Twyerley himself of Europe as -it-must-be-and-shall-be That, as Twyerley justly observes, is an The Daily Booster will at an early date know the reason why. (The map is graphy of Europe to children. Even receive precise instructions how and presented gratis with Part I. of the the youngest member of a household History and may also be had, varnished where the History is taken regularly of the Peace before it is out of print, and mounted on rollers, for clubs and will be in a position to say what loss of territory the Kaisers and Turkey Twyerley at work upon the map is a must suffer. (Twyerley had some idea

> Several entire chapters will be deof Bucharest. Illustrations of unique The History is to be completed in interest have been secured. For instance, the Peace of Westphalia carries a reproduction of the original document, portraits and biographies of the signatories, and a statistical table of the Westphalian ham industry. Similarly, Anyway, whether the Treaty of Peace | the Treaty of Utrecht is accompanied Utrecht velvet.

human interest" is amply catered for.

The section "International Law for the Million" presents its subject in a is entertaining. I know for a fact that failing that, we always salute him. an army of clerks has been engaged at the British Museum for some weeks looking up the data.

Following the part which contains concise accounts of every European nation from the earliest times, comes at?" growled our sergeant. "Points for Plenipotentiaries," occupying several entire numbers. Here is where the genius of Twyerley shines at its brightest, and personally I think that the British representatives at the Peace Congress should be provided beforehand with these invaluable pages. With Twyerley at their elbows, so to speak, they should be equal to the task of checkmating the wily foreigner.

I wish the Kaiser could see Twyerley scissoring his territory to shreds!

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

I DISLIKE many things—snakes, for example, and German spies, and the income tax, and cold fat mutton; but even more than any of these I dislike William Smith.

As all the world knows, special constables hunt in couples at nights, a precaution adopted in order that, if either of the two is slain in the execution of his duty, the other may be in a position to report on the following morning the exact hour and manner handed them back to him. of his decease, thus satisfying the thirst of the authorities for the latest hoarsely. information, and relieving his departed companion's relatives of further anxiety in regard to his fate.

William Smith is the special constable who hunts with me. whom or what we are hunting, or what we should do to them or they type. Throughout this period he has would do to us if we caught them or inflicted on me atrocities before which they caught us, we are rather vague; but we endeavour to carry out our duty. Our total bag to date has been one Royal Mail, and even him we merely let off with a caution.

coincidence, William Smith overtook me at the end of the High Street, just as our sergeant was coming round the corner in the opposite direction. At sight of the latter we halted, dropped our parcels in the mud, stiffened to his under-linen, circumventing the attention and saluted. The last was a thing we ought not to have done, even allowing for his leggings, which us to the middle of November. Finally, were (and are still) of a distinctly upper-military type. But in the special constabulary your sergeant is a man to be placated. His powers are enormous. He can, if he likes, spoil your

Thus, what Twyerley calls "the beauty sleep at both ends by detailing no children, poultry, pedigree wives, nor the other hand, he can forget you and shirts, in which the soul of William altogether for a fortnight. Thus we Smith rejoices. novel tabloid form, as exhaustive as it always avoid meeting him if possible; remedy open to me, and of this, unless

"Ha!" exclaimed our sergeant.

We shuddered, and William Smith, who is smaller than myself, tried to escape his gaze by forming two deep.

"What the devil are you playing Though quite the manner of an officer, almost, at times, I like to think, of a general officer. William Smith formed single rank again.

Our sergeant took out his notebook. two," he said.

We shivered, but otherwise remained at attention.

"Let me see," he went on, consulting his list, "you are on together again tomorrow night at 12."

It was the last straw. Forgetting his rank, forgetting his leggings, forgetting the possibilities of his language, forgetting myself, I spoke.

"I protest," I said.

The eyes of our sergeant bulged with wrath, pushing his pince-nez off his nose and causing them to clatter to the pavement. But a special constable is a man of more than ordinary courage. "Allow me," I murmured, and I stooped, picked them up and

"Explain yourself," he muttered

"For the past three months," I said, "I have endured fifty-six of the darkest hours of the night, cut off from any possibility of human aid, in the company As to of William Smith, a conversational egoist of the lowest and most determined those of the Germans pale into insignificance. During the first month he described to me in detail the achievements and diseases from birth upwards of all his children—a revolting record. Three days ago, by an unfortunate He next proceeded to deal exhaustively with the construction and working of his gramophone, his bathroom geyser, his patent knife-machine and his vacuum carpet-cleaner; also with his methods of drying wet boots, marking water-rate collector and inducing fertility in reluctant pullets. This brought during the last four weeks he has wandered into the ramifications of his wife's early-Victorian family tree, of which we are still in the lower branches.

you for duty from 12 to 4 A.M.; or, on any of the other articles, except boots There is but one you detail me for duty with someone else, I propose to avail myself at the first convenient opportunity. I shall kill William Smith.

I stopped and saluted again.

And then a wonderful thing happened. I discovered that beneath our sergeant's one of the more prominent sidesmen at military leggings there still beat the our local church, he has developed rudiments of a human heart. Yes, as I looked at him I saw his softened eyes suffused with sympathetic tears.

"My poor fellow!" he said in a broken voice.

It was too much. I sank to the "I'm glad I happened to meet you pavement, saluting as I fell, and knew no more. When I recovered consciousness in hospital I found in the pocket of my coat an envelope containing the following: "Promoted to the rank of

corporal and invalided for three weeks, after which you will take duty with your chauffeur."

William Smith and I have severed diplomatic relations. It is better so.

REJECTED OFFERINGS.

My DEAR Mr. Punch,-In these first few days after Christmas many of your readers are no doubt faced, as we have been, with a problem which is quite new to them. I hope they took the precaution-as we did-to write and explain to all likely givers (1) that this was no year for the exchange of Christmas gifts among grown-up people who have no need for them; (2) that it was the opinion of all right-thinking persons that no such gifts should be sent, and (3) that consequently they were sending none and hoped to receive

That is all right as far as it goes, but the problem remains of what is to be done with those people who can't be stopped? We have had several painful instances of this sort. The stuff has arrived, the usual sort of nonwar stuff, some of which must have cost quite a lot of money, of which it may with truth be said, "your King and Country need you." How were these things to be dealt with, since we felt that we could not keep them?

We found that no general treatment could be applied; we have had to sort them out into groups, before deflecting them into the proper courses.

Books to hospitals. In this case the matron is asked to acknowledge them direct to the original giver.

Smoking Accessories (such as the newest pipe-filler and match-striker "I cannot retaliate in kind. I have and cigarette-case-opener and pouch-



Recruit. "YES, SIR: 'THREE TAUBS AND A ZEPLIN COMIN' OVER THE 'ILL.'" Officer, "THEN WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU SEND IT ON?" Recruit. "WELL, SIR, I COULDN'T 'ARDLY BELIEVE IT."

unfolder and cigar-holder-grip), to the nearest male Belgian; and

All other portable presents to the IT was a mighty Emperor nearest female Belgian. (These two Of ancient pedigree classes may be neatly acknowledged in Who said, "The future of our race nearest female Belgian. (These two the columns of the Courier Belge.)

All larger presents (of the motor-car, pianola and sewing-machine variety to be sold by auction for the National Relief Fund. Marked catalogue of the And when the Day had dawned, for sale to be sent to the giver in proof of their safe arrival. Yours, etc.,

AN ORDINARY ENGLISHMAN.

"The Surveyor reported that the owners of the manure heaps by the Recreation Ground Tennis Courts had by now been covered over with seaweed, etc., thus complying with the Council's wishes."—Barmouth Advertiser.

We hope this will be a lesson to them.

The usual formula for beginning a letter is thus neatly rendered by a Hottentot Boy :-

"As I have a line to state just to let you know that I am still soluberious under the superiority of the Supreme-Being, hoping to hear the same likewise from you.

We recommend it very heartily as a good opening for New Year's Eve And Iron Crosses fell in showers correspondence.

THE IMPERIAL INFANTICIDE.

Lies on the rolling sea!" And straightway laboured to fulfil

His royal guarantee.

which

He long had toiled and planned, Unto his Grand High Admiral He issued his command:

"Go forth, and smite the enemy Upon his native strand."

Sailing by night and veiled in mist, His swiftest ships of war Rained death on two defenceless towns

For half an hour or more, Till they had slain and wounded babes And women by the score.

The Fatherland was filled with joy By this heroic deed;

It gloated o'er the slaughtered babes Of Albion's hated breed;

On those who'd made them bleed.

But honest neutrals everywhere Were sickened and dismayed; The Turk, not squeamish as a rule, No special glee betrayed; And even Mr. BERNARD SHAW Failed to defend the raid!

Then more in sorrow than in wrath The EMPEROR made moan: Though martyred and misunderstood I tread my way alone, At least I have the sympathy Of God on His high throne."

Then from the pillar and the cloud Came accents clear and plain: The Massacre of Innocents Passes the guilt of CAIN; And those who sin with HEROD carn His everlasting stain."

Two announcements at Hereford:-"Cathedral Service, Sunday, Dec. 13th. Preacher; Rev. H. M. Spooner.

Baptist Chapel. Lecture: 'Slips of Speech and Trips in Type.'" "Yes," said the President of New College on his way to the Cathedral, "I know something about slips of speech, but what are tips in tripe?"



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

How Mabel pictured her big brother's arrival for week-end leave from the Front.

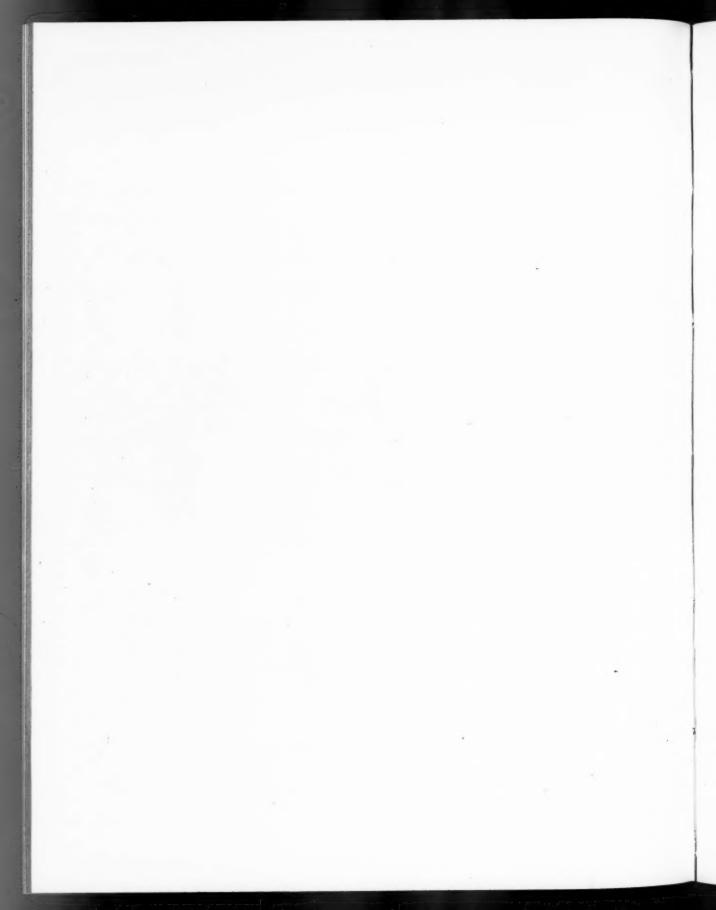
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

- I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon,
- The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune, By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Athabasca saloon.
- And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old
- Scotch store,
- door-And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that they spoke was War.
- War! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong or
- right When I knew my own old country was up to the neck in a fight?
- I said, "So long!"—and I beat it—"I'm hitting the trail to-night.'
- I wasn't long at my packing, I hadn't much time to dress, And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot-more or less; So I didn't wait for my ticket; I booked by the Hoboes' Express.
- I rode the bumpers at night-time; I beat the ties in the
- Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming
- And—I left the First Contingent drilling at Valcartier!

- I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by me!);
- I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy and grimy,
- And they wanted hands for the voyage, and the old man guessed he'd try me.
- She kicked like a ballet-dancer or a range-bred bronco mare; She rolled till her engines rattled; she wallowed, but what did I care?
- Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's It was "Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you take me there!"
 - Then came an autumn morning, grey-blue, windy and clear,
 - And the fields—the little white houses—green and peaceful and dear.
 - And the heart inside of me saying, "Take me, Mother, I'm
 - "Here, for I thought you'd want me; I've brought you all that I own-
 - A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle and
 - Six-foot-two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen stone.
 - "Here, and I hope you'll have me; take me for what I'm
 - A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the-ends of the
 - To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old land of his birth!"



THE NEW ARMY TO THE FRONT.



THE NEXT?

BOWEARDMENT OF LITTLE SHRIMPING-TON BY THE GERMAN FLEET.

(Extract from a Report by the German Admiral.)

Battle-cruiser " Von Herod."

SIR.-With regard to the recent magnificent and hoch compelling exploit of the Imperial Squadron I have the honour to report as follows :-

Our battle - cruisers sighted the strongly-fortified sea-coast town of Little Shrimpington about 12.45, and at once opened a devastating fire. A hostile abbey, situated in a commanding position at the cliff top, and quite unmistakable (as at Whitby), was the first to fall. The shelling of this edifice, to which I learn that the Christians attach considerable importance, for some reason that I am unable to comprehend, cannot fail to produce lively satisfaction among our brave allies at Constantinople.

Next turning our guns upon the golf links, in fifteen rounds we put out of action a nine-hole course for ladies. Much confusion was observed here amongst the enemy; the presence of troops being proved by the movement of several bodies in bright scarlet. is conjectured from this that the supply of khaki is already exhausted.

Magnificent execution was done upon the extensive sand castles with which the foreshore was covered, and for which indeed it is renowned throughout the island. Our heavy armament was in every case enabled to demolish these, at the same time slaughtering the children and nurses responsible for them. It is to be admitted however that at a more favourable season of the year the execution here, good as it was, would have been considerably better.

Altogether some five hundred shells were fired, as recently at Scarborough, and there can be no doubt that the enemy's casualties, in women especially, must be very considerable. In addition, he is known to have lost heavily in bathing-machines, and several superrowing boats were seen to sink at their moorings.

Throughout the action the entire absence of any return fire had a most fighting spirit. I cannot refrain from almost certainly assembled for lunch. expressing my sense of how greatly the touring in England so lately as last So satisfactory has been this glorious ing . . .



First Urchin (to Captain who has just bought a new motor-horn). "CARRY YER PARCEL,

Second ditto (in a hoarse whisper). "GARN! CAN'T YER SEE 'E'S A BUGLER?"

spring at the gates of Shrimpington and civilian-sanguinary encounter that Hall, had the good fortune to be the our brave fellows are now eager to try guest for several weeks of the Frau conclusions with the bath-chairs of Squire and her daughters. Not only was the information thus obtained of the Llandudno. It is indeed with true greatest assistance in the general sentiments of fraternal pride that the heartening effect upon the personnel of conduct of the operations, but we were Imperial Navy is now able to place the Imperial fleet, who were thus enabled to place our first six-inch shell the torn fragments of the Hague Conenabled to work under what may be exactly on the dining-room of the Hall vention beside those of the Treaties so called conditions ideal to the German at an hour when the occupants were gloriously deleted by our brothers of

The entire action occupied twentymagnificent result of the action was due five minutes, and concluded with the officer, Fire-direktor Von Ketch, who, acting in accordance with the dictates of a mile."—Newcastle Evening Chronicle. having met with a motor accident when of Imperial policy, we ran like hares. The Press Bureau, while not object-

Bournemouth or the lobster-pots of the Imperial Army.

I have the honour to be, Sir, etc., etc.

VICTORINE.

VICTORINE, our new general, is a She was naturally. Belgian refugee. somewhat broken in spirit on first entering our establishment, but as the backward, her hand flies to her heart, days went by she became happier, and and, as she afterwards informs us, "her fully at certain objets d'art and praises so enterprising and ingratiating that blood gives but a turn" at this exhibiwe hastened to smother in its infancy a shameful doubt as to whether or not we had introduced into our sympathetic bosoms a potential viper. Morning, noon and night there was continuous seems to be chiefly inspired when enscrubbing, polishing and beeswaxing; at all moments one was meeting a pink and breathless Victorine, and the house echoed to an interminable stream of information in the French tongue.

At mealtime, the verdict having been duly pronounced on each successive dish, Victorine would stand by 'Mon mari' (Jean confidentially. chambre) was lightly touched upon. hein?" Belgium was described in glowing terms, a land of wonders we had not

dreamt of.

"Miss will not believe me, but when air the dimensions of a good-sized "Monsieur mocks himself of me? Monsieur should visit my pays whose wool is of a softness incredible; his beard." Victorine assumes an attitude of virtuous indignation, disturbed droll?" by the ringing of the telephone bell. "I save myself," she murmurs.

one side, and very unsatisfying.

parle que le français-hein?" Long later date. "Alloa! Alloa!" Victorine rattles the instrument impatiently. "Ah! ça y est! Si Madame désire que is by no means at rest. She gazes j'appelle Miss-? Quel nom? Hein? Meesus Tsch - arch - kott. Mon Dieu-

Victorine lays down the receiver and her. comes back flushed into the room.

"C'est Meesus Arch-tsch-kott qui demande Miss au téléphone. She desire to know if Miss will take the such prodigies?" dinner with her. Are they difficult these English names!"

sole difficulty. She wrestles (mentally) from time to time with the butcher and that she is obliged to leave the room.

greets him in the mornings in voluble Her weekly bath gives rise to much French, and he in return bows elaborately and pretends to drop the milk. We have watched the process from an upper window. Victorine takes a step tion of British wit. We have been wondering whether it would be judicious to

gaged in the uncongenial pastime of

cleaning the grate.

"Know you, Miss, that I have an idea, me?

"No, really, Victorine."

"Yes," says Victorine, mournfully shaking her head, "but only an idea. Victorine lays down her implements while we ate, and unburden herself and places her hands on her hips. "If," she says slowly, "this Meesus Baptiste, a co-refugee who had searched Schmeet who was with Mr. and Miss all London for a place as valet de before my arrival was a German spy,

"But why, Victorine?"

Victorine assumes an air of owl-like wisdom.

"See here," she says, placing the first we arrive in England all the forefinger of one hand on the thumb of world cries, 'Oh! regard then the little the other, "first she depart to care for sheep!' For Mademoiselle must know the niece who is suffering — it is that in Belgium the sheep are high and generally the mother, but that imports big as that" (Victorine sketches in the not. Then," counting along her fingers, "during three months she is absent, and, thirdly," sinking her voice, "she sends for her malles, which contain where dwell the sheep of a bigness and doubtless - who knows? - plans of a fatness to rejoice the heart, and London, designs of the fortresses, and perhaps a telegraphy without wires-Monsieur would not then smile thus in Marconi, what do I know? Mademoiselle must admit that it has the air

We do our best to allay Victorine's anxiety. She however is not at all Through the half-open door we hear convinced, and evidently reserves to as usual only scraps of dialogue, all on herself full liberty of action to protect us from German espionage and the "Alloa! J'écoute! Madame, je ne effects of our own guilelessness at a

> In the rare moments when not at work she is pensive, but her imagination languidly out of the window into "ce brouillard," as she fondly calls a slight morning mist. The sparrows interest

> "See, Miss, a sparrow who carries a piece of bread big as a house; is it then an English sparrow that accomplishes

Not quite fathoming the drift of Victorine's meditations we suggest that But English names are not Victorine's it is perhaps a Belgian refugee sparrow, at which her amusement is so intense

the baker and the milkman. The milk-man, it seems, is "un peu fou." Victorine flights, for she is very high-minded him the head.

lofty philosophical reflection, and she has come to the firm conclusion that it is "mieux que manger." Also she has great taste, of which she occasionally gives us the benefit. She laughs scornothers. Ornaments, if they meet with her approval, are arranged in rigid lines of continuous beauty, less favoured ones being pushed into the background, and books are disposed with assumed carelessness in thoughtful postures. Though it is plain she thinks little of our taste in general, her disapproval is usually silent. It is therefore with almost choking pride that we receive her praise, though it is often, we fear, of a disingenuous nature.

"It is plain that Miss has the eve artistic: that sees itself well in the new basin she has bought to replace the one that fell by hazard and burst itself. Monsieur also has the eye straight. In effect the picture there that Monsieur designs is of a justness, but of a justness! One would say the place itself," leaning back and half closing her eyes. "In Belgium could it not be better done. No. It is I, Victorine, who say it. If Monsieur has the false digestion, by contrary it is evident that he has

the head solid." But Victorine has a fault dark and grievous in the British eye. She jibs

at fresh air.

"Surely Mr., and above all Miss, will take a congestion with the window grand-open of that fashion? As for me I have the neuralgias to make fear! Figure to yourself that in the kitchen the three windows (where one would well suffice, go) if open make to pass a hurricane!

A short lecture follows, in which the ill effects of stuffiness are pointed out, and Victorine is reduced to unconvinced and mutinous silence. As the days pass a little acquiescence in "cette manie pour les courants d'air" is visible, but at the slightest approach of cold every aperture through which air may possibly find its way is surreptitiously closed, and it is only when she is out with her husband taking a walk or refreshing the inner man in a "café" with "un peu de stoot" that we can penetrate by stealth into her bedroom

Jean Baptiste is for the moment in disgrace because he has not been to see Victorine for a week. He is threatened with all sorts of penalties when he finally decides to present himself. Primarily Victorine is going to present him with saron, which appears in the vernacular to be the Belgian equivalent Sometimes her fancy takes great for beans. She is also going to wash

it as ly n-



First Old Dame. "Well, My Dear, and what are you doing for the country?"

Second ditto. "I am knitting socks for the troops."

First Old Dame (robustly). "Knitting! I am learning to shoot!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sir John Lubbock, whose Life, by Mr. Horace Hutch-INSON, MACMILLAN publishes in two volumes, was one of the most honourable men who figured in public life during the last half-century. He was also one of the most widely honoured. Under his name on the title-page of the book appears a prodigious paragraph in small type enumerating the high distinctions bestowed upon him by British and foreign literary and scientific bodies. Forestalling the leisure of a bank-holiday I have counted the list and find it contains no fewer than fifty-two high distinctions, one for every week of the year. These were won not by striking genius or brilliant talent. Sir John Lubbock, to preserve a name which the crowning honour of the peerage did not displace in the public mind, was by nature and daily habit constitutionally industrious. After Eton he joined his father's banking business. In his diary under date Christmas Day, 1852, being the nineteenth year of his age, he gives an account of how he spends his day. It is too long to quote, but, beginning by "getting up at half-past six," it includes steady reading in natural history, poetry, political economy, science, mathematics and German. Breakfast, luncheon and tea are mentioned in due course; but there is no reference to dinner or supper. These functions were doubtless regarded by the young student as frivolous waste of time.

I knew Lubbock personally during his long membership of the House of Commons. He had neither grace of diction nor charm of oratory. But he had a way of getting Bills through all their stages which exceeded the average attained by more attractive speakers. In his references to Parliamentary life he mentions that GLADSTONE, when he proposed to abolish the Income Tax, told him that he intended to meet the deficiency partly by increase of the death duties. That was a fundamental principle of the Budget Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL prepared during his brief Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It was left to Sir WILLIAM HAR-COURT to realise the fascinating scheme, later to be extended by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Another of Lord RANDOLPH'S personally unfulfilled schemes was the introduction of onepound notes. In a letter dated 16th December, 1886, he confidentially communicated his project to Lubbock. When his book reaches its second edition Mr. Hutchinson will have an opportunity of correcting a misapprehension set forth on page 48. He writes that, on June 21st, 1895, "all were startled by an announcement that Mr. GLADSTONE had resigned and that Parliament was to be dissolved." The surprise was not unnatural since Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister at this memorable crisis.

I can see some good in most people, but none whatever in those chairmen of meetings who, being put up to introduce distinguished speakers, thoroughly well worth listening

to, feel called upon to delay matters by making lengthy shrewd eye for foibles, and if you are not satisfied with speeches themselves. I propose to be quite brief in that you can take it or leave it." I for one took it, announcing Professor Stephen Leacock on Arcadian but always with a feeling that he was offering me a spark-Adventures with the Idle Rich (LANE). Conceive this arch-ling wine of a quality not first-rate, whereas with a little humourist let loose, if so rough a term may be applied to more trouble and expense he could have offered me an so delicate a wit, among the sordid and fleshly plutocracy of a progressive American city; imagine his polished satire expending itself on such playful themes as the running of fashionable churches on strictly commercial lines, dogma and ritualism being so directed and adapted as to leave the largest possible dividends on the Special Offertory Cumulative Stock, and your appetite will be whetted for an intrigue and adventure is covering a much deeper motive. intellectual feast of the most delicious flavour. For myself, When Mr. White sent Daniel Addington to Egypt to meet I found a certain quiet but intense delight in the first five Abdul Sayed, who had been at Oxford and was a leader of stories, episodes in the lives of individual billionaires; but the Young Egyptian party, he gave himself a chance of

hilarious. I am not given to being tiresome in the readingroom; it is another of the unforgivable offences; but I defy any man of intelligence to read those chapters and retain even a fair remnant of self-control.

The Lighter Side of School Life (Fouris) is one of the merriest and shrewdest books that I have met for a long time. Mr. Ian Hay pleasantly dedicates his work "to the members of the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world"; and you will not have turned two pages before discovering that the writer of them knows pretty thoroughly what he is writing about. For my own part I claim to have some experience both of schoolmasters and boys, and I can say at once that the former at least have seldom been dealt with more faithfully than by Mr. HAY. His chapter on "Some Form

Masters is a thing of the purest joy; bitingly true, yet to find an ideal heroine, ready made to her hand, in the withal of a kindly sympathy with his victims. One would person of the charming woman who married DEAN DELANY. say that he knows boys as well, were it not for the Upon the basis of her diaries and letters the romance has conviction that to imagine any kind of understanding of been built up, with the excellent result of a blend of art Boydom is (if my contemporaries will forgive me) the last and actuality that is most engaging. Molly is the gayest enchantment of the middle-aged, and the most fallacious. of creatures in her girlhood. We see her character develop As for the Educational experts, he has all the cold and gradually, tamed and half broken by her unhappy first calculated hate for them that is the mark of experience. marriage (an episode exquisitely treated, so that even the I admired especially his treatment of the "craze for prac- ugly side of it bears yet some precious jewels of charity tical teaching," the theory which holds, for example, that, and long-suffering), tried in the fire of romantic adoration, instead of postulating a fixed relation between the circum- and finally reaching its appointed destiny in the comradeference of a circle and its diameter, a teacher should supply ship with "kind, tender, faithful D.D." Lovers of diaries his boys with several ordinary tin canisters, a piece of and memoirs, equally with those who like a graceful tale string and a ruler, and leave the form to work out their well told, will find what they want here, from the moment own result. Decidedly, Mr. Hay has seen *The Lighter Side of School Life* with the eye of knowledge; and when I mention that your own eyes will here encounter a dozen the placid mistress of the Deanery hears of the death of pictures by Mr. Lewis Baumer at his delightful best—well, Bellamy, the man whom all her life she really loved. This I suppose, enough said.

At one time, I hope for ever gone, Mr. Percy White's sense of irony ran away with him. He seemed to have said to himself, "I can write witty dialogue and I have a

unimpeachable brand. Now that Cairo (Constable) has provided me with what I have been waiting for, I am more than delighted to present my acknowledgments. Mr. White's subject is pat to the moment; moreover it is handled with such unobtrusive skill that one absorbs a serious problem without being anxiously conscious that all the play of when I came to the last three, which dealt with the class which he has taken full advantage. It is true that as a collective whole, then I became frankly and noisily Addington cried a pest on all politics as soon as he fell a

victim to the charms of Ann Donne, a widow of excessive sprightliness; but by that time he was too deeply enmeshed in the nets of intrigue to escape the just reward of those amateurs who dabble with critical situations. Abdul regarded him as a "milksop," and so he was from Abdul's full-blooded point of view; but I can also see in him a fresh testimony to the courage of our race. For he married the widow Ann, and that was a very plucky thing to

The only thing that I didn't like about Molly, My Heart's Delight (SMITH, ELDER) was the title. But to allow yourself to be put off by this will be to miss one of the pleasantest books of the season. What I might call true fiction has always held a peculiar charm for me. In the present work that clever writer, KATHARINE TYNAN, has been lucky and astute enough

book of Molly should be a "heart's delight" to many.



"KAISER BACK TO THE FRONT." (ATTEMPTED ILLUSTRATION TO A RECENT POSTER OF THE EVENING PRESS.)

"ARIZONA BILL VIOLATES TREATIES." New York Times.

So does Potsdam BILL.

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PUNCH IN THE TRENCHES.

Mr. Punch drew another letter from the heap on his office-desk and opened it.

Polwheedle, Cornwall.

Dear Mr. Punch,—An amusing incident happened here yesterday. I was talking to an old countryman, a great character in the village, and I happened to make some remark about the War. "What war?" asked o'd Jarge. "The European War," I answered in surprise. "Well," he said, "they've got a fine day for it." I thought this would interest you.

Yours etc., John Brown.

"Two hundred and eighteen," said Mr. Punch to himself, and took the next letter from the heap.

Wortleberry, Sussex.

Mr. William Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Punch and begs to send him the following dialogue which occurred in this village yesterday:—

Myself. "Well, what do you think of the War, Jarge?"

Jarge. " What war?"

Myself (surprised). "The European War."

Jarge. "They 've got a fine day for it, anyhow."

Mr. Smith thought you would like this.

"Two hundred and nineteen," said Mr. Punch to himself "not counting the South African or Crimean ones." He sighed and selected a third letter.

Sporransprock, Kirkcudbrightshire.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—How's this? I asked a native what he thought of the War. On being told which war, he replied, "Eh, mon, ye ken, but they've got a gran'——"

At this point Mr. Punch rose from his chair and began to pace the room restlessly.

"There must be more in life than this," he said to himself again and again; "this can't be all."

He looked at his watch.

"Yes," he murmured, "that's it. I shall just have time."

Hastily donning the military overcoat of an Honorary Cornet-Major of the Bouverie Street Roughriders, he left for the Front.

Mud, and then again mud, and then very much more mud.

- "Halt! Who goes there?" "Friend," said Mr. Punch hopefully. "It's Mr. Punch," said a cheerful voice, "Come in."
- The Cornet-Major of the B.S.R. glissaded into the trench and found himself shaking hands with a very young -s. [Censored.]
 - "Thought I recognised you," he said. "Glad to see you out here, Sir."
- "That's really what I came about," said Mr. Punch. "I want your advice." "My advice! Good Lord! . . . Sure you're comfortable there? Now what'll you have? Cigar or barleysugar?" Mr. Punch accepted a cigar.
 - "We're all for barley-sugar ourselves just now," the subaltern went on. "Seems kiddish, but there it is."
 - Mr. Punch lit his cigar and proceeded to explain himself.
- "I say that I have come to consult you," he began. "It seems strange, you think. I am seventy-three, and
 - "Twenty-two," said the subaltern. "Next November."
- "And yet Seventy-three comes here to sit at the feet of Twenty-two, and for every encouraging word that Twenty-two offers him Seventy-three will say 'Thank you!'
 - "Rats," said Twenty-two for a start.
- "Let me explain," said the Venerable One. "There come moments in the life of every man when he says suddenly to himself, 'What am I doing? Is it worth it?'—a moment when the work of which he has for years been proud seems all at once to be of no value whatever." The subaltern murmured something. "No, not necessarily indigestion. There may be other causes. Well, such a moment has just come to me . . . and I wondered." He hesitated, and then added wistfully, "Perhaps you could say something to help me."
 - "The pen," said the subaltern, coughing slightly, "is mightier than the sword."
 "It is," said the Sage. "I've often said so . . . in Peace time."

 - The subaltern blushed as he searched his mind for the Historic Example.
- "Didn't Wolfe say that he would rather have written what 's-its-name than taken Quebec?" he asked
- "Yes, he did. And for most of his life the poet would have agreed with him. But, if at the moment when he read of the taking of Quebec you had asked Gray, I think he would have changed places with Wolfe very willingly . . . And in Bouverie Street," added Mr. Punch, "we read of the takings of Quebecs almost every day."
- The subaltern was thoughtful for a moment. "I'll tell you a true story," he said quietly. "There was a man in this trench who had his leg shot off. They couldn't get him away till night, and here he had to wait for the whole of the day . . . He stuck it out . . . And what do you think he stuck it out on?"
 - "Morphia?" suggested Mr. Punch.
 - "Partly on morphia, and partly on-something else."
- "Yes?" said Mr. Punch breathlessly.

 "Yes?" said Mr. Punch breathlessly.

 "Yes—you. He read... and he laughed... and by-and-by the night came."

 A silence came over them both. Then Mr. Punch got up quietly.

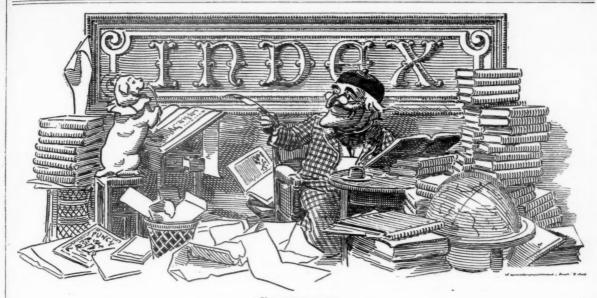
 "Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand, "and thank you. That moment I spoke about seems to have gone."

 He took a book from under his arm and placed it in the other's hands. "I generally give this away with rather a flourish," he confessed. "This time I'll just say, 'Will you take it?' It's all there; all that I think and hope and dream, and that you out here are doing . . . Good luck to you—and let me help some more of you to stick it out.'

 And with that he returned to Bouverie Street, leaving behind in the trench his

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